

# The Ordeal , The Pause

Poems by Ahou Alagha

1

War was over  
and rain  
was falling  
on ruins  
an old man  
standing beside  
a fruitful tree  
waiting for his cup  
to be filled  
with the drops.

## 2

In the darkest  
moment  
of darkness  
and the deepest  
moment  
of sleeping  
there is morning  
the awakening

there is light  
the other half  
of the blackness  
the other half  
of the blindness  
a full circle  
of wholeness  
and particles.

### 3

Maybe it is her turn  
to breathe  
even for a short time  
for those who died  
in burning woods  
and those who died  
in melting ice  
for those who are safe  
without the fear of the men

the deer in the city eating grass  
they now swim close to the land  
Dolphins are glowing like a lamp

She is breathing  
She is breathing  
She is our promised land.

4

You will find the road again  
and learn  
neither the road is the same  
nor you  
getting lost is an illusion  
for our elevation.

5

Leave the door open  
for return  
you may forget to pack a thing  
you may forget to say something  
oh sweet miracle  
what if you let us  
go back once more  
to finish the undone.

## 6

I don't know if he sees  
dying is justice  
he is not distinct  
or

If he sees  
there is no distinction at all

who is calling?  
or what is calling so loud?  
they may have  
something to say.

7

The wave is lost  
in the sea  
and she will find the shore  
once more

it's her life  
from the beginning  
the fear of the unknown  
and the faith for return.



8

The fife  
finally learned  
how to play himself  
soon after  
he was on the road  
for a long journey  
he knew  
he wouldn't be afraid of unknown  
anymore.

Together with heaven  
she passed through hell  
and now  
from her palms  
heaven pours  
on the ground

She was from the earth  
She was a little girl  
She had a dream.

10

I planted  
your chair  
and saw that  
A year later  
It bore fruit.

The moon was bright  
the night was cold  
a bud poured her faith on soil  
and  
bloomed.

Cant breath out of the water  
the fish  
but she swam to the shore  
came out  
leaned on a rock  
took a glance at the sea  
"Sometimes you should  
see where you live  
from the outside."

13

Let me write down the stories  
on a paper  
before departure  
I won't take my hands  
With me.