I’d Rather Be Alone

I’d rather be alone
then talking to double
-face people I meet
those people will stab-
me until I die on my tears

I’d rather be alone
take my gadgets away
give me a low-cost coffin
I am not physically tired
but mostly emotionally tired

I’d rather be alone
I can’t fly from my sadness
my heart is broken from the
-cage of Baghdad sorrows
the door is open and I’m drunk

I’d rather be alone
waiting to autumn to farewell
-more dreams under the dust
I cried more than a wounded
warrior who will slaughter me

~ ✻✦✻✿✻✦✻ ~

Write My Name

O Baghdad, write down my name
on a list of young dead civilians
being alive doesn’t always mean
everything is alright with me

I talk with tears falling on my heart
I listen with tears falling on my face
I see with tears falling on my spirit
my life has been worse than it seems

my shadow loses me whenever I want
to walk to the cemetery, only because
I have missed my friends who are no
longer around me; nor longer in this world

O Montreal, forgive me for my weakness
I am just tired of being strong for too long
write my name on the waiting list of death
So, I can sleep with my open wounds

Ahmad Al-Khatat *was born in Baghdad, Iraq. His work has appeared in print and online journals globally and has poems translated into several languages. He has been nominated for Best of the Net 2018. He is the author of The Bleeding Heart Poet, Love On The War's Frontline, Gas Chamber, Wounds from Iraq, and Roofs of Dreams. He lives in Montreal, Canada.*

~ ✻✦✻✿✻✦✻ ~

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