

Beat: Arts

## The Poem and the Wolf

Aabdul-Hameed Al-Sayih

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The writer of the poem that the wolf stole and threw it in debris  
Is still searching for it  
Neither for its meaning  
That is something easy to access,  
Nor for its rhythm and prosody  
It is something gettable and repeatable  
But he is searching for his the inhalation of his feather  
And the exhalation of the imagination  
And the sway of the letters on its body,  
For that night  
The night when poetry deflowered its curtain  
Hence words changed their souls and meanings  
And committed the sin  
That caused it.

Much is in store  
That the writer of the poem that was stolen by the wolf  
Can write another one, another one and another one, to prevail in the crowd, among roads, and bookshops  
In the beauty and dancing salons, ride horses  
And buses / travel alone, practice sports  
Shine on the beaches and at nights, dress in various fashions  
They resemble each other, delude, seduce  
And arrest the heart  
But that poem  
Written at that night  
While being stolen by the wolf before the dawn break  
Will not come again  
It is the only one  
He who goes out into the world drenched-hearted  
Is not him who enters into it ...  
A soul that departed from the body  
Searches for the poem that was stolen by the wolf

And threw it in debris  
I was confused by the little oculist  
Asking me before having a laser operation  
To open a blocked duct in the left eye  
And [before] filling in the form of accepting the possible risk  
And signing on what that left eye saw!!  
What it did, what the service line it went through  
And what it saw during my life when it was closed  
If it was ever stolen  
Or been loaned  
And if I misused it.  
Then, after the operation, she warned me not to go home alone,

And look at places that are too bright  
And read at zero degree ““  
While terrifyingly examining my eyes together  
Are you the writer of the poem  
That the wolf stole and threw it in debris?!

The problem is not in the poem's writer who is looking for it,  
After the wolf had stolen and thrown it in debris  
The problem is the wolf itself,  
The wolf that stole the poem and threw it in debris  
He was addicted to the road leading to the bottom line  
His ears were reproduced to spread out on his walls  
His eyes tapered to penetrate the windows and doors  
And his nostrils swelled  
To let his lungs be enlarged with inhalation and staggered due to exhalation  
He dreams, loves and tantalises himself  
And becomes addicted to the females of other species.  
He asks about the reasons for what he sees  
And he gets drunk with delusion  
And vanishes looking for a poem that he once threw it in debris.

This is what the poem's wolf became of  
It ate the flesh of its writer  
And it got dizzy  
So his sons inherited  
Tricks of words and ambushes of meaning.  
They wrote firewood for wars  
And [wrote] poems with blood  
They made crowns out of ashes on the heads of other wolves.  
So that the wolf poet becomes a grave  
For the writer of the poem that the wolf stole  
And threw it in debris.

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**Editorial program service of General News Agency:**

United Press Association, Inc.

3651 Lindell Road, Suite D168

Las Vegas, NV 89103, USA

(702) 943.0321 Local

(702) 943.0233 Facsimile

[info@unitedpressassociation.org](mailto:info@unitedpressassociation.org)

[info@gna24.com](mailto:info@gna24.com)

[www.gna24.com](http://www.gna24.com)