

أحمد المناعي الصغير

الصغير الي يصلي خاف يجهر في صلاته
والقصيد الي انكتبه فالأصيل الي يعدّه

وين اسمه! عن فعوله عن كلامه، عن صفاته
ما شرهت الا وانا هاتي فشعره يوم اردّه

مثل ما يدري ف لساني ما يطوّل في سكاته
مثل ما ادري ف لسانه شعر ناعم مثل قدّه

لو ستر شعره وعوده في سكوته وبعباته
بيدي انهي ستره وبيدي على الملقى احده

ولو يقول .. انه يدقق فالآوان إلين فاته
القطار اصلاً ما وقف له على تلويح يدّه

ولو وقف يضحك ويبيّن لي من الخارج ثباته
ضيقته والقهوة المرّه من الداخل تهده

والله اني نعمة الله وأمنية من أمنياته
صادفة ساعة إجابة .. وراي وصرى اوده

والله ان الفكر يدفعني اخونه مع بناته
كل ليله .. وأتذكر قدره فصدري واصده

عن غيابه ما يسد الكون كله بمغرياته
وعن غيابي عنه ما اكتب عن الدنيا يسده

رحمة الله فيه يوم انه يدخلني حياته
ورحمة الله فيني اني ارجع اكتب بعد مده

Ahmad Almannei The Little One

The little one who prays
Afraid of speaking out in his prayers
Afraid of the poems in which he was written.

Where is his name
His actions, his words, and his attributes
I was not motivated until after I read his poems.

As he knows
My tongue does not last long in silence.

Even if he covered his poems with silence and gown.
With my own hand, I uncover him.

Even if he says he's checking at the time he missed
Even if the train did not stop as he was waving his hand.

Even if he stops laughing
And he showed up standing steadily
His sadness and the bitter coffee inside him
Will make him come back.
I swear, I am God's blessing to him

And one of his wishes
That came true by God
And it was with God's will to love him.

I swear, my mind helped me to betray my thoughts about him
Every night,
So I remember his worth in my life.
And repel against my mind.

If he is absent, everything in this universe would not be enough.
If I was absent from him, everything I write about this world
wouldn't be enough.

It is a mercy from God that he allowed me to enter into his life
It is a mercy from God that i returned to writing after the silence.