

Smart Love

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In my bed my homeland lives
Baghdad in my body, in each eye and breath
there is a road, synagogue, church and mosque

But there, where forgery
History is dwelling in his head

And in his mind, only Damascus inhabits his lust
- smart love and fake heart

And among all this
there are those who betray you
slowly, just as he cooks their oriental food
whatever its 'ethnicity'
In this world even food claims an identity
But it matters which ethnicity it has

There, someone planning your death
celebrate it as he upwards has eaten you
stealing your dreams
distribution of your memories
among his thugs

And he adds it to his bank account
that most legendary of accounts
that it was his people were /are the heroes
- the championships of history
of bravery which based on victimhood
of the myth of "minority " and brutal "majority"
who are not subdued neither
Damascus nor Baghdad

This mobile seller of your memories
let him go with all the mud and grime he left
on the paths of Baghdad and the palm trees of your soul

Forgetfulness towards all those
- fake but smart 'love'
and in this journey
there will be no sorry and mercy
for leaving your memory abandoned.