



# AUKuwait *Review*

American University of Kuwait  
Art & Literary Journal  
Spring 2012 Edition

**AUKuwait**  
*Review*

The AUKuwait Review: Arts & Literary Journal  
Spring 2012 Edition Volume: 6

## **Editorial Board Members**

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### *AUKuwait Review* Mission Statement

The *AUKuwait Review* is a bilingual literary and artistic journal run by AUK students. The Review, published annually, contributes to the arts presence at AUK by showcasing the artistic talent in the AUK community. It seeks to encourage emerging as well as established talents to publish their creative works and to promote thoughtful, intellectual, and respectful discussion. The *AUKuwait Review* upholds AUK's values of creative expression and diversity by welcoming submissions from the whole AUK community.

*Letter from the Editor*

Dear Reader,

Welcome! After a long year of hard work, we are pleased to present the 2011-12 issue of the *AUKuwait Review*. This year we share literary works on memory, struggle, spring mornings, iPads, butterfly dreams, and moonlight, as well artwork of sunlight, solitary benches, travels through Rome, and of Turkish bazaars.

Last year we introduced an Arabic section to the *Review*, and urge you to turn to the Arabic section of this year's issue to enjoy the Arabic literature we have to offer you. You will also find information on signing up to become a board member, designer, and/or editor, as well as on how to submit your work for next year's issue, in the coming few pages.

It has been fantastic working with this year's team and I am proud to present this year's issue to you on behalf of the editorial boards of the *Review*. I would like to thank each and every one of you to put in those extra hours and all that effort into putting this together, and a special thanks to all of you who contributed your work this year.

We are all proud of the work presented in this year's issue of the *Review* by the writers, photographers, artists, designers, editors, and supervisors who made this issue possible. We all think this year's is a pretty good issue, and hope you think so, too.

Enjoy it, share it, and next year, be part of it!

Sincerely,

Sara Soliman  
*Editor-in-Chief*



## HOW TO SUBMIT

Would you like to submit your work to the 2012-13 issue of the AUKuwait Review?

The instructions and details for submissions are below.

You may submit work to the ART, ARABIC, and/or ENGLISH sections.

### *POETRY (ARABIC/ENGLISH)*

Maximum 5 poems

Send all work to in a single MSWord document [aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw](mailto:aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw)

Submit with a short biography (Name, class standing, major, and a little bit about yourself)

### *PROSE (ARABIC/ENGLISH)*

Maximum 3 pieces of prose

Each submission no longer than 3 A4 pages, single spaced

Send all work in a single MSWord document [aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw](mailto:aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw)

Submit with a short biography (Name, class standing, major, and a little bit about yourself)

### *ARTWORK*

Maximum 5 pieces

All images must be 300dpi resolution and in PDF format

Artwork must be photographed/scanned/exported to 300dpi

All files of poor quality will be immediately rejected

Submit all work on a CD to Prof. Maryam Hosseinia, 5th Floor

Submit each piece with a title and information of medium used

Submit with a short biography (Name, class standing, major, and a little bit about yourself)

*All submissions will be reviewed by students and selected according to a quality rubric and the AUKuwait Review Mission Statement. You will be notified via email if your submission has been selected. Once published, the work becomes property of the AUKuwait Review.*

**JOIN THE *AUKUWAIT REVIEW* TEAM!**

Would you like to join one of our editorial boards?

You can join one or more of the following boards: ART, ENGLISH, ARABIC

Your responsibilities would be to assist with advertising, publicity, and to select and proofread submissions.

Send an email to [aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw](mailto:aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw) if you are interested or have any questions.

*Do you have any comments/questions/ideas/feedback for us? We would love to know what you think and of any ide as you might have. Email us at [aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw](mailto:aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw)*

## Contributors

**AbdulRahman Al-Shaheen** is a sophomore at AUK studying English Literature with a minor in Arabic. He likes to write poems when he feels the need to express something in a different way.

**Aesha Borahmah** transferred from Box Hill College with an Interior Design Diploma. She decided to get her Bachelor's Degree in Graphic Design from AUK. This is her first year at AUK. She is interested in art and design and tried to participate in university activities, including the *AUKuwait Review*.

**Afnan Abdullah** is a Graphic Design senior student at AUK with a minor in Mass Communication. She has participated in AUK's annual Art Competition, and the work she has published in the *AUKuwait Review* has been showcased there. The medium that she is most comfortable using is pencils, but she is trying to experiment with various media. Artists such as Michelangelo, Leonardo, Caravaggio, and Theodore Gericault, as well as hard and folk metal music, are her prime source of inspiration.

**Alaa Abd Al-Jawad** is a senior Graphic Design student at AUK. She loves photography and writing poetry, and is interested in arts and music.

**Amina Al-Anssari** graduated with a double degree in Information Systems and Graphic Design from AUK. She is currently an employee at the Ministry of Finance and is a part time freelancer. Art and design have always been a vital part of Amina's life and always will be.

**Anurag Galhotra** is a student at AUK. He is trying to study Graphic Design. He might be graduating soon and is extremely sad about leaving AUK. Time just flew by for him. He wishes he could have done more to keep the university as pure and enchanting as it is. He wishes all his fellow inmates the best in life.

**Anwar Behbehani** is still in the process of figuring out what she wants to do in the future. She'll get back to you on that.

**Ayat Al-Bloushi** is a junior majoring in English Language and Literature. She is always seeking for the best for her personality and career. Having at least one work published in the *AUKuwait Review* makes her glad.

**Craig Bacino** has a BFA degree in printmaking and drawing from the University of Iowa and MA degrees in geography and in applied linguistics from the University of Montana. He taught art in the Helena, Montana public school system, worked as art director of Judge Advertising, Helena, Montana, and worked as a cartographer for the U.S. Government and the State of Montana. More recently, he has taught English in the United States, Japan, Jordan, Italy, China, and currently teaches in the IEP at the American University of Kuwait.

**Dalal Al-Mutawa** is a former AUK student. She is interested in travel and photography.

**Dana Ismail** is a junior Graphic Design student at AUK. She is a student worker and a contributor by designing fliers on campus for clubs and organizations such as *The Voice of AUK*, AUK's university newspaper. Her hobbies include drawing, painting, and photography. The pictures included here in the *AUKuwait Review* are from my last trip home back in the South of Lebanon.

**Fajer Al-Khalifah** is a second year student, and a multilingual. After graduation, she would like to become a novelist.

**Fatma Sumaiti** is an alumna from the AUK class of 2011. She loves reading and writing. She appreciates good music and stupendous art in all shapes and forms. Fatma is taking one step at a time. Yesterday, she was that experimental poet; today, she's published in the *AUKuwait Review*, and perhaps tomorrow, she'll be the Beyonce of poetry!

**Ghaidaa Hasan Mohamad** is an instructor of Arabic at AUK.

**Ghalya Al-Dhaffiri** is an artist, pianist and writer. Politically, she is a realist, nationalist and liberalist, and she speaks her heart and mind. Ghalya has an elephant and *Call of Duty* obsession. Less is more, even in "short" biographies.

**Ghaneema Al-Qudmani** is a senior majoring in Graphic Design. She enjoys sports, photography, and playing the guitar.

**Gholam Reza Vatandoust** is currently a Visiting Associate Professor in the International Studies Program at AUK. He served as the Giovanni Costigan Professor at the University of Washington and is the recipient of the Getty Institute Fellowship. He is the author and editor of more than 12 volumes and more than 50 academic articles.

**Hawraa Bouhamad** is a student at AUK.

**Helene El-Neaman** is a junior at AUK majoring in Graphic Design. She is very passionate about art and her hobbies include art in all its forms: from sketching and painting, to music and writing. In my free time, when not drawing, Helene plays the piano and writes songs, poems, and even stories. You could say she has a very wild imagination and it comes in handy sometimes. Aside from her artsy side, Helene is very fascinated with science too, and she dreams of studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Her ideal career is a field that involves both creativity and science.

**Humam Shabani** is a graphic designer. He has a huge passion for photography, art and music.

**Idil Hassan** has been passionate about books since an early age. Idil's passions extended to writing short stories and recently, poems. Idil feels as if poetry is a medium in which you can subtly convey your innermost feelings and experiences.

**Isha Haider** is a senior double majoring in Accounting and Finance at AUK. Apart from her recently becoming a Writing Consultant at the Writing Center, she is a dedicated Copy-Editor and Journalist working for *The Voice of AUK*, AUK's university newspaper. She is a published poet in the *AUKU-wait Review*, has been a Peer Tutor at the SSC and the IEP program, and has also worked as a Junior Assistant at the Office of the Dean's of the College of Arts and Sciences. Primarily, she prefers writing English poetry but is also involved in writing "poems of substance," as she defines them, in her mother tongue.

**James McDougall** was hatched as cover in a mid-1970s plot to redistribute spawning patterns in brook trout of the Maritime Provinces. He likes reading and taking long walks.

**Lamiya Baz** is a senior double majoring in Accounting and Finance. She loves writing but that's something she discovered only lately! She also likes reading, drawing, and playing squash. She is honored to have her work published and hopefully someday will have published a book of her own.

**Latifa Bassem** is a Business Management student. She loves art such as anime and Islamic design. She is good at gouache, pastels, pencils, and is still a beginner at oil colors. Her values and beliefs are unchangeable. She used to write stories but currently writes poems.

**Mariam Fadhl** is a senior at majoring in English Language and Literature with a Diploma in Law. She is the president of the Arabic Literature Club at AUK. She is a member of Creative Youth's Gathering established by Kuwait Writers Association. She has also contributed to the field of journalism as a columnist and writer in both *Alam al-Yawm*, and *al-Rai*, two prominent Kuwaiti local newspapers. She has also presented her work in several Poetry Evenings in Kuwait.

**May Omran** is a transfer student from North Carolina and is a Management and Marketing major at AUK. She expresses herself best through writing. She plans to author several books in the near future. Her other interest is photography. In the future, insha'Allah, she would like to pursue studies in import/export, logistics, and trading. She hopes for the best.

**Maysaa al-Sharif** has a Bachelor's Degree in Arabic Literature and a Master's Degree in Arabic Language and Gender Studies from Kuwait University. She has been a frequent writer for the *al-Rai* newspaper since 2009. She has been teaching for five years and is now an adjunct instructor at AUK.

**Michael Aristidou** is an assistant professor of Mathematics at AUK. He is originally Greek from Cyprus and lived in the USA for 12 years. He studied Mathematics and Philosophy, and he has a broad spectrum of interests in other fields such as science, literature, and history. He writes articles and enjoys debating, as well as playing ping-pong and speed-chess.

**Mubarak Mutairi** is a student of English Literature who spends most of his time raising street kittens in the hopes that they may become productive members of society.

**Nader Abdullah** is a student at AUK.

**Noura al-Hulaibi** is a sophomore at AUK. She reads like crazy, and gets inspired to read a lot. She usually writes what she feels at a specific moment, even if it's at 3 o'clock in the morning, which is kind of weird, but she embraces her originality. What is important to Noura is to stay true to herself and not to act like someone she's not.

**Nur Soliman** graduated from AUK in 2010 with a B.A. in English. She is former editor of The AUKuwait Review; she was also a section editor, writer, and cartoonist for The Voice of AUK, AUK's university newspaper. Nur was a staff consultant at the Writing Center at AUK, and is a freelance art journalist, publishing in magazines and blogs around the Gulf. Until she decides on a suitable program for graduate school, Nur is doing a lot of reading.

**Razan al-Asqah** is a senior Graphic Design student at AUK with a minor in Communication and Media. She loves art and drawing, and has been drawing ever since she was a child. Art is her passion and being creative is a challenging and interesting way for her to express her emotions through her work. She looks forward to expanding on her graphic design skills by incorporating drawing and painting skills and to open up a studio some day.

**Sadeq Abul** is a senior Graphic Design student with a minor in Communication. He is a freelance photographer. You can find more of his work on his Flickr account: [www.flickr.com/sadeq-nader-abul/](http://www.flickr.com/sadeq-nader-abul/)

**Sara Soliman** is a student at AUK. She would love to pursue illustration and/or music in the UK after she leaves AUK. Sara plays the flute and piano and loves reading, sketching, and folding pretty things out of paper.

**Sarah Ahmad** is a sophomore at AUK. She is a digital artist; more specifically, a photo manipulator. She started getting into the digital art world during 9th grade; art classes were always the same in high school, and she wanted to try something different. Even though she has been creating art works for almost six years now, she only started considering herself as an artist last year when she finally started becoming satisfied with her work. Her style is more of a dark theme; instead of dwelling on upsetting situations, feelings, and people trying to put her down, Sarah creates artworks—stuff like that just feed her artistic soul

**Scott Berlin** teaches in the IEP department at AUK. He comes from Seattle, USA, and has taught English at the university level in Japan and Korea for 18 years. In 2008 he and his wife took time off to travel the world, visiting 27 countries. Both he and his wife are photographers.

**Shaha al-Khaddah** is a freelance graphic designer, writer, illustrator, calligrapher, and photographer. She loves colors, rain, fruits, and paintings. She is an AUK graduate.

**Wafaa Husaini** is a student at AUK.

**William Andersen** is currently the Coordinator of the ART Program and an Assistant Professor of Studio Arts & Graphic Design at the American University of Kuwait. Andersen received his MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and a Fulbright-Hays Fellowship to continue his artistic research in Taiwan and Mainland China before moving to Kuwait in 2008. He has exhibited his artworks extensively throughout the United States and internationally in Taiwan, China, Japan, Malaysia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates.

**Yousef Nayef** is a junior student at the American University of Kuwait. He enjoys writing, acting, and singing. He hopes to become a playwright.

**Zeinab Zeinab** is a senior Graphic Designer studying at AUK.



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# English Poetry & Prose



*The Aftershock*  
Fatma Sumaiti

You go numb,  
Senseless,  
Floating  
Into nowhere.  
You shiver;  
You're not numb;  
Not anymore.  
Now you ache;  
Excruciating demise;  
A waterfall;  
You're floating again  
Into somewhere  
There.

*And Life Goes On*  
Michael Aristidou

In this long journey,  
led by the road of loneliness,  
your only friends are your memories.  
These are your source of energy,  
the remembrance that you still exist,  
that you love and desire.

These are what and who you are, who you will be;  
for these you live and never give up;  
for these you throw yourself in fire.

What an irony: being so alone, and them so many,  
but really alone never you are;  
you have your memories with you.  
The ones you seek to find again,  
the dream you traveled with so far.

## *Arabian Lure*

Fatma Sumaiti

Syncopated footsteps,  
Hair-flicks drenched in tradition,  
Gypsy hips swaying to cultural beats,  
Sparkles of pride in mothers' eyes;  
Her eyes delirious with joy,  
Her lips curl up with lure;  
She danced into time;  
She twirled until forever.

*Autumn Leaves*  
Yousef Nayef

The voice of falling autumn leaves precedes  
a mass explosion in his mind and heart.  
He tries to concentrate; he knows he needs  
a helping hand; he fails to get the part.  
Another shining day awaits him, yet  
so windy.

Waiting in the stormy night,  
he sings a rhyme in order to forget  
his misery and start a life so bright.  
He sings: "Let tempests take my home away.  
Let vultures eat my flesh and drink my blood."  
The flies and worms upon my corpse will say,  
lamenting me and crying me a flood:

"Yes, no one can escape this deadly test. The angels take the soul, and we the rest."

*The Axiom of Change*  
Isha Haider

It had bloomed all flowers and buds,  
For a year  
The days had filled life with invulnerability,  
There was no fear.

Every bud had rejoiced with the spring's dew,  
Life was born.  
No speck of old, it started anew,  
I could have sworn.

How the cool breeze stroked the growing bud,  
All fell into place.  
All around was the smell of wet mud;  
Life took a leisurely pace.

And then one day life began to wilt,  
Flowers were choked and strangulated,  
As though abandoned on a harbor, some silt,  
Life's mocking expedition ill-fated.

Spring is like child's play,  
Give it all at once, and then snatch it away,  
Spring comes first, be that as it may,  
Then comes Autumn, when death comes to stay.

*Before the Battle*  
Nader Abdullah

Our warriors stand ready to receive  
Our rivals coming from a distant land,  
With skill and prowess we cannot conceive  
Until in battle, face to face, we stand.

Their polished armor and their fearless gaze,  
All arrayed toward us with their battle sign,  
Will glimmer brightly in a fearsome blaze  
When, surging forth, they make to crush our line.

But we will not stand idly for the fight,  
For we have trained our arms and made our pledge  
That when they come we'll demonstrate our might  
And make them fall before our weapons' edge!

And when victorious over them we stand,  
Our honor will be known throughout the land.

*Calling of the Athan*  
May Omran

Called by the rejoicing sound.  
Veiling the night in spiritual soul.  
Divine harmony avails deep into the heart.  
Intimidation by the spoken tongue rapture to kneel.  
Light weighed from submission.  
Invocations invoked.  
Spectrums are the clearest visions, scattered and vague.  
Purified through repentance.  
Glorified is thy Lord.  
Purity solicits a merciful being.  
After the call of the *Athan* tonight.

*Confessions*  
Ayat Al-Bloushi

The words they utter constantly are mean;  
They touch my ears, though always I pretend  
To be gravely deaf, as I keep clean  
The dusty floors and all my tears descend.

From faraway lands I came to serve the kings  
And queens, though praying their temper be mild.  
I do obey my lords and kiss their rings;  
And so I feed; I teach; and raise their child.

My lords, my ladies, hear what I've to say;  
I was a princess at my father's home.  
True it was like a little box of hay,  
Though there I've never begged for food and room.

If it was not for my misfortune's treat,  
I would refuse to live beneath your feet.



*Creeping Cold*  
Nader Abdullah

I could not shake the feeling in my bones  
That pierced through my flesh and through my core,  
Sent shivers up my spine and aches and moans  
Escaping from my lips to bed, “no more!”

That biting cold, it stole first through my skin,  
Raised goose bumps on my hide and chilled my breath,  
Crept slowly through my veins and deeper in,  
A creeping chill akin to ancient death.

But when, at last, I thought my time was done,  
A miracle emerged from the sky  
To sooth my freezing flesh—Aye, t’was the sun,  
Whose warm Benevolence shone down from high.

This sun’s reviving warmth did my life save;  
Did spare me from the coldness of the grave.

*Contemplation*  
Yousef Nayef

100 shapeless dreams  
a day, and yes, I saw you  
somewhere, I don't  
know how, but you were there;  
sitting calmly  
at a beach  
thinking about what it means  
  
to be eternal.

*Cyclone*  
Fatma Sumaiti

Let the storm run free,  
Steady;  
I shall not fall.

## *Distant Land*

Noura Al-Hulaibi

In a distant land,  
where promises last,  
where love is forever,  
where we laugh like the careless souls we are  
forgetting everything, but the passion I see through your eyes—  
I am one with the wind, in a mystical land.

In a distant land,  
stars glisten above the evergreen trees;  
stripping away every pain I endured;  
I have not a care in the world;  
in a promising land.

White clouds dance, and flowers sway;  
melting my heart with the remedy of my past.  
We are compatible, and we are together; alas,  
in a distant land.

## *The Epiphany of a Broken Record*

Idil Hassan

The stench of a broken record fills the humming air:  
stringing hours of fabrication,  
trickling down hollow lakes,  
vibrating ears like a skinless drum.  
A search for an end is a dive for air.  
Forever set on replay;  
no salvation for the wicked.  
I'm winding, spinning the same layers of sticky lies;  
like a spider getting caught in a web,  
trapped by my own words,  
taken down by my own demise.  
Cries, screams, it's all just lies.

*Faithful Friends*  
AbdulRahman Al-Shaheen

A main source of life;  
Like a stream in a desert;

They are faithful friends.

*Gazing at the World in Tears*  
May Omran

Concealed pain glistens from within,  
Oppression signifies the shimmering light  
Released in agony without cessation,  
Shaken merely by the guilt of choice;  
Rejection has found its subtle grounds.

Spotted over the horizon is a vision,  
Blinding in perfection and far from sight;  
An immobile sight destroyed behind a pair of shattered frames.

*Guilt*  
Isha Haider

Deaths, inadvertently, manifest their presence with multiple gnaws at the heart;  
Clawing reminiscence digs down deep, sucking all into blank blackness,  
Conventional, but not so convenient for the typicality of pain;  
The façade of running life, until emptiness prevails over darkness,  
Isn't darkness the happiest stage of your dénouement?



*Her Struggle*  
Fatma Sumaiti

In her own shell,  
She twists and turns,  
Stretches to the limit;  
Gets weary and folds  
In a haze; she's stuck  
Yearning for salvation,  
Floundering in confusion.  
In her own shell,  
She'll live forever.

*Here*

Ghaidaa Mohammad

To live  
in a strange place,  
where sun rays droop  
over our heads,  
like gesturing mermaids;  
orange on orange:  
we are lost in this maze.

*Hiding in Silence*  
May Omran

A world of silence,  
A dreadful life of quiet;  
No sound to be heard, no color to be seen;  
All is white and all is black.  
The shadows lurk in the haunted streets behind, gloomy storms rage the city for miles,  
Ragged shutters clack firmly against the window in front of me.  
“Where I am,” hiding, behind this world of silence, a dreadful world of quiet.

*Killer*  
Fatma Sumaiti

Creep into my dreams;  
Hound my thoughts;  
Obliterate my senses;  
Killer.

*Paper Butterflies*  
Sara Soliman

And paper butterflies rained;  
Fervently fluttering their paper wings,  
But the wind carried them.

## *Porcelain Doll*

Helene Neaman

My porcelain doll,  
A beautiful yet fragile treasure,  
Hidden behind see-through walls;  
People would gaze upon her delicateness for hours;  
The shallowness of people blinds them from seeing  
What lies behind a painted face;  
For this poor statue of loveliness,  
Is forced to smile every day,  
Swallowed up inside her silent screams,  
Out of touch with the world outside locked doors,  
A world she misses;  
For she lives in a permanent sleep paralysis;  
This nightmare has become her living day,  
Evil lingers in the doorway,  
Monsters calling her name to escape,  
Every day is a battle to resist temptation,  
Every day is a battle to resist opening closet doors,  
And enter a deadly fate of falling,  
So this beautiful yet fragile porcelain doll,  
Won't suffer from permanent smiles no more,  
But remain a sleeping refuge,  
Of shattered glass on the floor.

## *The Rebirth*

Isha Haider

The jest of her fear, that mist is now clear,  
Oppressed by her wound, his facts she can hear.  
The past can be past; the facts still will last,  
Refreshed is her truth, his lie is not dear.  
The sorrow, her pain, the guilt, and her tear,  
Have left her alone, his voice she won't fear.  
Oblivious to life, she did once appear,  
But that was the past; her present is here.

*A Response to Lola Haskins' "To Play Pianissimo"*  
Nur Soliman

It is when you, in that dark row,  
are listening calmly, solemnly, carefully,  
until those secret notes in the piece  
are whispered in pianissimo, so softly.  
Pianissimo. It doesn't last for long, and the  
performers move on to the next bar.  
But already your breath is lost and  
you forget everything; your fingers slacken  
on the program and you let it drop—  
movements and all, you let it drop—  
those necklaces, tie-pins and all.  
You are naked, vulnerable, alone but wide  
as the universe. There is pain in your  
throat as like a child you bury your head in your  
mother's breast to weep in silence, except  
actually you are not moving at all in your seat,  
in that hall, sitting very still with your eyes half-shut,  
scarcely stirring barely noticeable in the elegant murmurs  
of black suits and shawls and dim comfort.  
You cannot hold back the infinite tears  
of the spirit, when broken down by  
private sorrows and bereavements,  
by love tugging at the deepest glade,  
truer and piercing the air only with their  
whispers, without sound, only music.



*Rest in Peace*

Isha Haider

Oblivious to life, she used to smile at buds,  
No vision of reality she did bask;  
In her self-knitted mirage, she used to linger.  
And now, in her own illusion of contentment,  
She has drowned.

Gulping – Gaspig – Guzzling,  
She swallows  
Misery  
To fill her mind, her body,  
Now soul.

Unending fog of uncertainty  
Lasting eternally, this bloom of frailty  
Seems to cage her very being  
Bit-by-bit.

Lingering like lost souls lamenting and largely lugging her person to the peak of her  
dénouement–  
–End–  
Finally can she  
Rest in Peace?

*Returning Home Old*  
James McDougall

Each step a memory erased  
on weed-clogged byways;  
Toe nails long, yellow as curved beaks;  
gullets' glutted with soft sanguine clay,  
splayed feet slip on splintered black planks.  
Are those ropes or sinews or leafless vines?  
Mouth agape—no yell—hoarse spray  
from a stone-hard throat.  
And tackle shifts, distended nerves, universal descent;  
one by one, tight bundles pulled taut into oblivion—  
eddies, swirling vortices—river old rubbery thief.  
And with worn clutches ripe knuckles scrape  
a bloodless curse—a balancing act—down the  
skeletal steps to the quay  
where moors no boat.

## *The Solitary Reaper of Arles, France*

Nur Soliman

He breathed in brilliance, his body was charged and his eyes shone with the twinkle that must have appeared to others to be madness. He stood a solitary figure in the fields, flaming hair cropped like a monk's, gaunt figure with easel and brush and canvas, feet firmly planted on the ground as he worked in the Provençale fields and vales, alone, struggling to calm a worried heart in the sirocco, alone even when he had company, because the lights could become too bright. The summer-green grass would be heavy with winter rains, perhaps, magnifying the sky, shimmering as he stood in gold and crimson fields, ablaze with wheat and sunlight, ablaze with olives and tapered cypresses against soft tender afternoon skies or bright cobalt nights and midnights. Before him were the peasants with burdened backs lifting grain, as he painted all those sowers radiant in the dawn, over a thousand works. He painted furiously; he fought, but was never to reap what he had sown—painted to soothe and console that worried heart, a lullaby to loneliness, Arlesian sunflowers lit like candles for Vincent.

*Spring Morning*  
Noura Al-Hulaibi

Spring morning;  
A beautiful scene,  
As beautiful as the scene of rose petals brushing his cheek,  
As soft as silk; these petals are.  
Do not fall or die, stay where you are!  
You have no root, but you will be the most beautiful by far,  
As long as you stay that way.  
The scene of beauty;  
It's hard to look away  
For nothing will take away the grace that has brought you here;  
Here on this day,  
As red as the sun touching the ground.  
But if you must leave like the sun,  
Let us see a magnificent end to your goodbye,  
Thought I could watch you forever, you must fall;  
Fall like sundown;  
But will you re-appear?  
I doubt that  
For you are rare;  
Nothing will replace your atmosphere.  
So go and be free; free to fall.  
Fall if you must;  
Forget you I won't.

*A Stranger's Face! (Friday August 26, 2011 at 4:17 p.m.)*

Alaa Abd Al-Jawad

I was at the airport...sitting in a café, drinking tea  
I saw his face between the crowds...who is he?  
Busy with his laptop...drinking coffee  
There was something about him;  
I couldn't take my eyes off him,  
Mysteriously attractive...with his brown sparkling eyes and careless hair  
I thought, maybe he is too cool to care.  
Then he noticed me...looked directly in my eyes and smiled;  
His smile captured me and passed through my soul,  
And even though he didn't say a word,  
His eyes said so much more;  
There was nothing said.  
Yet, I imagined his voice in my head,  
Like a beautiful cello melody...so sweet and passionate;  
I just wished he was mine—  
And before I knew, it was time;  
I heard the call for my plane.  
I wanted to ask about his name;  
I stopped myself, this is insane!  
So I picked up my stuff and he did, too;  
A broken smile on my lips drew.  
I didn't want to leave...not yet.  
We were walking the same way.

My thoughts started racing;  
Could it be? We're going on the same flight?  
He passed by me...his smell was as refreshing as a summer breeze  
But when we reached the gates, I went right and he went left.  
Sadness and disappointment showed when our eyes met.  
I sat on the chair feeling blue;  
How did I get attached to someone I have never known  
Someone I met by chance, and yet I felt like I'd known him forever?  
It was then when I saw him looking at me through the glass--  
My eyes smiled before my lips, he waved at me;  
I waved back...then he disappeared.  
That was when I got back to reality.  
I consider him as a beautiful sculpture,  
Like the "Statue of David."  
I can watch it and get inspired by its beauty,  
But I can't have it...not for myself.  
It will remain in the museum,  
But his picture will be carved in my mind.  
I believed he was the love that inspired me,  
And for me he will be a sculpture created by an artist  
So I wrote those words for him,  
And he became the "Statue of David at the Airport."

*The Sun Has Risen*  
Fajer Khalifah

Just a few years ago, you were one of us;  
We used to play like little kids  
With a princess and a palace.

And after what had happened;  
After you had left,  
The light in my life lessened.

No one seems to notice  
At all, how I feel;  
The mourning or the sadness.

When I close my eyes,  
After the moon closed his,  
I see your sunrise;

You're just how you left me;  
With the scent of flowers  
And cheeks as red as a cherry.

I shed tears of love (you smile...);  
A message I received from above  
Because the sun has risen.

## *That's "It"*

Nur Soliman

Goodbye Joe Morello, goodbye and good night,  
you and George Shearing have up and left us,  
left us with the universal ultramarine blues.  
Blind men from Battersea and Springfield gave us eyes  
to see to hear the blues with, hear the joy of being  
as we are transported frenetically astronomically  
with your tap-toe beats your steel brush sweeps.  
Desmond has left too, both of you leaving us records  
and sounds of Oberlin, of Carnegie of 1953 of 1965,  
leaving us Eugene and dearest, dearest Dave.  
To our beloved and departed,  
we can only send imaginary bunches and bunches  
of riotous radiant flowers through the mail,  
there are things we can keep, from all of you  
memories of your hands and your eyes,  
those tapes, framed photos, words,  
ties we remember, scented like dried flowers,  
to keep in this world what's left for us to keep,  
the heartbeat, and the soul.



## *To Walk with Them*

Isha Haider

Once again, their fingers entangle  
To walk above their shadows of timber  
Cast beneath their steps,

Once again, time converges their routes into an ending mirage  
With their every footprint on the shade of black  
Narrowing them into one another,

Once again, an austere collectiveness compels them to gather towards the heavens  
With entangled souls their promises, like bees, prepare to meet like an illusion  
And to walk with them to their end...

Majid Ashraf Mahmood



*Together*  
Yousef Nayef

Let's dream together,  
let's run together,  
let's sing under a shadow,  
let's erase the past,  
let's feel the last moments  
of a falling wall,  
or a falling nation;  
together.

But don't leave me...

*Try*  
Latifa Bassem

Try to stand up...try to walk  
Never listen...to empty talk  
Try to embrace your life  
Never give in to...a stupid strife  
Try to smile...try to laugh  
Never break in two halves  
Try to reach to the sky  
Never give up and never cry  
Try to give your life a change  
Never believe in limits or ranges  
Try to give yourself a chance  
Never judge by a mere glance  
Try to be, what you want to be  
Never judge before you see  
Try to listen, and to understand  
Never cut a helping hand  
Try to give before you take  
Never break...don't ever break  
Try to always be the best  
Never give in to any test  
Try to always work hard  
Never show your winning card

*Wishing Stars*  
Noura Al Hulaibi

Dear delight, dear divine,  
Was it ever so wrong to be kind?  
Is this fight really mine?  
Is this really what you had in mind?

You swam the oceans, locked the doors,  
You told yourself “not anymore,”  
You pushed your dreams; you hid your face,  
And made them go away.

Your wishing stars,  
Your wandering heart,  
Your spirit bound in chains.  
Your desperate start,  
You will go far,  
It’s never all in vain.

Honestly, it’s not me,  
I can only help you believe  
You could stay, you could try,  
You could simply sit there and cry.

There’s no one else, there’s nothing more,  
There’s only you down on the floor.  
Recall your dreams, lift up your face,  
Don’t let them get away.

## *Work and Toil*

Sara Soliman

Enlightenment,  
Inspiration,  
Awakening,  
Epiphany—  
These pretty words, written with a chiseled pen,  
Arched with marble and  
Colored with ink,  
Are not flashes in the dark,  
Or joyous cries of triumph—  
They're broken and labored,  
Coughs between words,  
Absent murmurs,  
They're a sobbed *Eureka*,  
Ah quiet whisper,  
A wearied sigh,  
The end of a long-drawn groan.



# English Prose

## *Ambivalence of the Inhabitant*

Fatma Sumaiti

That flickering cursor, pushing her to write something—a word; and, if she could, a sentence. She’s always been a girl of many words. Silent words. Thoughts, people call them. She doesn’t trust herself to speak. Always afraid of people judging her. Always conscious of her surroundings. Her inner soul screams so loudly, feels so intensely, and struggles chronically. What were the things in life that created her this way? She had always wondered. Was it the way she was always meant to be? Or were they the lunar tides she witnessed that molded her so distinctly? Do people often see her the way she sees herself? She doubts it. She knows that people only see the awkwardness that she creates with her rigid movements and overworked mind.

“Someday, I’m going to break free and show this society that I can be whomever I want to. I’ll show them that I can be a free spirit; a free mind.” She keeps telling herself. Then, she remembers that her father, brother, and her entire social circle is the society. Fear overshadows her heart. Her courage whimpers. Her will is hazed. Her mind weeps.

“Why do I even care?!”

“I love them.”

“They who judge me?”

“...”

“It’s my life. Don’t I want to live?”

“They love me.”

“Then, they won’t hate me.”

“Will they leave me?”

She closes her eyes...

She keeps them closed.

*Being Romantic*  
Yousef Maged Nayef

An hour before it was time for her to sleep, the grandmother felt happy and proud of all her achievements, not forgetting her mistakes. She entered the bedroom and walked over to the wooden basket under the small bed-side table and grabbed her knitting tools. She sat quietly on the left edge of the king-size bed, which she had shared with her husband for just over forty-six years now. The grandfather, worn out after the boisterous family gathering, was already half-asleep, trying to remember something he forgot to do. His blinking slowed down as the moonlight filtering through the drapes made him drowsy and increasingly numb. She hated silence; his silence. She really wanted to talk to him tonight. She started making noise with her knitting, whatever noise knitting is able to produce. The sound of her knitting grew louder, and her hands shook more and more vigorously. She put her knitting away. *What has happened to me? Why am I so agitated?* She gazed at the moon through the window for a while, then fixed her eyes on her husband, calm and asleep. She couldn't stand it any longer.

“Kamal?”

He raised his head from the pillow and turned it sideways looking for whoever called him, then mumbled something about the sour morning coffee, and finally his head was back on the pillow, his ancient collarbone succumbing to gravity. She looked at him pitifully, almost smiling. As she compared her watch with the clock on the wall, she sighed heavily.

“Kamal!” That woke him up. He rubbed his eyes and sat up slowly. She went on, “Aren't you forgetting something, dear?”

His eyes blinked quickly. He reached out for his night pills, rubbed them into his thin-lipped mouth, washed them down with some water, and was back in an upright position with the pillow behind his back. Her jaw dropped with amazement, as if the bus she had been waiting for slowed down only to speed past her.

“Really, Kamal? That's what you thought I wanted from you?” Not knowing if she should feel offended or kick him in the rear for being such a senile old man; she decided to look at him and wait until he noticed. Gazing at the wall in front of him with a smile on his



"You know, Kamal," she started her speech, "I really love family gatherings. I really, really, really love these precious times. It's so heart-warming to watch our children grow. May is pregnant! If I had time, I would help her with the dishes, but my back is killing me. Did you know Ahmad is going on a business trip to Malaysia? He says he might stay there and leave his wife and children with us. Don't worry, Kamal, I didn't mind of course. I said, 'Sure! Our life as grandparents is utterly useless, so why not? It would be a pleasure to see your wife and your three children racing around the house for a change.' Oh, and by the way, I have a new friend, did you know that? His name is Fred. He's such a sweet man. I call him every night after you are asleep. We talk for hours and hours and hours and --are you listening to me, Kamal?!"

"You know I don't care about all this stuff, Fatin. I think you talk too much," murmured Kamal in one breath, and laid his head on his warm pillow. Her jaw dropped again; and slowly her facial expressions transformed from amazement to utter sadness. *Who is this man?* She went up to him, almost in tears.

"Kamal, what's wrong with you? You've changed. You're not the Kamal who used to care for me and hug me and kiss me. You're not yourself tonight. What's wrong? Did I hurt you in some way? I don't like to see you like that, Kamal. Kamal? Please speak to me."

"What a shame; I thought you'd remember." Kamal laughed.

He smiled and reached for an old notebook under the bed. He wiped the dust off its cover with his hand then offered it to her. Her burning eyes were calm again; she felt her eyelids as they blinked.

She opened the notebook hesitantly.

As she flipped through the pages, Fatin started to remember.

"This here," He pointed, "is the first poem I wrote about you; it was college, and you didn't know me then. This is a sketch of your face; sorry, it was really bad. Here is your comment on this poem." They turned the pages for nearly half an hour. All she had was a smile as tears ran down her wrinkled face.

He closed the book, put it away and gave Fatin a kiss on the cheek. She looked at him, her eyes moving right and left quickly, then suddenly hugged him and held him tight.

"Don't you ever think that I don't care about you or anyone else in the family. I know Mays is pregnant; and Malaysia? Nice try, but I was listening. And I know Ahmad's not married yet so I wouldn't worry about anything, honey. All I should worry about is you; and you only, Fatin. Nobody understands me the way you do. You're beautiful; you're still beautiful to me, Fatin. I am nothing without your love and care."

She laid her head on his shoulder and slept in his arms.

## *Conversations Have Never Been More Fun*

Mubarak Al-Mutairi

The barista placed the cup of hot chocolate at our table, wishing me enjoyment before walking off to wipe the front counter. I looked at the cup, and then at my friend, and then at the cup again.

“They brought it in a paper cup?” I complained. “Why do they always do that? I distinctly remember telling them that I wanted it in a mug. I mean, why the hell am I going to order whip cream on my chocolate and then cover it up with a top?

It defeats the whole purpose!” I excused myself to resolve this misunderstanding.

She just sat there rolling her eyes. “Are you happy now?” she asked as I come over with a large mug.

I nodded gleefully, taking a gulp of the hot drink.

“You have some whipped cream on your...never-mind.” I, having done nothing, gave her a quizzical look. “You look better this way, it covers up the hair on your nose.”

I glared. I was severely tempted to smack her upside her head, but, for obvious reasons, I didn't. She just laughed harder in response, and I glared harder. Or, that is to say, I tried to glare harder. I ended up laughing with her instead.

We got a lot of strange looks, not to mention a few disapproving glares from the older folk. I just ignored them, preferring to do what I came here to do.

To talk.

We talked about everything; well, almost everything. We started out with mugs of hot chocolate and a discussion on the economic implications of nanotechnology. We moved to

green tea, and the philosophical debates that might have arose in a meeting between Ibn Khaldoun and José Gasset. Black coffee gave us the theology of Moorish Spain, and later, we moved to finding the meaning of life in a Greek Salad. Our conversations were a roller-coaster of a sort; Gulf Arabic mixed fluently with Andalusian Spanish trailing to American English all the way back to silence, and then a knowing laughter.

As the sun began to stream through the sunroof of the airport it was time to say goodbye and part our separate ways, at least for now. We said our goodbyes. Mine an Arabic Ma'a As-salaama and hers a Spanish Adios.

I logged off Google Talk, turned off my applications, powered down my Macbook, and left to start the day. Conversations have never been more fun.

## *Franz Marc's Last Company (or Criticism of the 21st Century Gallery)*

Nur Soliman

Franz Marc was a German Expressionist artist (1880-1916) and was one of the founders of “The Blue Rider” or “Der Blaue Reiter” movement, along with artists like Wassily Kandinsky, Paul Klee, Gabriele Münter, and Auguste Macke. These artists experimented with new subjects, colors and luminosity to attain spiritual truth and achieve a “natural” spontaneity in their work. Marc was a prolific artist, and created many masterpieces famous to this day, such as his many paintings of blue horses, deer, cows, and foxes. Before he could be withdrawn from the German front, like other important artists, Marc was killed at the Battle of Verdun at the age of 36. He didn't really say any of the below.

Fact is, I'd rather they didn't talk about what they think of the paintings - not too much, for fear that they may attempt to articulate things; then, lose everything in their translation. They think they're so clever, the smart-alecks. Not like Proust; he's the genuine article, no phony. Proust knows it in the way he became dumb before the geese and the valleys by the river of Guermantes Way in Combray because they were so beautiful, in the taste of the lime-tea-soaked petit madeleine. He knows well the spirit of secret lights in memory, in thoughts—no—in dreams. Dreaming. Things aren't so different in Paris, even though it seems we're on different camps, with this war coming on.

I paint the deep ultramarine shining through black strokes, grassy verdigris knolls flooded with the blazing yellow of wheat stubble, a sleeping fox the color of Greek olives in a yarn-bright glade, resting. Have you seen my paintings? I have painted friends, other artists, landscapes. I've painted foxes, deer in glades in spring and in winter, yellow cats, tigers, horses. Blue horses. Great horses. Sometimes I feel like they were charging with Wagnerian imperiousness through metaphoric fields, not arrogant—Heaven forbid! Heaven forbid—just with the true matter-of-factness of a Valkyrie. Heaven forbid if it were anything else. I'd detest myself if I painted anything with arrogance.

“Scarcely can I perceive the colorless reflection in which are blended the uncapturable, whirling medley of radiant hues, and I cannot distinguish its form.” Proust wrote that. Words of our time, those are, just before this whole thing started, turning our century upside-down. It is as if he writes a libretto to Schoenberg's "lofty bright night," layers upon layers of "interchangeable sound," of bright shades of dim in every Richard-Dehmel bar, in every dusting of scattered, breathless Claude-Monet light, in every note of transfigured light, that "Transfigured Night." You must hear Schoenberg's "Transfigured Night." I will lend it to you one day. Maybe when I come back from the war. But you'll have to remind me, as you'll perhaps have to remind me of the old days, just as I'm taking leave of you. Things are bound to change sooner or later. But I don't imagine this will last very long, this war.

But that doesn't matter. It's about that lofty bright night, that's what matters. Oh yes, there resides in the pigment a candle-softness that shines underneath the warmth of my hand, under the brilliance that begins to catch alight inside of me and trembles in the brush. Auguste knows what I was talking about; you know him, Auguste Macke. He's quite busy these days as well, painting stripes of sunshine in the sleeves of dresses and the underside of trees. He understands that energy, the pent-up freedom, the truth, no nonsense or pretense, no more! For goodness' sake, how cloying, how choking, damn, how wrong. You can't stand at your exhibition knowing people are there for you and your "skill" as an artist, not because they want to know what it is that you say about the spirit. Instead, these "artists" expect praise for their eccentricity, their boldness, their dress, and all else is dead. What we do, Auguste, Wassily, Gabriele, Paul, and all the rest of us - what we do is completely different, I know. There's no question about it. Truth. No question. Just you wait. Things will be different in the war, and afterwards too, but at least I've painted well. No, I frankly haven't the slightest idea whether or not these will sell, but surely you know that is not why I paint? We paint strong ultramarine horses that sport around in sleeping fields. I paint with Der Blaue Reiter, and I paint out silent dreams.

## *Grandmothers, iPads, and Citrus Tea*

Mubarak Al-Mutairi

“You remember my grandmother?” she asked me, as I took a sip of citrus tea.

I raised my left eyebrow, perplexed at the question.

“Well, do you?” she persisted.

“Yes,” I lied.

“You remember when I told you that she was having a hard time reading the Qu’ran that we had at home?”

I couldn’t help but shift my eyes side-to-side, trying hard to remember that particular conversation.

“Yeah...” I lied again.

Her eyes narrowed slightly. She was on to me. “You decided to buy a large print Qu’ran as a gift last Eid for her since she doesn’t like wearing glasses and contacts were out of the question?”

My eyes sparked in recognition of that conversation. “Oh, now I remember. Yes what about your grandmother?”

“So you lied earlier.” she seethed.

“Hello? This is me we’re talking about.” She rolled her eyes at that remark. “So what about your grandmother?”

“She’s stopped reading it and opted instead for an iPad. We had iQu’ran and iSubha installed on it for her so she could do both at the same time, since you know eyesight and memory are the first things to go. Also, we got her Angry Birds, but it took her a while to understand what the whole point of that was.” She took a bite of her sandwich.

I sat silent for a few seconds. Mostly because that Qu’ran cost me around fifty dinars, and partially because...

“What’s wrong?”

“Oh nothing. It’s just everyone one and their stroked-out grandmother has an iPad and I’ve yet to have one grace my lap.” I took another sip of tea.

*Pyro*  
Fatma Sumaiti

She felt this rage inside of her. This desire to burn her surroundings stretched to her skin. She closed her eyes as she felt a spark at her center; a spark that aspired to rupture. As she curled her fingers, the fever took over her existence. The spark turned into flames that sailed through her streams. They reached her hands. She opened her eyes, let go of her fist, and pushed the wrath out of her soul. The fire twirled around her. It embraced her with vigor and certainty. She is strong now. She is a vibrant flame. A woman with vehemence.



## *A Tweet for Prayer*

Mubarak Al-Mutairi

The call to prayer rings loud, reverberating throughout asphalt avenues flanked by glass and concrete. It is Saturday, a secular Sabbath, and few, save for the faithful, are awake at this hour. I find it hard to believe, as I sit writing this in the heart of our young city, that less than a century ago none of what surrounded me existed. I wonder if they knew the extent of what oil would bring. Did they foresee the opportunities and the pitfalls that lay before them? Or was it just another source of wealth to be harnessed, with little thought to what would occur?

The second call to prayer rings loud, interrupting my flow of consciousness; it is followed by the echoing of its kin. A few cars drive by, a man appears from around a corner, and as I return to my musing, I am struck with a peculiar thought: there lie many similarities between oil and digital information. Less than twenty years ago, Kuwait was a digitally barren land, with not even an internet provider, but now it is awash with every manner of digital media and platform. Digital information has become the new oil, and the extent of its reach is unimaginable, and it will change our society in ways that we have yet to understand.

The final call to prayer thunders throughout the city sky. The cars increase in volume, more men and few women appear. I receive a Twitter notification, reminding me that it is time to pray.

## *Visiting the Book Fair in Wonderland*

Gholam Reza Vatandoust

Wonderland is truly an unforgettable land of miracles. Miracles are all around you; in thin air and up for grabs. Thousands of souls wake up daily in search of divine intervention. The past year was the year of numerous miracles. Miracles are increasingly in high demand, particularly when calamities are on the rise. There is this general belief that adversities will lend support for divine interventions. Among the devout and the dedicated, miracles are proof of His eminent return, bringing with him what all God-fearing souls yearn for – eternal bliss and eternal salvation. Every day is a new day; full of blessings, excitement and magic. A simple visit to the Book Fair is a reflection of that magic.

Overwhelmed with joy, one is a witness to what one never sees elsewhere in the universe. It is obvious that citizens of Wonderland must appreciate books immensely. This is evident from its numerous visitors; from the newly born lying peacefully in their cribs to the old and seasoned veterans carted around in wheelchairs. In one particular case, the visitor was an incapacitated soul on a stretcher, almost unconscious; yet, he, too, was enjoying the free ride. For the curious, the International Book Fair is an amazing site to watch. It is overwhelmingly crowded. Ice cream parlors are everywhere. Loyal soldiers of the Revolution remind the young, the old and the wild that they are now on holy turf. Their mission is to purview books rather than size each other up.

It is easy to tell that citizens of wonderland appreciate ancient and dilapidated buildings; reminiscent of old and historical archeological sites. The location of the fairgrounds itself is ample proof. Evidence of deterioration lies everywhere including in the outhouses. One cannot help but feel nostalgic about this great land of wonders, with its remarkable people, its great history, its glorious past, and its shining future.

Interestingly, people seem to have a shared view of books. Some booths have few spectators, while others have numerous. Of course, kiosks run by women have far more visitors than

others. Obviously, people tend to shop around for all commodities at a book fair, and books are only one such commodity. The uniqueness of Wonderland is its complex opacity, which is why miracles are in great demand. Miracles are everywhere, and they are free for the taking.

The ingenuity of Wonderland is its very parsimonious use of its resources. For example, the fairgrounds are, in essence, a semi-incomplete rotunda, which is constructed for mass rallies and Friday prayers for the devout. However, since the place is disproportionately huge and can easily accommodate several hundred thousand thirsty souls, weekly prayers are moved on to the university campus, where some 15000 searching souls are accommodated. Many of the university academics, together with philosophers, students, and deviants are now dislocated to the central prison, appropriately called the university, for it is the training grounds for the aspiring philosophers. The local mosques have proven to be a perfect place for commercial transactions, exchange of goods, and distribution of coupons. This is now the real bazaar, where you can buy, sell, or barter practically everything; from commodities to contrabands. It is far better than the supermarkets, where goods are selective, and supplies are limited.

At the fairgrounds, it is all the more evident that absolute power is in the hands of women. Men are the real scum of the earth; the useless, and hapless creatures with no will of their own. It is the women that run the show at the Fair ground. If women do not cover themselves appropriately, men would be led astray. One can see that women are the shepherd; leading the hapless sheep. It now becomes clear why women are not required to work, lest they seduce men. The divine laws of Wonderland require that women stay home, serve men, raise numerous offspring, and lead no man asunder. They should not sit behind the wheel, for men would be led into temptation. In short, women should neither drive, nor swim, nor sing, nor dance, nor play, nor wear tights, nor look beautiful, nor act desirable, nor leave home, nor smile. Indeed, the women of Wonderland are all too powerful. Men are simply, hapless and helpless souls with no will of their own. On and off the fairgrounds, one can see that, in Wonderland, true power is within the grasp of women. Men, on the other hand, are nothing; their brains are like meatballs, and they are weak underlings and easy to manipulate.

This is the real magic of Wonderland, which has surprised the world for over three decades. Indeed, so real is the magic that nearly half the books on display are on the current wonders of Wonderland, while the rest are on the future wonders of Wonderland. There is no need for Wonderland to look beyond itself. Wonderland is the paragon of perfection. Long live Wonderland!





# ARTWORK



**A Life Worth Lived (Andrzej Dragan effect)**  
*Anurag Galhotra*





**Al 6awous**  
*Shaha Khaddah*





**Angry Birds**

*Hawraa Bouhamad*



**Ayasofia Mosque**  
*Ghalya Al Dhaffiri*



**Baalbek**  
Zeinab Zeinab



**Beauty of Firework Speed**  
*Ghaneema Qudmani*



**Chalet Nights**  
*Anwar Behbehani*





**Colosseo, Roma, 2009**  
Craig Bacino



**Constructions**  
*Humam Shabani*



**Deep Macro**  
*Sadeq Abul*





**Development?**  
*Sadeq Abul*



**Eels**  
*Helene Neaman*



**Fontana, Piazza Navona, Roma, 2009**  
*Craig Bacino*





**Equilibrium**  
*Anurag Galhotra*



**Fermenting Kimchi Nagan Korea**  
*William Andersen*



Fontana, Piazza Navona, Roma, 2009  
Craig Bacino





**Fountain of Youth**  
*Ghalya Al Dhafiri*



**Gesicht**  
Sarah Ahmad





**Girl With a Fisheye**  
*Shaha Khaddah*



**Istiklal Avenue, Istanbul**  
*Shaha Al Khaddah*



**Keep going**

*Humam Shabani*



**Michelangelo's La Pietà**  
*Afnan Abdullah*





**My Side of The Story**  
*Sarah Ahmad*



**Panorama**  
*Hawraa Bouhamad*



**Peaceful beach**  
*Wafaa Husaini*



**Perfect**  
Sarah Ahmad





**Pointilism Portrait of my Grandfather**  
*Aesha Borahmah*



**Portrait of a Mermaid**  
*Sarah Ahmad*



**Ramadhan Tranquility**  
*Anwar Behbehani*



Razan Al Asqah





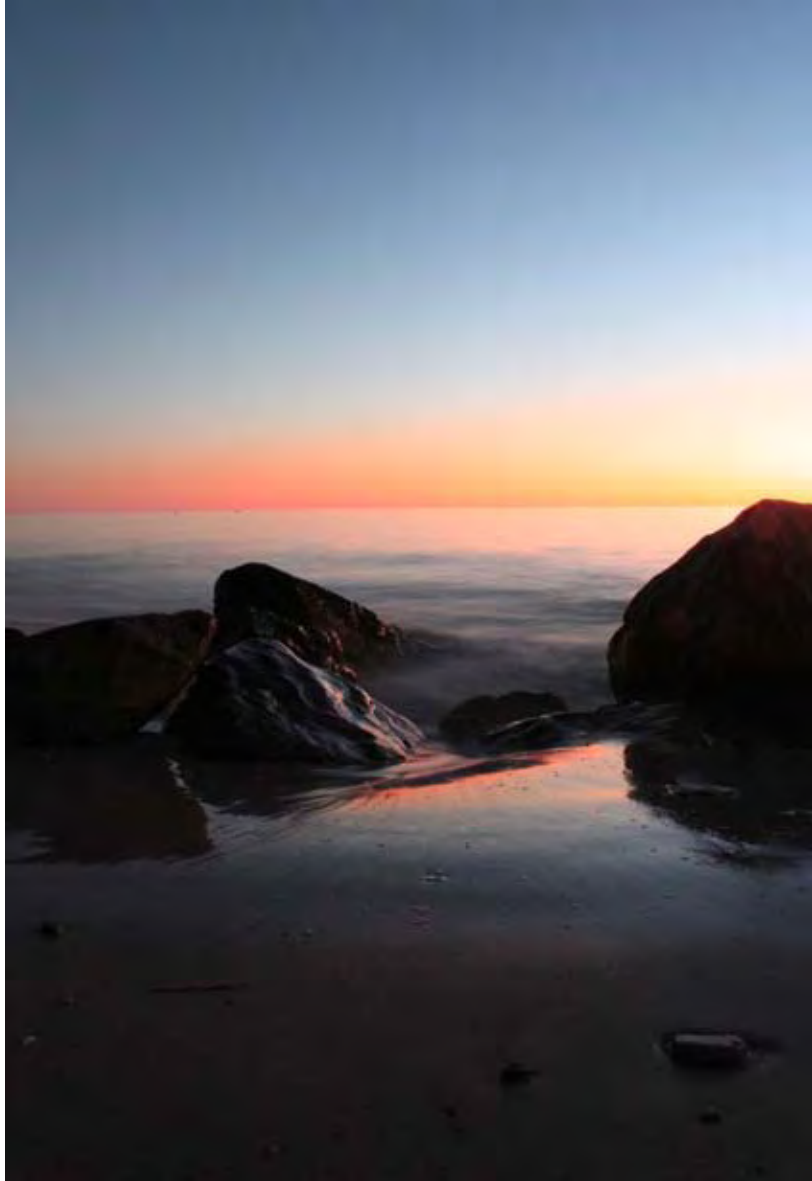
**Self Disgrace**  
*Afnan Abdullah*



**Social Awkwardness**  
*Amina Al Anssari*



**Startrails**  
*Sadeq ABul*



**Sunset**  
*Wafaa Husaini*





**Talks of the old Villagers**  
*Dana Ismail*



**The Path You Choose**  
*Afnan Abdullah*



**The Road**  
*Hawraa Bouhamad*



**Time Flies By**  
*Anurag Galhotra*





**Tortias 2**  
*Scott Berlin*



**Tranquility**  
*Ghaeema Qudmani*



**Under the Bridge**  
*Humam Shabani*



**Up And Away**  
*Dalal Al Mutawa*



# الاعمال الفنية



# أحلام الفرائشات!

بقلم ميساء سعيد الشريف

نكاد نجتمع على أن الأحلام من أجمل الأشياء التي يتميز بها بني البشر ، فهي التي تعطيهم الأمل وتحميهم من الإحباط والحزن وهي التي تصنع لهم المستقبل القريب .. فالحلم الذي يصاحبه الأمل والإصرار يصبح واقعا يوما ما، فالأحلام ليست حكرا على طبقة دون الأخرى وليست شيئا يميز مجموعة عن أخرى.. الأحلام ملك للجميع .. لا يسطو عليها أصحاب النفوذ أو يمتلكها أصحاب الأموال فقط .. الحلم .. تلك القوة العظيمة التي تدفع الإنسان للاستمرار ملك للجميع ..! ولعل أكثر مخلوقات الله تعلقا بالأحلام هن " بنات حواء" فهن لا يستطعن العيش دون تلك الأحلام.. ولأكون أكثر دقة في وصف أحلامهن سأسميها الأحلام الوردية .. فرغبتن لرؤية الجمال والكمال مستمرة وتعطشن للحقيقة الملونة لا تنتهي.. مهما طال العمر ومهما تغيرت الظروف تبقى الأحلام هي الدواء الذي لا مفر منه في تطلعاتهن .. الدواء الذي يلزمهن في داخل كل شرقة يعشن فيها .. فمننا من تعيش في شرقة الإنتظار -انتظار قصة حب مثالية تهز كيائها لم تعرفها بعد- ولكنها مازالت تحلم.. ومننا من تعيش في شرقة القيود ومننا من تعيش في شرقة الخوف ، التردد ، الصمت ، الانصياع ، الوحدة ، الصبر ، الأمل ، الجرح ، كثيرة هي الغلافات التي تغلف المرأة وتمنعها أحيانا من الإنطلاق أو التعبير عن نفسها لكنها مع ذلك تبقى محتفظة بأحلامها.. التي ستتحول يوما من أحلام شرقة إلى أحلام فراشة تنطلق وتفرح وتنتج وتحب وتشعر بطعم الإنطلاق وطعم الأحلام عندما تصبح حقيقة .. لتكون فعلا أحلام الفرائشات..!

الممثل الدبوب مكانه ثم يهرب كذلك، والأعمى لا يزال في يدور حول نفسه وينادي المجنون. بعد فترة قصيرة يدخل الولد المسرح وهو يشرب ما تبقى من العصير مصدرا صوتا عاليا بالماصة، ثم يرمي العلبه. ودون ما اهتمام بالأعمى يمشي إلى الدبوب. يختفي صوت الإنذار]

**الولد:** أنا آسف. تأخرت عليك [يأخذ الدبوب ويحتضنه] أود أن أشكرك يا دبوب، أنت الوحيد الذي يفهمني. دعني أكمل لك خطتي.

[والدبوب معه، يأخذ الولد النقود الملقاة على الأرض، ويضعها في جيبه. وقبل أن يخرج الولد من المسرح بقليل يلاحظ أن الأعمى لا يزال يدور حول نفسه وينادي المجنون، فيرجع إليه ويأخذ بيده ويخرجان.]

**الأعمى:** أشكرك، بني. أنت ولد طيب.

**المجنون:** توقف! هذا جنون!

**الممثل:** [غير مكترث] انطلق دبدوب!

**المجنون:** ماذا تفعل؟!!

**الممثل:** أمثل!

**المجنون:** لكنك أقصر من اللازم! [يتضايق الممثل] لا تستطيع التمثيل أساسا إن كنت قصيرا هكذا! أنت مجنون؟

**الممثل:** أنت المجنون، لماذا تشاهدني إذا؟ خذ نقودك واذهب!

**المجنون:** هذا الدبدوب لا يستطيع فعل شيء! وأنت فاشل!

**الممثل:** وماذا ستفعل حيال ذلك؟ ستضربني؟

**المجنون:** [يقوم من مكانه] لا. [يمشي إلى الدبدوب ويصفعه مرتان ثم يلكمه بقوة، فيقع الدبدوب بعيدا]  
[يقوم الجميع بما فيهم الأعمى. يدور الأعمى حول نفسه بحثا عن المجنون، وينادي مكررا "يا مجنون! ماذا حدث؟ أين أنت يا مجنون؟"]

**السائح الأول:** لماذا فعلت ذلك أيها مجنون؟! كنا نشاهد العرض!

**المجنون:** إنه عرض فاشل أساسا!

**السائح الأول:** كان يسلينا فحسب. لم يكمل!

[يلتقط السائح الثاني صورة لهما وهما يتحاوران]

**المجنون:** توقف عن التصوير [يتفاجئ الثاني ولكنه يصور المجنون مرة أخرى. يغضب المجنون ويلحق السائح الثاني، يدوران حول الأعمى وهو لا يزال يدور ويردد العبارة ذاتها، والسائح الثاني يصور المجنون وهو يطارده. فجأة يسمعون صوت إنذار من سيارة شرطة. يتوقف الجميع عدى الأعمى. يهرب السائح الأول، ثم السائح الثاني، ثم المجنون، ويضع

[يخرج الطيب من المسرح غاضبا، ويمر بالمجرم ومن بعد المجرم يدخل مجنون يقود أعمى ويجلسان على المقعد الطويل. ينظر المجرم إلى الطيب وهو يخرج من المسرح وهو يختفي عن ناظره. ثم يلتفت إلى الدبوب، ويمشي إليه وهو ينظر يمنا ويسرة ويجلس بجانبه.]

المجرم: أنا لا أعرفك يا دبوب، ولكني سمعت ذلك الرجل يذكر اسمك. أنا آسف، لم أعرفك بنفسني، أنا مجرم، ومجرم محترف. و.. أود أن أسألك سؤالاً: قبل أسبوعين قتلت أخي... دون قصد. اتفقنا على دفع إيجار السكن سويا لكنه لم يساعدني، وذلك منذ خمسة أشهر. كل ما كان يفعله هو النوم. وأنا أفعل كل شيء، أسرق وأقتل، أفعل كل شيء لوحدي. كان معنوها. ألم يكن ذلك من حقي؟ أما كنت على حق بفعلي هذا؟... إذا أنت توافقني، سكوتك موافقة على فعلي! طبعاً! أتعرف، قتلته تلقائياً، من دون أي إخراج، كان لدي سبب. غيري يقتلون بلا سبب على الإطلاق وبدون إحساس، أليس كذلك؟ شكرا لك، دبوب، شكرا لك! ساعدتني! شكرا دبوب! سأراك لاحقاً دبوب!

[يخرج مسرورا من المسرح وهو يشكر الدبوب. يمر بالممثل، الذي ينظر إلى المجرم مستغرباً. ثم يلتفت إلى الدبوب، ويفكر قليلاً ثم يسمي إلى الدبوب وهو ينظر يمنا ويسرة ويجلس بجانبه]

**الممثل:** اسمعني يا دبوب، أنا ممثل بارع، ولكن لا أحد يقتنع بتمثيلي، يتحججون بأني قصير القامة! بماذا تنصحنني؟ [ريثما يتابع الممثل حديثه مع الدبوب، يدخل سائحان المسرح وكلاهما معه كاميرا. يصوران ما حولهما، بما في ذلك الجمهور والمجنون والأعمى، ويصوران بعضهما. يستمر السائح الثاني بالتصوير كل حين وآخر طيلة الوقت. يلاحظان الممثل وهو يكلم الدبوب، يمشيان إليهما.]

**السائح الأول:** عفوا سيدي، [يشهق الممثل متفاجئاً] ماذا تفعل؟  
**الممثل:** [يتأتى] أكلم الدبوب.

**السائح الأول:** لماذا؟ من أنت؟ أهذا عرض مسرحي أم ماذا؟

**الممثل:** نعم، نعم! أنا ممثل وهذا دبوبي. أقصد، أني أتمرن مع هذا الدبوب. أتريدان أن نمثل لكما؟

**السائح الأول:** طبعاً، طبعاً.

**الممثل:** ولكن عليكما أن تدفعا قبل ذلك. لقد تدربت كثيرا معه وهذا حقي.

**السائح الأول:** طبعاً، لم لا.

[يعطونه مالا، ثم يجلسان على الأرض وظهرهما للجمهور. يقوم المجنون من مكانه ويقود الأعمى ويجلسان بجانب السائحين ليشاهدا العرض. يعطي المجنون بعض النقود للممثل فيشكره.]

**الممثل:** [يرتجل] أيها الدبوب الخارق! بقواك الاله الخارقة وبقدراتي الرائعة على التمثيل، سوف ننقذ العالم! من سيقف في طريقنا؟! هيا فلننطلق! [ويشير بقبضة يده إلى أعلى، سكوت طويل] أما سمعتني؟ انطلق يا دبوب! [سكوت]

# الدبوب

بقلم يوسف ماجد نايف

[الدبوب على كرسي طويل في وسط المسرح، وبجانبه كرسي أقل ارتفاعا ومقعد طويل. يشق الولد طريقه بين الجماهير ويسأل بعض الحاضرين إن كانوا يريدون أن يشتروا ما معه من ألعاب. يعطيهم أسعارا غير واقعية وفي كل مرة يقلل الثمن قليلا يكمل طريقه حتى يصل إلى المسرح ويجلس مرهقا بجانب الدبوب]

الولد: آه، يا دبوب. ماذا أفعل؟ لم يشتري أحد مني شيئا اليوم، مع أنني متأكد أن لديهم المال الكافي [ينظر إلى الدبوب]... ماذا؟ لا، لا، أنت لا تعرفهم. إنهم بخلاء، لديهم ما يكفيهم وزيادة ولكنهم يخافون الفقر إلى درجة رهيبية. [يتأوه] لا يهم. أخبرني الآن، كيف كان يومك؟ أعرف أنني تركتك كثيرا ولكن ما باليد حيلة. هذا النوع من الناس لا يؤخذ منهم المال إلا إذا سرقته. انظر! [يخرج بعض المال] قد سرقت كل هذا منهم قبل قليل دون أن يشعروا. إنه شعور رائع، أن تبذل جهدا الآن لكي لا تبذل جهدا لاحقا، تلك هي الحياة. المهم، أردت أن أكلّمك في موضوع خطير: سنسيطر على العالم. لا تستغرب هكذا، الأمر بسيط للغاية. سأشرح لك بعد أن أعود من البقالة لأشرب بعض العصير. لا تقلق، ما عليك سوى أن تنتظرنني وأن لا تحدث أحدا عن الموضوع إطلاقا. سأعود حالا! سنسيطر على العالم معا! نعم! سنسيطر على العالم يا دبوب!

[ويركض خارجا من المسرح. يمر بـ"الطيب" الذي يدخل المسرح وهو ينظر إلى الولد مستغربا حتى يختفي الولد عن ناظره، ثم يلتفت إلى الدبوب ويفكر، ثم يمشي إلى الدبوب ببطء وهو ينظر يمّنة ويسرة ويجلس بجانبه.]

الطيب: دبوب.. أنا أعرف أنك مشغول هذه الأيام. لديك مشاريع كثيرة، وستحكم العالم قريبا. ولكنك تعرفني، وتعرف أنني رجل طيب، وقد أكون أطيّب من اللازم. دبوب، أرجوك ساعدني. أتعرف ماذا حدث لي البارحة؟ سأخبرك! بالأمس كنت مع ثلاثة من أصدقائي، ولن أذكر أسماءهم لأنك تعرفهم جيدا. المهم، أكلنا العشاء معا في مطعم فاخر وبعد أن فرغنا من الأكل ذهب أحدهم إلى المراض، وإذ به يرجع مسرعا ويقول لي: سرقت سيارتك! سرقت سيارتك! فهرعت إلى مكان سيارتي لأتأكد بنفسني لكنها كانت في مكانها. وعندما رجعت إلى المطعم إذا هم قد غادروا جميعا، وإذا بالنادل يقول لي بأن علي أن أدفع الحساب. ودفعته! أليست هذه خاتمة يا دبوب؟! أليست كذلك؟ وكانوا من أعز الأصدقاء لدي. كنت أشعر قبل ذلك بالوحدة والآن زادت وحدتي وتعاستي. ماذا أفعل يا دبوب؟ أنا لا أريد سوى صديقا وفيّا، لا أكثر. أجبني: ألا تريد أن تكون صديقي، كما أنت صديق هذا الولد؟ ... لماذا السكوت؟ أتقصد بأنك لا تريد أن تكون صديقي؟ سحفا لك يا دبوب! أنا -- أنا حزين، كنت صديقا رائعا طيلة هذه الفترة. ولكنك خدعتني! أنا لا أريد منك شيئا بعد اليوم. أتعرف ماذا سأفعل؟ سأتركك! سأتركك للتسلى مع صديقك المزيف! ستدفع ثمن صداقتنا يا دبوب! لا أريد أن أراك ثانية! لا أريد أراك ثانية!

## فُجْجَان قَهْوَةٌ!

بقلم مياد سعيد الشريف

يجلس بجانب فنجانهِ الدافئ كل يوم يتصفح الجريدة ويراقب الأحداث ويرتشف معها بضع رشفات من قهوته، ثم يجالس قهوته منفردا ليتذكر معها أجزائه وذكرياته وأناس تركوه وحيدا مع شبيهه ووحدته القاتلة .. وآخر يستغل تلك الدقائق في مجالسة القهوة ليستريح قليلا من يوم طويل زاحر بالعمل والمشقة، و أخرى تحتضن قهوته لتحصل منها على الدفء الذي لم تحصل عليه في دنيتها.. وآخر يأخذ القهوة حجة متكررة لرؤية من يحب ، فيطلب منها مجالسته بفنجان قهوة يجمعها معا في حديث و لو لبضع دقائق لعلها تفهم معنى هذه القهوة، و أخرى تشربها و تسرع بشربها حتى تقلبها وتقرأ فنجانها تكهنا بمستقبل جميل مستقبل غير مقلوب كهذا الفنجان ، ومجموعة صديقات يجتمعن حول تلك القهوة ليتشاركن معا أحزانهن وأفراحهن و أحلامهن .. و آخر يختلي بالقهوة حتى يستطيع الاختلاء بأفكاره التي تولد على الورق ، فيسجل الكلمات ويرسمها بقلمه الذي يعبر فيه عن نفسه ، كثيرة هي المواقف التي نستعين بها في القهوة وبأجوائها .. رغم سواد لونها إلا أنها في مجتمعاتنا العربية معنا في كل مناسبة .

يبدو أن للقهوة طقوسها الخاصة وذكرياتها الخاصة و أجواؤها الخاصة كذلك التي نحب أن نخلقها معها، كل بطريقته وكل بأسلوبه. فنحن ندعوها معنا في كل المناسبات .. و ننتزق مع حلاوتها ومرورتها معنى الحياة، فيالتلك القهوة التي يتحجج بها المحبون لرؤية بعضهم البعض، أو الأصدقاء ليجتمعوا حولها و يخلقوا مع أجوائها الأحاديث والأفكار التي لا تنتوقف، و بالتلك القهوة التي تشارك أصحاب الشيب الأبيض وحدثهم وذكرياتهم.. أتمنى للجميع يوما جميلا مع كل رشفة قهوة يبدأ بها يومه .. ودمتم بخير.



## عالمي!

بقلع ليه، بيز

أهذا هو العالم الذي نعيش فيه؟ أهذا ما آل إليه؟ أهذا ما يأتي له صغارنا ليصطدموا به؟ عالمٌ غاب منه التقدير لكل ما هو قيم من جمال رباني ومخلوقات فريدة من نوعها وقلائل من الناس ذوو أخلاق ودين. لا أقصد أن أكون سلبيةً أبداً، ولكنني مثل الكثيرين كانوا يعيشون في عالمهم الخاص الغير مرئي لغيرهم، فيه كل شيء جميل وبريء وذو قيمة أكبر من حجمه. أتى اليوم الذي أرغمت فيه على فتح عيني على عالم غير الذي كنت سعيدة فيه، وهو عالمنا الآن!

عالمٌ يعلو فيه صوت الأنا بينما يضيع مجهود الجماعة. عالمٌ على فيه كل من كذب وخان وفكر في نفسه أولاً، وداس على حقوق غيره ونام سعيداً ليلاً. نعم هو ذاته العالم الذي كل ما طلبنا فيه سهولة العيش تعقدت كل خيوط حياتنا أكثر من ذي قبل. عالمي و أرضي لم يعودا ملكي منذ زمن، بل هم الآن ملك لمن سعى ليتملكهما غير عابي بمن هم أقل منه شأنًا. يسعى في أرضه و كأنه هو خالقها ومنهيتها ومجريها ومسريها، لدرجة أنه ينسى أحيانا من هو الوحيد فاعل كل ذلك. كثيرا ما يخطر على بالي تلك المخلوقات الصغيرة التي نراها في الأخبار أحيانا. يقولون أنهم "أطفال في مجاعة" ولكنني لست مقتنعة بأنهم من جنس البشر أصلاً. لماذا؟ كيف أفتنع و هم عبارة عن عظام يكسوها جلد تالف يتلهف لقطرات ماء تحببها؟ أفكر في من هم مسؤولين عن حمايتهم... كيف يعيشون حياةً طبيعية لا يشوبها شائبة وأولئك ينادون بأعلى صوت "أنقذونا"؟ عندها أدرك أنني أنا أيضاً مسؤولة عنهم، أنا أيضاً كان يجب أن أحميهم من ظلمات الجوع والحياة القاسية، وأنا أيضاً من سمحت لذلك بأن يحدث لهم.

تعلمنا في المدرسة أن إيذاء الغير خطأ وأن الحفاظ على البيئة أساسي لحياة الإنسان، وأنه يجب علينا مشاركة ما لدينا مع الغير. لكن في عالمي أرى الناس يؤذون ولا ينطق أحد و يعذبون ولا تحرك ساكناً. أما عن المشاركة فكل من كسب شيئاً يحميه بحياته ولا يسمح لأحد بأن يلمسه! والبيئة.. اه نعم البيئة.. أي بيئة هذه التي نخاف أن نتعرض فيها للشمس بسبب الأوزون، ونخاف أن نشرب مائها لتلوته، ونخاف استنشاق هوائها لتلوته هو أيضاً... أفعالاً الموت أفضل لنا؟ أم ماذا؟ يهرب الناس من كل هذا إلى الطبيعة والجمال الإلهي الذي ليس له مثيل. يسافرون بحثاً عن ما تبقى منه. ذلك ألمهم الوحيد. ولكن سرعان ما يدركون أن رسومات الإلاه من نهور وغابات شديدة الأخضرار قد تحولت إلى فيلم رعب، من أراض جرداء يخلو منها أي أثر لأي حياة قد تكون قد وجدت من قبل.

هذا عالمي! أرى فيه الجميل يتضاءل يوماً بعد يوم. أكرر أنني لست سلبية، ولكنني سمحت لنفسي بأن أرى العالم من عيون من حولي. و تستطيعون أن تقولوا أن هذه هي طريقتي لإيقاظ كل من غفل عن حقوق أرضه، و كل من ظن أن لديه وقت كثير ليصلح العالم فيه، و لكل من فقد الأمل في عالمه. أقول لكم... لا أنتم ولا أنا نستطيع على إصلاح ما خربته أيدينا عن قصد أو عن غير قصد، ولكن نستطيع تغيير المستقبل لمن هم أتون من بعدنا. فأنا لا أريد أن يلومني من يأتي بعدي على ما فعلته بعالمه، كما الآن أنا ألوم من كانوا قبلي على ما فعلوه بعالمي.

بالهام من خطاب لفتاة أسكتت العالم يوماً

# اليد المرتجفة (مسرحية شعرية)

بقلم يوسف ماجد نايف

ربيع: لا أخي، لا! لقد ضقت ذرعا  
وصبري نفذ. هناك الكثير من الورد  
ينتظر الليل أن ينجلي، فعليّ الذهاب.

[يخرج ربيع. يأخذ العقل القلم من  
على الأرض وبعد فترة من التفكير  
يكتب]  
العقل: أنا لم أجن. أنا لم أجن. أنا لست  
إلا أبا ذو فؤاد يخاف من الشر أن  
يحتوي  
إخوته. وإن كنت لا أملك القوة الكافية.  
قوانا

هي المشكلة. نحد سيوف قوانا، وننسى  
مباغثة الظالمين. ربيع تمهل، بدأت  
بتونس والآن تحسب أنك أفضلنا. تمهل  
ربيع، وشاور قبيل الرحيل. وإن كنت  
أعرف أنك خير من القاعدين. ولكن  
وددت بألا تطل ونورك لم يكتمل.  
تمنيت لو أن صبرك أوسع من ثورتك.  
ولكنني أعرفك. لهذا سكت ولم أوقف  
النور، علك تفلح، علك تزرع بذر  
التفاهم يوما، وتفهمني. أخي، ثر ولكن  
حذار التسرعز  
[ستار]

العقل، الأخ الأكبر  
ربيع، الأخ الأصغر

[في غرفة بيضاء يجلس العقل وأخوه  
ربيع عند طاولة. ترتجف يد العقل  
وهو يحاول أن يكتب]  
ربيع: أَلن تنتهي من كتابتها؟  
العقل: صبرنْ يا ربيع.

[يقع القلم على الأرض. يضع العقل  
رأسه على الطاولة ويغطيه بذراعيه]

ربيع: كم صبرت عليك أخي.  
العقل: [يرفع رأسه] هي ليست  
وصيتك كي تعجلني. أنت تعرف أنني  
كبرت.

ربيع: ولهذا عليك بألا تفكر في مثل  
هذي الأمور. لقد ضاق صدري.  
تعبت من السهر، وليلاي الأرق.  
لماذا تصر على كتبها؟

العقل: يا ربيع، أظنُّبأنك لم تفهم  
الأمر بعد، فأصغي إلي.

# أخي الإنسان!

بقلم ميادة سعيد الشريف

إن الانتماء المطلق للأخوة الإنسانية هو الحزب الوحيد الذي يستحق أن نتحزب إليه ونكافح من أجله . لذا أنا أكتب هذه الكلمات المتوجعة إلى كل إنسان أنتمي إليه وينتمي إلي لأنه فقط من بني جنسي من بني البشر، لا يجمعنا إلا الإنسانية بغض النظر عن الفروقات التي خلقت لنا ولم نخلق لها ..، تلك الإنسانية التي لطختها الدماء بشكل مريع في هذه الحقبة من الزمن . نفتش في محطات التلفزة في هذه الأيام فلا نرى أمام أعيننا غير الدماء .. لقد أصبحت الصور الإنسانية مليئة بالعنف والقتل والظلم والجبروت ،، ترى لماذا ؟؟ لماذا أصبح الإنسان بهذه الوحشية؟ كيف استطاع أن ينسى آدميته بهذا الشكل وإلى هذا الحد ...؟ كيف يستطيع الإنسان رؤية أخيه الإنسان يتعذب وينزف ويتألم بسببه دون شعور أو إحساس دون أن يحرك ساكنا ..! لا أعرف في أي طريق نسير نحن ؟ طريق غريب تمهده الدماء وتصنعه الرصاصات ..؟ كيف ستنشأ الأجيال القادمة وهي ترى هذه الصورة كثيرا هل سيصبح هدر الدماء البشرية أمر مسلم به ..؟ أمر يعتاد عليه ..؟

حزني عظيم على الإنسانية .. ودموعي الدافئة تسيل تماما كما تسيل دماء هؤلاء الأبرياء..، أنا حزينة على ما آلت إليه صورة أخي الإنسان هذه الأيام فهو إما (قاتل أو مقتول ) ، أين ولت الرحمة ؟ لم هجرت بعض القلوب تماما قلوب الذين يحملون السلاح على أحيهم الأضعف منهم بالذخيرة والسلاح..؟ ألا يعلم هذا القاتل أنه بحمله لهذا السلاح قد أثبت أنه الأضعف لأن في حمله له تعبير مبطن عن الخوف .. الخوف من الحق .

وأختم المقال بصورة رأيها على التلفاز لأحد المتظاهرين الذي أردى قتيلا فركض نحوه صديق آخ لينحني لمساعدته لكنه أردى قتيلا هو الآخر .. لقد رأيت في هذا الانحناء أعظم صور المساعدة والأخوة الإنسانية .. وتوصلت إلى نتيجة أن الانحناء الأقدس بعد الانحناء لله سبحانه وتعالى هو الانحناء لمساعدة أخينا الإنسان.. دتمم بخير ودامت إنسانية الجميع بخير إن شاء الله ..!

# النثر العربي

## ليتها قرأتني بقلم يوسف ماجد نايف

أعطيتها نفسي كتابا  
وفتحت دفتيه لأول مرة  
لكن قبل أن تقرأ شيئا نظرت إلي والاحمرار في وجنتيها  
تفاديت عينيها المرتجفتين  
وعدت أدراجي مطأئ الرأس  
منتظرا أي حركة منها  
لكني لم أسمع سوى صوت قدميها يتباعد  
وهي تخطو فوق أوراق الخريف

لم تعلم أنني قد قرأتها وحفظتها  
ومحوت ماضي كي تبقى رسمتها هي وحدها في  
لكني نسيت أن أفهمها، وكان فهمها هو التحدي الذي تغافلت عنه  
كنت أردد كالأحمق ولا أقرأ ما بين السطور

ليتها قرأتني

وها أنا ذا أمحوها من كتابي  
لأتركه أبيض كالثلج  
إلى يوم يشع فيه الأمل  
وتحیی فيه ورود التفاهم والتسامح.

واليوم... الآن...  
هي فتاة يخطفها القمر ويحضرها بعيداً .. بعيداً... ليخبئها خلفه...  
خلف القمر...  
لوحة لم يصورها أي فنان... تُشير كل السحر بطفلة ملأه كانت...  
فيما مضى... بين صفحات الليل... تخاف الظلام...  
تتمتم...  
فترمي لعبتها لتنام...  
خلف القمر...

## خلف القمر

بقلم شه الخدره

مدت يدها إليه كطفله ريفيه ممسكه بجذائلهز... يتهادى الموج...  
فتضم موجه نيليه زرقاء... ليضيع شذاها بها ...  
تنتظر...

فضة الحزن في مقلتها شاردة .. تشرب منها وتحسبها ماء ...!  
تجني من الدمع كوثر... فماذا تريد من الماء أكثر...؟  
هنا...

خلف القمر... يزهر صمتها بما كان يبوح...  
هنا...  
خلف القمر...

يرسل ليلها ما تهمس به الروح للروح...  
في الريح تصخب أشواقها... وفي النفس ترعد آفاهه ...  
نعم... بالأمس... طفله... تحدث قمرها في وجل...  
كفها الناعم يتلطح بالوحد... تحاكي الكون برسم الأمل  
يرجي القمر هداها... ويخشى ضاللتها...  
يغمرها بالأمس... ليظهر بريقها... يبدد سحر حياتها وينبض في صدرها...  
حينها...

استنطقت شياطين البحر... لطمتها الأمواج... دفنتها الرمال... لتنفخ الأرواح بجثث الغارقين...  
والجوه الشاحبه داعبت خصلات شعرها...  
لتهمس على يمينها... آهات . ويبسراها رددت صيحات...  
يا طفله بددت عمرها في ليل يُحيه رجُع الصدى حين تُفنى صيحاتك...  
لن يسمعك القمر...  
ولن يهديك اليوم نوراً في ظلامك ..  
...

# سأعود طفلاً

بقلم يوسف ماجد نايف

أو بعدما اغتصبوا البراءة  
ترجع الأحلام أو عبراتنا؟ تبقى المسافات  
السخيفة بين شوقي والظلام.  
سيكون وجهي معبر الأمل يوماً  
بين أشلاء الحقيقة والخيال.  
لكنني سأعود طفلاً.  
فليفعلوا بي ما يريدون. يحسبون بأنني  
شيء بلا معنى  
أمام رصاصهم  
ودماء آبائي  
وحبي للوطن.  
سأعود طفلاً.  
سأعود مجنوناً.  
سأعود مجهولاً يسافر باحثاً عن وردة لا شوك فيها.  
كي أعود بها إليك، أبي.  
كما تسعى رياح الشرق في جسدي،  
أعود إليك طفلاً مرة أخرى.



٥

الصاحبات استمعن  
في عصر يوم ندي الأنباء  
والشاي احتسين  
والطفل أرضعن  
غريبُ بباب الدار  
يحتسي الدم  
ويلبس جلد ثعبان

# الأسفار

بقلم غيداء محمد

١

هنا البحور تجلت، هنا  
إنسان  
لم يعرف غير هذا  
زمننا  
هنا أصل الإنسان

٢

هنا القافلات تجلت  
هنا إنساناً الأزمان واقفات على جسده  
لم يعرف غير هذي الأرض مكانا  
هنا إنسان

٣

من هنا القافلات رحلن  
من هنا فزن  
بقلب إنسان انتعل جلد الثعبان  
وعاد يمشي بين الأزمان  
دم الإنسان  
دم الإنسان

٤

الوسيطات انتفضن  
الساحر غادر الدار  
و دم الثعبان يمشي  
غريبا بين الأزمان  
والصدى مولول  
ألا يُشرب دم الثعبان؟

# الشعر والنثر العربي



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## كيفية تسليم الأعمال

يمكنك تسليم أعمالك إلى الأقسام التالية: قسم الفن التصويري، قسم الأعمال العربي و/أو قسم الأعمال الإنجليزية.

الأعمال الشعرية (بالعربية / الإنجليزية)

الحد الأقصى: ٥ أعمال شعرية

أرسل جميع الأعمال في ملف MSWord واحد فقط إلى [akuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw](mailto:akuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw) أرسل سيرة ذاتية مختصرة (الاسم، السنة الدراسية، التخصص، وبعض المعلومات عنك)

الأعمال النثرية (بالعربية / الإنجليزية)

الحد الأقصى: ٣ أعمال نثرية

لا يزيد كل عمل عن ٣ ورقات A4 (مع ترك مسافات مفردة)

أرسل جميع الأعمال في ملف MSWord واحد فقط إلى [akuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw](mailto:akuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw) أرسل سيرة ذاتية مختصرة (الاسم، السنة الدراسية، التخصص، وبعض المعلومات عنك)

الأعمال الأعمال التصويرية

الحد الأقصى: ٥ أعمال

يمكنك تسليم أي نوع من الفن التصويري

جميع الصور يجب أن تكون معدلة بمقدار ٣٠٠ دي بي أي

نوع الملف المطلوب لجميع الصور: PDF

الصور الزيتية، الرسومات، الرسم التخطيطي إلخ. يجب أن تصور ضوئياً بمستوى عالي الجودة

المنحوتات، اللوحات الزيتية على القماش إلخ. يجب أن تصور بمستوى علي الجودة

جميع الأعمال الفنية التصويرية قليلة الجودة سوف ستم رفضها على الفور

أرسل جميع الأعمال على قرص CD إلى البروفيسورة مريم الحسينية (الطابق الخامس)

أرسل عنوان كل قطعة ومعلومات عن الأدوات المستخدمة لتصميمها

أرسل سيرة ذاتية مختصرة (الاسم، السنة الدراسية، التخصص، وبعض المعلومات عنك)

**انضم إلى فريق عمل أي يو كويت ريفيو!**

هل تود الانضمام إلى إحدى المناصب؟  
يمكنك الانضمام إلى إحدى المناصب التالية (أو أكثر من واحدة): الفن التصويري، الإنجليزية، العربية  
المسؤوليات المتطلبية: المساعدة في الدعاية والإعلان، واختيار وتصحيح التجارب الطباعية (أي الأعمال المرسلّة)

هل أنت مصمم جرافيك؟ هل تود أن تصمم إصدار سنة ٢٠١٢ - ٢٠١٣ من أي يو كويت ريفيو؟

أرسل بريدًا إلكترونيًا إلى [aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw](mailto:aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw) أن كنت ترغب بأي هذه الوظائف أو إن كان لديك أي استفسار.

هل لديك أي ملاحظات/أسئلة/أفكار/ردود لنا؟ يسعدنا معرفة رأيك أو أفكارك. أرسل إلينا بريد إلكتروني إلى  
[aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw](mailto:aukuwaitreview@auk.edu.kw)

تأكد من زيارة موقعنا على صفحة الفيس بوك ومتابعتنا على صفحة تويتر الخاصتين بنا لمعرفة آخر التطورات!  
فيس بوك: *The AUKuwait Review*  
تويتر: *@AUKuwaitReview*



## رسالة من رئيس التحرير

القارئ العزيز،

مرحبا بك! بعد سنة طويلة من العمل المتواصل، يسرنا أن نقدم لك إصدار سنة ٢٠١١ / ٢٠١٢ من الآي يو كويت ريفيو.

في هذه السنة نقدم لك أعمالا أدبية عن الذاكرة، الصراع، صباح الربيع، جهاز الآي باد، أحلام الفراشات، وضوء القمر بالإضافة إلى أعمال تصويرية لنور الشمس، الكراسي الطويلة المنعزلة، رحلات إلى روما وفي الأسواق الشرقية التركية. غنى وتنوع محتويات آي يو كويت ريفيو يجعلانه ممتعا للقراء، ونحن محظوظون لطباعة هذا الطيف من الأعمال هذه السنة.

في السنة الماضية قدمنا قسم للأعمال الأدبية العربية لقراء الريفيو وأنا أحثكم على قراءته. ستجد أيضا معلومات عن كيفية التسجيل لكي تنضم إلينا كعضو، مصمم، و/أو محرر، وكذلك عن كيفية تسليم أعمالك لإصدار السنة القادمة، وهذه المعلومات موجودة في الصفحات التالية.

قد سرني جدا العمل مع فريق عمل هذه السنة وأفتخر بتقديم إصدار هذه السنة لك بالنيابة عن أعضاء الريفيو. أشكر كُلا منهم على إعطاء وقته الثمين وعلى جهده المبذول لإتمام هذه المجلة، وشكر خاص إلى جميع من ساهم هذه السنة بأعماله الأدبية أو التصويرية.

جميعنا فخورون بأعمال آي يو كويت ريفيو التي يقدمها لك الكُتّاب والمصورون والفنانون والمصممون والمحررون والمشرفون الذين جعلوا إصدار هذه السنة حقيقة ملموسة. نأمل أن تجدوا إصدار هذه السنة ممتعا كما وجدناه نحن ممتعا كذلك.

استمتع بقراءته، أعطه لمن تحب، افتخر به، و انضم إليه السنة القادمة.

تحياتي،

سارة سليمان  
رئيسة التحرير

المستشارين اعضاء  
هيئة التدريس

مشرف:

جيمس ماكدوغال

التصميم الجرافيكي:

مريم حساينيه

فن القسم:

وليام أندرسن

قسم اللغة الإنجليزية:

كاثي نيكسون

قسم اللغة العربية:

غيداء محمد

أعضاء هيئة التحرير

آلاء عبد الجواد

عاليه عارف

أنوار بهبھاني

آيات البلوشي

ضاري القبندي

غنيمه القودماني

هيلين نيومان

مونیکا ماتا

مبارك المطيري

ندی البدری

ندی بدير

سعود الزيد

سارة سليمان

يوسف نايف

مصمم جرافيكي  
ضاري القبندي



بيان مهمة آي يو كويت ريفيو

آي يو كويت ريفيو مجلة فنية ثنائية اللغة يديرها طلبة الجامعة الأمريكية في الكويت. الريفيو تُنشر سنويا وتساهم في الجامعة الأمريكية عن طريق عرض المواهب الفنية لدى طلبة ومدرسي الجامعة. تسعى مجلة تطوير الفنون التشكيلية الريفيو إلى تحفيز المهارات الناشئة بالإضافة إلى المهارات المتميزة على أن ينشروا أعمالهم الإبداعية ولتعزيز الحوار الفكري المتسم بالاحترام المتبادل. آي يو كويت ريفيو يؤيد قيم التعبير الإبداعي والتنوع في الجامعة الأمريكية في الكويت عن طريق استقبال الأعمال من الطلبة والمدرسين

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# ريفيو

ريفيو الجامعة الامريكية في الكويت: مجلة الفنون و الادب  
نسخة ربيي ٢٠١٢ مجلد: ٦

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# ريشيو

الجامعة الأمريكية في الكويت

مجلة الفنون و الادب

نسخة ربيع ٢٠١٢