ARABIC POETRY PICTURE BOOK

SHAHD KHALID
The Rising Phoenix is an Arabic poetry book published by my dad, journalist and poet Khalid Osman. He designed imagery poetry with some selected couplets, as gifts of love for you to print and use to decorate your flat, office, street, club, bar, restaurant, hotel and even your car and fan.

To get the Arabic poetry book, however, you can do that through any of my websites linked to from within the images, or the textual content of this picture book. For more information, see hoa-politicalscene.com and iwatchbestv.com.
A couplet from the Arabic poetry, New Adam. My dad has written this Arabic poem some 35 years ago, during the 1980th of the last century, I think while he was working in the kuwaiti newspaper, Al-Watan.

This piece of Arabic poetry celebrates the popular movements of the people to achieve freedom, democracy and justice and most of all keep the state secular and well protected from any religious phobias.

However, the poet symbolizes the state as his lover, taking the feminine expression further to indulge in warm whispers with his love and to remind her of great songs sang for her by other national poets. He also symbolizes the uprising in the term "wind" whenever the people wind their way to face death for the sake of the secular state.
The fact is that most of the population are politically made absentees through decades of well planned absenteeism by some leaders of the sects and of the main Islamic party in the Sudan, since 1941.

This satanic party has been influenced by the Egyptian Muslim Brothers and assisted by one of the international powers to stop the escalating influence of communism, as my dad thinks. Now, we are just pretending to be blind, or as Khalid Osman cites since long time ago, burring our heads in the sand.
The Tree of Glory was written while my dad was engaging in public activities to rehabilitate the Eritrean environment after more than 30 years degradation during the longest liberation war in the Horn of Africa. He created the ideas and inspired and mobilized the population by the idea of the martyr’s tree to plant more than 5,000,000 trees in the newly liberated state.

The idea of the Eritrean environment organization started by using the media to write about the degradation of the environment with some ideas for the people to share activities to protect their environment. What my dad wrote has been translated into many Eritrean local dialects and broadcasted through the media.

Then the plans evolved to create ideas to plant trees, such as the martyr’s tree, because my dad knew that every Eritrean family has a martyr who sacrificed for the independence of his, or her beloved country.

While carrying with these activities and sharing them with the people, my dad involved the trade unions in the country and got 2 members from each to form the organization, which he planned to be the umbrella of all trade unions in Eritrea and wrote the fundamental law of the organization.
Rising of the Phoenix was written on 1981 and published on the Kuwaiti newspaper, Al-Watan. My dad was one of 4 editors in the Art, Literary and Cultural section of the newspaper.

This is a couplet from the poem "Rising of the Phoenix" from which the title of the collection comes. While the couplet suggests my dad was singing for a feminine he loved, the national symbols are strongly appearing to point the singing towards the nation, my dad always loved.

He now thinks that there is no state as such called Sudan, as the Sudan he knows was complete one million square miles in area.

When this piece of Arabic poetry was published on the newspaper, literary journalists expected that the first publication of my dad would be a poetry book. But, he surprised them by publishing his second collection of short stories in 1983.

The first collection of short stories was lost during 1974-1975, while he was teaching. He told me that one teacher colleague took it and never returned it. He started to get underground to escape the totalitarian system, so there were no chances for him to get his collection back.
My dad has written the Arabic poem in this couplet during 1980, or earlier. For ideas to share translation, consult the publisher via the contact us form on one of the linked pages. Here is one at http://www.iwatchbestv.com.

This couplet of Arabic poetry is from a piece of poem, my dad has written to express the sorrowful evenings and the revolutionary sorrow of the state when many uprisings failed to bring freedom, revolutionary democracy and justice to the devastated state of the Sudan.

I am planning to get the Arabic poetry audio book from this collection and work further to create the Arabic poetry apps from the same version. You are welcome to get us some ideas through the linked pages.
A couplet from the Blood and the Course, my dad has written for Baghdad while the fire was prepared to burn it during the 1979 coup. Unfortunately, Baghdad was burned again recently and it is still burning in the time this Arabic picture book has been published on June 10, 2015.

The song continues the Iraqi sorrow through which it aims to cure the Iraqi pain.

Iraq was a real paradise for poets and other artists to illustrate different genres of arts and literature and color the literary treasure it has for centuries as one of the most inspiring, passionate and effecting environment that drinks, eats and assimilates the inspiration from the Tigris and Euphrates.

The tragicomedy is that my dad had fled from the dictatorship at home to Iraq and then when Saddam Hussain assumed the power through a coup called a white coup, my dad fled again. He continued to flee for many years.
This couplet is from a poem my dad has written for an Eritrean woman fighter in the Eritrean People’s Liberation Front. It celebrates the motives of Eritrean women to express their willingness to fighting for their land along side their brothers and prove that there is no any difference in gender.

The Eritrean women joined the EPLF to gain their rights through the national struggle to liberate Eritrea and they sacrificed, as much as their brothers did.

According to this solid fact, in my dad's opinion, human rights and gender issues in Eritrea are protected by revolutionary values not found anywhere else in the planet. This is what makes dignity and supreme sovereignty to Eritrea, which in turn makes the people proud of it.
The prophet and the Wall are 2 couplets my dad has written while he was managing the international correspondents office in Al-Watan newspaper. An office he has left to one of his acquaintance whom he promoted to take over, when he decided to leave and continue with the newspaper, as a freelancer journalist.

The couplet is from a poem in two parts. But, despite the title, the poem is reversed, as it starts with "The Wall" and gets back to "The Prophet". So, the first part is "The Wall" and the second part is "The Prophet".

The essence of effect extends from the zone in which the poet finds himself in front of the wall, so he couldn't see, or move forward. Through the second part the poet gets into solitary situation and then ends with a value of self purification.
Bonjour is a salutation for a country that escaped us away and sold us cheaper to every buyer in the international world!

The tragicomedy is what makes innocent people obedient. They are in fact deceived by false Islamic agendas planned by military dictatorship and leaders of sects to "donkeynize" the population, a term my dad has invented to describe the raggedy policies of the so-called Islamic parties in the so-called Sudan.

Since 1941, in my dad’s opinion, as I said before somewhere in this Arabic poetry picture book, the political orientation is to produce absenteeism and make every national mentally absent. The use of Islam is a fundamental part of such policies.
No, it wasn't a longing for love and sex. It is rather longing for a rational world in the picture of the state my dad has painted in his mind. Then the feminine should have the same artistic feelings about the state and the male partner in such well modern, moderate, secular and civilized state.

My dad has his own philosophy in love. A complete love that proves compatibility should be a normal theme in a normal civilized and secular state, where women know that their rights are not less than men’s.

Love itself is not a commodity as used to be to consider women are commodities of men.
A couplet from "Certainty of First Tendency", my dad has written and published on 5 March 1981 for the state of his imagination, which is indeed not a mere utopia.

It is not a utopia, because perfection is actually a natural excellency gifted to man. The aesthetics of rational thinking and feeling are that they reveal man to himself and to the essence of nature man has.

The indispensable for man is to get back to the essence of nature to think of his, or her conducts, the way man understands things according to their circumstances and the way man knows how to deal with such things.

In some places however, the process of evaluating oneself never gets in the right path and the ability to see things better disappears, because of the policies of stress created by authoritarian systems.
In places like Sudan, as my dad says the problem gets deeper and the population find themselves thrown into a deep hole of disabilities.

The political scene is well prepared for such domination through a legacy of absenteeism planted in the Sudanese soil since 1941 and before the day the British left it in 1956. Islamism and sectarianism... these are the problems of Sudan.

The state is a secular concept, as my dad says.

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