

Poems by Ali Znaidi

Contents:

Tablets for Broken Souls

[an erratum]

An Escapade

Blueprints for Decay

Déchirure

Horizons

A Coded Glass

This Life, A Palimpsest

Contributor's Bio

Tablets for Broken Souls

When cigarettes, wine, and weeds cannot console your heavy and appalled heart, forget about your cries and let your dreams gather you up! Let them steal all sadness from your weary soul & bestow on you voluminous forms of relief. When somberness inundates the rooms of your broken heart and the swords of sorrow slaughter you, only dreams can nurse your wounds.

When your soul is caged in broken bits of flesh and when sediments of sorrow encumber you w/ signs of erosion, don't say 'no' to dreams because they are tablets for broken souls. They are brand-new vacuum cleaners to shake off dust from the rooms of your heart.

[an erratum]

a constellation of stars set up like a series of stamps on a dark envelope — an updated erratum — a remedy for sorrow — threads of hope stitched through every flicker of light — a fulgent skin against the stagnation of the swamp — but, I need a bit of darkness — I need a palimpsest — I need a new beginning — I need to anoint my memory — this light is a yellow grass — this light is spitted up by the moon — a workout for my memory perhaps — memory is not a blank page — it's a worn-out paper — memory is an erratum you must update — the catastrophe would be to not realise there is anointment

An Escapade

Behind the curtain
a lonely bird
is talking
to the w[in]dow
about the rain:

*Drops scanning
heartbeats toward
rejuvenation.*

Errant yawns
begin to fall from
the windowsill.

Blueprints for Decay

Seeing all those fissures
in that trembling glass!
Mere alphabets
of pain
||Blueprints for decay||
The first time I ever disliked
literacy.

Déchirure

Lightening reflections
haunt the psyche.
Afraid to react
emotions just fleet.
Whimpers of glass
still breaking the heart.

Horizons

That blue glass reminds me
of many gorgeous things:
The interaction of the sea
& the sky;
the transparency of blue ink;
& above all
the purity of sapphire.

Leaving the body of I[imitations]
visions of the impossible,
revealed.

A Coded Glass

It takes a long time
to grasp the language
of a shattered glass.

—Undecipherable ululations
of a wounded owl.

This Life, A Palimpsest

Birth, childhood, puberty,
copulation, chores, death:

This is just a logical order but fluctuations happen
& all depends on the moment & the mood.

We are all living in cells, while growing older
in the shade or in light. It all depends on the kind
of the cell.

We open the windows to check life. But then we close
them because life outside tastes prison, too.

But what makes it a good prison is that it's governed by
a palimpsest. No, it's rather a palimpsest.

So let's open the windows again!

Contributor's Bio:

Ali Znaidi (b.1977) lives in Redeyef, Tunisia where he teaches English. His work has appeared in *Mad Swirl*, *Stride Magazine*, *Red Fez*, *BlazeVox*, *Otoliths*, *streetcake*, & elsewhere. His debut poetry chapbook *Experimental Ruminations* was published in September 2012 by Fowlpox Press (Canada). From time to time he blogs at – alznaidi.blogspot.com and tweets at @AliZnaidi.