

This is my poem which i feel is no longer mine:)

Words wouldn't tell my feelings;
Language is as lame as most of me,
My me is not the usual I,
For this world has split my entity.
So please don't think that me or I is me!
It may be you, she or even we.
Don't jump to conclusions ...
when you see me,
Or read me.

Be sure you traverse the luring light of appearance,
Don't give heed to the sirens' lethal sweet voice,
Your heart is your guide,
Your mind is your friend,
The other is not a wolf;
Rather another emanation of yourself;
Sorry Sartre, I love the other
For with him or her
We are made to live together.

And you Huntington or Lewis,
Who told you the world is apart-poralis?
"Clash of civilizations"?
"Conflict of cultures " !
To make a new world order !
Why not marriage, fusion of theirs?
Some so-called "untellectuals"
Do but add fire to oils.
And make deeper the wounds

You see Why my I is you or he
Cause my poem is no longer mine.

Mostafa MOUHIBE