

Poetry Series

Moez Ben Meftah

- poems -

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Moez Ben Meftah(29/1/1970)

A Good Friend On The Net

A Good Friend on the Net

A good friend on the net ...why not?
A new face that you trace,
Small bits that interlace,
A fake treasure you may get,
She could be a mild pet,
You may be a naughty cat.

A good friend on the net,
A pink dream in daylight,
It makes you at least forget,
But who and what?
A crushing dive in a heart's nut,
A pearl you met but couldn't get,
You could forget your misery,
Being a lone among thirty,
Your heavy debt, a bloody plight,
The nightmare of last night.

What a friend on the net!
A soul lurking within a cloud,
A dawn breeze that whispers loud,
The more it leaks to your heart,
The more you feel you are quiet.
The days pass chasing the night,
You keep your race in the chat,
From Rmada in the south to Bizert,
You Keep the best for the last,
Or you like the top to be the start.
First you get her user name,
Then came the chain, a full profile,
her best pics on deskpot,
And the number of her phone set.

A good friend on the net, Come along ...
who is the mouse who is the cat?
Who is the fish within the net?
A whole year went away since the start,

Another year went aside,
Another one quickly slide,
And the world is the world,
The sun rises from the east,
And the moon always bright,
The rainbow is an arch of seven colors,
The red is red and the white is white,
The change occurs in your mind,
Life cells badly hounded by her figure,
By the bugs, by the babes of the chat.

A good friend on the net,
A fast-food, a French 'fret',
And your age has gone undone,
The best moments rushed fierce,
Precious hours flew and left,
Then you fix a rendezvous
And there came your 'dark lady, '
Check your guesses and cash your bet,
Face to face with yourself,
Face to face with the snares,
Beneath her bosom, beneath your hat,
'What am I? What I say? ', you may say
'What is she... what is it...
The day-after or the doomsday? '
She is a windfall just sent,
A lily flower you can't deflower,
Like snow born a fresh then will melt,
A dew dropp brought the dawn and quickly left.

A good friend on the net,
You sit and sip the coffee where she sat,
Break the ice and roll the ball!
Here she is a good friend,
On the net, or a fiend interwoven,
Well knit within the net.
You drank the coffee then you went,
Oh stars you are true despite the clouds
That veil the cheerful face of the sky,
The face of ocean looking upward,
And the sky gazing downward,
Both blue but never blue come what may.

A good friend on the net,
What is the name of a girl,
what is the glimmer of a pearl,
If all girls think alike,
All the same whether ugly or smart?
What is beyond her woven words?
What is behind your eye's iris?
A lump of wish rife with cares,
A core of whim that stares,
A libido laden down by snares?
What language should you use...
If your house is within your mind
And what you own is, what you rent?

A good friend on the net,
you quit the scene,
you lost the bet,
Empty cups on the table,
Nothing was real, there was no deal,
All you built swept away by the dust....
She didn't drink.... you didn't know...
But empty cups on the table,
A bleak horizon, a gale of wind,
A wave of wonders veiled your gift,
A crimson flower gently cut,
you left the scene and went back,
To the first square where you start,
you went again to the net like a rat.

A good friend on the net,
We all live within the words,
We don't feel ourselves beyond the borders,
Your friend is your idea, and thought,
The letters t, s that you cross
And the I, s that you dot,
The real friend in meat that you really meet,
Is your smart mind, your kind heart.

© Moez Ben meftah
April 2008

A Prisoner

A prisoner

Clouds are in the sky
Where the rifted whiteness
Where birds always fly
And ships in the swelling sea
Listening to the warbling tide
Where I can never be
Over there there is a bee
Kissing the roses of my garden
Making honey for me and thee
Oh manacled sad fellow
Where might you be in a prison void of key

Moez Ben Meftah
Raggada - Kairouan
7-11-91

Moez Ben Meftah

Away She Went

Away she went..

Twenty six a fearful mix
A stream of years with no suffix
A bleak span struck with hits
An age of rage amidst the mist

Oh baby, you're a sprouting lily
For every hand in this land except his
For thee I trace the rolling chilly
Wheel of woe swelling in fears

Once I saw your serene eyes
Down I fell on my knees
It could be a fault of any sort
Or a chase of wild geese

she was majestic in every inch
Always the best indeed she is
Away she went out of reach and
Took my soul like nectar by the bees

Before she left she kept a promise
That she would come again
To take revenge of every man
I don't care if she goes or she comes

Once lost whom to ask?
And every friend wears a mask
To find your home is your task or
Keep rambling from the dawn to the dusk

Ask your mum or the traffic cops
You couldn't be always undone
Playing music to passers-by with no fun
Clinging to thirst by empty drops

I like my lines full of Rs,
Rife and bright as the stars

I love her name I love her eyes
Perhaps she did perhaps she does

Every girl is a heart and a frame
They look alike but not the same
Be aware, if duped it's a shame

Moez meftah
Raggada - Kairouan
12.11.95

Moez Ben Meftah

Back To Bathos

Back to Bathos

Oh...'tis hard
to quit thine cosmos
It tingles nerves to dwindle down to a toss
Oh...summer is wearing off and so is our old Syprus
Damn it..obliged
To quit what I'll miss
My quill, the beach and thine kiss and hiss
Obliged to set off for the class cos
Obliged to go back to a dull bathos.

Moez Ben Meftah

Beads Of Mully

Beads of Mully

I hate isogists
Yet I see in their faces light
I once called them rats worms of soot
But deep I feel they have bright light
A wierd fragrant smell coming from their rot
Why do they insist
How could they resist?

On tv I could see snow in Sundahar
And in Cechen there is frost and mist
How could they resist
Tell me how far they persist
They look like people of the earth in manly beards
So close to earth so dear like seeds
You could not see food there
' cause everything breeds and feeds
When Bash Tony smiles
I feel he got what he needs

I yearn to that smile of lofty prestige
I smile and look at the mirror
I feel the siege
I would like to smile with Mully white beads
The smile isn't just showing white teeth
It is a celestial look that says much and reads

Moez Ben Meftah
November 2009

Moez Ben Meftah

Down To Earth

Down to Earth

By chance we met in the morn about nine
The night was tender, the weather's fine
Both agreed and came to sign
In October just before twenty nine

Precious...ime I have no scheme
Sly I look or so I seem, but
Frank I am and so is my theme
Believe me my sweetie....im

Gloom has gone once for all
It was you who gave the call
Days ago I was dull I was a doll
now the world is fine 'n I am all

I loved twice this is thrice,
In my heart there is a bias
For nobody but your eyes
Serene they are, they are nice

What was done I say was done
And we are two again
But let the two turn to one
Very soon like the moon, like the sun

I am proud I do not lie
And I am sometimes shy
So you are and so ok
The past's gone and eternity is today

But be yourself and not me
To be able to hear and see
Who is who and who is she?
Otherwise we couldn't be

I need your soul more than ever

Please come soon for thy lover
You are his bed and his cover
he is cold going to shiver

Dark lady, thee I love
down to earth and not above
I am the hand you are the glove
From your heart I couldn't shove

I am yours, thou art mine
You are the rhythm and the rhyme
You are the sense of every line
If you vanish could they come to combine?

Moez Ben Meftah
Raggada - Kairouan
12.11.95

Moez Ben Meftah

Et Tu Brute!

'Et tu brute'
I wanted say
I could sway
What a grab what a stab!
Oufffff, 'tis rough as thee
And it is like a noose, mute
It shook my spine and spear
It would shake Shakespeare
'Et Tu brute'
I wanna say
Still, you're still cute
You couldn't refute
That I loved my folks
And I loved thee to suit
That heart of nobles you lost
It is love 'sans doute'
Et tu brute
I wanna say
My warm splashing blood
will sue you, it'll shoot

Moez Ben Meftah

Eves Of Halves

Eves of Halves

Eves of halves
Eves of rivals
uneven spheres
Of young calves
Who drives who
And all wives
are poles apart
hives of snares
nestling in hives
A full whole all in all
gowned in a dress
alas that hot built
is but blue archives

The silky juicy flower
there thrives
The more you approach
the charm of her mind
The more your iris
down below dives
Fierce battles over
bottles and bottoms
And unhealthyhaves
trade with wealthy haves
trafficking nikabe hares
Bald everywhere
Bodies of no hairs
You could hear the
gory whim rattles
The folks of thobes
black os and robes
Are but cattles
hooked on kettles
reigning over brittle cattles

You know not
The tender

lamb-like labia is
sharper than their knives
And all cells of cognition flee
As epileptic quiver arrives
Miss veiled villain
took to a tablet viber
opposite to her
is a stout embiber

'Mum to be happy
Here is just in cyber
I till to tell you my will
Save me mum
this world is ill
These tribes just drill
Their earth is still still
And money we get is nill
How sweet to retrieve thee
Mum and trace you
By my quill

Eves of halves
Eves of rivals
Eves as eaves
The blond face
of Mss Zizzy is veiled
In a dark Kaaba
And the curvy south
blasphemes in jeans
Invisible beams trenscend
yet not grand as lolitta seems

Eaves of halves
Eaves of rivals
That head that may
implore Allah is sublime
Yet zipped captions
on curvy triangles read
'come to me sometime'
A head that doesn't rime
with the epicenter

of Telimsani Rime

Moez Ben Meftah

18/5/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

Face Flower

-

Moez Ben Meftah

Faceflower

Every day, every hour in the hour
Same query, "what is it in your mind? "
plethora of facets of one's heart
Well briefed in the photo of a flower

The sweet dreams of an old summer
The nasty fears, the nightmares are there
Like air; flimsy films that are rare
And nothing traces that than a flower
Recent journeys to Florence
Or the plan to fly to France
Or jotting down a new cadence
Have affinities with a flower

'Hishman's' aborted sole romance
Then his verses raving nonsense
And the lost future of absence
Are well depicted in the blues of the flower

The Gaza brooks of crimson gore or
The kids of Aleppo bleeding there all the more
Our dreams stabbed deep in the core
here we are, other shades of 'deflower'

The nude forecast of the weather still unfinished
And the metal news tale ill-furnished
The thirst of lust now well burnished
Could be gowned in the color of a flower

cheap-sweated peers of Oliver Twist
Seen begging in Mogadishu wretched East
Well surveyed by the eyes of the beast
Could be traced in ailing pale flowers

The hijabee teens in Sanaa's dodgy streets

Smuggling goods to Houthi Shiites
The faceoff vindicated on Emirates
Once again these are
looks of the flower

The platoons of skinny Bloke schoolgirls
Laden down by no-life sero skills
And the topic is 'how to rid landfills?
Find ways to relieve our flowers! '

The Siberian subzero snow blanket
Freezing Syrians in Sofian market
The Bengals in the streets of tough Muscat
Maybe traced in victimized lily flower

Every day, every hour in the hour
sleep well, eat well, have a shower
You delete bad pics, yet again they soar
That's it, a new chance for other flower

For thine quest to be cleansed and purify,
Pioneer as martyrs before to fly
And keep this world
May be met in left behind dry flowers

The more you haste you get slower
So lend your oar to Mss mower
A new approach with every rower;
A new view, here sprouts another flower

The love story leading to Marry
With no regrets nor sense sorry
drives ahead then never worry
To deflower is to seed a better flower

Everybody knows well the Day After
By the preface of the gone chapter
The bygones, yet, receive more flowers
There is hate, yet, regret stays longer.

Moez Ben Meftah

Fate Is Fate

Fate is fate

No cloud in the sky
My flower
Is withering
Tomorrow it will die;
To the lamb as I am going
If she weeps or cries fate is fate and nothing

Moez Ben MEFTAH
23 - 10-91

Moez Ben Meftah

Few Words

Few words suffice to umbosom
Though I still say I am alright
Every minute straw is a microcosm
Of an invisible gory damn plight

The caricatures of blue sarcasm
Peppering our papers day and night
The sensual entities of anarchism
The curvy babes nude on beach site

The horrific boobs the v of the bosom
The lurking school girls held tight in tight
Stockings, leggings with v-shaped chasm
Now good intentions dwindle to a naught

And I get to make a bolt to the hot prism
All nerves quiver towards her chasm
She wows hard as I get in the bosom
And few frictions suffice to orgasm

Few words are enough for a polyglot
To twig the tongue of the com-dot
The www here is not what is meant
It is rather worldwide Tunisian webnet

The know-all are so keen on the chat
Politics, Wall Street and business quest
Yet, youngsters are hooked on the g-spot
None controls this and no diplomat is for that

Few short words suffice to get off the track
What Tunisian teachers know is a nick-nack
And our students get the bac to go to the fac*
In fact they get back to go to the real f*ck

Do gooders are afraid lest they get a sack
While the undergraduates suck in the sack,
The PhD in Raggada* means Pretty Huge Dick

And the profet* has nothing to do with the Prophet

8 October 2014

Moez Ben Meftah

Go Boothward Young Doves

Go boothward young doves then fly
And ram that polling slot with a nay
A no for any veto no for any delay
And fie for that Novemberous dismay

Thou art the thriving future of today
Thou art the crimson hope that will slay
The horror of the Big Brother and Lady Lai
And weed out that gory era of disarray

Go forward, no recoil, come along hey
I am waiting you, I can't help it, you know
All of a nation, Africa north most will chant and cry
With the joy of a young boy, with a hell of sigh

And march and shout and chant high
In streets in cafes on hills in plains of rye
I love you Tunisia, I do love you smile, waltz and sway
Never will I let you shed tears never will I cry

Moez Ben Meftah
25/10/2014
11 pm

Moez Ben Meftah

Hello

Hello

'Hello',
I like to say
With every morn glow
Hello!
Superb is your prose
And the spouting rose
Below
Ah..you know
Much of your
Eden is pink
I think hell Is a bit low
Hold on please, get slow
My back does bow
The bone nods no
I need not dough
Nor I like to touch 'like'
In Facebook ado
And I do not do

Hello senses seem shallow
And once uttered
they drive you deep below
To balcony scenes of Romeo
To the romance to draw
In an English ivy bangallow
To pictures of Dorian Gray
To redo Marline Monroe's blurred

I do that and more for you
Lest you earn dislike
and much stigmatic ado

Hello
What colors
Are in today's rainbow
Those are my pics to you

And I bleed more pro
With comments splashing below
I like
I do not touch thine photo

Cause of the sins of years ago

A sole disfigured picture I drew
of you in front of my eyes, new
The Marlboro smoke hovers
over me it soars, it grows,
it blends with snow
I browse thine eyebrows
petal by petal
I go below, oh..no...what eyes
Who borrows codes
to understand a hidden smile
And I have a Cupid heart
that grows beyond disguise

Hello
That juicy cloud I will follow
I will see thine eyes in every color
In the ark of rainbow
I will come so long as there is you
So long as that horizon can't be narrow
As long as there is a pursuit of morrow

Moez Ben Meftah
20/5/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

I Am...

I am...

I am the subdued latent dream of Jallalabad
I am the inforfeited rebellious splashing blood
I am the zillion of blasphemous nays you rudely nod
I am the deprived nerves of the utopia Angelina-Brad
I am the lenient submissive mum that loathes dad
I am the "again" you insist on in place of "instead"

Moez BEN MEFTAH

28/09/2014

Moez Ben Meftah

In Other Dye

Tomorrow
Another day...

Tomorrow
Another die.....

To mourn
In other dye.....

Moez Ben Meftah
27/3/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

It Is The Call

It is the Call

I got taste of all fruits
I wore all suits
I travelled till the end
I have trodden all roots
I got all sensual shoots
All that is funny
I came to the verge of it
What is it I did not try
What is left after all fellow scouts?
There is it, a yearning to a distant ode
To a blessed Aden an abode
I should retrieve my god
I feel it is coming
it is a holly call

Moez Ben Meftah
April 2012

Moez Ben Meftah

Lady Lai

What am I lady Lai?

I swing I sway, how far I go deep?
I feel frail, but again I sail
How long you drill in my nail
Layers under layers underlines
A waste land beneath sand
Every pain leads to a piggy pain...
And I surpass, I transcend
Every hour, the next second
I have a new mind in the same brain

I have a gift like thieves of function shift
Ah ...there comes a time to pray
You prostrate and supplicate
You go through reefs of thieves
Then you suffocate, you go to work,
You face the people, you duplicate.

What do I say, am I ok?
Why I do I delay and lie?
Why do you avoid why, why
When people want to know?

What am I?
If all numbers reduced to one
What taste has the garden
If all colors become red
And the spring becomes fall
All months become November
What to do if you are born in May

What shape have I and tou
in the iris of private eyes
If lines must be states-quo
What figure could I draw
If all geometry is reduced to an o
What sense for sixty nine
If you are not that guy?

What money have the poor what dough
If "the ox is oppression in the lion is the law."

The news is read, the views turned red
The papers are led instead, on Friday
Preachings read before being read

What am I if I fear disarray
The folks wishes go astray
Because of cupid Lai
And her spouses in silence slay
A whole nation from south most
To the north of the bay

What am I?
If I am not direct
By the way
Have you read
Catcher in the Rye?
You say good words
To your girl
You don't kiss
Your lips tend to bite
And the serpent hiss
Then she passes
And you miss

Alone you imagine
You get the zest
More or less
You pull thirty one
As if you caught her
Fragrant and braless

What am I?
I don't like the news
Who represents who?
The anthem I hear is so dear
Before I get to class
Then I know I am within ten million
And the sum is a fuss

Say something, shout, call the birds
Insult me within a café,
Speak about the kids of aids
Or the frail girls of Bombay
Burn a fag like your dad
Are you dead? It sounds sad,
You are mad, very bad, unsaid...
All beasts scream when hurt
Cows mow, the ewe bleaches
The dogs bark, donkeys bray
And you cuddle your injury
You shut up.... fie daft pry!
May you burn in the fry!

Am I the age that passed by
Or the bleak moments of today
Or the time coming before the Day
Or that whole line still undone
From the first gasp till I die
A student I am like I was yesterday
Or so will I until when I pass away?

Moez Ben Meftah
May 2008

Moez Ben Meftah

My Class And My Club

My Class and my Club

When I come to the class,
I always feel alright,
But sometimes I arrive
Quiet uncertain with fright,
From something or someone
Exerting a sort of might.

Yet the club is my home,
And the home after storm,
Is the shelter of the heart.
A stem of zeal for every start

In the class you have to do
What is right and be polite;
You have to work with 'whereas',
'Yet', and, 'but' and 'despite'.
Breaking the rules between times,
May cause you bad plight.

In the club there are no musts,
But what you can and what you might,
More than that, the cyber world
Provides you the room to chat
On Yahoo, or the British site.

In the class quite often,
You feel a bore and furthermore,
It is hard to twig the lesson
Or at least the major part.
The correction of the test,
Might become a mark-fight
And the pupils never fail
To have something to nag about

In the club everything
That you hear is so dear

To your ear, to your pen
And the hearts of your heart;
Say whatever and sit wherever,
On the left or the right,
Nobody whatsoever can ever
Deprive you of your right.

In the class it so happens,
That you lose the appetite,
An feel rambling as a kite,
But once you join your brothers,
And belived sisters in the club,
Very soon on Friday afternoon,
You feel afresh; quiet at ease with delight;
You can relate your stories,
And the reveries of daylight.

Language tasks in the class,
Are always a heavy diet,
In addition to many shouds and should-nots,
You have to write and be alright.

In the club you are allowed
What seems wrong outside;
The taboo that you feared,
Turns out to be ok and fully right

You could embosom your grieves
And voice out your views,
Besides that, you can accuse,
Enjoy the muse of black and white
And be heard with respect and delight.

The teacher's lesson I suppose,
Is bread and butter for those who matter;
The good-good boys
And the pretty girls,
But the bad-bad ones,
Couldn't share this daily feast
Or at least have a bite.

Here, whereas in the club,

The spicy dish is for all;
The poor kids, the so-and-so
And of course the very bright.

Moez ben Meftah
Tataouine, May 1999

Moez Ben Meftah

Oh Lord

Oh Lord

Oh lord oh god
For thee the sun rises
For thee is the sunset
And for thee creatures of oneness fast
Oh lord oh God ya Allah
So slow is the shade of this globe
Yet our time passes past so fast
Oh lord pardon me
For things I kept shut in my chest
Pardon me For asking you
what time is left
from the age that went past

Oh lord oh god ya Allah
The dawn smiles and I start to fast
The twilight hugs this earth
and I break the fast
Everyday rewinds my sins
of the other day uncast
Every night reminds cells
There will come a hard test
Yet I never get derailed
As thine mercy is the host of a zealot
And your grace is but a stone's cast

Oh lord oh god
Hail to thine sweetest guest
The dearest wayfarer RAMADANE
I celebrate that, I burn scents
I lit antique lamps for it
I tie colorful ribbons on lamp posts
I burn amber I do namast
I recite the verses You love best

Oh lord oh god
This month passes fast

As the other Ramadan sneaked swift
And I fear lest
Eden Passes my temple
And I am again a fuss ill thrust

Oh lord oh god
For thee this time I confess
And I may not do unless
I come across a pain so merciless
Oh god oh lord I then confess
I address, I redress, I undress,
I toss my mess into thine boundless bliss
And who dares die
in the demon-made blast
Who dares be lost
in whims set ablaze in a wild forest

Oh lord oh god
you know all pulses of good
In veins of my chest
You know the hisses of lucifers spoiling the fellow fasters seeming chaste
You know the olms and dimes
I gave the blind sosistris
You know the ransom I paid
To free tangled wrists
You know supplications I uttered..
But not meant as spelt
You know the roar I evoked at home
And I deprived mum from siesta rest
You know the doves I chased just
to be chased and the bullets
that ravaged little ones and went unjust
and what was made of the chicks nest
You know.... you know....you know
as you knew the tiny stubborn
chew in my chest
You know the dawn prayers I missed
You know the calls I ignored and I slept
You know how much i've been rude
yet I still request and insist

You know how much

I tilled to love thee most
Yet I loved Samantha best
And to reshuffle our fates is your
enigma nobody knowest

Oh lord oh god
You Know all I Knew and I know not
What will come from what went past
You know I know it is preordained
To be the way I am now cast
So what to do what to foretell what to forecast
I have nothing to deny today
Except the repentance I delayed
Though no more is left of the tough quest

Oh lord oh god
For thee I forsake the all day long zest
For thee I stand upright
In the middle of the night crest
and delay my small hours rest
For thee I cancel all tours
northward, to south, to east and west
as for thee is the real long quest
For thee I never booze
As I forgot the milk of mum's breast
For thee I quit the grilled,
the fried and the
luscious roast

Oh lord oh God
Ten days of RAMADONE left
And a whole score before
has gone in jest
Yeh fellows run run
some more run in earnest
Oh lord oh god ya Allah
these are our hearts.....
.....

Moez Ben Meftah
25/6/2016

Os Of The Globe

Os of the globe

You can't have centers
without making an o
Stories shall turn full
despite even if and even though
And the universe doesn't
care to much ado
Creatures that refuse flights
will sometimes go
We moved from vegetarians
to digitals thanks to that o
That ciphers of Logarithm
refuted vacuum and states quo
And the scientific no long lived yes
It is traced in the iris in the pupil's elbow
In our nostrils, on tops of tits
, in cells of our marrow
On tops of trunks of lipido

In fact in that nought
we trust to make dough go

Moez Ben Meftah
December 2014

Moez Ben Meftah

Punica

Pulps of Punica..missed

It was twilight
summer was preparing to quit
the scene of a bohemian English neighborhood
in the outskirts of southmost.
The tender moisture
on the tight and brand new
black sweater was ushering
a nearby fall looming
with generous blossom
and more yearning and tense rimes.

I was sitting on the shaggy lawn
in the large tranquil park....
the temple to be prayed in for just one time
and then I will quit
as unique faithful disciple
and keep all its doors ajar
though I will never retrieve
the path to its blond dome .

At that moment I was fingering
the most luscious punica granatum
I have ever touched.
It was red-brownish
and on the verge
of being rendered tarnish
by the hot sweat leaking
from my shivering fingertips.
I felt hungry and I couldn't grasp
the soft pome eying my guts
and my iris revengefully and sadisticly.

Tender was the cool breeze
airing the place
with all sorts of fragrant smells
that have never fondled
my nostrils before and the lily-like Marlboro

smoke was hovering over
the blond glamorous hair waves
scattered on skinny Rojitta

There, I was thinking
of how I when to get rid
of the tight rind and start
tasting the first pulp of the globular
windfall of a prostrate Supheytila.

Oh...damn it..
if only I could have fallen
in a bottomless pit of obliviousness.
The dream wore off in no time..
in fractions of a crazy second
of the endless twilight...
sure it would stay endless
as long as the tender spirit
of the memory still beats
and shimmers heartfully within my scull.....
I would stay cursing
the lady Su and her hoarse voice
calling me in a cockney vulgar tongue,
'dinner is ready...dinner on the table..
we are waiting Mo! '

Moez Ben Meftah
15/2/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

Sheperd ...!

Sheperd ...!

He looks at the white lamb
It is dam is grazing
Kids are sucking and jumping
And there are geese
Pecking the sowed furrows
Surrounded by chicks
Oh; hapless young shepherd
Dig the rocky soil and damp
There is your mother
She died before you cried

Mouez meftah
7-11-97

Moez Ben Meftah

Stay Tuned!

Stay Tuned!

My door was shut and so were the windows,
I could hear in my kitchen, a big blast in Belfast,
A tempest in the West and in Palestine it blows;
Sixty minutes of BBC World news and comments.

I took my pipe to change the air in Hyde Park,
An old acquaintance greeted me 'hi, Jack! '
Then stuck his eyes to the Sun's page of porno(s) ,
I called a taxi and River Thames quietly flows,

May I find in the land that muse of the moors?
In the cab Julian Marshall was voicing his views;
The British love of the quid and the Euro's* heroes.
'Slow down please, could you ride to the muse? *

The driver smiled and set the set into blues.
On the way I saw the mobs in Trafalgar square(s)
A gathering of Kurds, and Arabs of double o's;
Banners, flags, caricatures, and much ado(s) ,

'Down down with Saddam, strike him with the Cruise! '
'Go south young man! '* and that was an abuse,
The cab's guy lost temper as the quest was at loose,
If I could fly to Mir with the Russians in Soyuse,

'Go to Brighton sir, ' and let it go as it goes.
'Please gear up, ' I said 'and put off this snooze! '
In Palace Pear, most people were in pairs,
The elders in reveries and the young in snares,

And I rambled my eyes in the skies and pebbly bays,
I could see huge clouds resembling nuke mushrooms
Covering few Arabs, a lot of WASPS and the Jews,
And the deep Atlantic was knitting with the waves,

Quaky shrouds and brown coffins of all sizes.
Back to home to chewing and ejaculation rendezvous,

My abode was wide open and my wife at the doors,
'We got a call, we have to go or else it blows! '
Still to come...stay tuned to Aljazeera good news.

Moez Ben Meftah
Tunisia October 2002

Moez Ben Meftah

The Other Day

Tell me something about the other day
Tell me how we missed the joy yesterday

If you couldn't write about that mix
Send me the few pics

Oh I couldn't write any more
I just stare at the our gallery or

I the souvenirs of holidays
Or drip a hot tear never dries

Moez Ben Meftah

The Roads Untrodden

The roads untrodden

Folks ask which way is more modern
I say on this matter I still ponder
How many times it's been sworn
I will take the roads of wonder
So That I will share woes of the forlorn
Cause I know only the miserable are torn
Everyday new ways with them are born
Five times aday I hear angels are around and under
The echo fades away and again I lament I morn
Signs of liberty are in ways untrodden

in Smiles of kids
in destinations of wander
In the direction of sunflower
In the painful pop-ups of pop corn
In the fazes of foetus still unborn
In the face of tsunami striking all of a sudden
In the tones of rain drops pattering leaves of mirander
In the symphonic Big Bang of thunder
In the halal spouse once was a big blunder
In the blue prints of Romeo traced ash of the wayfinder
In the message of Selmon's jay revealing the hidden wonder
In the enigmatic hissing of African anaconda
In the tears of frauds confessing ill-gotten amber
In the letters we catch in the twilight of anonymous sender
In the joy of the pet retrieving its abode once forgotten in Uganda.

Moez Ben Meftah

Moez Ben Meftah

The Spirit Lah Lah

The Spirit Lah Lah

Where is it the free spirit I once lost?
The dear treasure I had ignored most
I know not the finale of this keen quest
Is it deep underneath or above Everest?

I fetched all through the earth and at last
Nothing is to be done, alas, it is then lost
It is not in my pocket, it is in vain tossed
In the middle of nowhere, too overcast

Where is that spirit if it is not really lost?
It is not in the banquet of the affluent host
It is not in the prizes of the Oscar contest
And never could it be in nooky whimsy blast

And in Yankees Dream it doesn't it exist?
Nor does it lie in the hot chick's puffy breast
Is it nestling timidly in Robin's lurking nest?
Is it in the joker's jest put in tears with earnest?

Is it left to future flights to the liberal west?
Who knows it may come drunk late at last
Where is it my spirit, I mourn, sure it is lost
Who foretells what comes from what is next?

It is not there in my pint, or in my tight grasp,
In the luscious tender lamb, spicy 'n well roast
In the dry liquor, in the quenched stress thirst
It is not in the wild ecstasy of the horniest zest

Where is it then if it is beyond any cost?
It is not in the deciduous courtesan bust
It is not in the due rainfall just forecast
It is not in the whirls of the whistling gust

Nor in the pyramids within pharaohs crust
Where is my spirit, I grieve most, I am lost

Is it in the disguised chance that moves fast?
In the scribbles of flies round the lamp post?

It is not in the high-tech pads I relish most
It is not in the realm of ever green habitats
Where is it? No lulling reply to thine quest?
And every query guides to an intricate quest.

Oh, latent virgin spirit, is it tied in Corp.'s soot?
Is it in laissez fair or in the suffocating red boycott?
Is it in the words of the young idiot rushing past?
Raving, "lah lah lah, Mao med, 'tis just, no next"?

Ah, as fools of white slavery pass by, truth is thrust
It is shimmering with joy in a blessed chaste chest
It is in my heart crowned with euphoria in its best
It is fools' la ilaha illa lah if you twig the dawn's roost

Moez Ben Meftah
October 2014

Moez Ben Meftah

The Teacher Said

The Teacher said

'Look, we write 'man' and they write 'Man'
The teacher said while the film is on
Nogeeb Ulla asked, 'why we are always run?
Is it a mistake in grammar or just for fun? '

'No, son, the man there is quite done;
Look at the films 'Batman' 'Superman' '
'Yes, sir I know but there reigns the demon man
The Kabolian doesn't know what to do with his hands
When he leaves his gun
Look, they went to the moon
They have torpedoes in our lagoon
They have arms tougher than the typhoon
They can listen to your phone calls and know downfalls in Rangoon
They are everywhere in Jerba in Japan and in here they may come soon
Who drives them out of here, who can do
Who?
who is stronger than the stinger of bee fifty two

Look sir I feel I am a boo
If I don't answer your question too
If I don't I will help them to carry on shuffling their sho
I feel myself on top of all tyrants when I hear Mactoom's call
Who is stronger when you hear 'mightier than all'
The statues of motionless deity had gone
So had the lofty budah in Bohemistan '

- 'Yes, son, what was done was done
gods nowadays are not stones but flesh and bones
People who give you food water electricity and Sharonstone
They are people who surround you and you can't shun

No, sir I can Sorry you can but only when you run us '
- 'No sir I won't be run so long as there is a sun
I believe we'll be what we're again
When man, you write 'man' as man with a capital antenn
When you stick the picture of victory I've drawn

When you stay a reverend teacher in Sajnan
When you have the truth of Os and the light of Ban'

Moez Ben Meftah
February 2013

Moez Ben Meftah

Tulip Frozen

Tulip Frozen

Gonna freeze, laden down by celestial Lilly chips

Yet they are always tulips hailing lips

Is it even so winter, then pour more heaps 'n sips

Come on oh...'how cums it?

' Cold but Cool I dwell on top of thine nips

Dip..dip..dip dip what a tone!

A Cupid heart beats and the gore on petals warmly drips

No snow now, though seen, no

You know let it go flow

Tulip, labia, lips, nips and the fluid of spirit drips

Moez Ben Meftah

16/1/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

We Key Leaks

It is not a wonder It is not strange
It is not an orange it is a small sponge
That absorbs the high blue sea
Do you know what is it Mr. Arrange

Guess, take your time, wonder 'n ponder
Its maker is a man who likes to change
This blue globe into a sweet fresh orange
Transparent like the hair of Mr. Assange
A smart bloke who likes to deal and reveal
The unread, the unsaid, the unpaid, the dead
To undress the invisible fraud and behead
To make you learn from the ipod and ipad

That democracy that you know is a lie
And freedom of press is another fuss
Do you know what is it? please guess
Take a walk, wander stroll around
It teaches you that southmost governors
Are vampires and Americans are
christians but when the prey is you
They become jews
And drink the juice after eating
Jewsmallow when the mouton is from your ewes

Guess again, come along, what is it?
It teaches you that in fact
There exists not a taboo
You are a bore you are a boo
If you go to street to protest
To hold your fist to insist
To run fast against the weather forecast

Do you know what is it?
Come along you are not so far just
It is something that sneaks
Like snails under pale hay
It never breaks it never goes disarray
It creeps it crawls, it sleeps over dust

And scatters its saliva over the mast
Guess what is it?
Oh say it with the tongue in cheeks
Do not say 'we key leaks'

Mouez ben meftah
Tatawine- Tunisia 2011

Moez Ben Meftah

Wear A Bra...

'Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below, '

JONH DRYDEN

Wear a Bra...

He took a Royal fag, lit it with a match and whiffed twice,
'Look, ' he said in jest, 'wear a bra if need be, or stockings,
Breast your shirt with a read badge* like Imams nowadays.'
'Look, ' he rejoined flinging the butt outside- that's nice! -

'Last night I talked to a big antenna of Fatimites Uskut yard, *
And drunk a lot of bad stuffs with a batch of private eyes,
What's in that if you are under siege, in the middle of a siege,
And to get out, roll the ball and break the wall of chilly ice, '

He went on, 'more than that, you get to know your enemies;
You learn better how to teach, before you leap think thrice.'
Then he grasped another fag with a tone of ' don't you? - tag
And waved at two blokes greeting him from without.

'Look! ' he said, 'those guys were among the hell of guests
Of the Lieut's* feast last night; he served us meat and rice.
They talked of Ghariba's synagogue* and the Jews big blast,
And kept silent like Mickey when he faces a lot of mice.

'Now, let me tell you another thing quite different, ' I put in,
And show you, if you wish, other faces of the dice;
I agree, nowadays you have to fear everything with an ear:
The ewe, the lion, the ostrich, Ali Ezzat Vegovitch, Talibans

And the great bug bear of intellectual chatterboxes; avarice.
But, if you move ahead on your own within this hazy maze,

And perhaps you don't refrain in every faze you have to bias,
You lose your temper, and then you'll temper your poor mind,

You'll look schizoid in peoples' eyes and your I becomes I's.'
He retorted, 'that is not what it is! ' but I went on in the point,
'By and by, you love the beer and sir Shameer becomes dear,
You hush the beep; you oversleep and you forget your five prayers.'

'Is that so? ' badly aroused he inquired, 'yes it is, ' I rejoined,
'And further more, you'll have a schizophrenic mental chaos:
In prairies, you could see the wolf free and loose in the fore,
Wearing no simile or a metaphor but his fur n' menace,

But in the zoo, he lurks himself in the rear and much more
Of what you fear, creeps to you in various modes of disguise.
Look, my dear, you got a wife, a brainy son, viz., FEAR-US, *
To indulge- I admit- I don't begrudge, a nice cab and a house.'

'Assalam...'dropped in an ex-mate of November's* Alcatraz;
That's the Man who taught me how to pray and how to mind.
'What a chance! ' He exclaimed, 'lucky me...I can't believe!
Great minds think alike or our thoughts very often coincide? '

'That's Allah, ' I replied, 'by his laws all events must abide...
Ok, do you like a cappuccino or a cool decanter of Sabrine? '*
'As you like, ' he replied, 'coffee, tea, or a sort of insecticide.'
Because I know, sir Habeeb boycotts any cola or other wise.

'Excuse me my brothers, ' intervened sir Kawak, * 'what? ' I said,
'Now I got to go, ' he replied, 'to take the boy to kindergarten
And change the glasses cause I bought the wrong size,
I'm sorry to leave you and we haven't met for about two years.'

By now, I am sure you got the gist of the man who versifies:
Many people stay great despite the one who drags them to minimize,
Old Habib is an isle by himself and all the rest of the guys,
Are but ciphers, without figures, that stumble into pits of demise.

MOEZ BEN MEFTAH
SEPTEMBER 2002□

What Am I?

What am I?

Am I the words I say
Or the words I don't say?
Am I my face in the mirror
Or another look behind my eye?

What am I if I am not
The pronouns I portray
And I always say 'I, mine, my....'
Is it so? .. in yeh I exist not
I find myself in nay.

I love lamp posts, masts, rafts
Palm trunks, the hill standing still,
The antique edifice, the mill,
I hate the hay, the quill,
The brittle ill, Mr. x, the nil,
The lily, the daffodil.

What am I? a warbling dove,
A twilight owl or a raving jay
A nightingale trapped in the clay
What is the use to pretend
And I don't intend to stand
Strong, I won't stand till the end?

What am I?
A hypocrite in the face of emirate
I booze at night.. in the morn I pray
Am I the wishes I convey,
Or the whims I stifle like a gay,
I am a hypocrite, aren't I?
Am I what I admit or what I deny?

The haves have homes
And domes upon their abodes,
Bank accounts and codes,
And you have.. you haven't a hut,

A nut, a shortcut to the spirit whereabouts
Have you?say it ...don't lie

You have a cop in your brain
Red lights, a nodding full stop
Your eyes monitor what you say,
A spy within a spy, a private eye,
It counts your cups on the tray...

I swing I sway, how far I go deep?
I feel frail, but again I sail
How long you drill in my nail
Layers under layers and
A waste land beneath sand
Every pain leads to a piggy pain...
And I surpass, I transcend
Every hour, the next second
I have a new mind in the same brain

I have gifts like thieves
There comes a time to pray
You prostrate and supplicate
You go through reefs of thieves
Then you suffocate, you go to work,
You face the people, you duplicate.

What do I say, am I ok?
Why I do I delay and lie?
Why do you avoid why
When people want to know?

What am I?
If all numbers are reduced to one
What taste has the garden
If all colors become red
And the spring becomes fall
All months become November
What to do if you are born in May

What shape have I in laser ray
If lines must be states-quo?
What figure could I draw

If all geometry is reduced to an o
What sense for sixty nine
If you are not that guy
What money have the poor what dough
If 'the ox is oppression and the lion is the law.'?

The news is read, the views turned red
The papers are led instead, on Friday
Preachings read before being read

What am I if I fear disarray
The folks wishes go astray
Because of cupid Laila, the lusty la
And her spouses in silence slay
A whole nation from south most
To the north of the bay

What am I?
If I am not direct
Like a laser ray
By the way
Have you read
Catcher in the Rye?
You say good words
To your girl
You don't kiss
Your lips tend to bite
And the serpent hiss
Then she passes
And you miss

Alone you imagine
You get the zest
More or less
You pull thirty one
As if you caught her
Fragrant and braless

What am I?
I don't like the news
Who represents who?

The anthem I hear is so dear
Before I get to class
Then I know I am within ten million
And the sum is a fuss

Say something, shout, call the birds
Insult me within a café,
Speak about the kids of aids
Or the frail girls of Bombay
Burn a fag like your dad
Are you dead? It sounds sad,
You are mad, very bad, unsaid...
All beasts scream when hurt
Cows mow, the ewe bleaches
The dogs bark, donkeys bray
And you cuddle your injury
You shut up.... fie daft pry!
May you burn in the fry!

Am I the age that passed by
Or the bleak moments of today
Or the time coming before the big-bang Day
Or that whole line still undone
From the first gasp till I die
A student I am like I was yesterday
Or so will I until when I pass away?

Moez Ben Meftah
May 2008

Moez Ben Meftah

Why, Yankees!

Why, Yankees!

You badly crippled the big Red Bear with clues,
As Napoleon assassinated Trotsky and his views,
'Cause two tough captains in one ark never agree.
If they fight they will make their ark an old hulk,
And it drowns with the cargo and all the crews.

And the WASP of USA of course needs a frail wasp,
But not a naughty stinger of imperial large grasp,
So that the Frontier moves ahead and grows'
And the old Dream never reaches a last gasp.

But, as the old cold clash between Western booms
And the red Big Brothers came forth without glooms,
All the people felt afraid and fixed up their zooms,
Close to the Cherokees large yards of mass tombs.

The lesson was once frankly laid by sir Kissinger:
The globe needs just one Master of Supreme Law;
'by bread not by gun' you can keep states quo,
And the lion is the law and the ox is oppression.

On the eleventh of September, at about nine a.m.,
The premonition was true in about half an hour;
The Twin Towers were no more and neither were
The Yiddish dough and Uncle Tom's masterminds.

Ladin down by Bin Ladin, you couldn't admit that
The world was again to the Muslims and Arabs,
We'd reigned over you long ago, you had a turn,
And now again, thank Allah, our sun also rises,
Oh...Yankees you are no more CIA sooth Sayers.

You could have read the big blast in Buddha's bulk
Blown down by the mines of Afghan Taliban's,
In the silent wolf eying you on the flags of Chechens,
In the crimson chilly gore of Palestine's brave boys.

And in just a jiffy, you'll get superb news about the
Despots of the East and the baptized Arab pharos.
The same rule of old timers still applies nowadays:
Never can the naughty cobra turn to a mild goose.

So, the pharos, from Moses' days until that of Cairo's
Can toss, by use of force, al the gypsies back to cells
And put the rest of the folk to the sword or the noose.
They could pepper the Magna Charta with feud laws,

But they couldn't temper with the truth that he knows:
One plus one never equal the result of two zeroes;
Those who have hearts of faith will become real heroes,
And the lusty on the thrones, will stay nasty bores,

So, it is even so, defy us with your one-ton laser bombs,
We've got more than zillions of zealots of real oneness,
And two masterpiece enthagons of millions of hajj goers,
One in Taiba and the other in valleys of no meadows.

Hey, Yankees! take the high-tech hard wares and snares!
Hail to Ka'aba, Al-Medina or Jerusalem's yellow domes!
Don't forget your stallions and the nooses of cowboys!
Or, apache us from afar, you mass killers of Mohegan's!

MOEZ BEN MEFTAH

SEPTEMBER,2002

Moez Ben Meftah

You Exist Not

How much is left for morrow?
That day never comes, you know,
you look ahead it looks narrow,
We're but plethora of tales, much ado,
We break the ice of the day by 'years ago'
What's left of your build?
A skinny edifice of bones with no marrow,
A mind that thickens but doesn't grow
A tongue raving around the clock just to show,
You think or you think not,
You exist not outside your words 'n shadow,

September 2014

Moez Ben Meftah

You Remember?

So sweet you were that night
The sea breeze was so tender
And the full moon so bright
Much of that past will linger
And sure we will always write

When you screamed and I held you so tight
And you're scared of the neighbor's dog Simber
We met, strolled and sat on the bridge at night
And the words we said soothed the agony of September
The passersby were dry like geometry and algebra

When you invited me for a spicy diet
Your mates Sue and Fat left the chamber
We did not eat anything, never did we bite
Though I liked your meat, you fancied cucumber

When we had a Tunisian luscious night
We danced amidst sweet dreams in summer
And the landlady felt our dazzling love's light
Your serene eyes were glowing like fresh ember

When you lied on my knees quite quiet
And your Marlboro smelled like amber
And I would tend to fondle your apples right
Then I'd stifle my whim, I'd bite my finger

When we passed by the Hungarian student
Held silent in the arms of Hadi Chamber
And you said shame on him and his svelte
And I wished we fell right in a hot slumber

Then I took you home after midnight
And the way without Hester were somber
I dashed hot verses in the sense that I might
Wake up in the morn and find the missing member

When I bought you the best gift of delight;
Two lovers cuddling each other in a river
You took my present yet there would come a night
I recall its script 'I'll always...' the rest I can't remember

When I gave you a necklace in brown light
You were in white blouse, a stripped skirt under
And your perfume was Tresor Midnight
Your word 'rupture' was tears and thunder

And you wiped my tears and stifled my fears
I feared lest the apple be cut before it is ripe
And we went apart though we stayed near
And I could not help it, crying hard that type

When I had Betty's dry Malibu and got right
And all friends danced on the Lyrics of Timber
Then you rushed out and cried out of sight
Your eyes poured as the rain of December

When we made for the car boot's, we were eight
We bought antiques and second hand nick-nacks ...
You did not like mates to see your trifle plight
You bought a deficient clock with no number

When we used to waltz in Debenhams's site
And in our pockets just a quid or a fiver
We relished seeing the world at height
Your heart was an edenham and moreover

You remember London farewell party
The day we travelled to Thames with Betty
And met all sweet friends round nine thirty
The first time we had sailed to an almighty

We met our gorgeous Guilford teachers
Who made us feel beings of same features
Not poles apart as stratas of misery and riches
Hence prof Mathew danced with Arabian creatures

When the intractable spirits went in disarray

And the zeal of love sprang as foolish bray
The Sousse babe gave in to the blowjob array
All of a sudden the chaste Trad kissed Jay

Oh how hard to cry on the tone of Mayada
And the Tower Bridge looms miming bye
And the thickening fog over Thames delay
Any hope to get into Eden or approach nearby

september 1994

Moez Ben Meftah