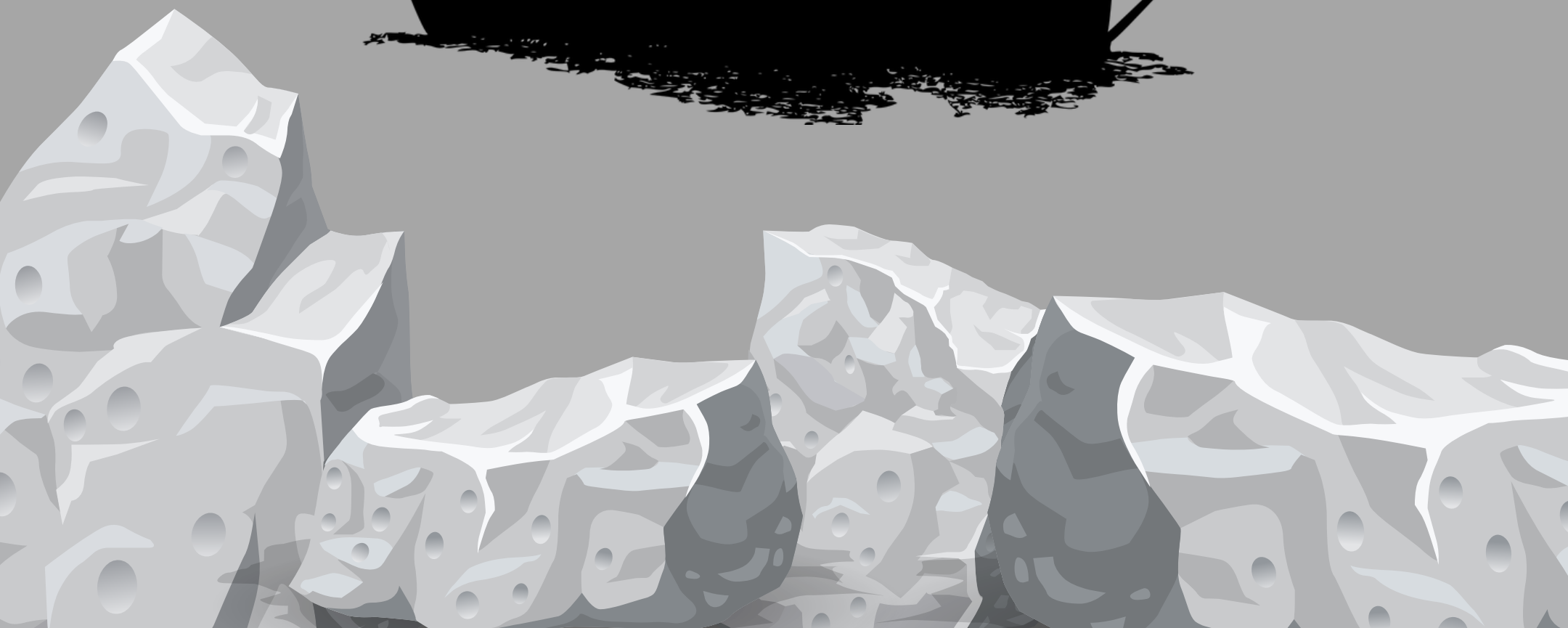


BY SABA ZAIDAN

Sailing by an Old Boat



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Saba Zaidan

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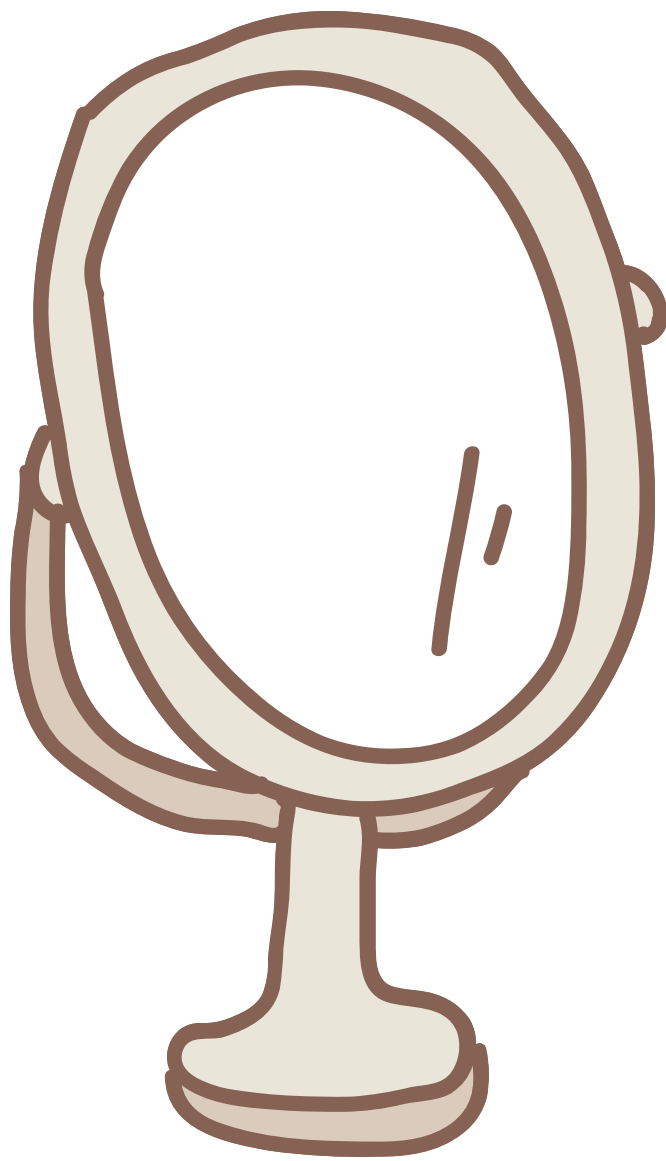
Overview

You should not rub your eyes in order for it to heal, you must feel a burning sensation .

Sometimes when you make a mistake, you want to correct that so that you don't bear the punishment .. And that's wrong . If you have chosen a way , you must bear the consequences , whatever the result is , to learn not to go back to it .

I made a mistake in choosing my way from the beginning so here we are sailing by an old boat which may take us to many difficult far roads from which we'll learn amazing wisdom .

Other's intentions



Here I am on my first adventure ..

If we go back six years,

when it rained heavily

in the city of Abha

on June 16, 2017

And all the people rushed to their

homes, hiding from the heavy rain,

and silence prevailed,

and only the frightening sound of rain

was heard at that time

I was waiting for a bus to go home,

but I saw something from afar

A person seemed to be walking

at heavy steps and was wet by rain

from the top of his head

to the bottom of his feet,

and it was only moments

he fell up down , I ran to help as soon

as I saw what happened

but I didn't know exactly

what to do

I was a little confused,

then raised his head

to see his face,

and there was a very

handsome young man .

I moved away from him a little

and thought what should I do ?

Should I call an ambulance,

but it didn't seem like a good idea

all of a sudden ..

The rain stopped,

the young man raised his hand

to me, signaled me

to come closer,

and when I got close,

he whispered : Go from here or

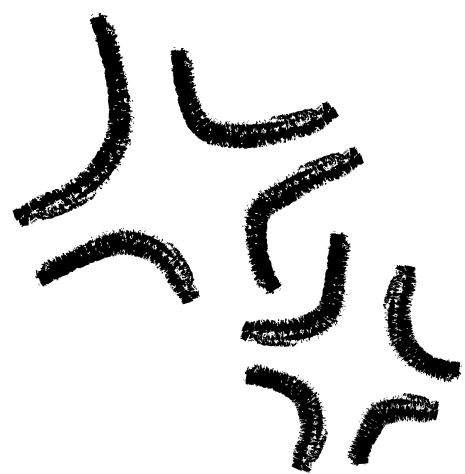
you will be in trouble ..

I got a little nervous,

I didn't understand

what that means ,

I didn't dare to ask him



I went after I got wet,
and went back to the bus stop
and kept watching him from afar.
the bus didn't come
and that young man is still laying there.
Should I go to see him again ?
and it's only a few moments.
Until the young man
got up from the ground
and headed toward me
I was confused
whether I would stay where I am,
what would he do ?
Then he came close and whispered : don't be
afraid , I won't hurt you
Then he took my bag and ran away
while I stood there in amazement
at what happened
I didn't understand anything but that I didn't have
the money to go back

But if we took his viewpoint ,
it is completely different.
His day was so deep .
Only a few hours ago,
he separated from his girlfriend,
whom he loved for 5 years
after she left him because
he doesnt earn much money
and wont be able to apply her needs
he used to drink glasses and glasses on,
until he can no longer control ..
and he decides to take anyones money
to prove to his ex-girlfriend
that he really has the money
and this was crazy thinking in a moment of
anger ran out by a man weighed down by
drunkenness
so I was the first person he met on his way ,
His First Victim

And the story did not stop here. Rather, it took another course, very far from this, which is that days are indeed enough to change many things in us and change our view of people or the reality surrounding us.



Journey to the past



Here I am flipping
through the pages of the past
in order to avoid its stumbles,
and I found myself only covered
with the burden of the past
from my head to the soles of my feet.
I can hardly take a step forward
to go on through my way in life
but I find the past hates me,
waiting on my way, promising me
not to forget it,
but when I can forget it ?
so that he comes and reminds me

Going back with memories
Once my mother grabbed me by
my shoulder and kneeled
in front of me
with a look
I could never forget,
that was when I told her
I was tired of being a child
of treating me like one .

You'll grow up sure ...
but believe me,
you'll wish you hadn't .

Eleven years have passed since
she said that ,
but I keep hearing it
echoing in my mind every day.
I remember what she said
seemed to me at that time
like a lie of that kind
that adults say
to suppress their children,
I also remember that I grew
more and more
determined after what I heard,
Only to prove to her
that she was wrong
and that I will not regret it

but I did

I definitely did

Day by day I was getting older

Me, my thoughts and my dreams

grow up at the same time

I could hardly get enough

in that world

or it looks

..

When I was nine ,

I thought that I had solved

the biggest problem, which was

that I could finally

do my homework

without asking my mom for help

At thirteen

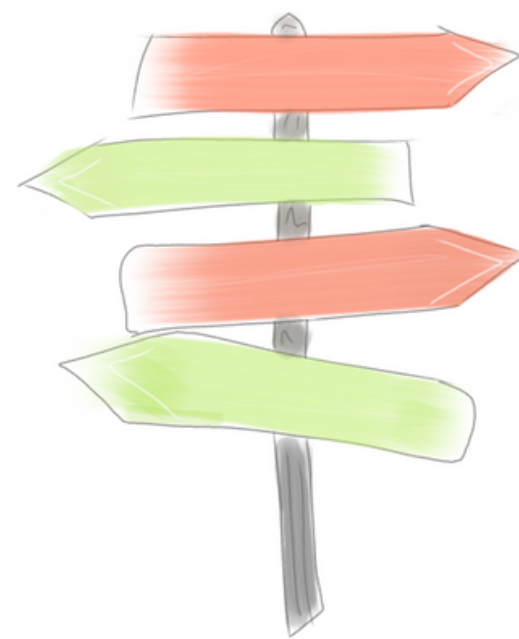
I used to beat my friends
in soccer and other sports

This made me proud
to be grown up ..

At fifteen

As a teenager
my biggest dream was
to be the best in my class
that idea which to be perfect
was just planted in my mind
as a main thing
to be special .. and I did it

At sixteen
I realized that life
is not as rosy as I see it
It's worse
than my worst nightmare
And here I opened my mind
to reality ..
The truth that I was ignorant of
I was blinded
by my mother's words
that I'm really old and I don't
know where to go
I hadn't planned yet
here I could say with confidence
that it was
the beginning of my maturity ..



At eighteen

I graduated

Realizing that my graduation

was not my greatest achievement

My departure from being a student

with my full mental strength

Perhaps that was definitely

the main achievement

But it was a big dream

..

if we looked back in a day

I wrote a note on my window

Today's task is to stay well

or in a clearer sense

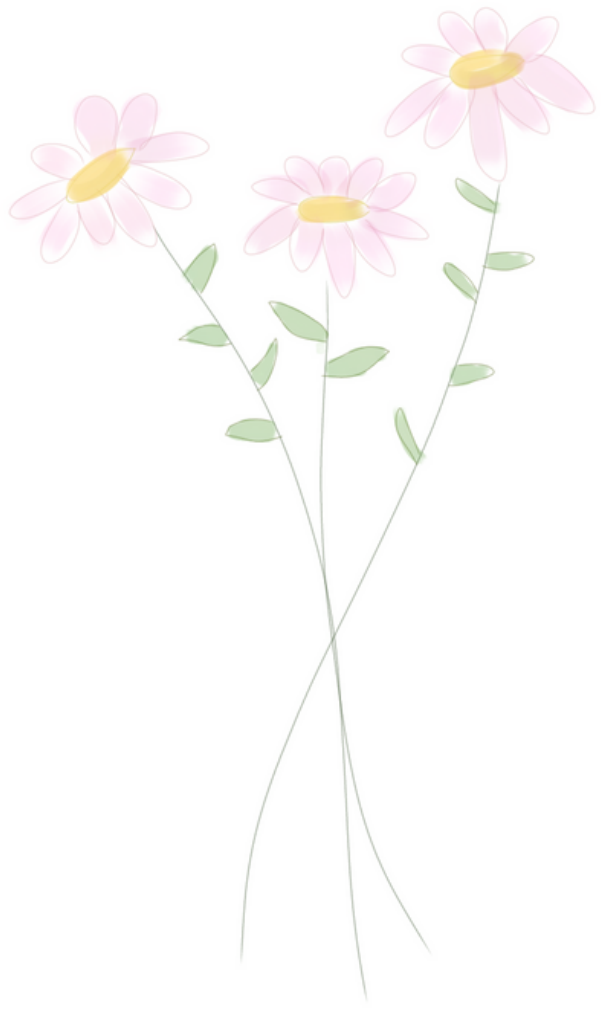
Every day's task

from now on is to get over it comfortably

But I figured it out too late ..

Tomorrow we leave . as we came,
and we may forget the
brightness of light and colors,
and we may fall into a time
without a title ,
and we may forget,
and we may be forgotten,
so there is nothing left for us
to remember with forgetfulness,
it is enough that one day
we rebelled against sorrows





Sometimes a person is
forced to be between
the past and the present,
and fates want us
to escape from the past
to live in safety
in the future
And sometimes a person
is forced to flee
from the present
to the past
in order to reach safety

I looked at the ceiling of my room and then to the floor, and my eyes slowly crept up to the wall ..

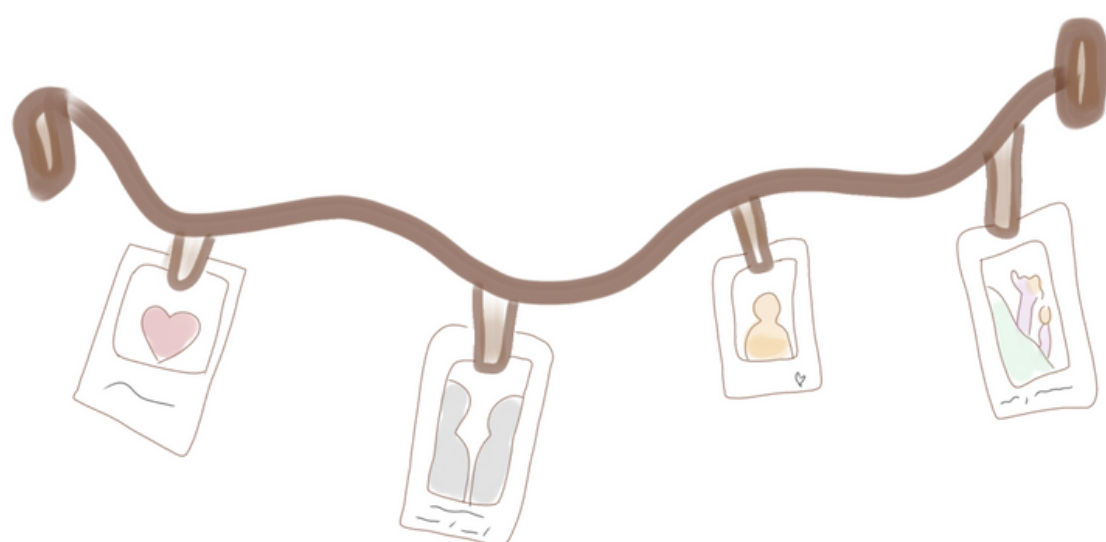
Finally, I gathered my strength and looked at the paper in front of me

The paper was completely white except for a line on the top that wrote (I will be as good at least as you want)

and if we looked at these words, they are enough to arouse the curiosity of this who read it



Wondering how ..
I didnt even had the strength
to remember the past
How dare I do that
Now I'm doing everything
I've been hesitant to do
I am facing my fears today ..
I am no longer the old me
I reconciled with the world
I pardoned the past,
Excused all the departed,
since that time I see that there is
nothing to be sad about..



I wish I could go to the past ..
but I am scared for that step
Its easy to say
Hard to think of
I changed now
Yes my life is going upside down
But sure I can fix that
Not by accepting
But by solving it
In the right way
that have to be in

Every day I sit with myself to cut the
papers of the past

All the memories of the past
that I wrote.

By saying that

now I have to face the future

I have to learn new things now

I cut them

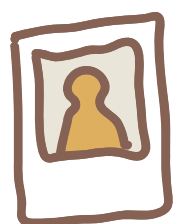
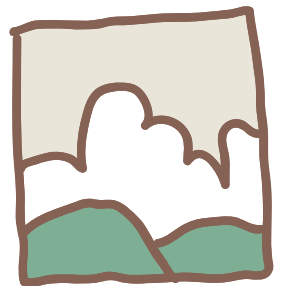
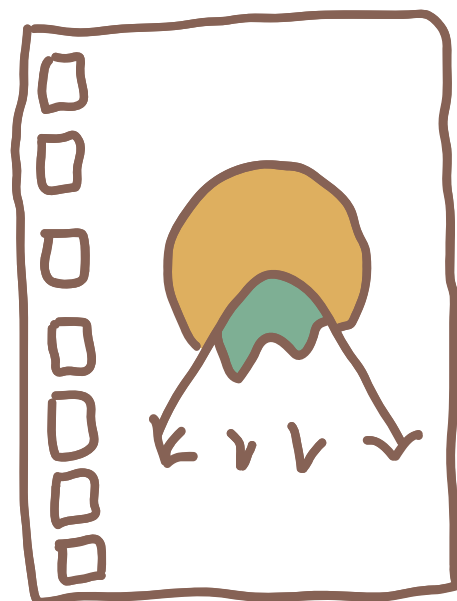
I only left some small parts

that I was happy with .

thats why my hands tremble

when I grabbed that pages I wrote ..

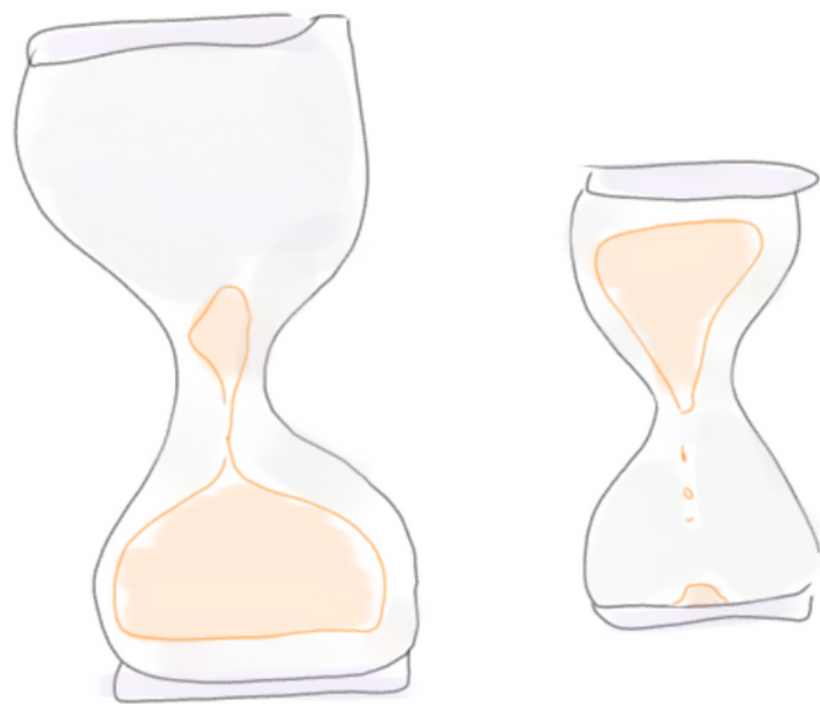
I go back with my thoughts
to specific days
and I search among the folds
of laughter for my happiness
and the feelings
take me to some dreams
and I see the seconds pass
in front of me
and the same feelings are still inside
and my notebooks are still filled
with the drawing of my love moments,
with special names
and our seats
still contain the warmth of our storie



So many things
I wanted to share with anyone
But I didn't
because it wasn't the right time
When is the right time ? I wondered ..
Maybe the time was always right
when I wasn't at the time ?
The situation has been bad here
I moved to another country
searching for a new life
Or that's what I convinced myself of
To start over
May it be a good new beginning
But when I moved I was losing myself
little by little
I lose my goals and my priorities
my whole system is lost here

We grew up and learned
that what the mind perceives ,
Maybe the heart doesn't like it..
Because the truth is always bitter.
We are creating a small world
In our thoughts
to protect us from the harm
of the great world around us..
We grew up and no longer cried
We have become familiar with it..
We grew up and innocent features
no longer deceive us
Nor words that are abstract
from actions contain us.
We grew up and realized
that the many labyrinths
There is no escape from it
except by praying
i think we're old enough!"

I grew up
I sacrificed a lot
I bargained with my happiness
to buy the happiness of people
which I only remember
that their presence hurts me one day
I am here now
I learned from the past
I have to solve puzzles
not by cheating
Its gone by fixing it





Forsake Dance

Overview

They call it Forsake , that time when someone leaves you without a known reason . And they call it Dance , that when you get a great news and you just be the most lucky in the world , so you start by shaking and sing .

We call it " Forsake Dance " , that when we act like nothing is wrong trying to forget and show others that it's normal . We're okay , or we'll be .. I'm not sure yet !

And here the old boat
stopped us on an another station
In a normal day
but not quite passed
I used to be a cat sitter
that what they called me
I have a big great, boundless
attachment to pets
espically to cats
I had a cat
for a long moment
I was so attached to her
And she too
She was like a real friend
Not just a cat
I had a lovely long time with her

She rather sleep next to me
on my bed daily
She seldom accepted to stay
in her place for one night
she gets ahead of me
and go hiding under the duvet
She was taking the biggest part
And leave me sleeping in a little
corner from my bed
That's what makes me wonder
if I'm a cat
and she's the human



It was not an ordinary attachment

It was addictive

I was referring to her everything

My bed, my food, and my toys even

I was afraid of literally everything

And I get jealous if she gets

close to someone else

I had it noticeably and scary

And my parents was noticing

my strong attachment to her

I was a bit lax in my duties

and many priorities

I couldn't accept the idea

that one day she would go

and leave me

and still I cant

I had to leave her
and go to settle in another country
in order to complete high school
I left her with my dad
He stayed there for his work
I was trying to accept this at first
Convincing myself
that it will only be one year,
and then I will return to back
to where I belong
The first year passed hardly
I was always trying to forget
about it to focus on my studies
I was smooching her pics just
And make matters go worse

It's been two years
And in the third year
my father told me
that he could no longer
can take care of her any more
Because of his work intensity
and his frequent movement
from a city to another
I didn't get it at first
I thought it didn't matter
to me anymore
Or I pretend that
Yes, it has been more
than two years
But she left a lump beside me
that belongs to her

I'm not exaggerating

but I couldn't accept it

for a long time

It is like a mixture of madness,

wisdom, patience, sarcasm,

bitterness, despair

and compensation

This is a mixture I know well..

I've seen it in hundreds

of people before



Remember the feeling of
I've got too much happiness but my
pockets are too small to hold it all
This was at the beginning
When I owned my cat
And she was by my side
I was the happiest person,
but I didn't appreciate it
I just get sure that she's there
and wouldn't go
I didn't know the meaning of
parting at the time
but in some way somewhere
over the years
this feeling became now
I have bags and bags of emptiness
and I can't find what I'm looking for
and the happiness is gone



Losing a beloved pet is often an emotionally devastating experience. But the society do not realize how painful the loss of pets can be, and how harmful it is to our emotional and physical health. Symptoms of extreme sadness after the loss of a pet may extend to a month or two, with symptoms of sadness lasting for a whole year and maybe more .. Moreover, with our societal attitudes that call for responses such as "It's just an animal" and "You can have another one," it is possible that we are oblivious to the various aspects in which our lives are affected by the loss of pets (whether these are concrete or practical aspects) or psychological), which can blind us to the steps we need to take to reach recovery. This leaves a huge void in our lives that needs to be filled. It causes ripple effects

How can we accept parting ?

Don't try it, it's impossible, getting attached to things and craving them gradually ends when we just feel like they don't fit us anymore

They say you don't get over someone until you find someone or something better

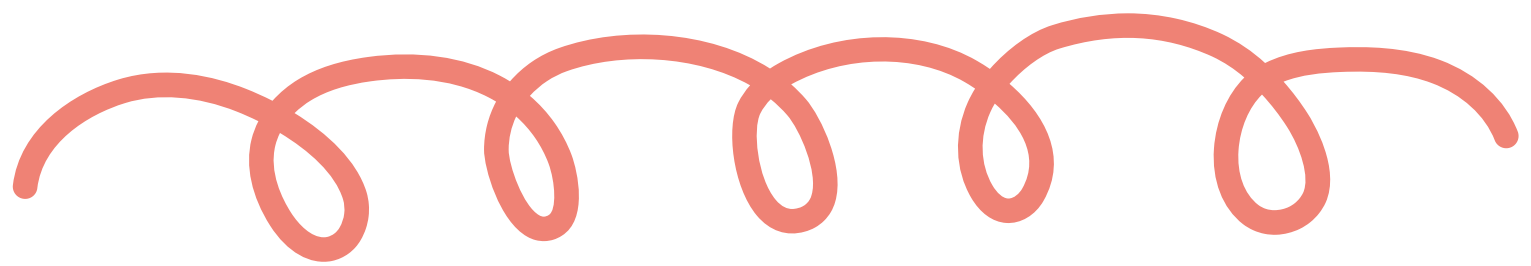
No empty space must be filled. immediately.

The pain of the void is very strong. The victim is forced to fill that place.

One moment with that empty spot causes terrible pain.

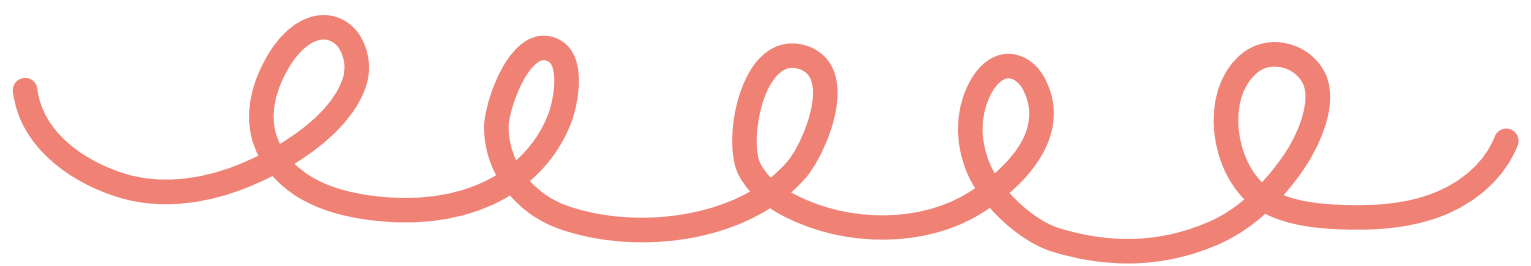
This is why we flee from distraction to another and from attachment to other





confused

feelings



"Telepathy"



Welcome
to Telepathic Anonymous .
Don't bother introducing
yourself .

When I smile I think of you
and when I think of you I smile

And vice versa ..

My heart leaps out of my chest going
around the room dancing ..

You know ,

If you give me a dollar every time I
think of you I would be a billionaire
now !

I don't know what they are called,
the spaces between seconds, but I
think of you always in those intervals."

You know ,

I never ever feel bored ,

Because I can't get you out of my head
so you're supposed to be here

Its your space .

You occupied it

although we're miles apart .

" Relax "

I am sorry for the encounter ,
till today I just wrote about leaving and
farewell, and because I stripped it of my
glorified dictionary, and because I became
subject to fate, so I believed in leaving a lot
and cried for it a lot, and I forgot the word of
meeting and the chance upon .



I was like someone who wanted
to say something,
to explode without warning
or apology,
but I didn't,
I was walking
towards the abyss silently
I always used to walk
toward it just without asking
why I am here
I was just waiting
for the results
without working to improve it

We don't know how it works. I didn't believe in that before .
it's just like when you think about someone before sleeping ,
and you see him in your dreams ! Horrible .

Everything is expressed in words , just words . Which makes
us cry

And what makes us happy

Including words that speak to our minds and hearts. You feel
like you know me

Even if you've never seen me

Tears flowing from eyes

Words by which we declare love

And sometimes parting

Whatever those words are

In the end she says .. who am I ?

and who are you ?

What we feel and how we think

The words are us !

Sharing emotions experienced souls,

empathy on unequivocal level .

it's like being made of glass .

Everything he thinks of is revealed to me

As same as I do .



Don't leave me lost in vain

All people are able to forget and live

Well , So why can't I forget .




I always been told
when someone leave me ,
he left cuz he wouldn't hurt me
or wouldn't wrong me with him !
Lo .. How could it hurts
when you're closed ?

The main reason of this wound
would be when you leave .

Pretending I'm fine in day ,
Standing in front of my window
tasting my tea at night .



" - Dear window , I'm missed ..
I know very well
that it does not hurt
by just standing behind you ,
as one who is waiting for something
or one who is curious
to reassure him again and again
that the things outside are still there ,
And that he's not yet dead
to lose them .
I shirk my face in the night of
your absolute glass ,
Maybe it will cover
my collapse ,
If I started to cry . "

A large, irregular splash of orange watercolor paint is centered on the page. The splash has a textured, slightly grainy appearance with varying shades of orange and some darker spots. The text is written in a black, handwritten-style font over the center of the splash.

The hour of
forsake

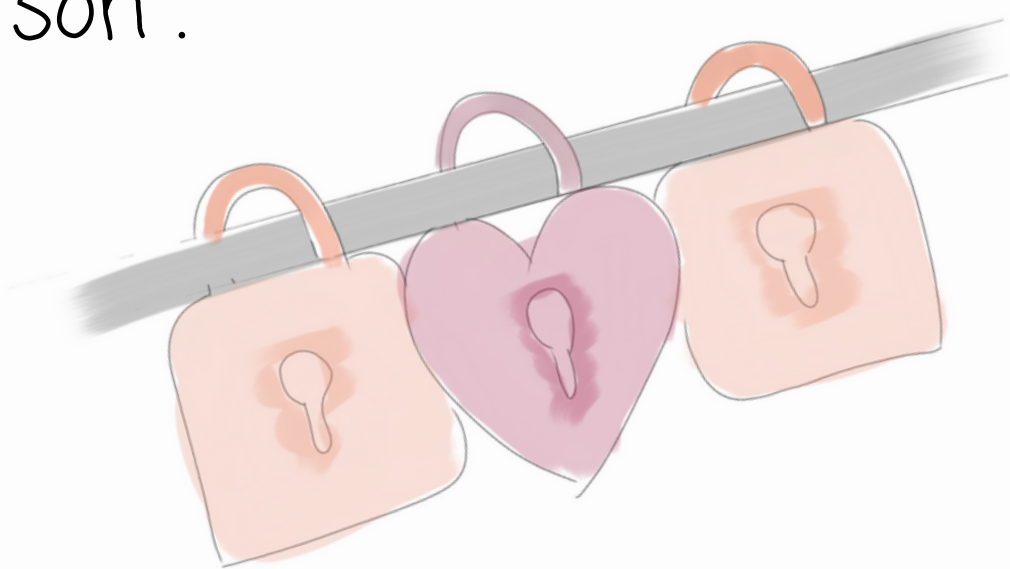
You owned my entire parts
You owned me in my entirety
How can you make me feel that ?
It's an impossible feeling in my mind
You're predicting my condition today
controlling how i'll act
How do you plant
your remains in my soul
You've strengthened my self-esteem.
I threw dreams, built hopes
As if who is his heart upright !
And to be back ?
No I letdown
You're sleeping
snug as a bug in a rug
And I spend the night
Smooching your pictures .

People, the place, the rituals,
and then comes the hour of parting,
that hour which may at times
seem easy to you ,
but is not so when I begin to pack my bags
and the hour of farewell comes ,
I may disappear from view
because i can't say goodbye to you .
Or I may
but with my eyes shedding many tears
that cannot stop.
And I can't long look at your face
because you remind me
of the long years
and the beautiful moments
I spent with you

I meditate on everything separately
and the memories
brings me back two years,
then three, then four
until I reach
what brings us back five years
and exactly to the first weeks
We spent in this place,
I had completely forgotten,
then i come back from my wanderings
and decide
to end this excavation in the past
because It will only
make it more difficult ..

You leave people ,
whom you spent a great period
of your life with ,
loved them and loved you ,
drew their presence more
than they were familiar with your presence ,
until they became
an integral part of your life
and your day is not complete
without seeing them and sitting with them
There may come days when you get bored
or complain about that situation
days when you get angry at someone
either because your mood is bad ,
or because his mood is like that

Then calm down and come back ,
you return to the harmony
of those people,
the place and the routine
you spend with them,
your conversation with them
in the morning,
your discussions with them
all along the day,
your expressive view of them
when something happens
that no one else understands,
a cup of tea with them
whose sweetness you find
only in sitting and talking with
this particular person .



Don't go.

Think about all the situations

that happened between us

and how we solved them till today

How did we hold on to every promise

we swore in ..

All corners miss you in this house

come back

Look at me today.

I am getting lost

because of my worries

I didn't see the dreams

and didn't even sleep

I think of everything

I try to understand

what made you go , wondering ..

My day is lost, killed

I miss seeing the eyes.

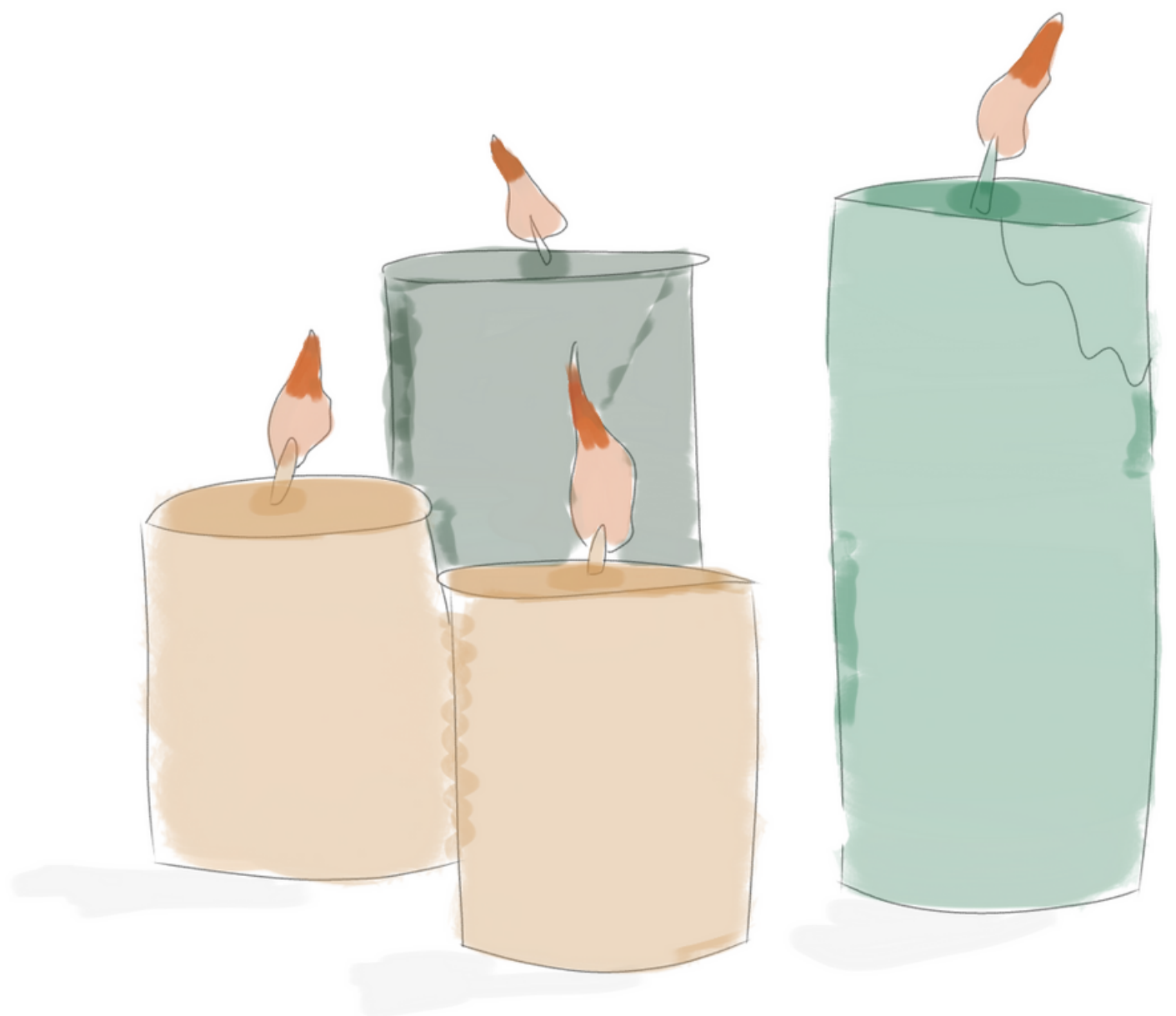
which I be the happiest one in the universe

when i contemplate in them .

You leave me and move away,
and I found myself surrounded by people,
but I nevertheless feel a severe loneliness.
I remember an old situation
that happened between us and I laughed
without messing with those around me
and I remain wandering,
remembering some details,
then I feel longing and sad,
then I amuse myself with something else,
trying to forget, but I can not
I will continue to experience
conflicting feelings of sadness,
longing, joy and anger,
and then calm down after as well
as the calm that follows it a fierce storm
until I reach the stage of silence,
and I listen with no comment.
Diplomacy or something else ? ..

If you just realize
that everything in my life has changed,
the time, the place,
the people
and everything around me
has changed radically,
either I adapt or I don't,
there is no other solution,

That what I do when I wake up the first
day after brokeup
I check my phone and I open the chat to
text you
then I remember
the heartrending last night ,
So I go back to bed
rest on pillow ,
Planning new life without you ..



How dare he not fight harder
for this relationship ?

How dare something end
that was so promising and beautiful ?

But most importantly,

how dare I – an outspoken feminist,

constantly touting \

women's independence,

glory, power, resilience ,

a betray women

by behaving like my life

was over because of something

as trivial as a breakup ?

What had really happened here ?

I had lost a man, a friend, a partner,

but I hadn't lost myself

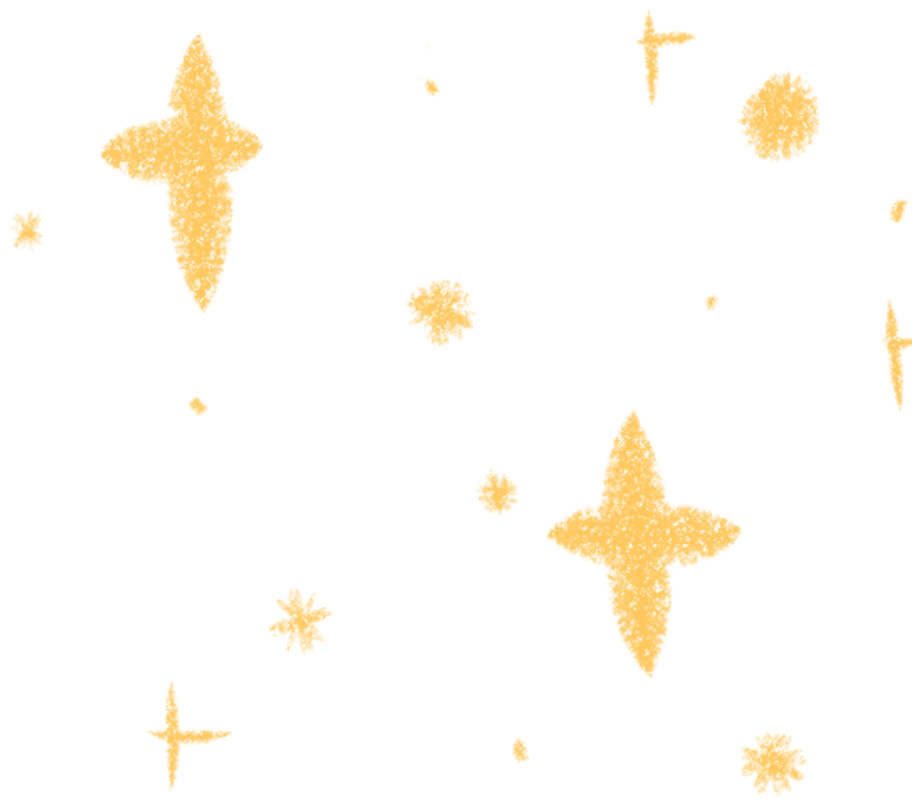
Or still I will ..

Wondering ..

When i lost a partner, I lost
the planned future I imagined
with him ,
those little jokes understood
by just the both of us ,
the easy access we permitted
each other, and in some cases
– I might even lost a friend .
Wondering that ..



I wage war against you every day
whether I leave a longing message or not
the decision ends with not leaving because
you liked forsake ..



When the night comes,
its darkening curtains,
the trumpets of memory sound
in my heart,
the drums of longing sound,
a voice calling out
from the extremes of conscience,
a firman emanating
from a confused heart,
announcing the approaching time
of its exhaustion

When you said goodbye
you didnt tell me how to escape
from the bitterness of loss
and from the night smacks ,
and how to tell
that cat sitting on my windows
that there is no longer something
that distinguishes her,
as she enjoys waiting,
and as she lurks in passers-by
as she stays on the window branch,
Same as i am now ..
As for the great similarity
between us

she spends the rest of her night
gloomy and lonely,
and I stay up the night
with memories and loneliness..
while your night is spent
with your new loved ones
who you know will leave you ..
A bit of light I realized
when I came
alone in the dark and you left me
with no choice
but to climb the sky
and pick out the light of a star,
to bring back the light you stole

Own My
Mistakes



I have a fear of getting too deep in relationships
Because I'm not superficial ,
I'm overly deep
I don't mean I have no limits
I memorize even the tone and the eye's attention .

I can't be real with myself anymore ,
in the most difficult circumstances
Where is he who promised me to be there?
I'm alone after promises
Physically trapped, insecure.
Where are the ones who said
They'll challenge the world with me
no matter what happens
And when I gave my heart to them
they had excuses ..
Forgive them , my little heart
They took you
and sent you back broken to pieces
Now I found nothing but myself alone
I trust only myself and my eyes
Only she saw what happened to me
She was crying at me in the hardest days .

I killed my heart with my own hands
Sorry, my poor heart, I'm the one
who loved

I broke him a lot in the moments of
my love , and I swallowed him in
pain in the moment of my sadness ,
and I took him without hesitation to
give him to someone else .

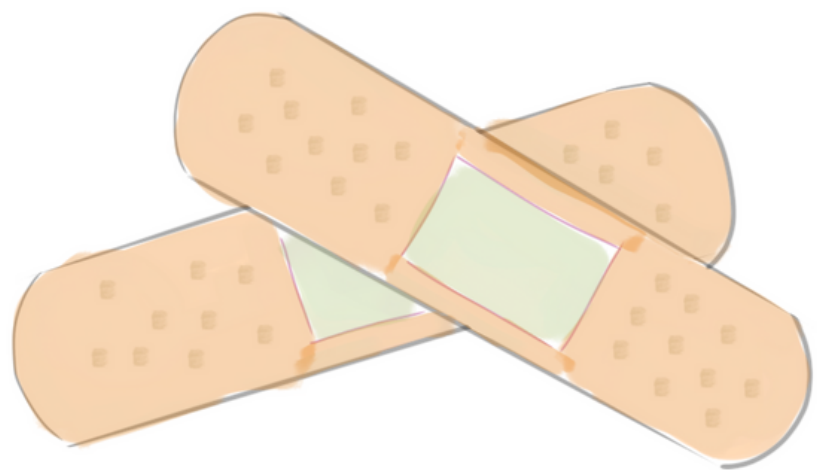
Sorry, my soul , who has been hurt ,
you've endured alot

I'm sorry for everything that was

I'm sorry to my poor heart

For bringing people into you who
don't deserve that .

What is my poor heart's fault ?
To wake him from his slumber
After abandoning the damned passion
And forget the wound of the years
and return it to longing and nostalgia
Then you left away,
And my harmed heart
returns to his sad place
and drown in crying and whining ..
Don't put ice on my wound
Even if I took the thorns out of it
Its effect will remain



Our world is full of internal
and external conflicts

Our inner struggle lies
in our emotions

that we cannot control

For example, we cannot control the
heart and tell it who to love
and who to hate.

That is the work of the heart
"voluntarily."

A person is compelled to love, because
that is the work of the heart, and it is
he who controls it.

The heart is attached
to what is called destiny.

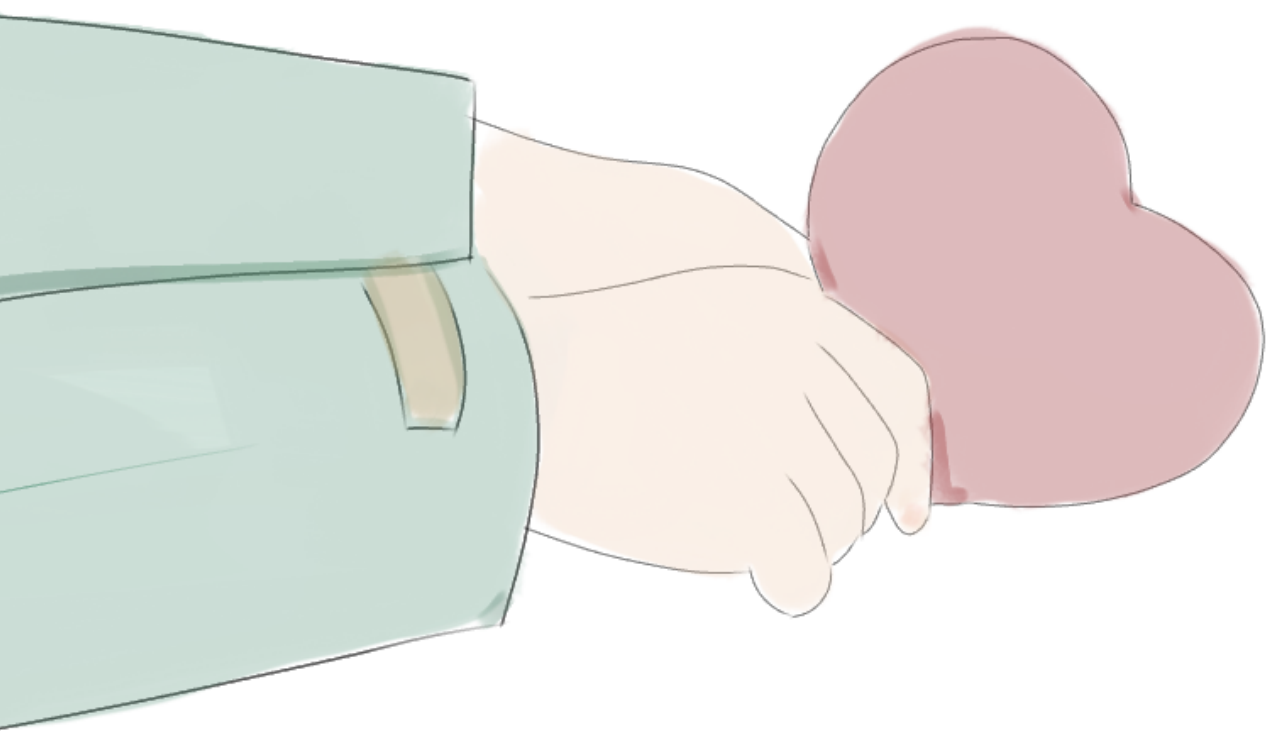
Everything that happens in our lives
is planned by fate,
whether good or bad
love or hate

Destiny writes our day
and we implement it voluntarily.

This is because fate is our life,
so everything that happens
in an individual's life
must be called destiny

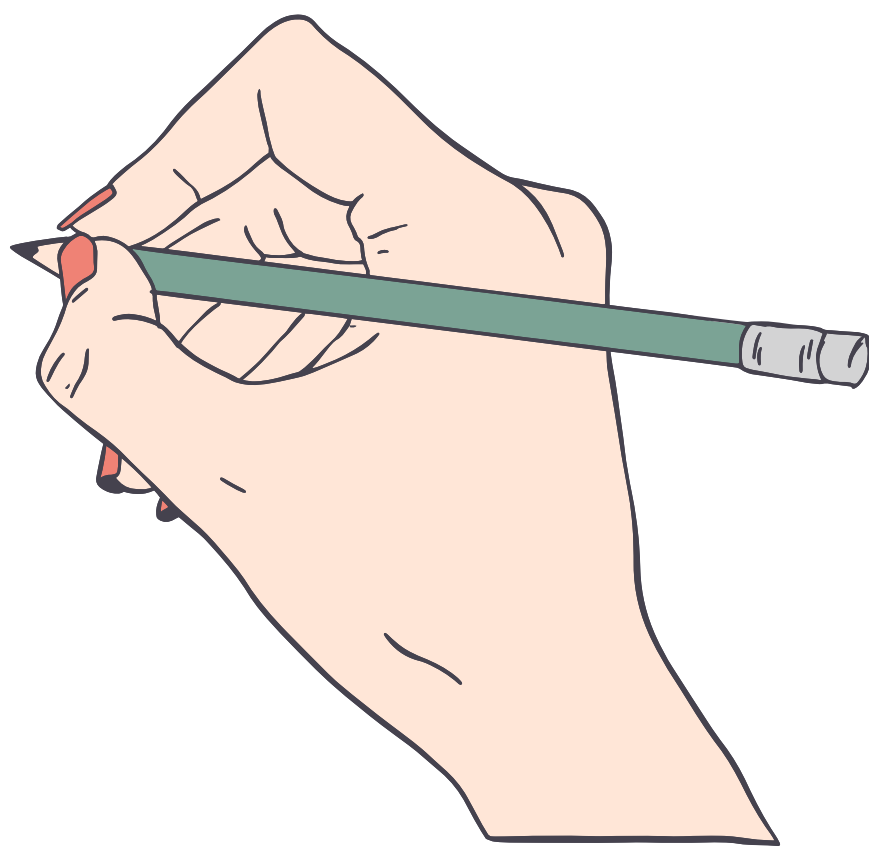
This heart, when it beats with love,
is a measure,
even if it is love at first sight,
as they say .

As for external conflicts,
It resides
in the environment around us
and the good and bad in the hearts
of the people around us
This is also the measure of fate
Fate and its measures
are related to internal
and external conflicts as well
We must name everything
that happens around us as destiny
And the victim of all this
is your heart
just your heart
who will feel despair and loss ..



I keep wondering
why I gave away parts from myself
that I actually need ..
I used to have this bad habit
I told people that loved them
with all my heart

As a gift



I always wanted to give you some advices as a gift after forsake that i hesitated to tell you before .
Some advices that I learned from them after deserted .
Just to be careful from in your new relationships so you dont make as same as my mistake .

The next time you love
dont drown in her .

Dont let her be the saltwater
ocean that makes its way into
your lungs until air doesnt
taste good anymore

same as I did ..

Dont be the giving .

Be giving but not in the ways I
have been

Dont give her night stories
and love unless theres an
open road in front of you .

same as I did too ..

By going on
on that long journey
I suddenly found out
something old ..
this is the letter I wrote
to someone
but never send
- Dear - ..

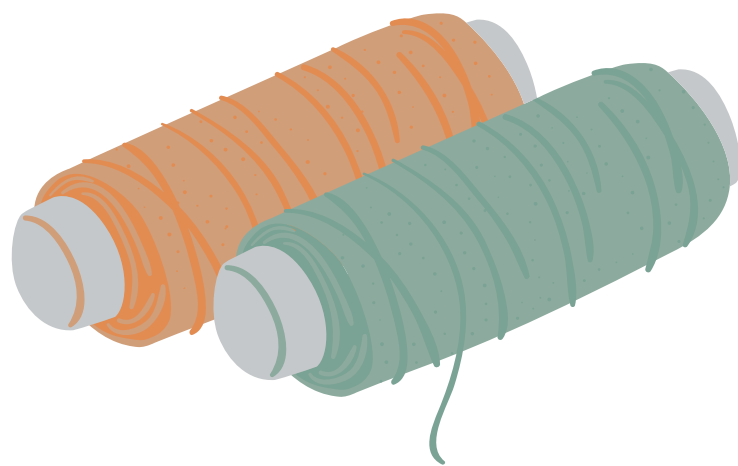
Im tired
of wanting things
that cant be mine
Of leaving choas behind me
of ending everything badly
how do I get over this .

Don't be gentle either ..

Don't turn your fingers into
hooks for her to hang up her
tired ..

and don't turn your words
into band aids .. Don't be the
pillow she comes to you when
she needs to empty her head
of all her broken .

She'll not appreciate that



There's this beast
and her hands are broken
and her teeth are sharp
but some are missing
and she'll come to you
thinking you're a hospital ..

You are

You are

so you'll heal her nursing her all
every bone reset
every wound stitched
every missing part replaced



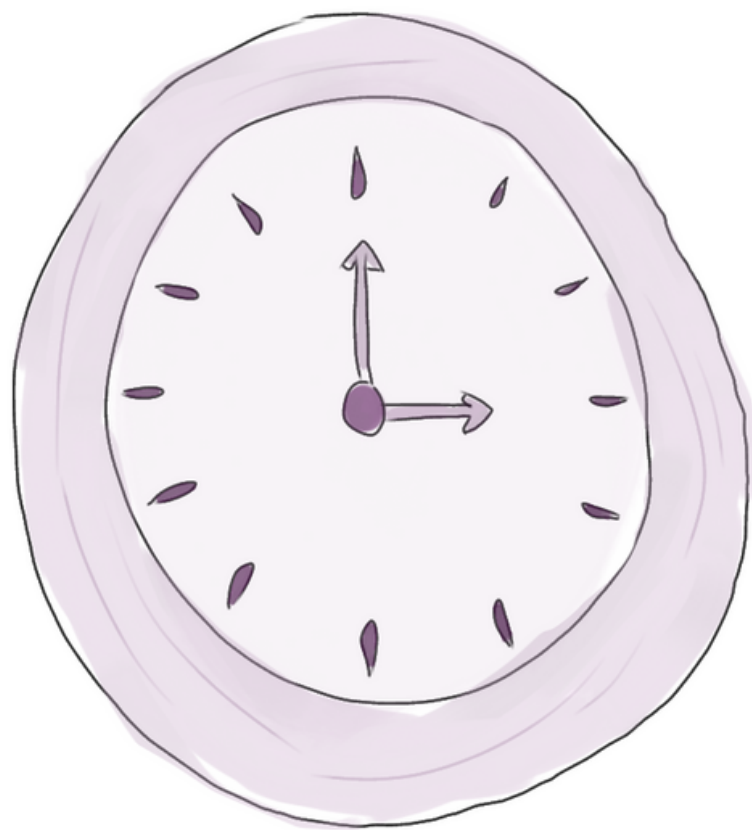
And there shell stand ,
Beast again
so shell dig her claws into your
chest
and rip pieces of you
I sure you deserve
and shell blame you for healing
him
blame you for bleeding ..
Dammit you apologize
you will
but if you read this in time
then i hope you bite your tongue ..
understand
that your kindness should never
warrant an apology
and otherwise its wrong

You always wanted to be the one
who leaves
but she's threatening that
because for the first time ever
you want to stay
and this vulnerability scares you
so you don't just look for a way out
you make one ,
You dug with your nails
and she holds your hands and
ask where all the dirt comes from
Why you're always sore
Why you collect plastic spoons

Wondering

Its you
you just smile and shrug your
shoulders .

Ill tell you tonight you say
knowing damn well
youll be gone before the sun
even sets



Your heart keeps landing
in the hands of people
who have a bad habit of taking it
whether you offer or not
chewing it up
until its something
youre no longer recognize
spitting it out
and telling you it just wasnt what
they were looking for .



My biggest dream with you
is to protect my heart
and not betray it
but you broke me,
And now I'm going
with what's left
on the rest of my life
that I gave
And if they ask you about me,
be honest
And tell them I left her alone to suffer
Don't bother writing Scenario

Ill give you the world
you say to all the people
you meet and learn to love
but you keep giving
until nothing left for you
until you feel an emptiness
inside you
and you stay up
night after night
trying to fill the space
with things that cannot stay
like the saved messages
but memories always last

same as i was

Run away



Why do I always run away or
ruin things whenever I feel like
things are going bad in my life ?

What's wrong with me ?

Even if its going good

I can't stand up and fight to win

I can't escape that

All I do is going away

leaving behind

So that I don't have to face new

things every time

Just by going on .

Just escaping from reality

I always wanted to learn new
things and open new pages
Not to learn from my
experiences

Or maybe I wanted that
but I couldn't
didn't get it ..

Run away from every
relationship

And every problem I do
I run away hoping that
everything will get better
without trying to improve it
Just hope for things

Without fixing the past
Just regret that now

I was running behind everything

before But now I can't risk

anymore just like

Someone left me

cut

next

Losing something expensive

cut

next

I almost got to something but it

came back all over

cut

next

A situation that requires me to

justify and give a reason

Just cutting and skip to next

Coexistence and Acceptance

I was always required
to coexist and accept anything
I was against
It's like living with people I don't
feel comfortable being with
And accept the school
that I don't feel I belong to
That is why I am now
stopping at nothing
I just forget and keep going
I am forced to accept my
surroundings



We often look for that place
where no one knows us
in order to talk about what we feel,
and find someone who understands
what is going on in our daily episodes,
and the events that are constantly
repeated, with a feeling of fear
and anxiety about the things
that revolve around us,
no one realizes the accumulations
that lie within us
and fight our thoughts after midnight,
when we close all the doors on
ourselves and only the music remains

That music

In which we find many words

that tell what we saw,

the letters that touch our hearts,

and our tears shed on a memory

whose owners are no longer present,

everything that happens and will

happen are only improvised episodes,

This day will come

and these episodes will end

and the lines will be written

at their end

The waters of destiny evaporate,
forming that cloud
that destroys your mind,
hides your sun,
breaks your heart,
and takes your insight to destruction,
to end up chasing its mirage
until it drowns
in the shocks of raindrops.
Then you have to be patient
until your lights hope shines again.

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that destroys your mind,
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until it drowns
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Then you have to be patient
until your lights hope shines again.

Confrontation is strength
and run away is weakness,
face your failure
and do not run from it,
face your weakness
and do not deny it,
face your success and take care of it,
face your sins and confess them,
reality is reality,
whether we like it or not,
admit it or deny
flee will only make it more complicated

unlimited coincidences



Throughout this journey of life
we meet many people along the way
But I believe
that every situation with every person
we see in our way is called
a coincidence
And if anyone smiles at me,
it's just a coincidence
For every coincidence, there is a reason
Something very beautiful follows it
No matter how strange
the coincidence is
But it has a big and unknown reason
wondering that

"It's a moment I'll remember forever,
because it belongs to me."

22/7/2022

After 3 years , the family decided
to go again
to that beautiful public garden
Gnaiah - with its fresh air
and the shade of its trees .

They prepared to go out,
and no one told me
where we were going
for wherever they would go
we would have a good time.
On the way while I was in the car,
I was surprised by their destination,
where I had loved that garden
and I smiled as I remembered
how I had met that quiet person
When he hit me by his ball
while playing football
and I just passed between them
with my hateful look
and how we became friends
after that .

I wondered ..

I felt like I was going back to the past
three years ago at that moment,
and I was strayed for a short time
as I recalled the memories.

An hour later,

we arrived, and we get off the cars
were the children were excited

I stood looking at the place
in astonishment..

everything has been the same
for years

Even the existing families
were the same ones
that used to frequent the place..

I took a chair
to my favorite place
and sat watching
my little cousins swimming
from afar .

and suddenly ..

I saw him coming from afar

with his usual gait..

Strange even he did not change ..

He was looking for a place to sit,

he passed by me twice

and did not notice me

I felt deep sadness

I felt depressed

after I was happy to be there,

Did he not recognize me ?

Did he intentionally ignore me ?

Did my features changed that much ?

In the midst of my questions,

and my confusion

saparated from everyone

He came closer and said ,
Welcome back, what a surprise
I haven't seen you in years..
What a nice surprise is this ?!
I passed by your family
without seeing you
I smiled and greeted,
and thanked him
because he still remembers me ..
I don't know why I get this
The feeling that I get attached to
things and do not forget them
No matter how old
And no matter how dusty it hid
Someone I didn't even know
I just see it every time I visit that park

Until I got home

After my awful memory struggle

I got a follow up notification

from someone

If it is that same quiet person

This is what I did not expect to happen

after such a coincidence like that

I fall for raw conversation,
those in which I know the person
Is not playing,
Not pretending
to be someone they aren't.
I fall for carefree,
inadvertent smiles,
those which aren't intended
to impress another.
I fall for what is real, I fall for souls,
not the skin carrying it.

Because we were looking
at the same sky together,
which is maybe more intimate
than eye contact anyway.
Anybody can look at you.
It's quite rare
to find someone who sees
the same world you see.

But it's true,
you can fall in love with people's souls.
With peoples gestures,
hearts and morals.
With people's smiles
And with people's minds
without exchanging much looks ,
Giving greets,
And without saying a single word

Do you ever feel something
But cannot describe?
and then one random day
you finally find the right
words to frame it either
Through a book,
or a movie, a show or a person,
just by yourself even,
anything at all.
What an absolute liberating feeling
that is like yes
that's exactly how I felt
and I wish
I had found these set of words earlier,
I could've been at peace within my heart.

Life is full of luck,
like getting dealt a good hand,
or simply by being in the right place
at the right time.

Some people get luck
handed to them,

a second chance, a save.

It can happen heroically,
or by a simple coincidence ,

but there are those

who don't get luck

on a shiny platter,

who end up in the wrong place

at the wrong time,

who don't get saved

To move on Reminders



I am strong

I can do that

Easy to do

I dont need , and i will not ask for help

It will be done by me just

..

That what I used to say

to convince myself

that I can solve every single thing

by myself just

I always preferred to work alone

not by a team work

I allways wanted to leave my ideas

and thoughts

to me

and I always wanted to fix my wrongs

without needing for someone to help

This is not selfish

How can you get it

Reminder 1

You always own the option
of having no opinion.

There is never any need to get worked up
or to trouble your soul
about things you can't control.

These things are not asking
to be judged by you. Just leave them alone.



I dont care

Its your view

Its a freedom

none of your business

I know the right

..

That's what I've always wanted to say

to anyone interfering with me

Yes, I have to listen to opinions,

but I do not have to accept it

and work in it

It's only their views

and passing words

And it can be offensive at times

and it may be right at other times

But these are just people's opinions

It shouldn't affect me

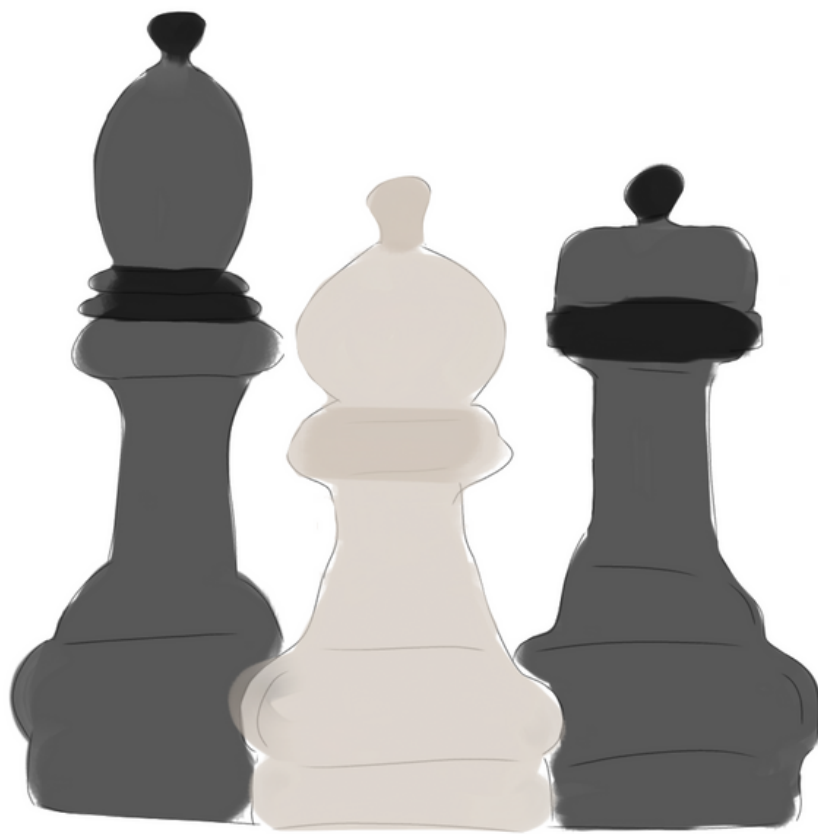
But this is completely different

from advices

I think

Reminder 2

No one can compel me
in his own way as he wants
For me to become joyful and happy,
each of us can search
for his happiness and joy
in the way he wants
and as the right way seems to him,
provided that he does not
forget the freedom of others and their rights
to the same thing.



They rather forsake

Its okay

Its the human nature

I shouldn't beg anyone to stay

..

You will meet a lot of people

Those who are characterized by hatred

like camels

They erase you from your first mistake

they don't forgive

Unless you beg them

and do a lot to get them

to accept your forgiveness

Because they think

that no one lasts for anyone

so they are ending their relationships

that it could last

Just because of this ridiculous principle

that they planted with their limited minds

Reminder 3

Don't live waiting for anyone
Who does not consider your presence
as a gain for him ,
Don't consider his absence a loss to you

Its in the past

move on now

Youre older now

Dont regret it

Work for new things

..

I think I am stuck in the past

in memories

in old relationships

I think I have to go back

to the past

to fix all of these

I may feel someties

that I need to make some changes

but I just think that it will be done

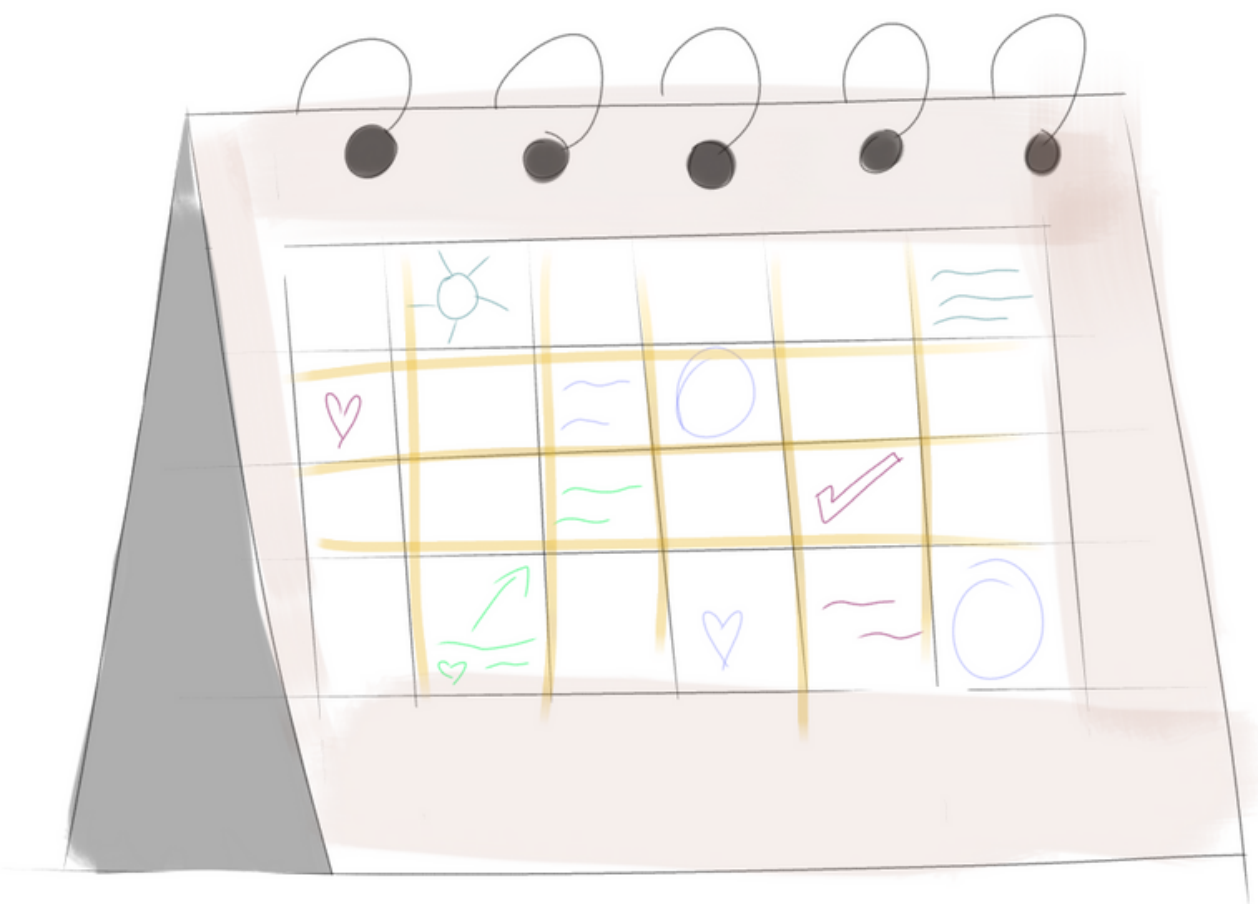
by going back

I didnt notice even that the future is waiting

calling me to start solving the present

Reminder 4

If you want to be happy,
do not dwell in the past,
do not worry about the future,
focus on living fully in the present."



I have alot of time left

Why should I hurry?

I'll fix it tomorrow,

I want to rest today

..

I thought I had enough time

I forgot to take care of my duties

That's what I thought

When I was nine years old

I said I'm young

Why should I start

developing myself from now

And now I'm nineteen years old

Ten years have passed

and I am postponing my work

to the next day

And that's what I regret right now

Reminder 5

Don't postpone today's work for tomorrow

Organize Your time

Because when tomorrow comes,

you will have completely new priorities

And you will say about yesterday's work

that it is not important

And not within your today's plan

Work at yourself today

then rest tomorrow

that how things go on

I've seen a saying for someone

that says

Work at yourself on the first 20 years

and leave your rest of your life to rest

You will ensure your comfort

and ensure that all your duties are completed

The End

If you are a boat that
wants to sail in windy weather,
You must be more stubborn
than the waves .

Sailing in an old boat is a long way
And that boat sails us to dead ends
and severe difficulties

And at the end of every road
there will be great reason and wisdom

A story of life

To go here

Whether it is memories of the past

Or the difficulties of the present

or the planning of the future

This is what the old boat will take us to



Sailing by an Old boat

Going through wrong ways is better than running back .

*The wrong way always seems the more reasonable ,
We're taught to do things the right way. But if you want to
discover something that other people haven't, you need to do
things the wrong way. Initiate a failure by doing something
that's very silly, unthinkable, naughty, dangerous. Watching
why that fails can take you on a completely different path.
It's exciting, actually. To me, solving problems is a bit like a
drug. You're on it, and you can't get off.*