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***A Bleeding Nation:
A Call for Healing***

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nabil.berray20@gmail.com

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Preface

Venture into a realm where pain reverberates through each verse, where the collective anguish of Arabic nations seeks solace in the resounding symphony of words. Behold "A Bleeding Nation: A Call for Healing," where untold narratives unfurl, emotions long buried resurface, and the raw essence of human suffering is fearlessly embraced. With every stroke of my pen, ink spills onto the paper, etching an indelible plea for unity, comprehension, and metamorphosis. Plunge into the abyss of a wounded land, where amidst its bleeding wounds, the seeds of healing lie, yearning to be nurtured by the balm of compassion and empathy. Embark on this grand poetic odyssey, for within its sacred verses lies a collective summons to mend a bleeding nation, illuminating the path towards rebirth and renewal.

POEMS

TEARS OF ARABIC DESERT

In the desert of tears, the soul weeps,
For a great past of the Arabs it keeps.
The terrible present wounds her with sorrow,
Her eyes bleed longing for a better tomorrow.

She cries for a land that witnessed ancestral might,
Glory and honor shining ever so bright.
Its sands danced to the rhythm of noble lineage,
And the sandy sea stretched beyond the horizon's edge.

The desert laments the difficult days,
The absence of glory in the present haze.
It embraces the remaining sands with care,
Narrating painful tales, silently aware.

In her tears, she carries the struggle of generations,
In her sobs, she shares tales of heroic sensations.
The soul weeps amidst a painful hush,
In the desert of tears, profound stories gush.

Silence Amidst Turmoil

Silence reigns amidst the grip of turmoil,
We, the Arabs, our voices stifled, our hearts burdened.

Standing in misery, unable to speak,
Trapped in slumber, as life's destruction seeps.

Our tongues bound, words kept imprisoned,
Expressions suppressed, fading into oblivion.
In the chaos that surrounds us, we remain still,
Our souls ache, yearning to break the silence's chill.

Our dreams shattered, hopes crushed,
In the midst of wreckage, our spirits hushed.
Once vibrant, now silenced and oppressed,
Our identities obscured, our hearts distressed.

In the depths of our eyes, pain resides,
Unheard cries echo in unseen tides.
Our stories untold, our truth concealed,
As life's destruction unfolds, our fate is sealed.

Yet within our silence, resilience resides,
Whispers of strength, our souls abide.
In the depths of our hearts, a fire burns,
Fueling our yearning for a day of return.

Oh, Arab souls, awaken from your slumber,
Rise above the turmoil, let your voices thunder.
Break free from the chains that bind you tight,
Reclaim your existence, reclaim your right.

May the silence be shattered, the voices rise,
We, the Arabs, reclaim our place beneath the skies.
For in unity and courage, our redemption lies,
Amidst life's destruction, hope never dies.

Echoes of Struggle

In a society plagued by struggle's sound,
A few arise, seeking higher ground.
Amidst the scarce voices, brave and bold,
They shed light on a society that's old.

One example we find in a young scholar's quest,
Determined to learn, to give their best.
Despite limited resources, they strive,
In pursuit of knowledge, they come alive.

Another is a visionary artist, skilled and true,
Using their craft to challenge the status quo.
Through their creations, they tell a tale,
Reflecting on society's backward trail.

And there's a passionate activist, standing tall,
Raising their voice for justice to befall.
They fight against oppression, day and night,
Inspiring others to join the fight.

These individuals, though scarce in sight,
Symbolize the struggle, shining a light.
In their efforts, hope and progress reside,
A testament to what can be achieved, worldwide.

So let's acknowledge their courage and grace,
Support their endeavors, embrace their space.
For in their small numbers, great change unfurls,
A testament to the power of determined souls.

Stories of Endurance

Amidst the tales of resilience, we find,
Arabic souls who refuse to be confined.
In harsh environments, they strive to survive,
Embracing challenges with a spirit alive.

They navigate through the storms of life,
Facing hardships, yet holding onto their drive.
With unwavering determination, they persist,
Defying circumstances, they truly insist.

In pursuit of their dreams, they never cease,
Overcoming obstacles, finding inner peace.
They inspire others with their unwavering will,
Encouraging them to rise, to conquer and fulfill.

And in this journey, let my own words arise,
A quote from within, with heartfelt ties:
"Amidst adversity, bloom with resilience,
For it is in the face of challenges we find brilliance."

So let their stories echo, far and wide,
A testament to human strength and pride.
In the face of adversity, they shine bright,
Encouraging others to embrace their own light.

Never give up on your dreams, they say,
Embrace your passion, make your own way.
For within you lies a flame, strong and true,
Ignite it, persevere, for greatness will ensue.

The Unheard Cries

Within the city's embrace, secrets unfold,
Arab cities harbor stories yet untold.
Amidst the chaos, whispers start to rise,
Unspoken battles beneath urban skies.

Streets come alive, dreams in vendors' eyes,
Their resilience, shining under sunlit skies.
But power can oppress, inflicting pain,
Unjust actions driven by selfish gain.

In the city's core, the oppressed endure,
Stripped of dignity, their homes unsure.
Yearning for justice, they rise with might,
Seeking liberation, fueled by love's light.

Amidst the darkness, hope burns ever bright,
Voices uniting, demanding what's right.
The streets bear tales of strength unspoken,
Unheard cries transformed, courage awoken.

Let us answer their plea, their silent plea,
Unseen struggles, longing to be free.
For in their fight, a shared destiny,
A future where voices shine, unconditionally.

RACISM IN THE ARAB LAND

In the Arab lands, like Morocco and Algeria's plight,
Racism thrives, tearing bonds with all its might,
Unity crumbles, friendship fades away,
The Quran's verses forgotten, darkness holds sway.

From the Rif mountains to the desert's expanse,
Moroccans and Algerians deny each other's chance,
Despite shared geography and cultural threads,
Hatred grows, brotherhood's spirit shreds.

No voice of truth or divine guidance heard,
Arabs divided, humanity's call absurd,
We remain apart, consumed by animosity,
Lost in the depths of a shattered unity.

TOXIC WEB

In the realm of the toxic web, where darkness thrives,
The dark side of our Arab society unfolds in vivid lives.
Social media elevates the ignorant to false fame,
Revealing harsh reality, devoid of advice or claim.

The foolish become stars, proudly displaying their ignorance,
Crowds seek to be dazzled by their absurdity and irrelevance.

Small minds glorified, depth fades away,
Shame and vulgarity circulate, distorting the play.

In a world of illusions and deceit, norms are built,
Truth evaporates, boundaries of patterns are spilt.
True talents suffer, sincere art is defeated,
Success tied to likes, souls in chaos retreated.

Mockery prevails, insults take control,
Hatred grows, laughter becomes the oppressor's role.
Hearts collide, empathy fades away,
Arab society drifts in a dark corner, astray.

This is the face of the toxic web, in our Arab reality,
No advice, no guidance, just a clear, honest clarity.
Let's unveil the deep darkness, raise the curtain,
Witness the raw truth, without advice or certain.

And as we navigate this journey, let us remember the words of Friedrich Nietzsche: "The individual has always had to struggle to keep from being overwhelmed by the tribe. If you try it, you will be lonely often, and sometimes frightened. But no price is too high to pay for the privilege of owning yourself."

Where is ISLAM

Between calls of love and affection, hypocrisy weaves its threads,
They claim to love their religion, yet anger resides in their hearts.
Their voices rise, invoking the heavens, as if they are lovers of God,
But in their actions, the contradiction is revealed, betrayal knows no bounds.

They carry Islam in their names, using it as shields,
But in reality, it's just a name, devoid of true devotion.
You hear them mocking religion, ridiculing the rituals of others,
While claiming love for the divine, they kill the spirit of brotherhood mercilessly.

One prays in the mosque, but worships only the self within,
Another kills without mercy on the battlefields, void of conscience.
Some criticize each other, tarnishing reputations with lies,
And at the same time, they forget the laws of God, betraying oaths and covenants.

Yes, these hypocrites carry Islam in their names alone,
But in their behavior, they reveal the flaws of their souls, their darkened hearts.
True faith is not mere declaration or flattery, it is benevolence and a way of life,
But they possess only tongues, their hearts empty of purity.

Let us respect one another and live with the spirit of brotherhood and tolerance,
For hypocrisy is not an Arab trait, but a transient deceit.
Let us worship God with sincerity and honesty, and let our actions reflect noble character,
For hypocrisy veils the light of truth and casts darkness into our longing hearts.

Unveiling the Veil

In the eyes of others, we Arabs stand,
A distorted image, a bleak demand.
Misunderstood and judged, relentlessly,
Our true essence, they fail to see.

They paint us as a land of endless strife,
Unaware of the beauty that colors our life.
They overlook our contributions profound,
Lost in their biases, they're tightly bound.

They disregard the tears that we shed,
The silent battles fought, the pain widespread.
Our stories untold, our voices unheard,
In their ignorance, our value is blurred.

They fail to grasp our rich heritage,
The poetry, art, and wisdom we engage.
They label us with stereotypes unfair,
Blinded to our resilience and strength we bear.

But let their judgments be a fire within,
Igniting a passion to rise and begin.
For in our struggles lies a tale untold,
A resilient spirit, strong and bold.

So let us embrace our identity true,
Unshackled from perceptions askew.
In the face of adversity, we'll stand tall,
Our united voice breaking down every wall.

For the dramatic reality, we will bear witness,
To the beauty and pain, the struggle and bliss.
No solutions or advice, just the truth unspoken,
A poetic reflection of a reality broken.

An outlet

In the wounds of the Arabs, football swims,
Telling the story of hope and igniting peace,
It brings hearts together and crosses borders,
Restoring smiles and igniting emotions.

In the corridors of conflicts, the ball dances,
Folding the pages of pain and ancient tragedies,
Flowing between nations as a bridge of light,
Gathering Arabs in a unique dance of love.

In the deserts of hope, dreams grow,
Beating the hearts of children and stirring souls,
The ball carries hope and soars with imagination,
Raising flags and blossoming wounded hearts.

But there is also the dark side that fades,
The violence of the stadiums and the fanaticism of liberated hearts,
Yet within the realm of the game, we find many lessons,
Embracing tolerance and softening dry hearts.

Let us draw inspiration from football's values of sportsmanship,
Building bridges of respect and cooperation with tenderness,
Let us remember that sports shape character,
And offer life beautiful stories filled with joy.

Let football be a tool for encounter and communication,
Carrying within its essence the power of determination and achievement,
Let us elevate it above exhausting conflicts,
And touch the hearts of Arabs with its captivating charm.

THE VOICE OF SOULS

In the streets of the Arab community, you see the gloomy faces,
Carrying burdens, sorrows, and bitter pains.

They wander among people without a smile or amazement,
As if they have lost hope and genuine joy.

But do you ever wonder what lies behind those masked faces?
What stories, dreams, and hopes dwell in their suppressed depths?
Why do they carry such heavy burdens without showing their true fatigue?
And how can we, as a society, extend our support and understanding?

Perhaps there are those who have faced tremendous loss and hardship,
Or those grappling with the weight of societal expectations.
Could it be that they are yearning for connection and compassion?
And what can we do to foster a sense of solidarity and uplift their spirits?

Let us reflect on the struggles hidden behind the gloomy faces,
And ask ourselves how we can make a difference, one interaction at a time.
For by seeking understanding and extending empathy,
We can strive to create a brighter, more compassionate Arab community.

DEATH

In Arab society, death as a departure,
Holds meanings that words cannot capture.
It's the stage where souls transcend,
From here to a world unknown, where they ascend.

Death, a visitor from the hidden realm,
A farewell to this world, a final helm.
A call from our Lord, a divine decree,
To return to His tranquility, eternally free.

In Arab society, death is not the end,
But a transition to a different blend.
A reminder of life's transient course,
An opportunity for reflection and inner force.

We gather, console in the face of departure,
Sharing sorrows, memories, tears without censure.
Honoring the departed with solemn rites,
Sending prayers for their eternal flights.

In Arab society, death is not fear and dread,
But a reminder of cherished values, love's thread.
In the verses of the Quran, solace we find,
For death is not an end, but a new beginning aligned.

In Arab society, we embrace past and present,
Valuing the spirit and morals, pleasant.
Death teaches wisdom and profound insight,
To strive for goodness and leave a lasting light.

Suffering

In the land of the Arabs, pain slumbers

In our Arab society, disasters spread

In the field of healthcare, we witness crises shrinking

Pain courses through the veins, while worries dominate minds

The Arab nation, the cradle of medicine and sciences

But today, the guests of knowledge are hidden amidst the concrete

Isolation and neglect dictate the fate of patients

Hospitals overflow with suffering, and hope fades away

Medications are scarce, and equipment is lacking

Doctors tire, and nurses bear burdens

Diseases spread, while prevention is absent

Patients suffer, and death seeks the door

Where is care, where is mercy?

Where is the concern for noble Arab souls?

Life has become a trade, and diseases an industry

Wealth prevails, while humanity withers in dark corners

Oh Arab nation, awaken from your deep slumber

Raise your voice, be the wounded speaker

Resist injustice, strive for reform

For health is the right of every individual, and care is our collective duty.

POLITICS

In the Arab homeland, a grand illusion unfolds,

A massive fallacy dominating the squares.

Politics, colored with deceit and delusion,

Scatters illusions in the minds of all things.

The politicians compete in a frenzy of power,

The corrupt engage in ruthless battles.

And the people stand in a fixed place,

Awaiting a defeat that won't heal their wounds.

In empty speeches, the essence lies,

False promises gleaming brightly.

And hopes fade away into thin air,

Like dimmed dreams vanishing silently.

"Do not trust those who sell you dreams,"

So said the wise and the rational.

Politics plays the role of a torch,

Burning the emotions and dreams of the people.

Let us look back to the past and history,

To learn lessons from the lands of the Arabs.

Ancestors, noble in honor and knowledge,

But now, our reality is submerged in despair.

In a time when the wise were leaders,

Politics was a tool for good.

But now, the glory has transformed,

Into tragic tales considered as truth.

Boats of death

In Arab lands, young hearts sail with strife,
Seeking solace, escaping a harsh life.
But the boats of death await their fate,
As they suffer, seeking a better state.

Torn from home, dreams crushed by the sea,
Their cries merge with waves of agony.
Yet, they persevere, with spirits strong,
In search of hope, where they belong.

Oh, boats of death, unyielding and grim,
Young souls trapped, prospects dim.
We mourn their plight, their burdens severe,
Yearning for change, their suffering to clear.

May their journeys end, their sorrows cease,
In Arab lands, find solace and peace.
For their resilience shines through the haze,
A testament to their unwavering gaze.

The classism

Between the layers of the Arab world, suffering is revealed,
Classism governs minds and judgments wielded.
Wealth buys power and influence so grand,
While poverty tramples upon the heads of the weak, hands.

Kings and princes dwell in the heavenly skies,
While the poor sleep in the depths of darkness and cries.
Riches possess lands and abundant wealth,
While poverty seeks a piece of bread, silent and stealth.

Knowledge and education belong to the elite,
Ignorance prevails among the masses, it's bittersweet.
Division and discrimination tarnish the scene,
Justice becomes a dream, lost in the routine.

In this stratified Arab world we reside,
The gap widens between the rich and those denied.
Justice becomes a mockery, a hollow jest,
And hope fades amidst the shadows, suppressed.

Idolizing The foreign

People of the Arab world, hear my burning call,
We live in a time of deceit and sudden deception,
While our heritage slowly fades into oblivion,
We drown in the sea of the other, forgetting our true roots.

We Arabs have lost our identity,
Becoming more like strangers and imitators within,
We have distanced ourselves from our rich cultural origins,
And surpassed boundaries to embrace the other without thought.

We take pride in the culture of the other more than our own,
We worship everything foreign, neglecting our abundant heritage,
We satisfy ourselves with fleeting entertainment and blind compromise,
Forgetting that we are the nation that carried knowledge and noble thought.

Where is our culture that once influenced the world with knowledge and philosophy?

Where is the fragrance of poetry, literature, and beautiful arts?

Where are the scholars and philosophers who illuminated the paths of intellect?

We have become empty vessels that express profound emptiness.

Drugs

In the depths of Arab society, lies a sorrowful reality,

A haunting presence that veils our sunlit skies.

It is the shadow of drugs, a gripping despair,

A poison seeping through veins, spreading like a snare.

In the alleys of despair, wander the lost souls,

Their eyes hollow, their hearts burdened by the unknown.

Drug dealers, like vultures, prey on the weak,

Feeding off their vulnerability, seeking their anguish.

The youth, once brimming with dreams and hope,

Now wander aimlessly, with no means to cope.

Their innocence shattered, their spirits broken,

In the grip of addiction, their souls remain forsaken.

Families torn apart, love transformed into pain,

As drugs infiltrate their veins, leaving an indelible stain.

Mothers weep, fathers lament their lost sons,

Ensnared by addiction, their lives come undone.

Society turns a blind eye, refusing to see,

The silent epidemic gripping us, like an unspoken decree.

The streets bear witness to agony and strife,

As lives unravel, consumed by this destructive life.

Shadows of childhood

In the gardens of memories, happiness used to bloom,
Days of innocent childhood filling hearts with longing.

We painted dreams with vibrant colors,
And our laughter danced in the gardens of purity.

The days passed slowly and blissfully,
Filled with games, laughter, and sweet melodies.
Everything was beautiful and radiant,
On the banks of hope and amidst blossoming aspirations.

But time changed and days have gone by,
Emotions shifted, and joy vanished.
Colors became dull, and laughter faded away,
While longing grips me with endless sadness and pain.

I yearn for those beautiful childhood days,
For the friends of early years and the games of joy.
I long for the laughter that filled the horizon,
And the safety that embraced us with tenderness and care.

Where have those innocent days gone?
Where did the dreams and sweet wishes disappear?
Life has become a dark maze, filled with pain,
And I search for a glimpse of the lost happiness.

Oh, longing, you have distanced yourself from us with no return,
Leaving us in confusion, as sadness grows and magnifies.

I yearn for the days that will never return,
And feel a pain piercing through my heart like a sword.

May the days of happiness and innocence return,
And may longing envelop us with its warm embrace.
In the darkness of nights, I call out to you with longing and sorrow,
I miss you, my childhood, with all that is within me, my soul and life.

Love

In the paths of love, my disappointments unfold,
They have led me into the whirlpool of pain and yearning.

A wretched heart bleeds from the absence of hope,
As I wander the earth, drifting away from my noble goal.

I returned to love time and time again, but it conceals sorrow,
Tales written with letters of disappointment and hardship.

I loved passionately, only for love to meet its end,
Like a withered rose at the bottom of wounds.

And in the twilight, I fell for the last of the lovers,
She possessed eyes as dark and deep as the night.

Beauty radiated through the clouds of sadness,
Yet, she was the mercy bullet that killed my heart.

In false hope, I embraced excitement and anticipation,
But it turned out to be nothing but a disappointment in love's garb.
She embraced me mercilessly, devoid of any compassion,
As if she wanted to kill my soul and the pulse of my heart in an instant.

I see tears falling from her eyes like rain,
But they dry on the thresholds of harsh reality.
I feel a sharp sting in my chest, a wound that pierces,
And I know that this love has died and will not revive.

So leave me, O another heartless beloved,
Let me pass the days in silence and peace.
For my bleeding heart will no longer beat with love,
The mercy bullet has killed it, leaving a colorless memory.

Indeed, love sometimes comes like weary hope,
Breaking the heart and leaving it with a deep wound.
But I will continue walking without hesitation,
For my heart has learned patience and endurance in every encounter.

Unknown future

In the garden of the unknown future, we walk,
Searching for an illusory comfort along life's path.
We seek security amidst the days' uncertainties,
But truth hides in the distant horizon.

We wander in the land of doubt and questioning,
Wondering about our fate and what the unknown holds.
Will we find happiness in the depths of time?
Or is the search for it merely a dream, a mirage?

We embrace hope and resolve to move forward,
Despite the scattered roads and foggy paths.
We navigate through the twists and turns of life,
Hoping to reach the promised paradise and its blissful existence.

The world presents hurdles and trials,
Leading us astray in the darkness of uncertainty.
Yet, in our hearts, we hold strong faith,
That Allah has promised us an eternal paradise.

So let us tread the right path with devotion and sincerity,
Carrying in our hearts the hope of an everlasting reunion.
With patience and faith, we will reach our destination,
And find true comfort in the celestial paradise.

Let us strive and sail in the seas of righteous deeds,
Working diligently to attain the great reward.
And when the sun of paradise rises on the horizons,
The true comfort that Allah has promised us will be realized.

So let us rejoice in the present and look towards the future,
Seeking comfort in the closeness of Allah, which never ends.
Let us elevate our souls and make positive contributions,
For paradise is the destiny of pure hearts and sincere believers.

Home

In this book, my first journey comes to an end,
My painful works find their place within it.
From my experiences and thoughts, nostalgia dances,
For the Arab nation, with its deep sighs.

Do not regard this book with admiration,
For it is a lamentation of suppressed hope.
For it is a nation that suffers and bleeds in pain,
More than words alone can express.

I have lived with this book for many long months,
It has become like a warm home in the midst of storms.
Within its pages, pain and solitude dissipate,
And my dreams emerge in the maze of letters.

So weep with me for a land engulfed in flames,
With wars, tears, and escalating violence.
This book tells the tale of agony,
And etches the sorrows of the afflicted Arab nation.

Thus, I close the pages of this book with sorrow,
Leaving it to embrace a pain only a few endure.
In the realm of letters and alphabets, I found solace,
But the Arab nation continues to suffer and mourn.

Mine

This book was mine, it belonged to me alone
The beginning of my journey into the realm of writing
Its conception and completion served as motivation
Nothing else matters to me except that I took the great step: the beginning

Within its pages, I find my embodied existence
I narrate my story and build my rebellious dreams
It is like my second self, a loyal and solitary companion
I write with determination, devotion, and a rebellious spirit

In this book lies my radiance and my light
I find the strength to fulfill my diverse aspirations
I am not alone, for the spirits of the book surround me
They encourage and propel me towards a renewed fruitful journey

I don't care about the external appearances of success and recognition
But rather about the actual achievements of this beloved book
It is the beginning, the moment I took my great step
Here I am, scattering my words in the marvelous world of letters

Let doubts cease, let fear and complaint fade away
For this book is the beginning of my true story
I write with passion and love, making the words dance
For this book symbolizes my fulfillment, my true success.

Palestine

In the final pages of my book,
I dedicate them to the burning Palestinian cause,
For freedom calls in the land of dignity and eternity,
And justice sheds tears of suffering and existence.

The cause of the occupied land, the cause of ignited pain,
To you, Palestine, a saddened heart yearns for peace and love.
Beneath the earth, the martyrs smile, clinging to a pulsating hope,
For your land testifies to pain and resilience, defying injustice and discrimination with valor.

The innocent hearts of children have endured the horrors of war and displacement,
And every day, the plight of the oppressed worsens in an unending struggle.
But hope is not lost, for in the hearts of people, hope and determination thrive,
We will remain here, screaming for your rights, protecting you, wounded Palestine.

Let the peoples of the world hear, the voice of truth reverberating on the horizon,
We will not surrender to oppression and colonization, for we believe in truth and justice.
Let us strive for peace and coexistence, let us build a bridge of hope and love,
To restore to the land its truth and freedom, where peace, justice, and well-being flourish.

I leave this poem for others to carry within their hearts and souls,
And to play upon its strings, emotions, feelings, and yearnings.
May the Palestinian cause remain alive in the hearts,
And may the new generations dream of a land where security and justice prevail, far from conflicts and sorrowful tears.

Let us support the Palestinian cause.

THE END

In the conclusion of this book, I would like to focus on what its few pages have discussed: the harsh reality of the Arab nation. This book, despite its brevity, deserves contemplation as it is born out of my research about my Arab nation.

The contents of this book were inspired by my diligent and dedicated search, as well as by reading numerous books that have influenced me. I selected books that honestly and explicitly address the Arab reality, and I benefited from them in shaping my thoughts and expanding my understanding.

I hope that readers will approach this book with contemplation and personal reflection, and extract deep insights and ideas that resonate with their own experiences and perspectives.

May the reader find in the pages of this book materials that fulfill their aspirations and provoke their thoughts. May this book enhance their awareness of the harsh reality faced by the Arab nation, and inspire them to engage in further reflection and concern for its pressing issues.

Enlightening minds and directing thoughts are the keys to change and progress, and I hope this book becomes part of this process for individuals who seek to comprehend the truths and contribute to building a better future for our Arab nation.