

Abdelaziz Bouzain

## **Untitled Moment**

In a burning light, things dance,  
Transparent, they move round,  
Descending into nothingness,  
As they pass the gates  
Of times,  
Outliving as they sail  
Through past time and place,  
Leaving behind the storms of life,  
Way behind are the shackles  
Of time and place,  
Dying into the timeless  
Overarching beauty of the words,  
Indescribable moments of sight  
Ungoverned by time's thoughts,  
Falling of the time's cliff,  
Into an abyss of relief.  
The soul is free, dancing as a tree,  
Moved by a touch of breeze,  
In a silent moment of nature's spree.  
Caught in a stance of this feeling,  
The hours stop ticking,  
Souls passing by dancing,  
Of joy beyond the limits of timing,  
Thoughts freezing,  
Announcing eternal being.

## **Ode to our Friendship**

In a sleep of a calm night,  
Where thoughts travel as light,  
In a vision of a sleepy mind,  
Where dancing music is loud,  
In a moment of a quiet sense,

Where breaths are of grace,  
In a timeless touch of elegance,  
Where souls are bright as an eye's glance.

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The night dance begins,  
Round and round the thoughts dance,  
Till dawn time arrives,  
In and in they come,  
Till ticking clocks release time,  
In the flowers and spring fields,  
The hearts are still, and the heartbeats are stiller.

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In a stance of confusion, a flower is born,  
In a stance of clarity, tears flow down,  
In a stance of nicety, a bird has flown,  
Hail our friendship, our ship,  
Hail us sailors of the ship,  
Hail the sea, hail this life,  
For this chance of everlasting grace,  
Hail the night for its silent waves,  
Hail the hours for being thieves.

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In an hour of loss, we ride across,  
Under the trees, we sit and breathe,  
In a moment of stillness, we grieve,  
Under the starry sky, we muse and freeze  
Till it's time for eternal leave,  
To put ourselves to final sleep  
Till the sun sets, and  
Till the ship comes to a halt  
Our Night Dances stand and resist.

## **Cyclic Route**

In a space empty, light travels quickly,  
Objects move round, dancing crazily,  
Life is busy, playing round rashly,  
Body is fiery, troubled immensely.

Humans repeat life and death.

In a moment of love,  
The world stands above,  
Things in a stance of beauty,  
Dance at the sound of gaiety.

Humans repeat life and death.

A word nice breeds a thousand grace,  
A word of peace generates a kiss,  
A lost moment in time is an eternity in span,  
Joy lasts forever for those of simple nature.

Humans repeat life and death.

Weave thy breath and mine,  
And let us dance with wine,  
Spin round in a crazy mode,  
Give our souls a journey ride.

## **On a Humane Flower**

Under the trees, she sits,  
Brooding with the gentle breeze,  
Looking for a star to reach,  
With hands well stitched.

Over the mountain's chest, she sees  
the sun, goodbyes the kids,  
Waving her hand to meet  
The running of water creeks.

Down the road to the gardens,

Holding a rose, purple and green,  
She weeps for steady leap,  
In the fields of life, she wants a jump.

Up she lifts her hands,  
Waiting for a drop of rain to land.  
Her eyes closed, spinning round,  
Dancing with the sky and land.

## **About the Poet**

Abdelaziz Bouzain is a teacher of English Language. He is interested in the field of humanities: cultural theory, literature, human thought, and Media Studies. He published several papers and poems both in English and Arabic. He may be contacted at [bouzainabdelaziz10@gmail.com](mailto:bouzainabdelaziz10@gmail.com).