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symposium Nazik angels (Ahmad Matar) --- 2018  
did not write Ahmed Matar Ghazal

Ahmed Matar: His name is Matar and his words enchant us like rain, a poet is unique in his choices, as the poets roam in their dreams Vistigon of life poetry in praise or lamentation of satire or pride .... Etc, but our poet Ahmed Matar, did not bother to choose but put life in his words of injustice To light and from misery to happiness, in short wrote about life present and past our future and what is in us, but one purpose remained distanced himself and his car after he had begun in his first youth with ,  
. but Ghazal

Of the poetry is possible and possible language  
tumbler as he pleases the images and pages lines and all  
the meanings in his village as a tender sea, why did not  
Do we ask our selves day where ؟Ghazal write a  
lovelocated in ahamd matar poetry which began writing  
poetry since fourteenth, and confined his poems inrange  
spinning and romantic, and was beginning first poem  
:written

مرقت كالسهم لا تلوي خطاها \*\*\* ليت شعري ما الذي اليوم دهاه

with his move to ridicule and left The passion of love and  
spice, which he did not see, appeared in the throes of a  
shattering injustice that afflicts the Arab man, carrying the  
might of people who presided over the positions of  
sovereignty with blood, destruction and selfishness at the  
expense of their peoples. He shouted short raucous

banners, but he uttered long screams and felt the reality of  
tyranny. The embers boil And when he finds himself in a  
lonely corner with the echoes of the screams without  
answering, he says that he writes about the dearest within  
him, the conscience of his conscience, to say and speak,  
: what was your conscience from Scott, he says  
.«but I write my poems .. in defense of my conscience" ...

He did not fear the statement of what he sees from the  
images of misery and the situation of the rulers and punish  
and injustice without their rule of the approach of abuse  
sermon, he said everything in them even pictures of  
:ridicule inferior to the dogs said

Rulers are dogs with apologies \*\* Dogs memorizes(dog  
! (loyalty

After he heard his words and heard the ease of abstention the  
disturbed and the close, addressed to the poet Nizar Qabbani, a  
friend wrote to write in the irony, why not write Ghazala? , And  
the words matar once said: «never forget that Nizar Qabbani had  
taken it - more than once- I bury myself alive, and love without  
warbusy. I was disturbed to go my youth without going into this  
magic island, so I bring in the orders self all the demons and  
angels of poetry ».

Matar asked: Why do not you write theGhazal?he decidedto  
respond finally "I know love, but!" Nizar ismentioned in it , in  
his said ‘and I hid Imrai Alqais in my pocket... and I canceled  
nizar."

And the observer in this line may think that matar diminishes the importance of Nizar this gesture, but that the mention of Nizar next to the ImraiAl Qais is the greatest honor, as mentioned to a special Nizar shows that he sees the best in ghazal in this era, proud that if he had a different emergence did not not harvested every day pain of suffering people and felt the stash is Qais best Arab poets cashhis pocket, and canceled Nizar wonderful poem entitled «I know love but» published in magazine critic London (2) before guaranteed his bureau «banners 4», which he stressed - what he said more than Once upon a time, his sense of shame was greater than forgetting the reality and life styles in which the Arab rulers did not spare anything. A and they contributed the effusive their people than it contains difficult exams and tight living and corruption and abject disregard for pain their people will notable enjoying the goods of life even if it was available to him and the bitterness that trap inside wrenching conscience to utter and invalidity the rule. the beloved will not find in his heart only a color of love will not imagine. he pictured it :

I was dead waiting  
my lips dried  
and my soul is withered

And in my forest wounds were a surgical and not hidden  
And in my desert aflame not hidden

When -oh my poetry - will shut down my desert with burning ?  
,and when you will heal my forest with an explosion?

I have prepared my heart for you as a cradle,  
and from the love of the jacket,  
bitterly and

I looked  
suffered bitter  
. If your pulse are a shot of bullet and your  
songs howling, and  
your feelings are dead, and your  
Wishes are prisoners and  
if you are remnants  
of ashes and shrapnel, the  
wind  
blows with it stormy, and stir it up.

You do not know what love is, and  
I am in vain die waiting for

God's mercy on your heart oh female  
. and IM NOT SHOWING apologize for  
I knowing love, but  
I did not have a choice in it.

The flood of sorrow was wasted in my chest,  
and love was a fire, AND ITDISAPPEARD ,  
it was a sun,

And disappeared as the night FOLDED DAYTIME . It  
was a bird singing over my cilia .flew

When the fisherman came in,  
if the rulers did not launch

Dogs compete in my leather,

Oh if they weren't filling up My blood stream with  
oil and MY breath with dust

if thay weren't planting tears

As aspies on my eyes in my own eyes  
and establish barrier me and myself

ah if not apply around me asiege:

I goes down with my poets on the emotion of the confused .  
found

as slimming CLOUD indeserts  
and shut up take into account magics sacrifice  
inholes  
inchest

in all parts cold, heat  
and irritated mad OF RED desires  
until chastity becomes disgrace  
and ignited SeaS  
and SAY THE STONES  
and hid I MRA Qais IN MY POCKET  
and canceled Nizara  
ah if not apply around me SIGE  
to provoked my lips cherry bloody  
IN Virgins dishes

While we find that he wrote in another place, using his  
favorite image in which he ridicules the rulers and the  
misery and the mute, he says: i love you  
my love»

more than the shame of the Arabs

and humiliating Arabs

and the backward Arabs

and the ages of creeping

.«... on the belly and knees

Her eyes are like the darkness " :In another poem, he says

'of outpost

her

lips, like red wax

.to the last poem "... before signing the record

If these metaphors come in an ordinary poem that I used  
to extort from, and the author of it, and the writer Ahmed

Matar, this is a common thing. matar does not know what is gazal. This luxury has not been given to other poets. He .«says explicitly: «I do not like anything but ugly sections

Even pictures of his poetry as a mirror to reflect the :impression of hearing or read from people, he said

**!this poetry of yours .. is blind poetry  
:He sees nothing but what he warns  
Here is exile, and here is a prison and  
.here is a grave, and here is a desert  
Here is the constraint, here is the rope  
!here and mine, here is the military  
?What is this  
Is the world is empty  
?but repeated  
repeat ..  
.. Ask about Laila  
Reply to the accuracy of a poor  
.inhabitant on your left side  
Even war if tired  
!put the apron  
Before you knights have changed  
in what they carried  
.here pain .. Here is hope  
(Take, for example, our owner (Antar  
left the florid in his right, the sword groans, and in his  
! singing**

**\*\***

**That his cause does not mention: the  
black color  
and cousin  
.and father cruel  
:And the solution is easier .. And the easier**

**\*\***

**With this .. Like you do not excuse you do  
.. not ask you hanging  
with the easiest Ghazl your Lilla  
put it in the footnote WordPad  
row her eyes  
row her lips  
.. Say the split and leave it  
?What to lose  
!Have your heart been of malignant**

**\*\***

**.. Well .. Well  
:i will gazlha  
.her eyes .. As the darkness of the outpost  
.Her lips .. like red wax**

**..**

**than non-fiction from hir i only have  
dissipates hours to appear  
!as the slogan of unity .. No more  
Laila mysterious .. As my rights, Laugh  
!and.. As a green book**

**\*\***

**.. Enough, our poet  
!Thank you**

**\*\***

**.I told you  
.I apologize for warning  
.. This is what I have  
female scorpio  
!inspires my poetry .. not a genius  
bitter in My blood the taste of the world bitter in my  
!mouth until the sugar  
.I only see what warns**

**My eyes echoed in myself and  
myself conquer not conquered  
myself How do I free what in  
?and i myself? did not release**