**A Snowman in the Desert**

**By**

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**A Snowman in the Desert**

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Acknowledgments:

Special thanks to Rani Qarada for designing the cover page

**Mistaken to be dead**

I’ve seen it repeatedly

I’m gonna die

Unexpectedly!

Slipping off a cliff

Squeezed under a wreckage

Caused by an earthquake

Suffocated by leaking gas

In the messy kitchen

In a try to bake.

Or even worse

Stuck in a nightmare

In a deserted graveyard

Slapping my face

In an attempt to wake up

But never wake!

Then mistaken to be dead

Buried alive

And wake up later

Catching up my breath

Slowly waiting for my death.

**Chubby and Confident**

I’m not a sexy chick

An old chubby hen!

Four words, do you love me?

Then kneel with a ring

Or waste not my time

I have a queue of men.

**I Met a Buffoon**

On the biggest carnival of the year

I met a buffoon, holding a balloon

I said hi

He said bye.

Wait! Wait! It’s not too late.

Tell me, tell me

Why’d they laugh

When you cry?

He sighed, sighed

Then he smiled!

And I’d no longer

Read his mask,

Or even ask

Which to believe the smile or sigh?

He popped the balloon with his sharp nail

And he left Laughing, hysterically

From distance I could hear his wail.

**A Snowman in the Desert**

One cold night

I built a snowman

In the desert.

I built it around the sands, the cacti the camels,

Far away from the oasis,

Far away from winter, hail and snow.

I brought it to life for few hours

And sentenced it to melt down

Above the scorching sand,

Beneath the sun,

Far away from home

Far away from winter, hail and snow.

I later came back to

My house in that dismal exile

To sleep

To dream of reunion, of return.

**A Golden Punishment**

From his favourite glass

I drank.

For the sake of love

I drank.

For the silly vows,

The so called “marriage” prank

I drank.

I placed a golden kiss

At the rim

A drastic Midasi skill.

Acquired

One golden spring

On that stony stiff hill.

Would he ask for a refill?

Then, fair! Fair! I’d declare

No, darling! Not your hair

Your printed lips against

The poisonous rim.

Your golden punishment

For the daring, cheating whim.

**The Season of Dead Worms**

One fertile day of spring

I walked through the road

Of dead worms.

I walked peacefully

Made sure to step on non.

Dead worms cut into halves

Floating blood

On a muddy road.

The smell of death filled the air

And I knew it, deeply

Something was imminent.

**An Indirect Call**

I suppressed my feelings,
locked them in a jar

I placed the jar at the edge
of a broken shelf

to fall, that is for sure
but would the smash wake me up?

**Old Age**

In a candlelit cellar

Age dwells.

Crouching by the corner, cold

Watching a flame after another

Being put out.

Reminiscing a speedy carousel,

And helplessly, helplessly

Craving a time machine, or

A prolonged 90-hour o’clock,

Blindly feeling the floor

Seeking a miraculous lighter

That’d bring the white flames

To the luminous life, once more.

**The Mortal Spool**

Around the mortal spool

She rolled her precious thread

Gray, black, white and red.

She rolled it carefully, with a muffled breath

Concealed the odious black

Behind the white thread.

She labeled the gray part with excuses,

With justifications.

And proudly warbled about

The clean obvious thread,

Harshly scrubbed the red.

She kept rolling and rolling

Wistfully knowing, this is coming to an end.

A divine fatal cut would determine

How dark, clean, vague or bloody

Her life before it ends.