It’s the deepest you reach
Within the shallows
It’s the sweetest you taste
In the bitter
The highest you grasp
In the lows
May it be the loudest
In your silence
The chaos, the violence
The peace?
The fractures, the fractions
The whole, yet the piece?
The shivers in the heat
The quivers down the spine
Right through to the feet
The light in the darkness
The strength in defeat
The cries of joy
The pain of retreat
The colour of dreams
Shall it be profanity
In belief
The first glance
Held to the last dance
A melody,
To your heart beat
The pleasure in wounds
Unhealed
All that they say
And much more
Until you feel.

Karrar Alalawi