Quivering Quills

Selected poems · A free literary preview

Mohamed Kassid

Rosemary Tea under The Fig Tree

Free, no plea—I’m no disdained flea,
Full of myself at last,
Sipping rosemary tea under my soulmate fig tree,
No longer a prisoner of the past.

Alas, what a spree!
This long-awaited moment,
Has finally made me see,
Farewell torment.

No more agony,
No more strain,
No more suffocating ignominy,
No more drain.

Here I lie,
I no longer crumble,
I don’t have to sigh,
I no more stumble.

My fig tree, listen to me:
You’ve finally set me free,
You and I into each other melt,
The state we are in is our wealth.

There Goes My Ant

Hello, wandering ant!
Seeing you is my feast,

There you go, trudging without lament,
Into holes, onto hills—relentlessly, oh you little beast!

You shoulder your way with an unbeatable will,
Pray, take my feeble hand—
I’m still holding still,
You hold the magic wand.

Here I am: stranded, offended,
Come to my succour,
I am long haunted,
Only you can remove this rancour.

Watching you from a distance,
Are you listening to this bleeding heart?
Seeing you leap and dance,
How audacious and smart.
 II. Love, Family, and Early Bonds

For the complete collection, please contact the author at lakroushi12@gmail.com.