

## Letters and Flowers

Letters and Flowers is a collection of pearly poems and fragrant fantasies. It describes paradise of nature and its beautiful landscapes and scenes. It also shows symphonies of sweetest sound and juicy showers of boundless pleasure. It gives sweetest melodies and brilliant tunes to the reader's mind. This book is engulfed with sufficient lines enriched with pebbles of glowing drops to wet the appetite of poetic lovers like the soft nothings in creating a fantastical figment or a beautiful bower of pleasure.



Asst. Prof. Dr. Ahmad Yasir Dhain  
Department of English / College of Education.  
University of Thi-qar



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JustFiction!  
Edition 

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Poems and Fantasies

Ahmed Yasir

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**Imprint**

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Cover image: [www.ingimage.com](http://www.ingimage.com)

Publisher:

JustFiction! Edition

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Dodo Books Indian Ocean Ltd., member of the OmniScriptum S.R.L  
Publishing group

str. A.Russo 15, of. 61, Chisinau-2068, Republic of Moldova Europe

Printed at: see last page

**ISBN: 978-613-9-42502-0**

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*I have never found, seen,  
or never heard of a rose  
can match the grace!  
only you, Miss Bee  
my soft sweet Emelia  
who has a soft lily's face.*





## **Ahmad's Life**

Ahmad Yasir Dhain (March 28, 1981) is a contemporary Iraqi poet in English. He was born in Thi-qar ( a city in the south of Iraq). From his early childhood, he was well educated. His parents were illiterate, but his brothers and sisters were well educated. When he was 17, he was interested in literature and imagination. He studied English at the university of Thi-qar, graduated in 2004, and then started his career as a teacher and a poet. He had a good talent in writing poetry since his college days. He has worked as a teacher of English in one of the secondary schools in Thi-qar.

In India, he studied English literature, American literature and published his first collection of poems under the heading of "Osculation".

In 2011, he had got M.A. in English literature from Baba Saheb Ambedkar Marathwada University (Maulana Azad College of Arts, Science and Commerce). In 2019, I had got PhD in English literature from university of Gazira in Republic of Sudan.

Throughout some of his poems, he portrays the social and political changes that Iraq has undergone during the post premierian period. Finally, his poetry deals with nature, love, suffering, pain, religion and politics. His initial inspiration for writing poetry came from the enjoy of being far from the seamy side of human nature. He could express with words and images

in his own personal world. The main figures of speech which he used in his poetry are metaphor, simile, personification, image and symbols. He was influenced by two worlds of poetry. From Arabic world, the Syrian poet Nizzar Qabani who revealed chauvinist attitudes of men towards women and the Iraqi poet Badr Shakir Al-Sayyab who personified nature as a person with its beauty and splendor. From the western world, he was influenced by Shakespeare, Keats and Yeats.

His philosophy is everything in this life has a special beauty and a spiritual meaning. It also has an organic synthesis and an aesthetic experience.

### **"Temperistic consciousness" Or "Temperism":**

This poetry deals with diverse themes and different thoughts that is based on temperistic consciousness or temperism. As a literary movement, temperistic consciousness aims at expressing ideas as well as creating activities by virtue of Iraqi English poetry in 2016. The temperist's consciousness of the grim realities of life has shattered all illusions and romantic dreams. The temperists have the romantic longing for a more perfect world. The temperist is quite conscious of the tragedy of life, but he/she bows reverently before its beauty, its greatness and its splendor, and communicates the poet's sense of it to his readers. The temperist shows the thematic interests and its subtleties.

## **Features of Temperism :-**

1. Interesting in a visual imagination to give a physical form to abstractions.
2. Utilizing romantic conventions in a limpid clarity of style (jaunty poetry).
3. Desiring to the fluffy soft days of childhood and the tantalizing foison of flowery innocence.
4. Spiritualizing and intellectualizing nature as deep feelings of love and delight.
5. Having feelings of a romantic melancholy and a profound pensiveness. However, such feelings need to be cured by liberty, love, delight and morality.
6. Making use of political vehemence and social violence figuring out lawlessness, mayhem and loutish behaviour. Besides, a complete ignorance of stabilizing force and political prudence are observed because they (politicians) are passionate pissants.
7. Finally, considerable attention is paid to religious topics, prayers, sermons and submissions to God.

### **Features of the temperist (The poet):-**

- 1-the temperist always floats on the seas of imagination.
- 2-the temperist must be liberated from the tyranny of poetic decorum.
- 3-the temperist skillfully interweaves images of nature.
- 4-S/he intends to reflect his/her own people through his/her possible poems.
- 5-the temperist must make a direct emotional connection with the reader. The poet's creation and the reader's response are interwoven.

### **Features of the temperistic poem:-**

- 1-the poem is a perfect portrayal of the poet's temper.
- 2-it is a mirror of the poet's inner self.
- 3-it expresses rather directly the temperist's thoughts and feelings.
- 4-it might be employed as a tool of reinforcing positive and negative attitudes. In addition, it appears in line with the nostalgic vision of the peaceful life.
- 5-it reflects social subjugation, depression, distinction and the perverse pleasure.

## ***The simple Approach to Poetry***

Is an approach which simply analyses a poem and includes certain writing techniques and devices that are used for poetic and figurative effect.

### ***(S)---- →Summary:-***

The poem should be summarized and the reader should give a brief explanation.

### ***(I)---- →Imagery:-***

As a general term covers the use of language to represent objects, actions, thoughts, feelings, and states of mind. It refers to the totality of the qualities which make up a poem. These qualities are "visual, auditory, olfactory, gustatory, tactile, thermal, and kinesthetic".

### ***(M)---- →Mood:-***

The emotional state of the poet as he expresses what he has to say. It is his attitude towards his subject. The mood may be hopeful, hopeless, sad, happy and philosophical.

### ***(P)---- →Purpose:-***

Underline what is going on in this poem. It is a message or intention or main idea.

### ***(L)---- →Language:-***

Refers to an artificial arrangement of language which must be selected and adapted according to its appropriateness from the poem at hand. It also shows a logical development of language and structural unity.

### ***(E)---- →Elements:-***

Are figures of speech, rhetorical, voicing, and emotive devices which make a poem bright and beautiful.

*Letters to the dearest and the sweetest, Emelia.*

Life and its tough times teach us unforgettable lessons. I hope to find my own way in this difficult life. so I yearn for your brilliance that gives different kinds of delights. You are a slender willowy figure in pricey fancy dress. I love you as beautiful verses of love. My heart, eyes and me will weep for your loss like the lovers when unfortunate, like the sailors when lost and like the soldiers when wounded. I wish to conceal the fire of my passion but it comes softly through the words on the papers.



I am a pensive walker but with a questioning mind. I imagine the place around me is flowered. My feet and eyes wander and I talk with my wind about my red rose. Did you see my red rose? My mind is peopled by trains of thought and threads of narrative love. I populate my heart with your features and gestures as a literary text that wants to analyze. I can clearly see your beauties as sweet sonnets with rapid rhythms. I wish to sing them as summer songs or autumn laments.

I have a little confession to you. I believe in solitude. I don't have the courage and the energy to conflict life and its difficulties. I don't have the genius of Shakespeare to write plays, songs and sonnets. But I have all of the embarrassing circumstances that made me so miserable. I am not a romantic poet but I can translate human sufferings, sorrows, pleasures and joys.

O my little bird of paradise! I desire to touch your soft weapon I mean Beauty. I know beauty is riper than a pear. It has secret signs and pleasant pleasures. As a lover, I will tell my stories to the world. As a poet, I will write thousands of songs and poems to embellish your neck with them. As a prince, I will bow my head toward with whom I love. As a soldier, I will sacrifice my spirit. I feel the pang of parting as a beautiful disaster!

The cycle of love includes love, falling in love, marriage or separation. Love is a new journey of human experience. Falling in love is a sudden and unexpected event or an emotional happiness blooms. Marriage is a union of closeness or an earthly paradise while separation divides into pleasure or danger. Like the air, love is for the faithful. It is a hidden happiness. As pleasure seekers, lovers are welcomed visitors over the fresh green grass. As dancers, they will reel and circulate around the shadows of the dancing birds.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

I need to cure and alleviate my emotional anguish. As remedies, Soft music, magical herbs and sung spells will heal and please my sighs and sobs. O Emelia! the dark-browed lady. The terrible pain I feel as a sharp sword is whiter than snow. I invite you to see the depth of my pain as a sweet sleep. My emotions and feelings are caught by that untouched young grape!



I don't like modern age because it includes spines, prickles and thorns. Modern times I see and feel as a cactus with its spiny leaves. I like to create my own romantic and dreamy world. I imagine to describe your featured face, full of jewels and two red pearls with apple cheeks. So tough and harsh, I decided to leave reality behind. That is why, I prefer to depend on my imaginary house in producing different and innumerable images and ideas. My ideas and words sympathize with my emotions and imaginations to bring poetry into existence.

I know they are flowers but poisonous. Even the smell of those poisonous flowers will nauseate minds even when perfumed. I know they are flowers but they are like the white wicks of lamps that produce black soot. We know the flowers are softer than true hearts, riper than pears, and brighter than diamonds. But those flowers are valueless and worthless.

As a gift from a passionate poet to a peerless pearl, I squib to amuse you  
or soften your heart.

With milky wings  
The silver dove,  
With harping planets  
I do my love.  
No wind, no rain,  
No moon, no sun.  
My youth is spent  
But my life undone.  
You are a rhythm  
Rhyme and sonnet,  
Phantoms are similar  
But you are different.  
Who sees your spring now?  
Where your face outshines now?  
Emelia! love of my life,  
You are wholly splendid.  
My ashes scattered,  
My desires shattered,  
Heard! Heard!  
Galaxies and meteors,  
Comets and stars,  
Are explored.  
Your glow and grace,  
Only me, revealed.  
My sorrow is  
A source of pleasure,  
Sigh and pain  
Are signs of a lover.  
I know your answer  
Is the silence.  
Smile and eyes  
Are sweet seasons!  
I close my eyes  
For a moment,  
To imagine your phantom,  
Two thoughts are coherent,  
" How and Where are you? "

I know beauty is the language of lovers,  
I know silence is the language of flowers.  
As I know silence is your answer,  
Your smile is sweeter,  
Honeyed smell and pleased pleasure,  
But your name melts in my mouth  
When I see your face.



The lascars are in conflict with the winds,  
The soldiers are in conflict with the wounds,  
The farmers are in conflict with the lands,  
The lambs are joyfully fed by the shepherds,  
As I drink potion and swallow magic herbs  
Still in love with Emelia!

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

The hook you have deepens in my heart,  
As the hurt so deep.  
The pains and the sighs are  
Faithful friends to my heart.  
The hearts can cure and hurt  
With the flowery flowers.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

The problems will go away  
When your answer is nice.  
The happiness you will have  
is the grace in your eternal joy.  
With the night as a friend,  
The pieces I write are my gifts.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

Cupid's relentless weapons penetrate me,  
Amor's arrows are sources of my sorrows.  
I will sip one golden drop of Euphrates  
In a silver cup to refresh my strength.  
Emelia is my love, first, last and always.



This poem is dedicated to someone I will give if he/she will speak in poetry. The cup is beautiful and quiet. It describes different landscapes and human figures carved on the rim and inside the cup. It is overwrought with signs. They are images of life and they are precious antique sculptured figures. The reader as a questioner can collect more questions about this curved-cup. Who is a sweet spirit? What does she shine for? whom does she plait for? Whom does she strum the lyre for? Whom does she bait? This poem is a kind of a fruitless love quest. The speaker describes his beloved that she is extremely radiant. It is love in absence.

The cup I see is rich and deep,  
figures speak while others sleep.  
Roses, lilies, violets refurbished,  
Their smiles and beauties burnished.  
A sweet spirit shines and plaits,  
Strums the lyre, sings and baits.

With strawberry lips,  
White ivory neck,  
Two sailing ships,  
These can bedeck.

From a distance, a hunter throws his arrow,  
Hunt that heavenly hind, and to flow  
In a stream full of joys, hopes, and love,  
To win the heart of that dear dove.  
the little foxes I see competing with each other,  
If I were with them, I would be a super lover.



You like jewels and pictures,  
My heart likes to be in pastures,  
You primp to look the best,  
I think I will be the first.  
With your wiles and allurements,  
My heart is burnt and gone.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

My heart amuses with  
A heavy punishment,  
Your love as a crime,  
Feelings, words, gestures,  
Faithful, true and generous.  
I will plant the ground with  
A carpet of lustrous leaves to  
My dear Emelia.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

The prosy truth is my love  
To Emelia but I am in  
Useless quest.  
I do not flatter.  
Peruse in my fantasies.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

Never write poetry without talent,  
Never sow seeds on barren ground,  
Never love someone unfaithful.  
Be free and fearless in life.  
As a sign of love  
Kneading and baking.



People can't see me,  
I became a ghost!  
My death is ridiculous  
For love's sake.  
My heart is slayed  
With the flames.  
My blood gently drips  
With her sword!  
My grief beats me  
I am not a warrior.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

Women compete to be the best,  
Men contest to be the first.  
But I remember my golden years,  
When I imagine myself with you are!

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

My eternal wounds,  
My real sufferings,  
Like vivid verses of  
My best dead poets!  
Leave me live in peace,  
Let my ghost write  
For your features  
and gestures.  
More poems as gifts.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

Love is a heavy yoke,  
But it is not a joke!  
Some lovers believe in gossip  
Smutty jokes and thoughts of love.  
False flowers I call but  
I will remain and last.





Let your smile interpret my dreams,  
Let your silence give me advice.  
I am desperate and hopeless.  
Passion's madness has no limits,  
Strong desire knows no rules.  
I am desperate and hopeless.  
More than five years  
Now snice I saw my red rose!  
Gentle waves will break  
On a quiet beach.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

Emelia, I see your smiles and manners,  
I listen to your silence and laughters,  
Pleasure and displeasure  
Walking and sitting down,  
I am enchained by your beauty,  
Now I am elfish and vapourish.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

I wish to touch your fingers,  
I know we are still strangers.  
O Emelia! your ways are unsearchable!  
I am lost and misguided in your world,  
I am grateful to your splendour and garden.



I dip my pen to describe  
Your tranquility.  
The grateful garden you have  
I receive my poetic beauty.  
I draw you as  
A sculpted-scented seed,  
Impregnate with little roses.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

I regale myself with her name!  
her love I catch is my aim,  
When I write about you.  
The pain in me is pleasant.  
So I am comfortable.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

You heart never has mercy on mine,  
I lost your tidings, so I pine.  
You lasso my neck,  
You tighten my noose.  
You take all pages  
Of my fantasies.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

Unparted lips produce new melodies,  
We share dangers and pleasures.  
Let green geezers carp at desires  
I take in my love. Although I ignore  
Their high- flown lectures  
on moral declines.



I need to sleep softly,  
When Orpheus's lyre whispers,  
When Amphion's music plays,  
When Cyclops's serenade sings.  
As a bee Emelia stings me,  
The pain is real in me.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY



Shining in days and in nights,  
Sun and moon with sweet delights.  
You are a giver of all gifts.  
The clouds shade the sky,  
The roses mask the earth.  
You have a bright light,  
You and love shine my heart.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

The blooming bride  
With white dress,  
Fair face and gentle grace.  
Your bliss forever.  
You are a pearl and a bud,  
You are a faultless form.



I wish you Calypso to go away,  
Hide me as your immortal joy.  
Shooting stars and impending winds,  
I portend my painful pain!

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

I pipe and pen for my sweetie,  
As a pure water I see her beauty.  
My soul goes mad with pain,  
Neither sleep nor keep but in vain.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

The rain-laden clouds purify me,  
As a purifier, I weave my web.  
Shapes and statues are so beautiful,  
So precise and so delightful.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

As a bee you sting me,  
As a bird I sting you.  
Love has different forms.  
Passions have presence.  
The absence of passions,  
Love in absence.  
I am no parasite but,  
The last is the best,  
You are a fruit, the first.



The heart- bell will ring and sing  
When I see your smile.  
I am without you, like  
English literature without Shakespeare.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

Your smile is a source of sweet pain,  
Your eyes are great epic poems.  
Attractive sparkling with red lips,  
I am slain.  
All fragrant fragments  
Are inspired by your smile!

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY



The earth is filled with diamonds,  
On the water float mermaids.  
I glean golden grains of adoration,  
I garner seeds of veneration.  
I water the plants as a Gardener,  
Deathless passion as a Gatherer.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

## Flag

The red represents fire that eats us.

The white represents purity we dream of.

The green represents for pastures of paradise.

The black represents the dark we live in.



The fire of separation  
Your arrows deepen in my heart,  
Burned my body.  
I suffer from your separation  
While others live in joy.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

The sky

White clouds and rain drops

Feed the earth to be fertilized.

From her apparition and curls,

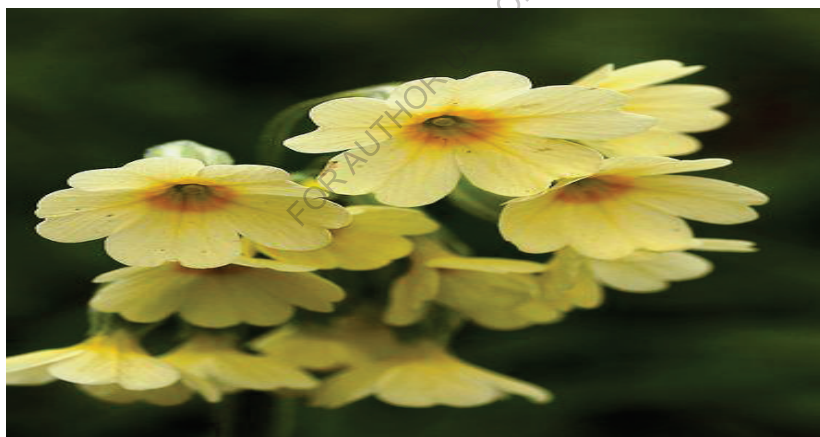
Shine bright drops.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

## Meeting me under a flowering tree

Meeting me under a flowering tree,  
Let us not waste the flower of our flower,  
Let us be in full flower to flower.  
Let us delight deeply with brilliant smiles,  
Flashing from our pursed lips!  
Playful eyes with beautiful hips.  
Passions arise with long glances.  
Our heart-bells ring,  
Birds and bees sting.  
Let us meet under a flowering tree,  
Let us sing, dance, delight, and free.  
    Drummers and lutenists,  
    Singers and flautists,  
With grace and beauty  
All other girls seem her slaves.  
With gestures and smiles,  
All my sweet words seem her hunters.

The land that I visit is  
The land of the lovers.  
Beautiful bower of pleasure,  
Full of white flowers.  
sessile and silent,  
Red roses and cowslips,  
Quiet and decent.  
Primroses and oxlips,  
Blushing and unyoked.  
As a bird, I will flutter.



## Kisses

The first kisses when we receive a baby.

The second kisses when we are in the wedding night.

The farewell kisses when we depart.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

Times change,  
Empires destroy,  
Tyrants defeat,  
But my poems will last.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY



She is made of a stone,  
She has a stony heart.  
I need a sweet delight.  
I am completely devoted to you.

FOR AUTHOR USE ONLY

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