

Leeluwat

Leeluwat leluwat

Angels hidden in her voice
To sing hymns
sweeter than a lullaby
richer than a date.
she sings leeluwat as
I loose my slumber

Leeluwat leluwat

She mends the past
That soaked my blue blanket
With bloody foreheads
and cumin
Her voice is a river,
a current
blowing the smoke
that hid Baghdad

her lullabies break shells
of hurt,
of songless dreams
and post war money

I wish to taste
From her eyes
Tears of liquid luck
Falling from
Blue laces and
Golden edges
peeling from
Ballroom halls,
Crystal skies,
Pinks silk sheets,
Lusty pomegranates,
Dates falling from grace
for years,
from trees of
heavenly heights

Salt the wounds
as time pours it.
Cover the bullet holes
Of empty years
with cold jokes
etched on stone staircases
with tally marks

I am lost in translation at a home that was mine

Her arms twirling the spoon
in circles for *zardeh*
for our teeth to dance
prayers to answer
and soft hearts
to carry the weight

But all I taste
Is the bitter black ice
masking as nutmeg
for a better life
in colors

but color does not taste
of pickled mangoes
olive trees, purple dews
red sand and the touch of motherhood
and death

Leeluwat leeluwat

My slumber rests in baghdad
my eyes in amman
i can't have both

zardeh – Iraqi dessert