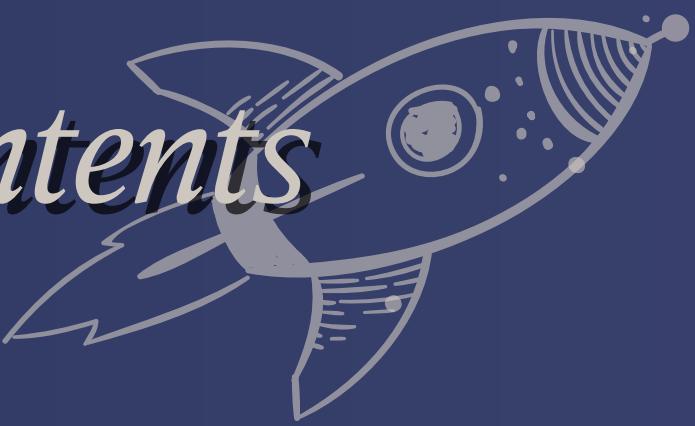


Creative Writing

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Prose and Fiction

The Evil Condominium

- This piece describes a time of isolation set in a hypothetical location “the condominium,” which corresponds to the author’s high school. Most of the events described reflect only the emotional impact of the experience rather than an authentic representation of the experience itself.

It has not been long since Adam Anderson returned to his old, austere apartment in Mary’s street before he became baffled with the disparity between the image of it he had in mind and what he came to discover. Although the tableau-less walls of imperfect white paint effortlessly trying to cover the gray patches of concrete and the wood-colored furniture remained intact and in their designated places (maybe with minor changes), Adam did feel an unexpected ambivalence. Maybe because of quite a few changes that might have happened to the rest of Mary’s Street.

Adam’s apartment sits on the western coast of Lincoln city facing the massive greenery that surrounds the Lincoln-PD precinct from one side and facing an oasis desert landscape from the other. His apartment (1-11) landed on the first floor of a white condominium cluster coated with many other apartments enough to make him lose count—he was barely familiar with his (2-17) neighbors, let alone anybody else. Most of his neighbors might have had a couple of encounters with him enough to make his name bellringing but not close to creating a lasting bond between him and anybody. Adam, however, preferred a more distant bond. To the east bank of Lincoln’s river, Adam enjoyed the company of Tara Wilson and her friends, deeming him more concealed with his neighbors but far more open to possibilities in that foreign environment.

Mr. Anderson, as he was often called, faced difficulties re-settling in a condominium cluster that he described as “a land of hate, envy, and vandalism.” For him, the people boarding the same artificial housing structure he lodges had some sort of evil crawling their bones: an evil condominium. The evil he saw in the eyes of Alex that same October—and in his own, before he shot himself with the same P1911 he was reported for conspiring to use in a planned murder.

“Please, Adam, understand that I did not know it would go this far,” Alex called from across the JailGaurd after reporting Adam for conspiracy of murder and vandalism. All fingers pointed at Adam and his network of phishing websites and click baits. They were enough to swat him and get him in jail. “I had to do something. You were ruining lives. I had to intervene,” but Adam knew these words were far from being the truth. Alex has had him in mind for a while, trying to stop him from landing a 1.5-million-dollar deal for the company they both worked for—the envy of a colleague. Maybe Adam was really conspiring for murder, but he was fully aware that Alex did not rat him for the sake of a better society or engendered fear.

Barely a week, a casual visit to (1-09), and a friendly trust Adam was not known to give out... those were enough to situate Adam at his doomed cold county jail awaiting an unfair trial for a crime he may or may have not committed. Adam has been working his way around that deal for months. Praised by the whole board of administration, they promised Adam a substantial promotion for his endeavors. He worked around landing that deal with a flabbergasting proposal and most of his top-tier team working on the testing trials for their prospective client. However, Adam had his face full of awe on the sight of the testing reports that could waste him months of work; the numbers did not add up.

Adam might have evaded himself all the trouble in a perfect plan that would have pushed the boundaries of his current life class if he did not seek help from his (1-09) colleague—and you might wonder what makes Adam think immediately of Alex for technical help aside from working at the same company when (1-12) lodged someone perfectly suited for that job, but Adam couldn’t stop himself from pulling a toxic flex. Alex’s envy for Adam never dissipated his face; he did not even show an effort to hide it, and Adam was content by telling himself that he is not flexing—that he is just an extraverted person who loves to share. For someone like Alex, all he could see is an opportunity to wear his nemesis down, interpreting the numbers to be deliberate breaches and phishing attempts to convince an unwary client. Those numbers could have been anything from serious attacks to Adam threatening a client with murder through their servers to land a deal, and it is easy to tell what story Alex claimed to have evidence for. He affirmed to have reported it to a senior colleague out of friendliness and worry for his fellow. He was lying.

While Adam might have felt a comforting vibe in the county jail that did not look much worse than a self-abnegating condo, he was soon bailed out before the trial scheduled in three months—a result of some strings being pulled here and there. Adam's ravaging anger rectified to the point that he would pull a gun on Alex if he bumped into him in a corridor, but he did not—not yet. Not to anybody's surprise, Adam became the talk of the whole city—from Mary's street on the west coast to Boulder county on by the west. The loath of the condominium cluster to Adam became more vibrant—he has always hated that place. At least before, it used to smell of Windex and Comfy, but now all he can smell is the vomit he asphyxiates on in his late-night nightmares. Too many people have told Adam all sorts of stories about what had led him there, some through the JailGaurd, some when he got back home. The stories conflicted in parts and agreed in others. Some were a unilateral addition to the timeline, but felt logical, so Adam believed them as he drafted the course of what happened through the past few days. Others, however, were unanimous, but shady, and felt like a cover-up. No one knew what Adam was capable of doing to Alex, and no one dared to experiment. It was some sort of agreed-on protection that not even Alex asked for.

The condominium had gone on a rampage for Adam. He was detested and frowned upon. He was getting further and further from everyone around him each day. By December, he was as lonely as the last tree leaf in the winter. He had only remained close to his last friend, Tara Wilson, getting closer every day. The more the evil condominium hated Adam, the more he felt an attachment for her. They weren't lovers, but they always resembled two lovebirds—confused, and the condominium brought the confusion even further. Adam knew that his life was voided when he decided to let her be his only friend, and he did feel the lonesome breeze when she would take her personal time—time off a complicated life of the condominium cluster society, something that took anywhere from a couple of days to a couple of weeks at a time. The void greeted Adam in the morning and filled him with anxiety to sleep.



You could say that he forgave Alex, but he did not. If you have known Adam by then, you would be surprised by the fact that he never revenged. Something inside was turning into a different color—glowing in a unique way Adam has never experienced amidst the toxicity of the condominium cluster. Maybe he was trying to care for someone for the first time in his life—and that's not Alex. Adam cared for Tara enough that he did not want her to see him as someone evil, and that was the first time Adam realized he was evil—he saw the same gleam in Alex's eyes but in his. It is hard to make such a realization—for Adam, many memories of wickedness washed over him... ones he never realized before. He had to face the mirror every time he enters through the condominium cluster entrance or in the bathroom—only seeing a shade of vomiting green covering what he thought was the flesh of innocence. His aura, all in black. He would also see the reason why he can see his true colors now—Tara Wilson definitely meant something to him.

Would he ever tell her of his love? Adam kept thinking, denying, refusing to believe loving someone, but he knew that the smell of vomit of the evil condominium dissipates when he thinks about her—overtaken by roses and jasmines, but Tara was much more of a stubborn person... she did not want that. "How would it feel when the last person in your life puts you down, too, Adam," he wondered to himself. "It's dark in here. I feel the walls closing on me. I'm devoured by the ghosts of darkness. It is not supposed to be like this; why would Tara just leave? I am not good enough for her: I know I only look out for myself, but I wanted to look out for her too; I'm afraid of the dark. Help..." he barely breathed in reply to himself. Adam was no longer tolerating what became of him. "It's dark in here. I can't breathe. Please help..." but no one listened; Adam did not have anybody to help him.

The air breeze as the new year welcomed was heartwarming in Mary's street condominiums. Despite the coldness of winter, it did feel so sincere and lovely. Maybe nobody came to help Adam and that's why nobody saw him in the new year celebrations. Maybe everyone was busy hanging decorations and filling candy socks over their mantelpieces. Maybe that's why no one found Adam for a week to come... covered with blood, a result of a P1911 gunshot... in his evil condominium.

Binaries

This piece is influenced by pride day and the repeated calls that claim homosexuality is unnatural. Influenced by elements of the African savanna, the author describes feeding habits of animals as an allegory of non-binarism.

Their grass-tickled hooves wander the Serengeti in a pilgrimage of unity. Tails so black contrast their presence in the bright African summer sky. They roam and roam—back and forth ever so slightly in the lands of the devil. Their devil comes with no horns or flames though, but from their neighbors who did not read Matthew 19:19.

Their neighbors and cousins (all family tree curtsey of Charles Darwin—please refer for any legal processions) patched in black spots (or not) over their sun-colored fur. Their teeth stemming from their golden fur gore the insides of the African grass-adorer, tearing their world of binarism apart. A world of binarism that their skin befell in their black and white stripes that could only look like a marching militia over the body that is plated with shimmering white gold.

Once torn, a new color shall be bestowed upon our so-deceased herbivore of the African Savannas. In all glory, red, the archenemy of the blue sky and river, stains all white, black, and green. Creating a world that falls in-between: a gradient; a fluid of colors.

Such a fluid makes you wonder in people. People say homosexual and heterosexual, male and female, utopia and dystopia, alive and dead, past and present, light and shadow, war and peace. They say sky and land, man and animal, dry and wet, cold and hot. They say, and say, and say—and keep babbling in binaries: 011100110111010001101111011100 00. Their binaries are well defined: a story of the zero and the one, or so is believed.

A story that builds the universe: stripes of a zebra.

The zebras never agree. The river, from which our united dazzle of zebras hydrates their aching binary throats, or get asphyxiated by a hunching crocodile, flows. Everything flows and flows. A natural rhythmic gradient: sometimes laminar, sometimes turbulent. Alternating waves of steadiness and utter mess: spreading in all dimensions, more complicated than our simplistic understanding.

People always forget the world in-between, the gradient from black to red to white: the stains all-over. In the Serengeti, the world lays a fluid of sexual orientations—not only a predetermined binary of black and white stripes. Stripes ever so contrasted you could believe a complete Utopia or an overarching Dystopia exists—but it is also a fluid. You stare around, and you question light. What is light? Is sunlight through the glassy windows more of a light than my \$3.99 candelabra light bulb seated inside the drum-shaped stand lamb by the left inner corner of my room, or are they both the same? And if 95°'s sun is hot; how should I describe my 212° kettle?

You could wander in the realm of Zebras for days to come.

It almost tells you something about our world.



His Name was Alfie Gardner

"Her Name was Alfie Gardener" is part of the mini-series "Their Names." It is dedicated to create character out of influence of the city and the news.

Alfie Gardner is an 18-year-old teenager who enjoys spreading fake news on Facebook, saying unreal things just to get attention and watching football. He is arrogant but determined. He can also be very dumb and over-estimating.

He lived in the states and identified himself as bisexual. He has a severe phobia of chickens, unknown reason. Alfie is a jewish who is non-religious that sometimes he's mistaken for an atheist.

Alfie Gardner's name has been associated with bad luck since the day he was born. His birthday was supposed to be February 27th, yet his mother couldn't get him out on that day and had to remain in the hospital with him inside for two more days until delivery. The year Alfie was born had 29 days in February and, as a result, Alfie's birthday comes once every 4 years.

Alfie went on his first date on 4/12 with a girl named Sophia. He was about to kiss her, which would've been his first kiss ever when the news of the sudden fire outbreak at the national office came and everyone shouted in the streets. Before he caught her lips, she heard the noise, then asked, and broke down in tears as her father was there where the incident happened.

Alfie Gardner's bad luck made him lose a lot like job opportunities, money, girls and even school grades. This overload of unfortunate happenings reformed him into a lying, inaccurate attention-whore.

After that incident, Alfie told everyone about it and Sophie got seriously mad. She went to him in the middle of school and slapped

him hard that his scream silenced everyone around. Sophie left school because of the bad reputation she got. At that time, Alfie was so depressed that he hated all women and turned gay. Sadly for Alfie, the other gay people he provoked were disgusted from him.

His sexuality though didn't stay the same for long. In 2013, a new gorgeous Italian teacher transferred to their school and taught them history. Alfie got aroused when he first saw her, and nearly gunned out when he heard her talk with that sexy italic-english accent. She said "Good Morning, class! I'm your new history teacher from Italy. My name is Tisha Louis."



Pursuing Mrs. Louis's gratitude, Alfie dedicated his time to study history to win her favors. He became well acquainted with most of the world's historic events and characters. However, Tisha was superb at ignoring Alfie's looks and implications and did a great job in keeping the relationship professional.

As she was a single hot italiano teacher, most of her colleagues hit on her—sometimes too obviously—but she handled them well enough. Keenly from afar, Gardner noticed and once confronted a professor with it and almost caused himself a problem.

To his good fortune, which was something he rarely had, the professor he confronted was a meek, lecherous, perverted chemistry teacher. He easily told Alfie he was right and they became friends in the Hit On Tisha Club.





The Seven Deadly Sins

This piece was written in favor of the author's best friend upon his tragic death. It is meant to convey the author's hatred for death, portraying it as a monster.

Bolting in, like a swarm of fire
Which brought life to its knees
Agony, a torment of desire
A trauma, a fraud of deeds

It's the time of reckoning, as death's fire shone
Admiring hell, a red blazing nightgown
For soon your soul; it would own

Awe, an emotion that would capture your heart
Overwhelming until it reaches every nerve cell of
your pitiful torso
Just think of every moment of virtue you thwart
How you decided that your yearning is not to forgo

Death is jovial
You said once when your heart was palpitating
as it would in the prime of one's life

Matters not
Whatsoever kind of bravery you had at one moment
It shall not be of much aid,
as your inevitable suffering shall start
and ruin you with a deadly rife

A pain you got,
Would force you to appeal for one more chance
Is it possible? It is not
But I may hear the fragile remains of what you used to
call your voice pleading not guilty,
Shall you let me list the aspects of your cruelty?

As with pride, came your soul with a boast
Excessive hatred aligned with gloat
I always quired, would a little deprecate come at a
cost?
Selfishness was your bliss which for you sought

Your rotten bones brought you envy
Jealousy, propagating through your broken-down soul
Crawling the wreckage of you like vine or ivy
Abhorrence and loath you shared with all

Vengeful, a trait of yours
Came your fury, came your wrath
Avenging, broke you down more and more
Spreading your anger, along the path

Forlorn, pathetic; you chose sloth
That made you weaker as days passed on
What you thought of as happiness was your only loss
Your time ran out, and you were all gone

A blindfold that covered your heart
Was of your vicious greed
A tyrant's desire as for wealth to never part
That deeply shattered you indeed

As dine with no N can be DIE
So did your grasping **desires**
Your gluttony rose up high
Only to rage more fires

In a labyrinth of your mind, you became lost
As you can never find your way back
Your own sight has been clouded by lust
Which knocked you down into wrack

"Are you ready", I uttered in a hellish tone
To meet the devil with the red eye, to shatter, to moan
"I'm ready", at last, leaving his selfishness and pleas
Giving away to his destiny, following with no "please"
... AGONY

Agony, a torment of desire
A trauma... A fraud of deeds!



Clichés

Amidst the fourth month of emotionally-challenging quarantine, this piece represents the author's longing for his city, Maadi.

Clichés
laid in twos
glistening
with the sun's pristine
melting their Koueider treats
their eyes
drown an Olympic swimmer—
deep blue of the river in its swiftly
pace
deep blue of the melancholy in eyes
of the heartbroken
they come back
and
forth
and
up... into The Platform Yacht
clichés
sundered in the presence of the
Daffodils
mourning the blue
into the black
but they are still clichés
Clichés
in Family Land
or El Bandar
waiting
eagerly
until it hits 6
hands held
a cliché
over
the red chairs
mourning the sun
into the big screen's light
then at 8:
one
strike
one
missed
down
the bowling alley
or
one hit
one lost
in 8 pool
or silly laughters
when you
slip

in Ice Planet
but they are still clichés

Clichés
strolling in Converse
over No. 9
a Crispy Mix
from City Crepé
or corn dog
at The Backyard
Shawarma
by the busy corner side
of Abu Mazen
maybe
you leave
unto Al Nasr Street
where you find it silly—
the size of a Quarter Pounder
through the Drive-thru
over
the Mexican Fil
that you
devour
in Chicken Fil-A
or a Big Zack
from the Courtyard
you
sure
shouldn't
have had
those
extra
calories
but you don't care
because they're still clichés

Clichés
lost
in alleys
that could only
look
the same
after you returned
from Tuesday's training
at your favorite
Wadi Degla Club
or when you're running late
from a failing shopping attempt

at Grand Mall
but still you got
that Schogetten and Lindl you love
dark
and white
from their candy store
and that was enough
to make
it worth it
but they're still clichés

Clichés
as if you're kids
chasing each other
down No. 7's solitude
sneaking
a song
by Amr Diab
on the single headphone pair
you share together
sneaking
a touch
sneaking
a hug
sneaking
a kiss
sneaking
and sneaking
—and
sneaking
before 11
when the Metro
ends its shift
for the day
and you have to leave
that's when you know
that it is
not
a cliché

For Life is Not Life Without You

Reminded of the memory of someone his heart rhythmically pounds for, the author longs for his lover.

Why do I still fall like it's our first day,
when I know your heart does not fall for me?
Why do you live an image in my mind,
chasing me down and not letting me free

Why do I still bear fear of losing you,
fearing a damage that have long been done?
Why can't I forget every strand of your
hair—radiating their warmth into our love?

Why can't I forget how your mellow voice,
calling your bunny from across the phone?
Or forget the time you held me captured
for it you knew I feared to stay
alone

Why can't your love
depart my aching heart,
an: let me heal those
pieces of regret?
Why can't I move on from
the memory
of the presence of you the day we
met?

Why can't I have you the way my heart wants,
feeling your hair under a starry sky?
When will I let this memory part my
ruptured feelings—for I can't let you die

For I can't bury your memory un—
—der the heap of my unheartily thoughts
And for I can't let your spirit just go
to suffer the hostile feelings I fought

For I wish to the stars on every day
and listen—to what the sky tenants say
For they might tell me once you're coming back
but their whispers never said you would stay

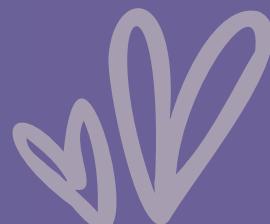
For my heart aches to hear "my bunny"
out of your melodious unshifted lips
For my heart aches for the softness that
you hide from each one, yet for me it slips

Can you hear my heart pounding, my pumpkin?
Do you still feel it when I long for you?
Can you hear my soft whispers in your sleep?
Do you still believe how you make me glow?

Surreal—is me holding your hands shyly
tangling our intertwined fingers with love
Or closing our torsos in one tight hug
that levitates our souls to above

Surreal—to have you snuggled in
my embrace
holding my arms in the home of us
two
when I know that your heart belongs
to me
And this my loving heart belongs to you

Surreal—is losing time when you're around
when my heart fights to leave its locking doom
when I want to hug you in tight and cry
and in some warm breath whisper "I love you."



Who is free on the land of the free?

The author uses writing as a platform to speak up during the events of Black Lives Matter through a fictional conversation.

This is the land of the free,
and here I stand
Together we make the plea
to stay hand-in-hand
Together we bring
the unfeasible true
When the whole world cries "crazy,"
we do it through
And we've done it before
We've reached out to the stars
and we've bargained on more
For the future, for us, for our kids, for our families
Yes, I'm the man of the land of the free

**Now let me ask, who is free on the land of the free?
The people of color in New York or the blacks of
Muscogee?**

Or wasn't Floyd one of those free?
A cold-blooded COP pressing his monstrous knee
Until the Floyd man gave up breath
Are you telling me George deserved his death?

You take pride in the flag, and might in the
constitution
How dare you grant your nights absolution?
Absolution from the burden of what you vividly see,
yet your expired heart lets it be

Again...
Like you did in Montgomery back then
Or did you think the past would just fade away,
like your ancestors thought waging hate on this
bay?

Don't you think we're on the same page?
Or can't you even contain your rage?
"All Lives Matter," or should it be just black?
What if it was my kid who was under attack?
You can't see the whole picture through;
you only see what matters to you.

**What if it was your kid who was under a threat?
How easily does your blank mind forget?**

How easy is it to forget Rice's son?
A 12-year-old shot for holding a toy gun
Or forget Brown whose death left a scar
who died on suspicion of owning Cigar

**And how do you forget the Scott man
whose only crime was that he ran**

**"All Lives Matter," indeed
but don't let your sight be blinded with greed**

Your head is full on its own; you can't even see
that you're the one blinded to a terrifying degree
Is not it safety our common end,
to live without fear or hating intents?
But now you want to defund the police
To free the way to your peers to murder our peace
Do you want our streets free of crime,
or do you just want to continue your whine?
Would havoc satisfy your regress?
That's all you ever want: more mess

**Do you think these murderer COPs ever faced a
charge?
Still armed—they roam the states out at large
Motivated by their bias of discrimination
Those are ones ruining our prideful nation**

**You always think low of us and our kind
that we don't even deserve to be kept in mind?
What do you know about us?
Except for all that made up fuss**

**That we're cruel, savage, and criminals
Uneducated ruthless animals
Less than humans and should die
Our only crime is our skin dye**

**You get to live unwary of our daily fight
While we fear day and night
Fear of my kid bullied at class,
or being regularly harassed
or being called names
or being accused of false claims**

**You say we are different,
but what did we ever do?
Yes, we're the minority,
but the majority is who?
Does being a minority take away our rights?
Those our fathers wrote amid their nights?**

**You may not see the picture yet through
But I'm black, and I want a life too...**

Her Smile

The author speaks of his intimate feelings through this piece.

Light falls unto your brown eyes
Shining with the glimmer of the day
Why do I wonder long of that gleam?
Why do I petrify upon your sway?

You captured the heart that once belonged to me
And my heart feels your touch warm and deep
The beauty of that sensation trails to the sky
Like a star through the universe making its leap

I am lost in that smile brought unto your face
A labyrinth I can never leave
Or ought to find that smile to make me weak
My smile dwells in harmony, I believe

I stare upon that curly hair of yours
It curls on my thoughts again and again
But what is it that makes you special?
What is it that makes me fall into your den?

Why with you do I feel so frail?
Why is it that you hinder my control?
Make me more vulnerable, more exposed
Why do your words touch my soul?

Like no other girl, I once tried to say
But did you believe that was real?
That I never felt that way before you
That your existence makes me heal

You are like no other in the world
Do I really have to spell it out to you?
That you're the one I seek the most
That girl... I love you



Reflection

In attempt to forget a memory, the author writes this piece.

Her glimpse in the mirror petrified me—
in a stance of awe, it spoke to my soul
Lost in time—captured in the vain I be
With my heart aching, a heart you stole

Your eyes detained me in some eye-cuffs
Despair—seeking my history of err
and within heartly deeds concealed, it chuffs
to recite what time held us unaware

"Enough," I beg your gently widening
smile. Hopelessly trying to evade
your aura that never changed, ripening
in the distress of your so-called love shade

Our paths intertwined as stars made their charm
through the light thread of fantasy; we walked
Did I fall? I pondered in pride, alarmed
But your hand reached out to my fallen gawk

Time would heal, she says with her red lips sweet
as her hands trailed its way away from mine
her image dissipates and mine I greet
a reflection which I, to she, consign



Is it early?

Is it too early to call my heart—
a prisoner of your life-saving ark,
flowing in the rivers of daises
and the devil alike?

Is it too early to say that your hair—
handcuffs to my fragile veiny hands,
bolstered with a tensile of T-Cells
that stand still to your presence, my jailer?

Is it too early to tell, in eye blinks
how light breaks through the stained glass
of the holy church of your love,
a reminder of my stubborn lure?

Is it too early to let my breath?
asphyxiate on the aspiration
of your passionate moan taken over by
the contact my lips forcible make to yours?

Is it too early to utter in non-melodious tunes
a song of broken lyrics of some Elvis
under the city's so called
holiday lights and mistletoes?

Is it too early to announce with a grip
to your concave waist and your lonely eyes
as it hits mine it its short contact before we kiss
that you are mine... for real?

The Butterfly

The author believes he lives in a chain of events, each causing the next, and so, he writes this piece.

The summer breeze •

Middle of July

A swift of air

From a butterfly

The wings flap in harmony

While the heart skips a beat

Saying time is abstract

And present is obsolete •

But what does a butterfly have to do with fate?

Better: what does anything have to do with life?

Maybe we're all connected

And maybe we're all losing sight • •

Like a puzzle of jigsaw

Each piece is dust in the void

As if it does not belong to the bigger picture

As if being seen was a sin to avoid

Did I ever think I could see that picture?

That the world would let me do so

Or that I'm better than all others

To feel entitled to know •

To know what lies in the spooky nights of secrets

Or what lies in each of the mismatched hearts?

Maybe ignorance is a bless

Because knowing would break us into parts

If ever,

Wouldn't that butterfly know too?

Wouldn't the summer breeze?





Short Poems

Colors

Someone tell the tree trunks that their brown shrivels to the brown of her hair curls.
Someone tell the sky that its azure rains away to that of her flowing words on a piece of paper.
Someone tell the ladybugs that they can get their colors from her hot-pink lips.
Someone tell the night that its black is more like grey when put next to her favorite black t-shirt.
Someone tell the rainbows that its colors feel black-and-white in her presence.
Someone tell my clumsy drawings from 4th grade which I promised to color that I found their colors.
Someone tell me to look no more for my missing aura because she painted my world in all hues.
Someone tell the birds, someone tell the bees, but most of all, someone tell her...
Someone tell her that she fills the colors in my life.

Storm

Silence kept the peace in me when I feared the storm.
A shelter to heal and hide from the truth
It hurts
The scar is now too deep
The storm ravaged
Damage is done
Tranquil
You would think it is summer breeze before it's too late
It blew the land upside down
Green is grey
A flower blooms
But just as I turn to smell the reminiscence
The storm blows again
"I don't like flowers anymore," I said

Consumed

Red bricks
Grey Ruins
Thorny roses
That fit nicely
A ring around my finger
Poking my soul to go back
Consumed
A bottle of red wine after a hangover
Until my soul reunites with the rubble

Red bricks
Grey Ruins
Thorny roses
That fit nicely
Around my empty casket



Sound of Love

Your voice brings peace unto me
A piece of heaven dwelling on our land
Magical and charming, its merry notes
Chirping like a mockingbird
I might ask if I could
To hear it all-day
And I feel like hearing it in the memories of my dreams,
in the lonely nights,
amid the darkness of my thoughts
The void in my veins dissipates in its utterance
And my name, in your notes, slashes like a cupid through my heart
Oh, shall it be?
The sound of love

Autumn Leaves

I heard my heart break
But you told me it was the autumn leaves
Crackling under the sole of your black shoe
And I believed you
And I believed you would never lie to me
And I believed you would never cheat on me
And I believed you... even though it was summer



Script Writing

How Death Shapes Our Lives

Submitted as a part of the TED-Ed STEM Schools Club '19 round.

THROW LINE

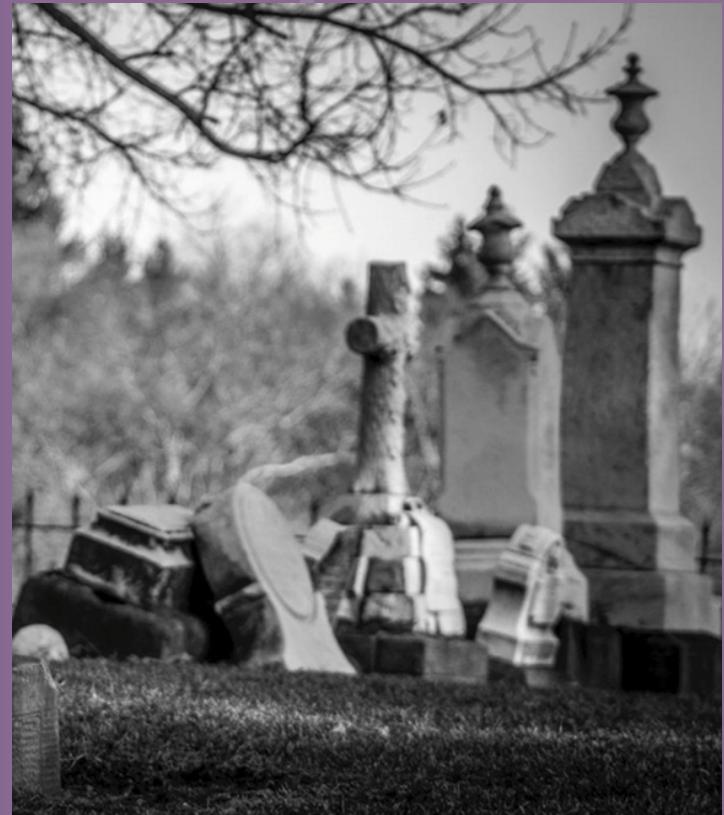
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less traveled by. But why did everyone else choose the other road?

TENSION POINT

I need each one of you to close their eyes for a sec', and to think of a moment; a moment where you decided to give in for the safe side instead of taking the risk, the road less traveled by? A moment where you decided to stay silent class, to keep secrets, to hide pain.

PERSPECTIVE

Okay. Now I think you must be wondering why I brought this up. I guess as we get deep into this you might wonder a little more before you finally realize it; just, hang on. So, because I trust you, guys, I want to tell you a story... about my life, more of a trivia honestly. Fair warning, it is not a happy trivia. I am a 16-year old teenager; however, I had many experiences with death. Don't believe me? I first understood death 12 years ago when my grandfather, someone whom I was much connected to, died of cancer. At the time, he was probably everything to me, and understanding that people just go away for the young me was a bit too much. It was a pivotal change point in my life where I finally had time to think of how serious life is, define where I stand among the sentiments of death and life. Only that I never actually let it take over me the way it does to many. I had a couple more personal encounters with death, siblings, relatives, relatives of friends and even pets. For the sake of keeping this as friendly as possible, I will not get much into details. You must be thinking now, "what on earth is he talking about?" or more like "what death has to do with the roads?" and my favorite personally is "I did not get here to get sad." More to that later.



I am here to tell why how the hideous five-letter lexicon that spells D-E-A-T-H not only destroys our chances in a good life but destroys us too, and how it is the reason why our social anxiety and fear is deep instilled within us. Before we go on, we need to agree on two things, one: death is inevitable and it does not make it any better to neglect it, and two: reconciling with how inexorable death is making a way better persona than evading it. Just one more thing before we hop on and understand why we should not fear death, let's ask ourselves why we fear death. I asked myself that very question a couple of years ago and I found two significant parts for why death matters so much. Loath of loss, the fact that we despise parting with someone, and fear of the unbeknownst. Humans by nature are afraid of what they do not know and they have been that way ever since the first crack of dawn for them on Earth. Just like how until the disestablishmentarianism actually meant something that England considered a second look to their fear of science that deified what they saw as the divine laws of God.

When humans abandon their fear, they become more and more curious to learn feel, and once they do, they become more resilient with bad emotions like awe, panic, and sadness. One way to look at it is how Vince Gilligan portrayed it in his show Breaking Bad. In Breaking Bad (don't worry no spoilers ahead, seriously), our hero, Walter White has an exceptional yet underachiever temperament. He is constantly sticking to the conventional ways of

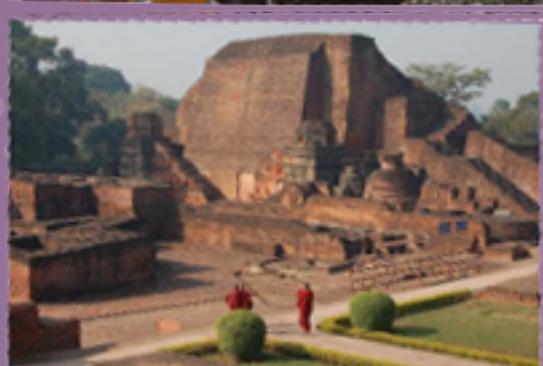
doing things and not a bit a man of danger. One day, he receives news of his “insurmountable” to-come-soon death of lung cancer. Walter decides to run a methamphetamine drug operation that leads him into dangers he is absolutely certain he would not have stood a chance to before receiving his cancer news. He had nothing to lose, so why would not he anyways? I am not asking you to run a drug operation but just to realize how counterproductive death can be to us.

Does the way death undermine our lives has been going on forever, years, decades, centuries? No, millennia! Over 7 millennia on a record and more even before. Death has spawned what is currently estimated to be 4,200 religions that are loosely based on what is waiting for us after death, and where do our loved ones go. These religions have been built on the endless reassurance of the after-life safety to whoever decides to follow their particular religion. Death has got us to devote much time for building temples to worship mostly non-existing Gods (whether you currently a believer or not, we do agree that ancient Gods are sheer myths). Death has got us to fear science and all that seems supernatural for much longer than we could apprehend. Death has led us to destroy millions of books in The Alexandria Library and same for The House of Wisdom of Baghdad. Death made Empror Qin destroy half a millennium of scholar's work, made the Muslims destroy The Biblioteca of Nalada, and how the Japanese destroyed every single Chinese library during World War II. The death led us to slack back for years and we are the ones who are letting it do this, and we are still doing this right now, right here.

We are too afraid to face the music, and we get mad when someone like me rubs the truth in our faces! I keep repeating the word death because I know it hurts your ears to hear it; because you should not hate that word. The only thing it is doing to you is making you go from the magnificent person you are to someone much, much worse. That is why we choose the safer road because it is safer; it is as far as it could from death. At the same time, the livelihood of universe fades with each step along that road.

CONCLUSION AND CLOSURE

We are lost in these enfeeble woods; we get to see these diverged roads a lot; I think it is time to reconsider our priorities. Do you want to survive . . . or do you want to live? Just imagine how the world would be if we decide to keep our fear aside.



The Self-validation of Effort

Written for TEDxYouth@MaadiSTEM event of 2020.

TENSION BREAKER

You are standing on a soccer pitch nearly 5 meters away from the goal at a steep angle. Today's the last game of the UEFA Europe League and it's only five minutes to go in the bout. Your team is down by one to win. This is the most intense moment of the whole season; the spectators are on the edge of their seats. Possibilities rush down your head. You start imagining scenarios in the couple seconds you have in hand but eventually, you have to kick the ball. You do that, and you lose. Do you know why?

PERSPECTIVE 1: THE INNER GAME

What just happened down there is what W. Gallwey calls the inner game. Ever heard of that term? An inner game is basically the competition you play with yourself.

For years, people attributed athletic success to relentless training and hard work. While that is, indeed, true, another key element came into play. In his book *An Inner Game of Tennis*, Gallwey described the logical thinking of a player to be a fight between two parts of his mindset. His conscious thinking, Self I as Gallwey called it, would judge the actions of the acting subconscious mind, or Self II. His idea was that stopping conscious criticism of one's action is the only way to earn success.

Gallwey believed that our conscious minds were incapable of performing tasks, but rather our subconscious thinking is what takes that responsibility. In his hypothesis, the only fair job our conscious mind can accomplish is to give ideas based on emotional perception. In other words, it would woe out of fear enough to push you down to what you fear.

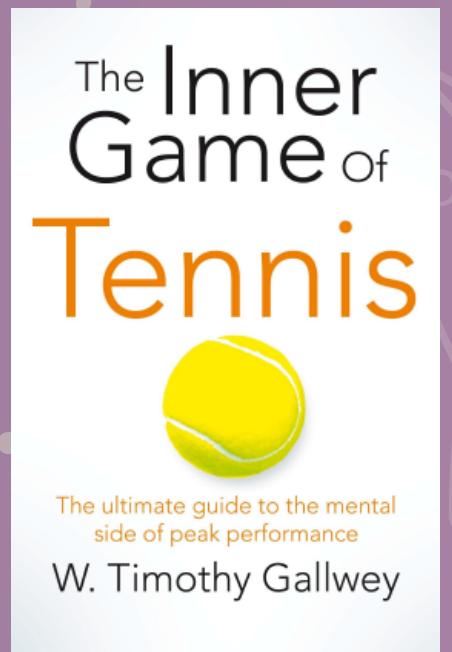
You still remember that soccer field you were standing on a couple of minutes earlies? Good. We're going to need that. Let's slow things down a bit. The player had a few seconds to move a distance of a couple meters to catch the ball before his kick. He had the adrenaline rush of the last game of the season. By the time he got to the ball, the thoughts of losing were already deep down his system. His Self I already did the job of convincing him that it's a no-no situation; he had no chance. Only if he did not think that way, he would have done it just like he did in his earlier training sessions where a loss was not even a risk.

PERSPECTIVE 2: THE RESULTS DON'T MATTER

Of course, when Timothy Gallwey wrote his book, he was focused on athletes. But if you look at it, his ideas were conclusive of much more. To understand, think back to a time where you would just think too much of an action you are positive you can do properly. And you do think of it a lot just because of your fear of the results. Not just sports, maybe a job interview; maybe a presentation; maybe even a date! Raise your hand if you can relate to that.

You did too many job interviews; this is your 20-something presentation or the third date in a year, whoah. But you still got the fear that it is not gonna work, even if it did like a hundred times before. It is funny isn't it? Here, your mind is way too focused on the results, it would criticize your action, thinking that this pushes you further, when in fact it does the opposite.

Let me tell you a little story. Back in my sophomore year, we were just new to the high school environment as a whole. I was placed with a few kids in the same class. I was on par with a few of the most skilled kids in the school. Some of us valued the effort, the others sought for the results. When our school reports came in, people who worked solely for the effort did significantly better than the other group. The trend appeared in both semesters



*In hopes of
my next journey*

