

LOST  
GENERATION

POETRY & PROSE



EHAB SHAWKY



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# LOST GENERATION

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*Dedicated to Egypt's Lost Generation.*

*Special dedication to,  
Ahmed Ibrahim, Tamer Dabbour, Mohamed Badry,  
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Mohamed Farouk, Maged Mohamed, Mohamed Rashed,  
Omar Adel, Haytham Refky, Shady Ma'moun,  
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Ms. Ne'mah & Ms. Ghada Abd Er-Rahman.*

*To all "Child Home" amazing teachers (1985-1990),  
& all "Gezira" wonderful mentors (1991-1994).*

*This book is a compilation of selected poems, prose, and rhymed stories,  
written by Ehab Shawky. It's a reflection upon forty years of his  
generation's dreams, aspirations, feelings, thoughts, and breakdowns.*

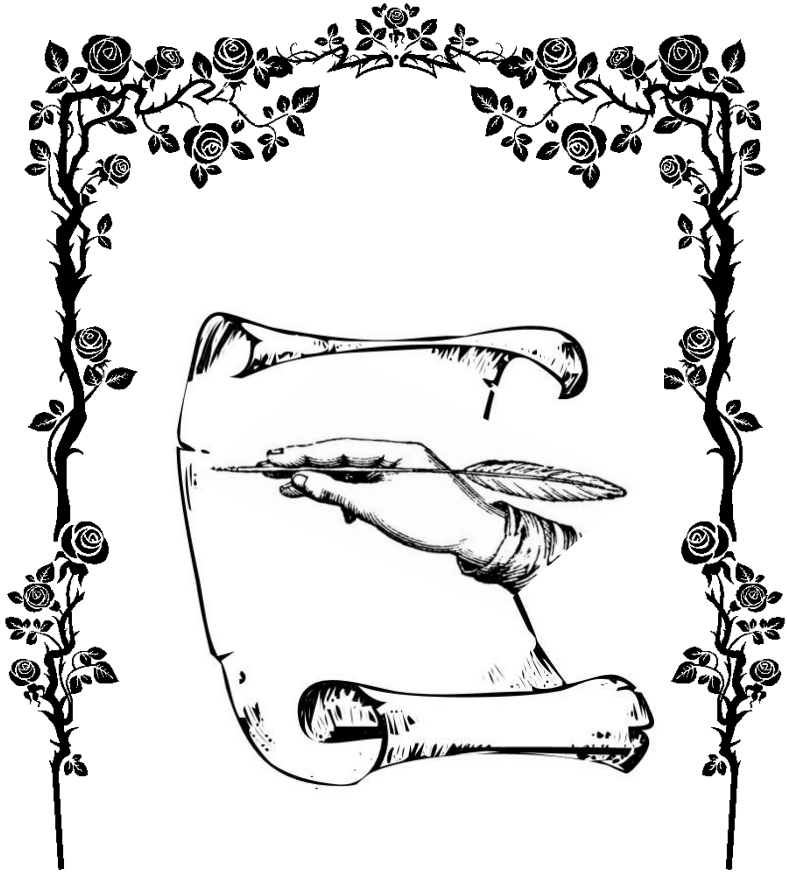


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Let’s Start Our Journey



POETRY IS A REMEDY FOR THE SOUL  
A MEDICINE FOR THE MIND  
& A DOORWAY TO WISDOM

## DARK THOUGHTS

Suffering the treacherous wind,  
Having my wings pinned,  
I lie naked in the shadow  
Under a tree amidst a meadow  
Watching a little bird fly  
Eager to reach the sky.  
How brave and bold it was,  
Striving for such an impossible cause,  
Never tired from falling,  
Never giving in to crawling,  
Always rising again,  
Ever persisting to win.  
I looked at the bird and pondered  
Over its actions and wondered,  
Why couldn't I be like him?  
Why couldn't I surmount my whim?  
In my thoughts, I'm a prisoner,  
To my fate, I'm a petitioner,  
Waiting for a hazy old dream  
To let me out & my soul redeem,



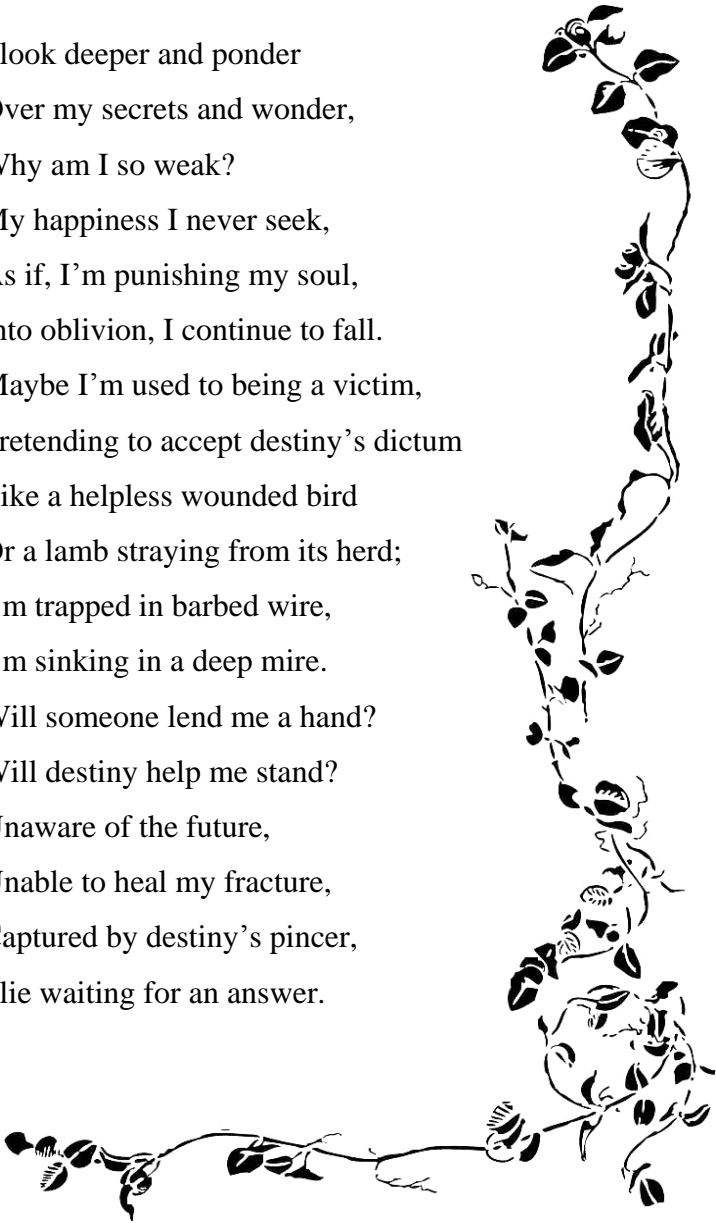


When I shall fly as I please—  
Soar in freedom's breeze,  
Strong and sound,  
No longer bound.

I wake up on reality  
Realizing its brutality.  
Sometimes I ponder  
Over my past & wonder,  
Have I lost my way?  
Have I gone astray?  
There is emptiness inside.  
Desperation, I try to hide.  
I cannot see any future,  
I just hope for a peaceful departure.  
When I think of my sins,  
My head spins.  
I look at myself in despise,  
I look through my soul and recognize  
My weakness and my shame  
From a will I found lame.



I look deeper and ponder  
Over my secrets and wonder,  
Why am I so weak?  
My happiness I never seek,  
As if, I'm punishing my soul,  
Into oblivion, I continue to fall.  
Maybe I'm used to being a victim,  
Pretending to accept destiny's dictum  
Like a helpless wounded bird  
Or a lamb straying from its herd;  
I'm trapped in barbed wire,  
I'm sinking in a deep mire.  
Will someone lend me a hand?  
Will destiny help me stand?  
Unaware of the future,  
Unable to heal my fracture,  
Captured by destiny's pincer,  
I lie waiting for an answer.



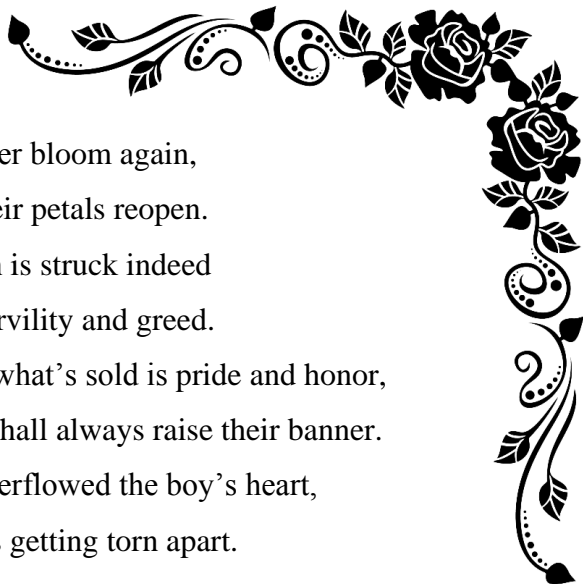
**TIME OF THE FALLEN**

Destined to sorrow,  
With no hope in tomorrow,  
Luckless by birth,  
Bluer than earth,  
The ever-afflicted boy,  
Destiny's favorite toy;  
Deeply hurt,  
Treated as dirt;  
From misery to fear,  
He shed no tear.  
The world is a nasty place,  
Inhabited by a stupid race.  
A truth he discovered late,  
After the sealing of his fate.  
He hoped to make a change;  
To the world, he was so strange.  
Righting wrongs is dangerous  
When most people are treacherous.  
Like Don Quichotte, he failed,  
He grew old and despaired.  
Worn-ruin is what remains,  
Bound by sorrow's chains,

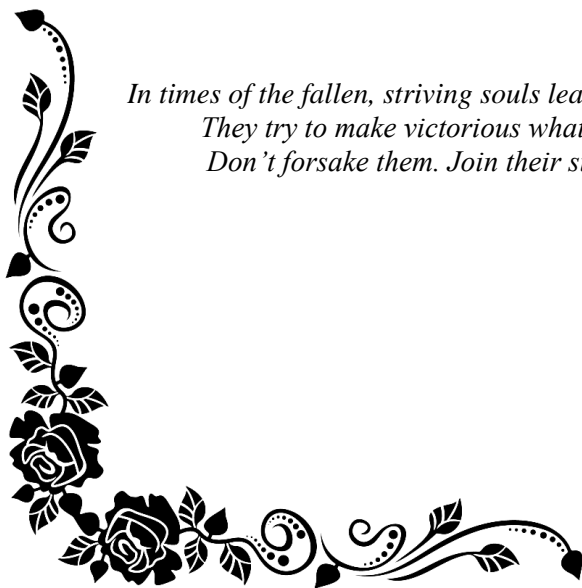


Of the boy who walked in love,  
Created from clay thereof.  
Tired of the world,  
With banners furled,  
He lies in isolation,  
Preferring seclusion;  
Sick of blind eyes,  
Of lies and failed tries;  
Sick of deaf ears,  
Of loud jeers  
Mocking his venture,  
His refusal to surrender.  
He continues to struggle,  
Entering tussle after tussle,  
After a lost hope crawling,  
In times of the fallen.  
With a mind shaking in worry,  
With a vision dark and blurry,  
His heart wails and screams,  
Over remnants of old dreams,  
Lying like dead roses  
Behind a curtain that closes.





They'll never bloom again,  
Nor will their petals reopen.  
The bargain is struck indeed  
Between servility and greed.  
As long as what's sold is pride and honor,  
The fallen shall always raise their banner.  
Anguish overflowed the boy's heart,  
His life was getting torn apart.  
Screaming but unheard,  
Saying the unspoken word,  
"For the cheapest price,  
Hell has defeated paradise."



*In times of the fallen, striving souls lead a lonely life.  
They try to make victorious what's right.  
Don't forsake them. Join their struggle.*

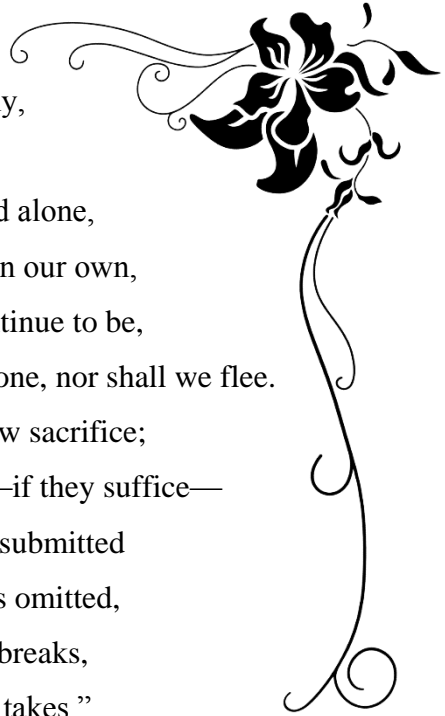
## LOST GENERATION

Standing firm for honesty,  
Holding on to veracity,  
In times of lies and illusions,  
Ruled by endless confusions.  
Alone they insist to strive,  
Unstoppable till they thrive.  
From one generation to the next,  
Like a verse out of context,  
They tumble and halt  
Enduring every assault.  
They walk and crawl,  
Taking fall after fall,  
Clinging to a passion,  
Seeking no compassion,  
Sure of victory,  
Smelling its liberty,  
Invoking their Lord,  
Adhering to his cord.  
“Till death,” they pledged;  
With legs wedged,  
They held their grounds  
Ignoring warning sounds,



“The enemy is too many,  
Take allies if any.”

“No, we’ll stand alone,  
We’re always on our own,  
So we shall continue to be,  
We shall fear none, nor shall we flee.  
Every day, a new sacrifice;  
Our own lives—if they suffice—  
Shall gladly be submitted  
Till falsehood is omitted,  
Till our enemy breaks,  
If that’s what it takes.”

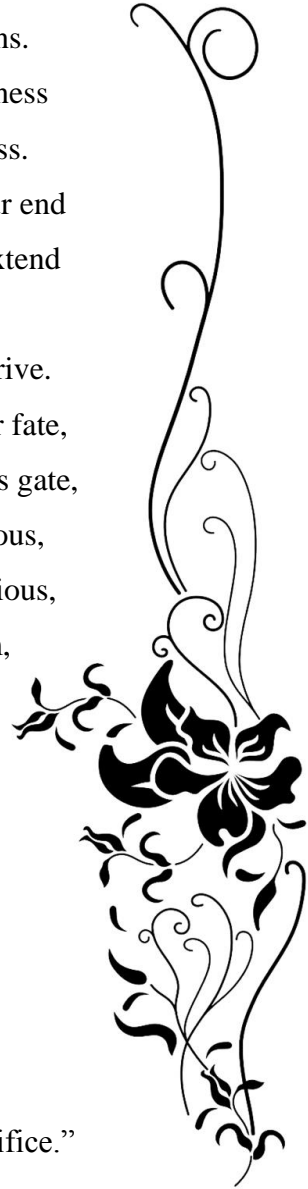


The brave youths noted not  
That traitors continue to plot  
Against their dreams  
Protecting rotten regimes.  
The stab came from behind  
By hands so blind.

“O wretched senseless countries,  
Why can’t you recognize your enemies?  
We were your dawn,  
Your youth, your backbone.

*Dedicated to the honest sincere youths of the Middle East who gave  
their lives defending their people's right to justice & a decent life.  
R.I.P precious dreamers.*

We swallowed your pains  
To inject love in your veins.  
We consumed your bitterness  
To grant you our sweetness.  
Your silence is writing our end  
While our voices die to extend  
Your existence, your life,  
May others continue to strive.  
Willingly, we wait for our fate,  
Willingly, we knock on its gate,  
Concealing a pain so vicious,  
Submitting our most precious,  
May it restore your charm,  
May it sound the alarm  
In deaf ears,  
Blocked by endless fears.  
Now that we're leaving  
You start grieving!  
We don't need your tears,  
Nor do we ask for cheers.  
We ask you for no price,  
But to remember our sacrifice.”





## L O S T   T I M E S

In its motion  
Time is a deep ocean,  
With whirls and raging waves  
Darker than deep caves.  
We flounder in its maze,  
And our souls blaze.  
Unwillingly, we lost our way,  
Blinded, gone far astray.  
Something fell broken within,  
Feelings turned into a sin.  
Dreams lost in oblivion,  
Pervaded by sadness alluvion.  
While days pass by,  
Our wounds continue to cry.  
We walk above their thorns,  
Listening to their horns  
Declare the rise of darkness  
In a sky turning starless,  
Tortured by running years,  
Drowned in screams and tears.  
'Hope,' no longer floats;  
'Why,' chokes our throats.



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