

HADIL Diaf

*Whispers
of
the Night*

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El-Mouthakaf Publishing

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Whispers of the Night
Hadil Diaf
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Whispers of the night

To all of the souls who wander alone at night, seeking warmth of the nocturnal moonlight, talking to the shadows of their selves, looking for the key to the truth, the key to their happiness, the key to their real nature.

H.
D

About the author

She was innocent and childish, saw beauty and depth everywhere, until she faced the cruelty of this merciless, harsh world.

She decided to fight.

She decided to sacrifice everything, Including her soft, kind soul.

She got broken. She fell. Life crushed her.

But then, she rose again.

And then, she got her pieces back together.

Burnt her feelings and put the ashes in a stained box.

Every now and then, she pulls it out, smells her burnt hopes and dreams.

Every now and then, she regrets the old,

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sweet her.

But life is harsh, and her old
self wouldn't survive. She had to
change,

She had to die,

To be born again.

My Dear Old Friend the Moon

Oh, old friend, do you remember our fugitive talks of the night, me whispering to the wind all what my heart bleeds for, and you waving to me in the wind, telling me to hold on, telling me to keep breathing hope even if it seems to be nothing but a lost myth, telling me to smile even when I crack in tears, not finding time to breathe. “Don’t cry too much.” You said, “You might suffocate by your painful tears someday.” But, is it better to keep them trapped inside, willing to explode at any moment, taking my life along?

Oh, old friend, I miss the times we looked into each other’s bright side, thinking of what might the dark one looked like, wandering in our reflections

for so long that even time stops, that even the skies collapse in-between, attracted by the force of our unified souls.

Do you remember when you were smiling at me as a child, telling me that my future is bright, that I should not fear the upcoming and be prepared for greatness? You see, Moon, I miss those times, where I had big hopes and bigger ambitions, where I felt that I can actually change the world into the utopian life I have always dreamed of, that I could become everything I'd want to be. I miss that hope, that confidence, that willingness to defeat the world and set my mind and thoughts free again. I miss believing in myself and believing that everyone is my friend, that everywhere is my home. I miss the innocence and ignorance of the child I

was. I miss the dreams I drew every night before going to sleep. I miss trusting the future me to achieve what I always dreamt to have and be. I miss being able to rely on what's around me, believing naively, that everything would open the paths of success to me. I miss the night, Moon. I miss the nights you talked to me. I miss the nights you comforted me. I miss the cold breeze reminding me to keep my mind and soul fresh and alive, reminding me to breathe deeply and expect good things from life, reminding me that every little pain will fade away with the first breeze you send to tickle me and make me feel you close, right next to me, embracing my fragile soul and healing my little scars with your light. I miss our silent talks, I miss our imaginary walks, and I miss you so badly, my dear old friend, the Moon!

Look in the Mirror

Look in the mirror, my darling, do you see your reflection?

Do you see your face, your body, and all their imperfections?

Do you feel the pain you hide inside, and the tears you heart bleeds?

Do you see the chaos inside of your mind; do you see the many faces fear has collected inside of your soul?

Do you feel the agony of your spirit, and the urge to go away from this world, away from space and time?

Look again, my darling, you'll see the perfect in your imperfections, the strength in your pain and the courage in your fear.

Whispers of the night

Embrace what's within and you shall
put the world on fire.

I will make of my skin a paper,
And with a knife I'll cut a vein,
To make of my own blood an ink,
That immortalizes all of my pain
And sets free my soul in agony
To release the shouts I never screamed.

I no longer long for any
Mortal propriety that life offers me
I only seek to be alone with my shadows
Listening to the wind as it talks
Feeling my soul flying slow
To reach the path where walks
Tied by a broken hope, every memory I
lost
And capture those running dreams of
mine
To set them back in my caged mind
And make it shine within the darkness
Of my thawing, shaking soul
To make love find its way again

And purify my heart as I fall
In the tenebrous lake of madness.

Spread your wings, butterfly
Let the universe see your beauty
Let the marvelous cosmos watch you
As you fly above the cooling lands
Of all those who didn't show mercy
To the lost soul you were
When all you could do is crawl
Moan alone crying your pain
Struggling to keep life within your veins
Fly away butterfly, fly away
You were born with wings,
Why prefer to crawl

Don't Scar this Young Heart

Don't scar this young heart
It hasn't yet known hate
Don't make it bleed
Its veins are yet to be filled
With the bitter feeling of betrayal
Don't dare approach the sanctuary
Where both love and pureness reside
Hidden away from the
monstrous outside
Come no closer from the cracking gate
That protects its fragile walls from hate
From evil and all the sins
carried around
By the knights of the stolen parts

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