

**BYE,
DONNA SUMMER!**



Haiku by Ali Znaidi



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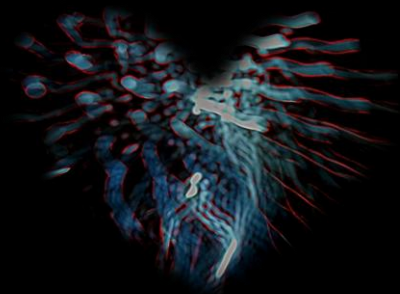
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autumnal winds blow
trees harmoniously sway
choreography

a flock of pigeons
rain and white feathers
mingle
peace waters the world

sirocco gusted
roses' corpses everywhere
Summer was crowned king

thunder loudly roars
deafening noise splits the
ears
buzzing buzzing bees



Wind wipes out the soil.
Tiger sheds its skin—
spotless
Tiger Lilies fade.

summer fruits abound
two bunches of grapes
protrude
her sassy earrings

pebbles in the pond
scarring the face of water
a broken mirror

rain rain rain rain rain
the earth feels nauseated
mouthwatering fruits

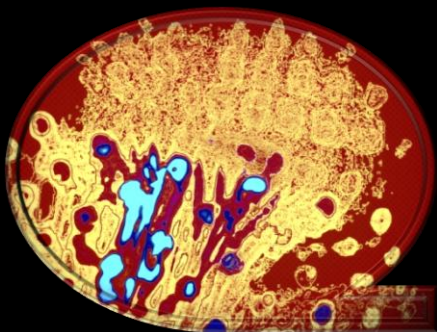
black clouds whimpering
foul smell of pigs in the mud
tear gas in the eyes

lily's aroma
finds a way into the street
Lily's aroma

some Spanish apples
on a Tunisian stall
lost in translation

this morning thick clouds
shrouded the pure crystal
sky
mourning morning sun

delicate dawn dew
warmed by the glowing
sunlights
Aurora's face shone



abundant moon sinks
beyond stars constellation
parasites blossom

heat thickens the air
a monster and a furnace
bodies bathe in sweat

venomous snakes hissed
from every sides of the bush
hot sirocco wind

dust under the roof
the ceiling glitters with light
Her rusty long nails

two black clouds
dancing
raindrops quenching the
soil's thirst
a bra drying up

a necklace of snow
locked between two
strawberries
white sugary teeth

cloying strawberries
melted by a rough river
when kissing her lips

in the sandy storm
no one could spell the word
wind
only the wind gusts

autumn fragrant scents
coming through swallows
feathers
no need for perfume

a dark wintry night
spiders in the room's corner
darkness breathes venom

wet cigarette butts
cluttered the vitric ashtray—
an awesome vispo



succulent young shoots
suckle on the drizzling
rain—
asparagus dish

on a moonless night
three starlets hinged
together—
a shiny triptych

ink wets the paper
no single word is written:
drinking in mirage

glacial frosty wind
The Muse catches a bad
cold—
poetic virus

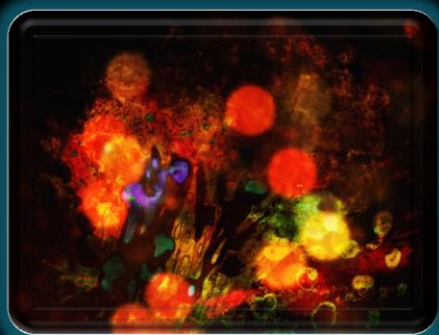
still dreaming of dawn,
searching for the silky
thread:

sin of confession

torrents of rain fall:
bullets striking the body—
carving epitaphs

a cruel coldness
is plucking all handkerchiefs
from all the drawers

gusts of wintry wind:
the silky bush is dangling—
a hair in the soup



Feeble breeze wafted—
a **free** air-conditioner
to the poor's **delight**.

a virgin apple;
its red glowing lights rinse
sins—

I may purge on Mars

a giant palm leaf
was tickled pink by the wind
a slithering snake

a black cloud swaying
a crow on a black barrel
long-distance flirting

shiny black olives
slumbering under the sun
symphony of peace

the sun's rays wither
summer will never exist
happy April's fool

rain mingles with mud
the big house falls
asunder—
wallpaper keyholes

a wiggly worm
in the realm of dark chaos
follows her instinct



heavy winter rain
all brackets have been
erased
liberty restored

A fragrant morning.
That rose peers from the
window:
Very long pathways.

The dawn's fresh dew drops
still grapple to reach her
face.

—*Un text inachevé.*

On a spring morning
Dim the lights, “Dim all The
Lights”¹

I’ll miss you Summer

¹ “Dim all The Lights” is a title of a Donna
Summer’s hit.

“Last Dance”² of spring rain
The lake's water desiccates
“No More Tears” to shed

² “Last Dance,” & “No More Tears” are titles of Donna Summer’s hits.

ALI ZNAIDI (b.1977) lives in Redeyef, Tunisia where he teaches English at Tunisian public secondary schools. He graduated with a BA in Anglo-American Studies in 2002. He writes poetry and has an interest in literature, languages, and literary translations.

His work has appeared in various magazines and journals worldwide. His debut poetry chapbook *Experimental Ruminations* was published in September 2012 by Fowlpox Press (Canada). From time to time he blogs at alizonaiddi.blogspot.com. He also keeps a blog about Tunisian literature at tunisianlit.wordpress.com.

