

Poetry Series

Asma Zenjali
- poems -

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Asma Zenjali()

A Death Story

One day in a rainy day
Where there was no one but you and me
We laughed like two insane
We danced like it's all okay
I saw what you couldn't say
I felt your hidden pain
You smiled looking at my eyes
You knew the much my heart cries
You were the light of my nights
my life flame
You were the rain wash my pain
Now you gone away
The night came so dark and cold
With shining stars as in the sky were hold
You closed your eyes
with silence over the place
You left the life with a smiling face
I would cry, and deny
That you gone away
I would try stop the pain
..But it's all in vain
One time in a rainy day
Where there was no one but you and me
We laughed like two insane
We danced like it's all okay
Now it's all end..
since you left that day
Now it's all end..
Only memories could stay
I stand where your coffin lay
with raised hands.. for you i pray...

Asma Zenjali

A Poem

A poem long or short
It may heal or hurt
Whether about hate or love
Or an expression of what you feel and have
Who said words can't speak
It shows who's strong and who's weak
A poet isn't who writes a lot
But who writes like he got shot
Like his poem is the last
The end of his present and past
A poet doesn't have to be all the time
And Stop writing for him isn't a crime
He may creates when he's happy or sad
Or just to feel satisfaction and glad!

Asma Zenjali

A Rude Awakening

I woke up that day to the noise of the T.V.
Wondering what was the matter,
Curiosity left me no choice but to watch.
I saw fire and devilish flames everywhere;
I watched the people hiding and felt scared.
I saw many pictures of destruction and death -
Tried to make sense of who is responsible
Who to trust and who to blame,
I looked for reasons.
The victims in France, Tunisia and many in Syria
Are significant in the Lebanon by my criteria.
Their souls were stolen by such misdeeds,
By evil spirits, their goal to spread terror;
To conceal war between powers
Who seek to dominate and control.
Terror is when injustice and ego rule
And the world divided:
East. West. Muslim. Christian.
When no one is willing to listen,
A greedy few thrive and the many die hungry
It is terrorism in all its forms that I am against.

Asma Zenjali

Changing Times

Changing times...
I close my eyes
I remember the joy of yesterday
I feel cry.. but i am fine
I know it's gonna be okay
I keep smile.. try to be strong
But it's all fake, sometimes wrong
Oh... changing times
How is tomorrow..
Is it like today
Full of sorrow
I dream of the passing times
Those bright with sun arise
I dream of people are mine
Those with love, and smile that shine
Changing times..
Once bad, once alright
A start with warm morning
An end with darking night
And life moves on..
Days are sad
And days with a happy tone

Asma Zenjali

Free To Be Me

Walking on a road
Through trees shadow
Looking for a way out
Where i can feel
Free to be me
Closing my eyes
Not willing to see
The difference between them and me
Outside, they feel proud
being them in the same crowd
While i am always realized
As being me..
Cursed, treated as a weak
Because i am unlike! I look freak
Being white means strong
But when i write
They are wrong
For not accepting me
As a man from different race
Why should it be a big case
But still, i do hide
Not afraid to be rejected
But just to feel
Free to be me..!

Asma Zenjali

Frozen

Frozen.. am i frozen?
Is this my life? or Myself i am losing
I hear sounds but i live in silence
I want to move but i with no balance
Frozen when i see people smile
Hoping i can weep the way they cry
Frozen when i I need to say...
Hold my hand but they already gone away
I need to voice my sound
I need to shout It aloud
I need to free my soul
To dance and feel it all
Frozen.. Am i still frozen
Can u hear me now
Do my feelings start rosing..

Asma Zenjali

Hollow

My life is hollow,
Boring in fact
No passion to follow
As a stone doesn't act
Thrown, kicked
Moved by fate
I never initiate I just wait
I dream to be, I aim to see
I live to do, I think of you
Willing to change
Willing to start
To feel alive with you my life
To fill what is hollow
As a feeling I will never swallow

Asma Zenjali

Homeless

a child And his mother sat alone
They seemed cold and tired..
For losing their home
the child was saying:
'Mother why do we live outside...
Where it is cold, hiding from everything
While we are nothing..
But two homeless
a mother And child
Haven't we had a house with a door! ?
And a garden with roses that you adored
now i am denied in this corner
Holding some bread as gold
Feeling happy for being saved
From death and hunger
Mother! ? ...Why you are silent!
Do you remember our nights sitting around..
Watching movies till morning
i wake up in my warm room.
Where in bed i am found
i don't like tv any more
it shows people dying as never before
You used to stop me from going out.
i wish we can go now inside
And run to daddy to carry me high
with his strong bones and fly
you slept ...right?
why you are cold and white! '
A man give the kid some charity
the woman seemed dead from cold
he hugged him feeling sad and pity
The boy said:
' it is okay, with your money our house will be rebuilt
i will go to school
My mother will take me to bed
And Just like those days
we will pray for my father always '
he slept on her chest feeling tired
the boy woke up.. the mother was gone

he sat thinking silently..
Whether death took his mom
Or that mysterious man...

Asma Zenjali

Je Ne Te Manque Pas)

Tu me oublie n'est ce pas ? ?

Mes déserts et mes repas

Tous mes mots et les chansons

Comme tu n'était jamais à la maison! !

Quand tu es terrifié et peur

Tu m'étreindre et pleure

Toutes ces larmes et douleur

Torturent et cassent mon cœur

Mais non je ne te manque pas

Tes jouets et mes repas

Pourquoi? ? ... je ne sais pas

Je sais que tu as beaucoup à faire

Des projets et des affaires

Mais je suis encore ta mère

La vie sans toi juste misère

Oh mon fils...oh mon cher

Mais non je ne te manque pas

Tes jouets et mes repas

Pourquoi? ? ... je ne sais pas

Si seulement tu encore petit

Court et joue avec tes amis

Saute et cris sur ton lit

Seras timide quand tu vois une fille

Mais non je ne te manque pas

Tes jouets et mes repas

Pourquoi? ? ... je ne sais pas

Juste je ne te manque pas.....

Asma Zenjali

Kinds Of Love

Such a beautiful image I am looking at

Perfect for the walls of my flat

Many hearts with different colors

Give another meaning of love,

Couldn't be reached by authors

A heart full of love painted in blue

For a couple won't separate

As they are stuck with glue

A heart full of affection painted in red

Reminds you how you adored your toys

When you were a kid...

A heart colored in pink

The one can write 'I love you '

Using his blood instead of ink

I like the one in purple

For a love takes years to get over

like the walk of a turtle

I hate the one in yellow

The way the two break up

I will never swallow!

Finally the heart in orange

Most suitable and right feeling

When it ends with marriage

Oops I forgot the heart in the green

Fake and unreal!

Like the one we watch on TV screen

Asma Zenjali

Letting Him Go

I couldn't let him go
Walk away for ever
Forgets me, hates me
Just not being together
I couldn't let him go
Love was strong
Words and feelings
Made me hold him
Though it was wrong..
I couldn't let him go
Tears dropped fast
Face was sad
Voiceless, shocked
Frozen as a mast
How could I let him go?
Love we shared
He has my heart
My soul, my thought
I guess he doesn't know
Otherwise he would simply
Stay near and not decide
To go!

Asma Zenjali

Life And Death

What is life? And what is death?
Two words we used to hear and deal with
They are the contradiction of each other
Both can happen to anyone,
Son, sister or brother
Life refer to a new story with new names
And death end everything
Like a whashed dust when it rains
Then what is the purpose of living,
If we are going to die?
Leaving what we started without an end
Just tell me why?
For a while they seem so suitable
As an engagement to move us
To somewhere indescribable
When dark come after light
And silence after noise
Only you! ! No family, no friends or boys
Do we live so long to die?
Or we die to live a big lie?
Were we real or just actors?
Anything can impact us,
Were it simple or strong factors
What do the words life and death mean anyway
questions come to my mind,
When i see a man in his coffin lay.

Asma Zenjali

Loving Women

for all hard times she was there
Struggling patiently for life
Spreading love and care
A blessed gift on earth
A mother who raised us well

For all women who fought for justice
For their rights refusing to fail
a widow who lost her man
Yet she carried on with her kids
determined with a strong will.

A lady who work hard outside
To acheive her goals and success
A woman of society is everywhere
a Mother, wife, a writer

Cannot be lived without
Making world better place and brighter

She beautifies life as a flower
A companion with wisdom to share.
Giving us hope, love and power
So we as women struggle as they
For a universe as peaceful as fair

Asma Zenjali

Mujibnama

An Epic on Sheikh Mujib, the Father of Nation

by Sayeed Abubakar

Translation in English: Sayeed Abubakar

Book 1

It was a hero who roared like thunder
With the voice of a lion on the seventh
March of Nineteen Hundred Seventy One,
At the Racecourse Ground of Dhaka, saying:
'The people of Bengal want to get free;
The people of Bengal want to live; the
People of Bengal want to have their rights';
He, like Prometheus, nourished into
His two eyes the dream of stealing fire
From Paradise and had a pain within
His bosom for the disgraced and oppressed
People of his motherland which surged up
Like the flood-tide of its thousand rivers.
It was a hero as green as trees who
Roared like Royal Bengal Tiger on the
Seventh March of Nineteen Hundred Seventy
One bathing in the silvery light of
The blazing Sun at the Racecourse Ground of
Dhaka, saying: 'The struggle for this time
Is the struggle of liberation; the
Struggle for this time is the struggle of
Independence'; In his voice people heard
The tiger-tone of Haji Shariatullah,
Lion-man Isha Khan of Sonargaon and
Mansur-ul-Mulk Siraj ud-Daulah, the
Last independent Nawab of Bengal;
Spreading the cool shade of Banyan tree
All around, touching the blue sky with the
Firm head of Nazrul, it was a hero
Who at the Racecourse Ground of Dhaka, in
The fire-shedding March of Nineteen Hundred
Seventy One, having stolen the voice
Of Thunder asleep, uttered the call to

Get free; the crowd found in his large forehead
Lighting like stars the blood-stained flower-like
Souls of Sher-e-Bangla A K Fazlul
Haque, Abdul Hamid Khan Bhashani,
Huseyn Shaheed Suhrawardy and
All the language-martyrs of Nineteen
Hundred Fifty Two; I am one of his sons
Afflicted with grief, the last poet of this
Century, born at Ramvodrapur in
Keshabpur Upazilla of Jessore
District; I have stood here with a heart as
Broken as an earthen jar having a
Desire to sing his song. I will sing of
His victory, by whose name my country
Gets awake everyday and by whose call
The sleep of whole Bengal was suddenly
Broken one day, the song of liberty
Started ringing even on the lips of
The wing-broken magpies and in the long
Run, a blood-wet wonder-flower got bloomed
In the garden of earth named Bangladesh;
Bangladesh—the most beautiful homeland
Of mine—whose legends have been written on
The page of Age with the letters of gold.

I know, O God, the leaves of trees do not
Shake without your order; by your command,
The Sun provides its light tirelessly from
One corner to another corner of
Earth every day in the same way; by your
Command, flowers spread fragrance in air and
Birds sing in forests; for your kindness, so
Bright is the Moon, rivers are so wavy,
Erect are the Himalayas, oceans
Are so full of water, the pillarless
Sky is so blue, green are the forests and
This soil is so productive—all are so
By your mercy; your benevolence has
Made the flowers beautiful and the fruits
Tasty; who has such strength, can step a foot
On earth without your warm kindness? He, on
Whom you take pity, survives on the page

Of time getting immortal; all other
Names get obliterated easily
Like the letters written on the water
Of sea. If you smile on someone with your
Pity, even though he is a slave, he
Becomes the king; and if you get angry
With someone, even though he is a king,
He, getting beggar, begs from door to door.
Which way the Sun after day bows down in
Fear in front of you, and which way the full
Moon at the end of night sinks with bowing
Head and with eyes full of tears into your
Eternity, the same way, o God, my
Existence has stumbled upon your feet
Like a betel-nut tree broken by storm;
If you give light, I will be enlightened,
By that light my poem will dazzle the
Eyes of the whole world like the white moonlight
Of Autumn; if you give me strength, my verse
Following the path of Milton, Dante
and Homer will walk on the bosom of
Eternity; if you get pleased with me,
I, too, clasping the hand of my father
epic-poet Madhusudan, will cross
The impassable ocean of epic.

The resolve I have made in this morning,
O the most glorious, is known to you;
And I know, without your mercy, no hope
Is possible to be fulfilled and no
Expedition gets successful; I will
Sing of his ballad who is the greatest
Son of the great Bengali nation in
Thousand years, by whose bright declaration
The Sun of independence which had set
Suddenly at Plassey in Seventeen
Hundred Fifty Seven peeped again in
The sky of Bengal, by whose beckoning
Of finger the shackles of hundred year
Slavery were broken miraculously
And the whole nation started dancing in
Pleasure. I will sing of his ballad which

Way Valmiki filled the air of earth with
The hymn of Rama. Give melody in
My voice; and let my soul bask in the fierce
Sunshine which fetches bright morning on earth
Piercing the darkness of night; and pour down
Great infatuation of poesy
Maddened with patriotism into my eyes.

Whose mother is ugly on earth? Mothers
Are as holy as Paradise, dear and
Beautiful to their children. In the same
Way, motherlands are dear to all men.
Whose heart does not get cool looking at the
Face of motherland? Whose eyes do not get
Wet in the hard times of own country? The
Green shepherd too, who grazes cattle on
The withered desert sings of the beauty
Of his homeland. The starving peasant too,
Doing Jhum cultivation with skinny
Body at the bottom of the rough hill,
Sings of the glory of his birthplace with
Joy. Alas! Who is the stone-hearted one
Whose two eyes do not get filled with tears on
The foreign land remembering own land?
Who is the barbarian that makes an
Illicit affair with wanton woman
Violating the chastity of his
Motherland? On one side, there was
The last brightest Sun of Bengal, Bihar
And Orissa, Nawab Siraj ud-Daulah;
On the other side, there was the trap of
Conspiracy made by Ghaseti Begum,
Mir Jafar, Jagat Seth and the foreign
Pirate Robert Clive; the cumulus of
Danger were spread everywhere.
The well-watered, well-fruitful, well-fertile
Eden-like Bengal, green with abundant corn
Fell in danger again and again for
Her beauty and riches, which way a deer's
Foe is its flesh and a beautiful girl's
Danger is her own beauty. In the past,

The notorious Maratha cavalry
Came here to loot Bengal's all property.
The Mughals came here; Man Singh, the robber,
Invaded the paddy-fields of Isha
Khan with his men. But Isha Khan the great
Responded courageously by breaking
Down the sword of Man Singh. Later came the
White bears in Bengal to devour the people
Sleeping in peace. To devour tearing its
Whole map, they gathered well-armed at Plassey.
The trumpet of war started blowing with
A great noise. On one side, there stood the self-
Sacrificing patriots; on the other
Side, there stood the selfish hungry foreign
Beasts white in color; between them, there were
A few indigenous ugly vultures.

O Bengal, the beautiful native land
Of mine, holy motherland! Again and
Again, what a distress descends on your
Lot! When were you free of foes? Tell me when
The venomous cobra of misfortune
Did not bite your son Lakhindar! By which
Curse, tell, you are the daughter of sorrow
Of earth, O beautiful Banga! Your sons
Who were blessed with milk and rice became
Again slaves by the irony of fate.
The Sun of Independence set in the
Ocean of Time, depth of which was about
Two hundred years. All the clouds of the sky
Of Bengal turned black in shame for the red
Blood of Siraj; the sun-rays wearing the
Burial cloth entered into graves; and
A few black cats and all the owls of night
Sitting into the dense compact darkness
Started mewling with cry. O Bengal, my
Pretty land, holy mother, my birth-place!

Who loves to live in the blind iron-cage?
Who does not want a free life? All the birds

Living in the forests spread sweet notes of
Peace in the air hiding the treasure of
Freedom within souls. How freely all the
Fishes of seas move from one water-home
To another water-home! The little
Ants, very insignificant on earth,
Lead what a free life keeping their
Backbones erect! Living with the tigers
In forests, the calm deer, too, run with a
Great joy as free as sun-rays. Only the
Peaceful people of Bengal draw the yoke
Of slavery like bulls in the fields of
Life for the irony of fate. Within
Their eyes, nevertheless, there played the dim
Red light of the setting sun of the lost
Independence and within their bosom
There played the pain of losing liberty
Like the pain of Orpheus after losing
His beloved Eurydice. That pain of
Love became solid, took the shape of clouds
And surrounded the whole country. When those
Clouds collapsed down upon earth with the sound
Of Israfil's trumpet, there roared a storm
Terrible and destructive. In that fierce
Storm, the throne of British empire was flown
Like the dry leaves of trees. It seemed Bengal
Became free; the branches and green leaves of
The lives of people with delight started
Oscillating in the wind of freedom.
But, alas! Who knew, those who were beside
Us as brothers were sore enemies, our
Killers! They filled the bosom of Bengal
With murder, death, plundering, oppression
And brutality. The irritated
Mob came out on the high ways to protest.
What a dragon came on this land— First, he
devoured her economy, wealth and might;
Then he devoured the blood of Bengalis
and the dignity of women; still his
Hunger remained unsatisfied! At last,
He desired to pierce the heart of men and
Then to eat up their dreams, ambition, hope,

Emotion and fancy. Eating up their
Mother tongue, he planned to kill this nation
Physically and spiritually.
With the poisonous nails of that dragon,
The language-eater, the high ways of
Dhaka became besmeared with the blood of
Innocent young men of Bengal who loved
Their mothers, mother-tongue and motherland.

In such a cloudy day, the whole nation
Waited with eager eyes, which way in an
Agitated ocean the passengers
Stared helplessly towards the face of their
Boatman and screamed aloud uttering the
Name of God; as if it were a roaring
River, on whose growling waves stumbled down
A tempest, falling into its trap a
Helpless boat is swinging to and fro and
Its passengers are crying loudly saying:
' Help! Help! ' because the helmsman of their boat
Is an enemy. At last, he who was
The savior of the perplexed nation
Came in front and roared like a lion; by that
Roar, the whole country trembled, as if in a
Earthquake; hearing it, the corrupted
Souls of the enemies trembled in fear
Which way the leaves of a banyan tree
Tremble. He came which way the Sun piercing
The night comes in the east sky; he came which
Way after an intolerable long
Load-shedding, electricity comes back
In the hot nights of Summer; he came which
Way a brief shower comes like cool peace on
The torn heart of burnt soil in the month of
Choitra. All the Bengalis, from Teknaf
To Tetulia, from the shore of the
Kapatakkha river to that of the
Surma, the Punarbhaba, the Meghna
And the Jamuna, welcomed him with a
Great joy filling the air with applause and
Fire-shedding slogans, bowing down their heads
Before him. Then they dressed his neck with a

Garland and wrote `Bangabandhu', the gold-
Name, on his broad forehead with immense love.

[Corronation Episode: Book 1]

by Sayeed Abubakar

Asma Zenjali

My City

The sky looks beautiful and clear
While I am staring at it right here
Enjoying the weather, although it is sunny
What luck! For that people pay money
Different places I can go and visit
It seems suitable and my excitement has no limit
I can travel or have a journey
But no! I prefer in my city to stay
Marrakesh the city where I feel better
I will never leave it, what ever happen and no matter
Its people are tolerant and nice
Never get angry, putting their nerves in ice
Of course humor is their language
The major main and communication edge
God bless it and morocco as a whole
Each country in it has its value and role

Asma Zenjali

My Life

My life, what a long, big word
Every day pass I learn things cannot be seen or heard
Proud of my existence and being alive
Living difficult moments then happiness arrive
My life is a story written by fate
New events and achievements I still wait
Making mistakes and doing the right
was like being in darkness then moving to the light
Falling in love then discover that I was wrong
Taught me to be wise and so strong!
My life is worthy and very precious
And to spend it with right people I am cautious
One day I'll die and it will end
But my memory will last with those who caught my hand
Friend, lover or a daughter
Or even a stranger I gave him once a cup of water

Asma Zenjali

Signs Of Love

He wrote to me a love letter
He hugged me to feel better
He caught my hand when I was lost
He showed me how much I cost
I love him between me and myself
Maybe as he does or just a half
I know I am the one in his mind
A truth he can't deny or hide
Thinking of me when he wakes up
Picturing me in his coffee cup
Smiling when he hears my name
Hoping one day I'll feel the same..!

Asma Zenjali

The Evil Man

A day started with shining sun
And flowers bloomed perfuming the air
As life appeared colorful and pure
A man was throwing dirt everywhere

The sun was watching feeling sad
The trees were coughing here and there
The smoke of cars and human fume
Made flowers die instead of bloom..

The sky felt sad, so she cried
The sun was angry, so weather was hot
The clouds were black as depressed
And sea threw violently its waves

A storm attacked the evil man
How stern were the drops of rain
the man felt cold, as danger and pain.

the anger of nature is so hard
We hurt and spoil its loving heart
One day she will wake up again
And punish us as that evil man

She takes care of us all the time
And So we must love and save to be fine

Asma Zenjali

The Right Love

Why two love each other must break up?
Is it the fate or one of them decides to stop
The fear and feeling of confusion
Should he live the moment,
Or wake up from his illusion
They both know the end will come
When you feel lost and without a home
You may cry not believe and scream!
Then discover that you were just a whim
Love exist that's true and correct
Moves you to other place like a drugs addict
It is kinds and only one of them is the best
Admire your God and forget the rest
At least he won't hurt you or walk away
But watch and protect you the whole day
The only one who can make you happy
Unique you can't find the same
or make a copy!
And do not think by follwing him,
you lose many things..
Your demands will answer,
Even if u ask for wings
I love my god. so much!
He is always with me,
Whether i was right or not..

Asma Zenjali

You Are Old Enough

You forgot me son, right?
My meals, and songs at night
your running to me when you are terrified
to wipe your tears that broke my heart
You used to miss me from school to house
beg me to watch tom and the mouse
but now you are old enough!
That you don't need me in your life
You always have work to do
dreams you want to make them true..
But son you need to know
That your mother misses you.
Life without you is sad
Your happiness is what i used to have
If only you can be that boy
Cries whenever loses a toy
Feels shy when he meets a girl
and Acts gently like an earl! ..
but hey!
I guess now you Are old enough..
So you don't need me in your life...
Whether i miss you or not
You never call to ask about...

Asma Zenjali

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Asma Zenjali