

## Letter from a diary by Kamal Nasri

To whom you write except those golden pages  
They are blank and numb though they listen to your pain  
Without hesitation they call to write about love and even long complain  
Come and Nag with silent letters, cry and even release your pain  
Let the loneliness and agony cast away in a vague propontis sea  
Travel with your friends, feather and a pen on a white rail  
Confess secrets and fears; with me you will feel nothing but sweet relief  
Sigh and reveal your inner passion, take off every feeling of life disdain  
Hatred mixed of love balanced on my pages, more than what a heart can ever contain  
Extract your pain; banish every sorrowful sensation in your soul and veins  
I'm a warden, I'm a shrink, and I'm a friend that makes free bargains with your speechless  
thoughts my dear  
Meet me at the land of ink; fetch every tear to vanish in my sea,  
To be exiled, forgotten, anonymous and even more to drain  
Let us be one, and speak in unison, please let me share human tails  
My age is only pages, I live them hushed listening to your every single detail  
My consolation is a silent message from you, to tell your story and share your dreams  
I will simply be forgotten after my age is drained  
Live with memories of your smiles and often burdened with haunting tears  
I will see when you fetch brand new, please don't make it suffer and doom as me mate  
Make it joyful; make it sparkle of every single smile and of your shining face of hopes and  
dreams  
And thank you for giving me words that made my words finally go concrete  
You disguised in my body, gave me life to tell my thoughts,  
Eternal promise I made, listen to all what you say, mortal human being

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Kamal Nasri is a doctoral student from Algeria and he loves writing poem.

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