

**on Al-Mutanabbi Street  
for Haneen Alshujairy**

on Al-Mutanabbi ( المُنْتَبِي فِي )

all the men sparking cars & all of them parking bombs, they fear  
your feet – your shoes are novels – they fear your ribs – the books  
strapped to your hips. Words shake them nervous, just look

on Al-Mutanabbi ( المُنْتَبِي فِي )

all of them, blind to the knives inside your vowels. One day we  
will walk together. Really! We'll share kabobs & browse the  
used fiction. When your novel is untied, I'll bend down to tie it &  
make those men jealous

on Al-Mutanabbi ( المُنْتَبِي فِي )

all the men bark because no one taught them how to read the city