

Khartoum

By Hasan Abdul

*Last night I dreamed of Khartoum
It was night, inside my room
But there in my mind, that city
Where no one has plenty
Yet everyone has the comforts
Of everyday life and necessities,
Yes that was Khartoum, at midday
We need not fear to pray.*

*Suresh, you remember that school
Where I felt like a fool
For loving that attractive girl
Well it is a small world.
Was it you who made that soap
One of crime and suspense
And it seems you did hope
To make me see sense
In that story about vengeance
About such a long affair
Without even her next appearance
She never met me again
At least for as long as you thought
And when she did, she gave such pain
For every moment with me she fought*

*Thirty seven years you did say
Ah how time flies away
All those years of dreaming
About cities of tomorrow
And never really striving
To earn a living, and just borrow
Here there is luxury and welfare
From a system without care
And again I dream of the Sudan
People live in a caravan
And others work in the heat
Of the desert, and make ends meet*

*Yes I turn to that city
Where hearts are humble
And mortals have pity
How I wish I grew up in Khartoum
Then we could converse in one room
Suresh, is that your name
So long since I met you
You are not to blame
Only a love that was true.*

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