

# Traveling Delusions

**Noureddine Mhakkak**

I usually sit on the sofa  
every morning  
But these days  
are not  
usual  
No longer the cafe  
no longer the glance in the mirror  
when leaving  
Books wait for me to read them  
If only on occasion  
The rocking chair  
tells stories outloud  
when I'm not there -  
tales of a thousand and one nights  
And I, of course  
no longer change my clothes  
each day  
That's it  
I'm tired of life

The days pass slowly  
Travel to anywhere  
is no more  
And she is waiting  
a beautiful canary  
chirping on her shoulder  
a turtle walking slowly  
nearby  
When the phone rings  
She is on the line  
I miss you friend  
Toss the time aside  
Come quickly  
The sofa is empty  
And my body sleeps in bed

alone

The poem waits for a sign  
To come  
And the white paper  
no longer looks at me  
I left her a lifetime ago  
Words have no meaning  
Meaning is cast in the road  
Al-Jahiz addresses his companion Borges,  
looks at me ... and says:  
You're fine  
The fever will abate  
Then he leaves  
Borges  
sits down next to me  
He opens the book of delusions  
Reads some stories  
Then disappears  
Paul Auster  
emerges from the distance  
carrying the same book  
Again  
He approaches the door  
When I get out of bed  
To talk to him  
like I used to  
long ago  
I don't find anyone home  
Only the rain falling  
outside  
Only water filling the streets  
the cats meowing  
looking for food