

١٢ تعميم

إلى جميع المسؤولين عن الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة
حول المشاركة في مباراة إلقاء أشعار من قصائد الشاعر جودت حيدر باللغة الإنكليزية

تنظم جمعية أصدقاء الشاعر جودت حيدر مباراة في إلقاء أشعار من قصائده باللغة الإنكليزية،
يشارك فيها تلاميذ الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة.

شروط المسابقة:

- أن يكون التلميذ المشارك من الصف الثانوي الأول أو الثانوي الثاني (جميع الفروع)

آلية المشاركة:

- تجرى مباراة أولية في الإلقاء الشعري بين التلامذة المشاركين في كل مدرسة.
- تمثل كل ثانوية بتلميذ واحد فائز في المباراة الأولية في مدرسته.
- تجرى المباراة النهائية بين جميع التلامذة الفائزين يوم الخميس الواقع في ٢٠١٩/٥/٢ الساعة ١١ - في مبنى وزارة التربية والتعليم العالي الطابق ١٢ - قاعة المسرح - بحضور لجنة تحكيم حيث سيتم توزيع جوائز مالية على الفائزين بالمراتب الثلاثة الأولى.

لذلك

تدعو وزارة التربية والتعليم العالي جميع المسؤولين عن الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة إلى تشجيع التلامذة على المشاركة في هذه المباراة الشعرية، لتحفيزهم على إظهار مواهبهم وإغناء ثقافتهم في الشعر والأدب.

*للمزيد من المعلومات الإتصال بالسيدة شاهينه حيدر عسيران على الرقم التالي : ٣/٢١٥٥٧.

٢٠١٩
المدير العام للتربية

فادي يرق



Baalbeck and the Ruins

Take yourself charioted to the city
Of the gods, a temple built on the plain;
Upheld by the girders of Time to remain,
A unique structure of eternal fame.

O, well for the thoughts that tradition stay,
Centuries back still signaling we find!
This heirloom of the Roman Empire left,
But a thought of a heart dead long ago.

Man has nothing more of Magic to show,
Having the lime stones of these massive walls,
Quarried a light travel, ere the eye caught,
A wonder, of the Seven, in the world made.

Time a count of years; here we count no more,
Hundreds of generations have passed, and still,
These pillars against time a time tall,
With the fingers of the wind a harp played.

These shattered walls a relic falling down,
To stay forever lying, sand on sand,
Till time with the feet of age passes by,
Leaving the gods, turning his face away.

To Be Yourself

Whisper to yourself but never be heard
To be yourself within yours'lf for yourself
Take heed of a parrot or any bird
And keep the fan of your tongue on the shelf

A word spoken but a seed sown to grow
Yield and multiply for many a fold
How often people compose lies to show
The flim-flam true stories that were ne'er told

Quit those people who flock 'round you like bees
To suck the nect'r in your flower of life
In need they are not the wine but the lees
In the cup full of your sweat in the strife

Be yourself within yourself for yourself
And keep most of what you hear on the shelf

Baalbeck September, 1995

Lenity

Friends let us show our good will and forget
The autumnal years in despair we've spent
Speak not of the past and the gales we've met
Lip talk but gossip often meant unmeant

Give no thought to those dire tyrants who dash
Over a river of blood to obtain
A spark of glory quickly turning ash
Unth'nking of the slayer and who was slain

Keep your jar of virtue empty of hate
And your faith in heaven your lasting dream
Walk towards the min'rets of God and be straight
To find in your desert of life a stream

Never wail a hard luck -Cis all your fate
Since you 're but a mailed letter on your way
Railing forward circling back where to wait
Where your where'll be the where where you're, yest'rday

Baalbeck June, 1989

It Is Wrong To Reduce Science Into Crime

By the plumes of my mind I soared up high
And I looked down gazing from my own sky
I saw a polluted world taken fire
By the match of a scholar to expire

Fifty years ago I cried loud and now
I'm crying louder for you to see how
We are approaching the cliff to fall down
Into the spare none ocean where we drown

We shouldn't take all things in the positive
Unless we take heed of the negative
Careless care made of the world a huge pyre
Burning to ash by a slow grazing fire

Now the smoke is muffling the earth entire
And the scholars are still feeding the fire
'tis wrong to reduce science into crime
And lay waste the earth on the floor of time

Baalbeck August, 1997

A Stone Awaiting Change Of Identity

A stone awaiting change of id'ntity
In the giant boulder mountains of time
Norn Mother tempered right my entity
By adding water and a breath to lime

There I was promised a lift to parad'se
By the Word of God in books I have read
Since I began to pray, fast and be nice
Feeding the hungry a share of my bread

Yet when I thought of Adam and the fruit
I wondered and pondered how could I rise
Could I have a space ticket from Beirut
To take off toward the azure promised skies

There upon I thought and preferred to wait
Destinies being the concern of fate

Baalbeck September, 1997

There's No Speed Like a Mind to Travel

There is no speed like a mind to travel
By the wings of thought to Venus and Mars
To hail the angels and with them revel
Over a desert of sky blooming stars

Before God has created all in all
Of what we know and of what we ignore
Though we fly up we are destined to fall
Ere we exc'ed the possible and fly more

Friends never drill the mind more than enough
The rig will damage the well of your dreams
Be sane in your attitude and rebuff
All your sup'rfluous hopes and their gl'aming gleams

And recall Adam, the fruit and the fall
Hence think of Him right who made all in all

10/2001

Never Scratch Nature to Bleed and React

We chariot to school to learn to read and write
Not to skin nature and rise to the sky
Not to work for fame by using dyn'mite
Pollute the world and by pollution die.

Folks awake and be aware of the reek
The death like hills of the chemical lees
Quick shut the flood gates of poison and seek
To stop being charioted to hades

Never scratch nature to bleed and react
For the falling blood is nothing but bane
'Tis not a vision fancied but a fact
Since we've polluted the air and the main

Why not be a hand in glove with nature
To 've a serene and a happy future

12/2001

Keep Your Faith

You can't but climb the slopes to reach the height
Of your ambition on top of the hill
Mounting be adamant and keep your flight
Your task is hard lad it needs a strong will

Hence begin drilling from the well of time
The wisdom left by the sages of old
To have the feather for your flight by rhyme
And be a star like Venus in the fold

Success is not a gift given gratis
But the fruit of labor along the years
E'er be alert lad and ne'er be careless
God will bless you keep your faith and prayers
Remember lad when on top of the hill
Your task has been finished by your strong will

4/2003

Lebanon

I would that you were with me hence, sharing
This celestial view seen, unseen, before
Where Sannin eternally up staring
At the evening star glaring at the shore.

The deep is rising, the ships heading east
The green mountains capped with snow behind
Perhaps the eye of an artist possessed
May contain such a paradise in mind.

Come to me, darling, and look at the strand
The edge breaking foam lay miles apart
Amidst a galaxy topping the land
Looming a sky within heaven a heart.

Come, darling, to see what I see, and more
Stars above, stars below, moon in between
A brigade of cavalry charging the shore
Falling back on sand in glorious sheen.

O life! There's nothing more to enchant me
Than this vision of growing ecstasy
I feel dissolved and carried fancy-free
Where beauty and dreams meet in poesy.

That's the Lebanon the heart of the world
Where the cedars living for ages unknown
And the flag of liberty always unfurled
In a democracy without a throne.

Contents

Lebanon	2
Keep Your Faith.....	3
Never Scratch Nature to Bleed and React.....	4
There's No Speed Like a Mind to Travel	5
A Stone Awaiting Change Of Identity	6
It Is Wrong To Reduce Science Into Crime	7
Lenity.....	8
To Be Yourself.....	9
Baalbeck and the Ruins	10