

## **Money Buys Happiness**

Tomorrow, I will sell  
my tears, smiles, and sweats  
to buy stationery for back  
to school to my little boy  
After tomorrow, I will sell  
my heart, mind, and wellness  
to buy school uniform and  
books to my little daughter  
On the weekend, I will sell  
my emotions, secrets, and feelings  
to release my teenager boy  
from the prison for dealing with drugs  
Next unknown month, I will sell  
my eyes, tongue, and two ears  
to stop my adult daughter from  
creating more reasons to say goodbye  
After another sad year, I will sell  
my dusty flesh, rusty bones, and faith  
to finally myself a grave with a  
tomb written on it "money buys happiness"

## **Tears of The Sad Stars**

The other day;  
I wore my  
Victorian suit  
and I poured  
myself a

cup of  
English tea.  
As I take  
my first sip,  
I saw a giant  
Viking ship,  
sinking quickly.  
In seconds  
everything  
was calm  
as if nothing  
happened  
but a flying  
dragon was  
eating the  
cold moon.  
Meanwhile  
the cookie  
monster was  
eating the  
cookies of  
the kids  
who died in the  
Viking ship  
my cup was  
not filled with  
tea instead  
it was filled  
with tears  
of the

sad stars

**Ahmad Al-Khatat** was born in Baghdad. From Iraq, he came to Canada at the age of 10, the same age when he wrote his first poem back in 2000. He has been published in several press publications and anthologies all over the world. He currently studies Political Sciences, at the Concordia University in Montreal. He has recently published his two chapbooks *The Bleeding Heart Poet* and *Love On The War's Frontline* with Alien Buddha Press. They are available on Amazon.



**The Pangolin Review; Issue 7, 8 November 2018**