

A Nostalgic Place

Shouting and laughter filled the air,
From the old man at the coffee shop losing in solitaire.
He bet all his money to Mr. Jameel in despair,
And to him, every loss just felt unfair.
Mr. Jameel sat back without a care,
Cracking up loudly, laughing in his wheelchair.

To the old lady with the tiny store,
Selling chips, bread, and a little more.
Acting as if she owned the entire place,
While we tried to run from her without leaving a trace—
But she would always catch us anyway.

My grandmother's nephews would always be around,
Helping her while she wrote her prices down.
She built a world with softness and lye,
Turning gharr into sacred soap as time passed by.

The teenage dudes thought they were ruling the yard,
And passing through their football match felt reckless and hard.
They didn't care if people were asleep or it was midnight,
All they cared about was winning and staying out of the neighbors' sight.

There was an old house made out of stones,
Closed by a broken wooden door that smelled like old bones.
We used to stand close just to hear it crack,
Like souls inside were trying to answer back.

We used to play in the mayor's garage,
And when he caught us, we'd start our usual sabotage.

But let's be real, no matter the fuss,
He always ended up laughing with us.

In the center stood a beautiful manor with trees,
We'd heard it had been there for over a hundred years.
People saw paradise just stepping in there,
Proof of how lucky that family and their heir.

Over time, a bakery survived,
People gathered around it like a hive.
Owned by a woman sharp and alive,
Whose temper made everyone careful just to survive.

A venerable woman who had outlived death,
Would always walk to the village's end.
She had a normal but strange old son,
With thick old glasses that made his eyes look fun.

Madame Suzan and Uncle Nassim were a married couple,
And everyone always got tired of their trouble.
But he loved his wife with his entire soul,
Even when her temper went out of control.

Auntie Rana owned our sweets store,
Baking cakes and making chocolate like it was her chore.
Sugar and flour covered her floor,
And kids would beg her, always asking for more.

All these corners still echo in my mind,
In every laugh I left behind.
In every shout, in every race,

There's something time could never erase.

You might think I'm telling stories of a distant place,

Of random people and scattered lives—

But no, I'm speaking of somewhere I feel alive.

Somewhere safe for my sweet childhood...

This was my neighborhood.

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