

# Nayr Harezi GALLERY

enriched by the beautiful poem  
by Imru al Qays Ibn Hujr (Born 526 AD)  
poem taken from © <http://www.poemhunter.com>



*Early in the morning, while the birds were still nesting,  
I mounted my steed.*

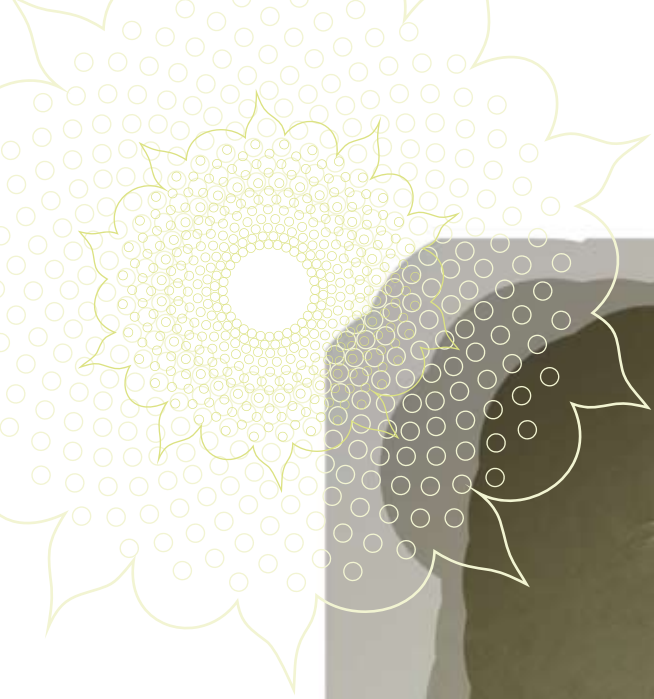




*Well-bred was he,  
long-bodied, outstripping  
the wild beasts in speed,*

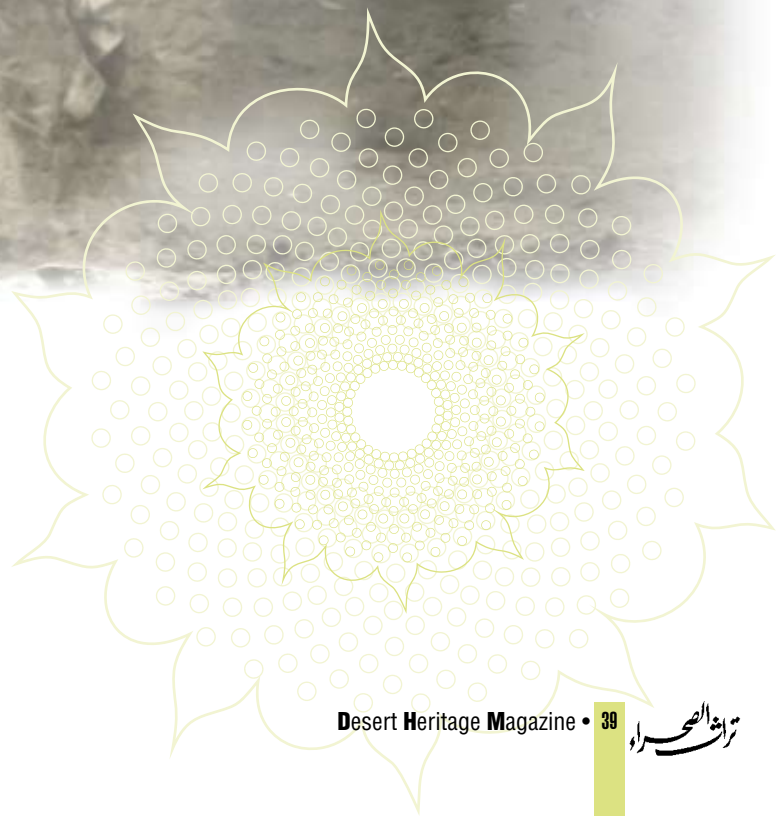
*Swift to attack, to flee,  
to turn, yet firm as a rock  
swept down by the torrent,*

*Bay-colored,  
and so smooth the saddle  
slips from him, as the rain  
from a smooth stone,*



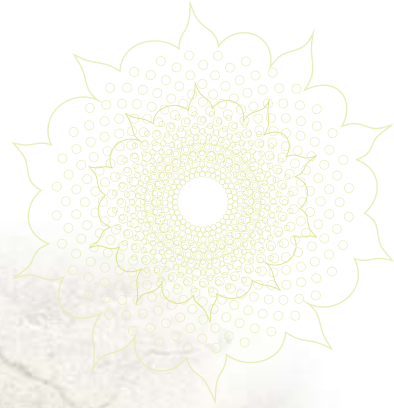
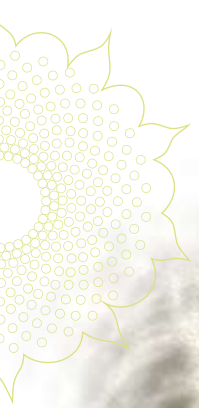


*Thin but full of life, fire boils  
within him like the snorting  
of a boiling kettle;*

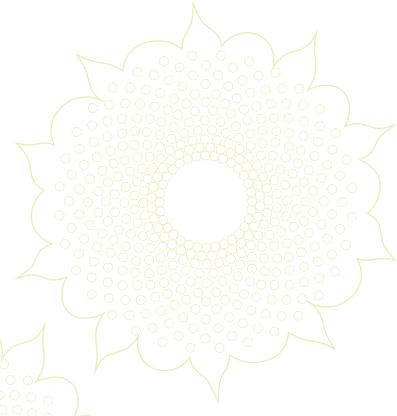




*He continues at full gallop when other horses  
are dragging their feet in the dust for weariness.*

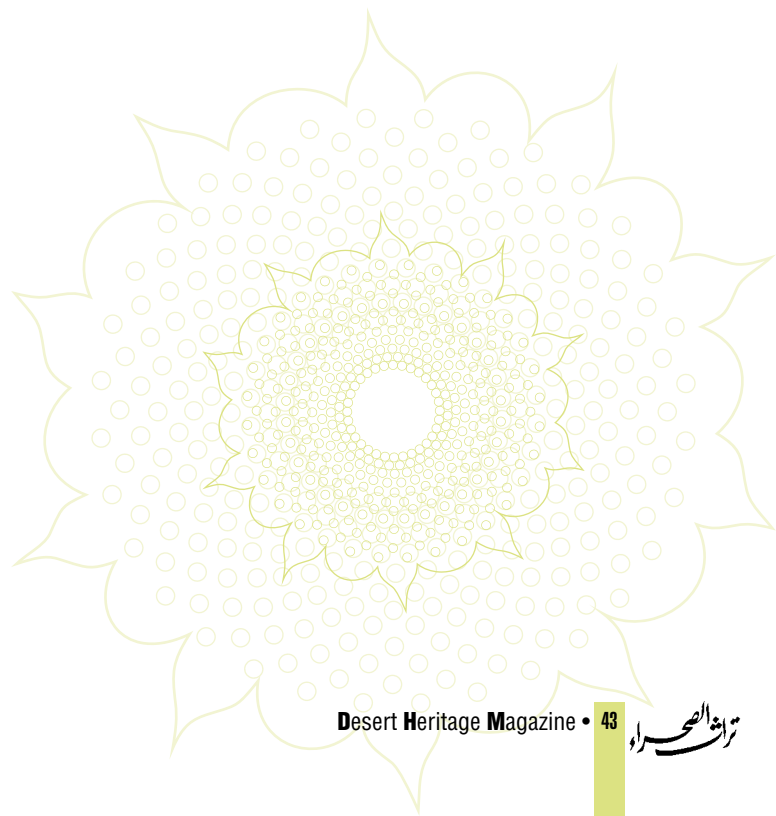






*A boy would  
be blown from his back,  
and even the strong  
rider loses his garments.*

*Fast is my steed  
as a top when a child  
has spun it well.*





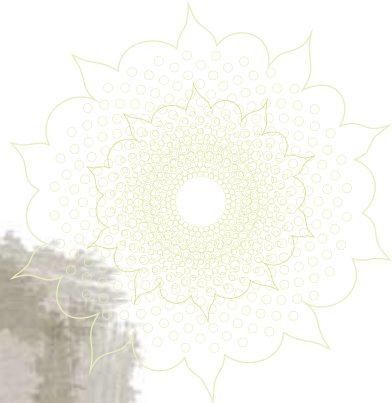
*He has the flanks of a buck,  
the legs of an ostrich, and the gallop of a wolf.*





*From behind, his thick tail hides the space between  
his thighs, and almost sweeps the ground.*









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