

## Lost

Out of reach, stripped bare, orphaned,  
betrayed by the secret fires  
that October ignited,  
I set about searching, searching  
for a consoling guide like the moon: for a woman  
also stripped bare, in a distant field,  
whose fingers might cradle, whose body  
might shelter, whose breast  
might nurture this aching for home.

Further,  
I had somehow to hide  
the frail, blood-stained shoots of April  
inside me; I had to allow the crimson night-sky  
its majesty; I had  
to learn how to stain  
the space of the present  
with what seeps from a forgotten wound.

## Al-Saddiq Al-Raddi

Is a poet from [Sudan](#) who writes in [Arabic](#).

Al-Saddiq Al-Raddi is one of the leading African poets writing in Arabic today. He has gained a wide audience in his native Sudan for his imaginative approach to poetry and for the delicacy and emotional frankness of his lyrics. His poetry has always been concerned with the rich cultural and linguistic diversity of Sudan and its complex history.

Saddiq was born in 1969 and grew up in Omdurman Khartoum where he lived until forced into exile in 2012. From 2006, he was the cultural editor of *Al-Sudani* newspaper until he was fired from his position for political reasons (along with 22 other colleagues) in July 2012 during the uprising against the dictatorship of Omar Al-Bashir. Saddiq only escaped imprisonment because, thanks to the miraculous timing of [Poetry Parnassus](#) (the world's largest ever gathering of international poets at which Saddiq represented Sudan), he was in the UK when a series of mass arrests took place. He successfully applied for asylum and is now living in London.