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## THE POETRY OF LANGUAGE IN THE NOVEL THE FIFTH WALL

**Dr. Jamal Ajeel Sultan Al-Azbeqy**

**Assistant professor College of Education, Al Mustansiria university, Arabic Department.**

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### **Abstract**

The ancient meaning and the common literary genres, usually classified (poetry and narration) without attachment, the narration is the son of prose, and in this way the poetry corresponds to a problematic contrast.

Although the fields of aesthetic work differed previously, they exceeded the stage of formal separatism, and they played an influential role in determining the relationship of juxtaposition and divergence, and reduced the actual distance, by setting up the bridge of creativity to cross to the bank of the desired meaning, attracting the collective other, and changing worms in the public minds on the division of types The literary say in general is based on poetry and prose, and it is codified according to nominable titles, according to the unstable classical classifications of the theory of genres and genres.

### **Narrative poetry and narration of poetry**

We must unmask and unveil the aesthetics of language, know the relationships of the structure between poetic and narrative, and monitor the identity of the meaning and its orientations towards semantic plurality, so that writing becomes an open horizon full of emotion, moving away from the constant devotion to written traditions and descriptive reports, and linguistic inertia, to furnish a fertile ground linked to the poetic self. Able to simulate the conscience, breaking the horizon of expectation, and thus begins the aesthetic adventure in pursuing lazy taste, and giving it a life dose, to explode the emotional energy within the closed self.

After this exposition, it is necessary to get to the heart of the matter, and to stand on an important issue, which is to break the barriers between literary genres, and the rebellion of aesthetic values against traditional methods through poetic and narrative identification.

The concept of narration as a critical term, away from the roots of the word and its ancient meaning, is one of the newly developed concepts in the Arab critical arena. Critics circulated it in the meaning of transferring an event from its realistic image to a linguistic image, to be the comprehensive concept of all manifestations

related to the narrative work, as it is an important term and gender, it requires that it have types, and it also requires that it have a history, not different from poetic history.

The old and well-known meaning of literary genres usually classifies (poetry and narration) without interdependence, as narration is the son of prose, and thus poetry corresponds to problems and additions.

Despite the different fields of aesthetic work previously, they transcended the stage of formal separatism, and played an influential role in defining the relationship of contiguity and distance, and shortened the actual distance, by erecting a bridge of creativity to cross to the bank of the desired meaning, polarizing the collective other, and changing the worms in

The minds of the general public on dividing the types of literary category in general into poetry and prose and codifying it according to names that cannot be crossed, according to the unstable classical classifications of literary genres and genres theory.

The relationship is close and intertwined between (poetic and narrative), since the old poem, which was full of narration and the narrative self, and perhaps the pendants and its generation of poems are clear evidence of this, and since the interrelationship between narration and poetry is old, even if it is written with forgiveness, and is not placed under critical names, However, it is present in the literary instinct. .

Accordingly, creativity is not subject to labels, and mixing and intermarriage between literary genres comes with an aesthetic birth that is not subject to any condition, or light in transit to the receiving self. What is proposed, it is not harmful for the poem to be of a narrative nature, but it is artistically integrated according to the concepts of poetry and its creative elements, as is the case in the connection of poetry to narrative discourse through linguistic displacements and artistic representations, each of which has its own characteristics and expressive methods.

From here and from where the poet's spirit mixed with the narrator's creativity in the fifth wall novel, the latest beauty I did in luring visions, and delving into the experience of the fusion of poetic in the narration, in a way that is complete harmony, reaching in most of the joints of the event to make the recipient does not distinguish between the poem and the narration, and he is submissive Under the influence of the ignition and development of the event, smoothly magnetized anchorage, but the one who is in the research experience in (narrative poetics), is not able to separate the texts (narrative poetic), as the novel is entirely based on its construction on a live poetic that is born from the course of the event sometimes, and sometimes gives birth to the travails of events other.

### **First: the art of photography**

The multiplicity of writing patterns that writers adopted in formulating the narrative structure, through the format of language, available to give the space that provides the narration with explanations and details of the event at hand, gave legitimacy to the marriage of poetic language with the usual narration pattern in the novel *The Fifth Wall* of the novelist Muhammad Mohsen Muhammad, as the spectrum formed The suggestive language is full of allusions, metaphors, and similes that are in harmony with the pictorial flow of the narrative event.

Employing the artistic image is not limited to poetic material only, but also includes literary works of prose. The rapprochement between literary genres is present, and exchanges often take place in sites. "If poetry is prose if it is organized, and if prose is poetry if it is saturated with images, burdened with transparent visions, loaded on the wings of words with poetic specificity" <sup>(1)</sup>.

In the novel *The Fifth Wall*, the image played an important central role, as the writer was able to create images that reveal and expose intellectual and authoritarian structures, but in a different color away from the historical narrative, through excavations of knowledge, and excavations in an era of love and pain, of truth and illusion, and revealed Leaves buried under the rubble of memories.

“The new novel is a writing whose purpose is to change the narrative writing system, considering it an interpretive structural system as well, that is, a new formula for writing the world and man”.

And if we try to trace the ways of this blending, we find that it was concluded by the union of narration with poetics, since the first sentence in the entry of the novel, where the novelist says, “Love is nothing but love”. This resounding entry into the mind of the recipient creates a ground of anticipation that is in the orbit of poetry, as the sentence that formed the entrance, which corresponds to being the entrance to a text of free poetry, perfectly draws a map of the poetic horizon that expands as it goes into the narration, where in first page, After the poetic sentence \_ the entrance \_ the clashes of conceptual meanings replete with metaphors, as the writer continues to support what he acknowledged in the release of the nature of love and its concept to him, he says, "Love is only like love, different in its reflection according to the purposes of the mirrors of hearts, a believer in the middle of convoys of revelation, and time is only on A wall that can wait, and after the secrets of suspicion fall from the mantle of God, visions of new covenants are scattered in the foot, and you, as you are in any crowd, give birth to a joy pierced by raindrops of lead, and all the cells filled with desertion do not throw jasmine from them, but hearts as long as you confess on the ears of smoke<sup>(2)</sup>.

The writer does not miss to furnish the text with open questions: “Does Jasmine have a virtual memory that is erased by the cold of failure? How much memory do cigarettes have for the fires?” Then the question that makes the recipient need to contemplate with it to get out of the text to enter it, and he is aware of what happens from the image momentum that aligns with meanings, Where he says: "And a question that is purely intended to damage ... Does Jasmine have a virtual memory that is erased by the cold of failure and is dated by the remains of papers whose letters retain an interpretation of a tale of a mystery that was buried by intentions for fear of a distorted dream? The sticks of nests on the flank of refusal? Those are the badges and questions that overcame wit and gathered at the leg of his silence as he handled a new invention on which he hung the wrinkled charms of waiting, that he was lying on a floating ground.

The writer has transformed the common concept that writing a novel is a challenge to the writer’s pen, into a meaning that says: Writing a novel can be a real game, parallel to reality, where poeticism in his narrative language ensures that he has full access to his world full of psychological interference, which In which the recipient looks out from the wide poetic net, as "the Arab novelist discourse has absorbed the rapid transformations by departing from the mainstream and the author, relying on abstraction and renewal" <sup>(3)</sup>.

Entering with all this amount of poetry is a dangerous risk, as he has to enter the second entry represented by the event, and let's see how he created the virtual door, which crosses from the entrance space to the emergence of the first features of the characters of the novel, and we find him saying: "He is lying on a floating ground. And once again, the time of his twin heart withered as he extracts from his wound a bouquet of remembrance, that he is a distance from a light that is broken from touching her return fingers, blown by the winds of wishing and despair together, she will not return.” Then he makes a part of an event outside the poetic rhythm, between parentheses, Thus, he calms down the mental submissiveness of the recipient with the poetic pattern, and says: “Everything is over, thus ending the communication, as if it were closing life”, but with this graceful step in moving to the space of the expected narration, he did not leave his poetic language, and came with an analogy He says: “It ended the communication, as if it closed life.” A sentence

that closes life is the way and the secret link in preserving the presence of the recipient. Even in the simple dialogue between the hero (Alaa) and his friend (Hassan):

- What is with you?
- Absolutely nothing.
- how are you?
- I do not know.
- What is it with?
- As it is... I draw with a cigarette ember on my papers.
- What did you draw tonight? <sup>(4)</sup>.

The writer left his poetic vocabulary to permeate the conversation and description despite the easing of the poetic language after the event began to ignite through the growth of characters. (a poetic picture), which richly gives the extent of feelings that he carries (Alaa), and what condition he is in, as well as it draws the features of the beloved's personality, which it is certain and accepted that the reader has begun to search between the lines, and collect the specifications of this (woman), who Created the situation in which the character of the hero lives. It was based on the easy and abstaining format, as is the well-known context in writing poetry, and this dependence is evident by focusing on putting poetic, simile and metaphorical images at the end of descriptive sentences, as he did in dealing with the idea of the gift of perfume." My mother told me that the gift should not be perfume - perfume is separation - is it really separation? Everything is beautiful in our life because of the ancient sadness and the deep rootedness of pain, how many times have you heard us say when sadness loses sight of our capabilities and we laugh with hearts like birds - a good laugh, God willing - who makes our destiny? Where is the ruin? From what is all this fear and what security do we seek? This complicity with sadness, until joy became a reminder of a missed date" <sup>(5)</sup>.

If poetic images are the soul of the poem, then they are now integrated into the fabric of the narrative experience, because the writer is aware of what this depiction of the collective self evokes, and its ability to stir feelings, and enable the mind to penetrate to higher horizons of freedom and renewal.

On the same page, when mentioning the messages that were between (Alaa) and his lover, which the writer continues to portray poetically, as Alaa's message was "Absence is the first exercise in death" and his lover's message "When I return to you in the hideout of the soul, I complain about the aging of my eyes."

Then he paints the connections and features to complete a large part of the character of the beloved, describing her through contemplation of the car window she is traveling in, "How elegant that woman is, and she is involved in knowing the secrets of the heart! .. She knows how I am unable to master life without her... I will leave her for a few days and show her how to break the barriers of silence in the face of the collapse of unanswered questions.. I will show her.. my God, how much I love her"<sup>(6)</sup>.

The novelist inserts poetic sentences to give a pictorial meaning to base the description of the soul, more than it is a description of the body as it is known in the usual pattern of general narrative format, to continue to take poetic in his narrative language, and in a studied manner, to be a regular format for the recipient and from the first pages, making From every page, there is an opportunity for poetry to flow between the lines, without approaching drowning in poetry, which makes the piece that appears with high

poetry, isolated from the consistency of the course of the growth of the event, as the more the pace of the event escalates and the characters are revealed, the more it goes into making the poetic phenomenon coordinate With gentle descriptive language. It is worth noting that the overall narration tools related to the persuasion of the recipient, which are related to the personality and the event together, depend directly on the nature of the character's endorsement, and the depth of the suggestions it possesses, which can be found in the recipient's question. For example, it is not possible for the recipient to have conviction in an event and a deep speech with its meaning, and this character is simple, The writer gave an indication of the depth of the personality of (Alaa) through the questions that came from him, and the way he thought about his lover, as well as on the other hand, he gave a brief meaning about the depth of the personality of (Alaa) by mentioning the message that was in response to the letter (Alaa), as well. The clarification contained in her is that she has the talent of writing a story, as the writer did not rely on the import and use of poetic language in the form of truncated phrases, puts them as (pictorial breaks), then returns to the narration with the usual subtraction, but rather (kneads) his usual narrative language with references and elegant poetic coding in general. His lines, until he reached the most important theme contained in (the novel), on pages (27-28), namely the letters that (Alaa) found in the pocket of one of the martyrs in the (mass graves), these letters that formed the focus of the manipulation of language. , as the writer had to get out of his usual poetic rhythm from the first pages, to enter into another poetic space, differing in its poetic format. He mentioned life details, and the martyr's relationship with those concerned in his messages, that is, he played a chord of emotion, moving away from the usual poetic vocabulary: "What time is it now? It doesn't matter, tomorrow is the beginning.. the beginning that they have nothing to do with.. They took us today." People of different ages and names, and our features were united.. They sat us down after the bulldozer made several pits in the ground, so this is the last area of land for us. And this is the last paper that I will write to be the first.. I had completely despaired of what was left of my papers intact. They started putting fingers of dynamite in us two by two if it wasn't for the glimmer of hope.. They isolated six of us to be hanged by wire, sitting and folded hands and feet.. That was after they attacked These six are on them, it is midday and there are 28 of us left, and for reasons that seemed clear, they were tired and hungry, and they were required to photograph everything, so they did not put us in the pits and finished us.

They brought us back to complete their bloody wedding tomorrow.. That's why I had the opportunity to wrap the papers in this nylon bag twice, then with cellophane paper the cigarette packets falling from the guards and put them in my pocket and attack them tomorrow.. They would execute me with wire or kicks like my six friends.. Or they would leave me inhaling the dirt and burying. And I am alive.. and in this way I will guarantee the integrity of my messages.. and what is left is up to God.. and I am certain that my messages will reach even after a hundred years.." (12). More than that, it is the great impetus of the lively poetics that his successive lines abound in. For example, how he moved from the situation to which (Laila Habiba Al-Batal) became, after a connection between them, to a poem in free poetry, which was found with the letters written by the martyr, with A prose text addressed to his brother (Haider)?

Two tears fell and fell to the ground of her weakness, unwilling for any word to say to him, she kills him slowly, let down her lake, divided against herself, professional to escape, she collapsed on her bed and opened the three letters, one of them was a poem addressed to his mother, his soul screams through the call to the most distant ranges Pain, and the poem came on behalf of a wound to every prisoner towards the heart of life" <sup>(7)</sup> .

And the third message is addressed to his brother Haider:

The night recedes from its paths.. it bends down to drink the footsteps with the blindness of the horns, like a mute shout in the dark

is hope..

And two eyes are the eyes that see only visions in the dark of death

Paralysis extinguishes the torches of the path in which there is shards... in which there is shards.. and there is hell from passion

My hand doesn't belong to me... it's clumsy from my helplessness and from letters that burn until I burn..

Yesterday's convoy passed us, and the sorrows between us came to an end

There is nothing that we can feel.. but ruins.. but the remains of mirrors

Eyes no longer love...

Here are the offerings of tears.. and give us a kiss in your prayers

Repairing the wound that is... the size of the map of absence... <sup>(8)</sup>

It started from the questions of (Alaa) and to (metaphor and photography), from which the threads of the narration network were woven, which is almost devoid of a page of colorful ignition of the poetic language, to the secret conversations that took place between the hero (Alaa) and his (secret friend), as the writer Muhammad Mohsen managed to Muhammad is the one who made (The Fifth Wall Novel) to be a piece of (a long poetic text), coherent, not capable of being in the part of what had been weakened, or the resources managed to prevent the referral, or the loads were delayed in appearing through their subject format Accurately up to the level of color instinct.

The novelist was able to tame the language in order to combine poetry with the usual narration style.

## **Second: the rhythm**

No poetic text is devoid of repetition or succession, because the tonal rhythm caused by this repetition to the recipient cannot be neglected, and it helps in the process of subordinating it with the visual succession, which depends entirely on the music of the mental steps created between the text and the musical response of the recipient. There is no doubt that the narrative text follows this shoe, through a deviation full of suggestions, which excites and amazes the recipient.

Rhythm, as is well known, can be found in every phenomenon of life that is characterized by one of these characteristics "repetition and succession".

Ibn Khaldun referred to the issue of the distinction between ordinary prose and weighted prose in his saying, "The use of poetry styles and its scales in prose speech, especially in royal correspondences, and Diwaniya letters with a great deal of rhyme, adherence to rhyme, and straightening the lineage between purposes, leads to considering prose as a section of poetry and its art without separating it except by weight" <sup>(9)</sup>.

One of the characteristics that are common between the poetic text and the narrative text written in a poetic language is that the sentences come in the narrative text (agile, short), if you cut them out and re-read them separately, it gives you everything that the poetic text can provide, the literary work is "a linguistic construction that exploits all The possibilities of the musical, figurative, suggestive and significant language in conveying to the recipient a new, emotional experience of life".

Susan Bernard referred to the genre of the novel and its quest to wear the poetic coat, and she talks about the roots of the prose poem by saying, "There are varieties of poetry that the Romans did not precede us and did not know, such as those poems that we call (novels) for example, and then she showed that In her saying, "The novel has been actively seeking poetry, starting from (Tilimac) specifically.

The novelist Muhammad Mohsen Muhammad made (The Fifth Wall) a text free from the constraints of naturalization, crossing into wider ranges of renewal, and folding steps to reach other literary genres, which helped the writer to succeed in mixing poetry with narration, being a poet who writes activation and prose.

On the eighth and ninth page of the novel we have a dialogue, in which the writer relied on establishing myself, by moving the helm of the mind, to remembrance mixed with imagination and emotion, as he says:

When I sent a letter to Sana, she asked:

Why is it so late?

Did you call him?

The reply came.. He arrived minutes ago, and he was very wet with rain. He came home on foot.. She left the mobile open on Sanaa's message and leaned on her memories with him. On the first day, the rain fell eleven days after he declared his love for her and how she called him to say :

- it is raining.

Yes, I watch you with every drop that reveals a woman with a taste of astonishment.

And her answer was something of her short laugh that avoided what she was ashamed of..

- That's you!

- where?

On the wing of that wet bird, between its breath.

- You are my imagination.

- Yes, I am your imagination that always accompanies you... Leave everything now and let's breathe the rain.

His leaping vocabulary preyed on the hours and scattered the seconds, until she lost her sense of time and was lost in the face of her silence full of songs... Only he was able to bring her alive on the land of love..."  
(10).

If we read this narrative painting a poetic reading, do we get what we refer to that the narration in this novel has approached poetry to the point of intertwining in many areas of narration?

Let's start from the first sentence in the dialogue that took place one day between Alaa and Laila: (It is raining), until the last sentence in the narration that followed the dialogue (to bring it alive on the land of love), so that we have this like in the tonal arrangement, which is a text My hair par excellence:

It is a poetic text that relied in its construction on the scenery (dramatic) image, as it relied tonally on the most important poetic vocabulary, in meaning and tonal rhythm (rain). The artistry of escaping the narration

as a (mother theme), which the writer adopts in controlling matters and being submissive with the growth of the narrative event. This is due to the presence of the rhythm of repetition, the rhythm of parallelism and vocal harmony, but this cross-cutting may deviate us from the methodological context of the research.

The writer is not obligated to adhere to and grow poetry in this style, but rather managed to cross from the form of poetry to the poetic content, exemplified by this rhythm in crossing to the use of poetic vocabulary with a high tonal bell: / rain / with a taste of astonishment / wing of a bird / wet / between his breath / You are my imagination / I am your imagination / We breathe the rain / Devouring the hours / The seconds scatter / The face of her silence / Overwhelmed with songs / The land of love /.

We are in front of a synthesis that intertwines in the lines of the narration with the deviations of the graphic imagination with the poetic harmony and rhythm of the vocabulary used in “the rhythm of the sentence and the relationships of sounds, meanings and images, the energy of suggestive words and the tails that are drawn by the revelations and behind them from the multicolored echoes. It exists in it, and it may exist without it as well”<sup>(11)</sup>.

The text, whose vocabulary does not provoke interest in itself and is outside the poetic conditional, recedes between brackets (dry narration), which may lead to alienation and gradual alienation of the recipient, and perhaps the feeling reaches him that he believes in (the subconscious) that he does not read a narrative event, but rather a group of signs Concerning public safety in a profession.

In a part of one of the dialogues, the ceiling of involvement in poetry rises, the writer, the narrative text, and the recipient withdraw to the “nowhere” in imagining the battle of feelings that took place, immersed in a hidden pain, as he says:

Is there a meeting?

- I don't know.. when a big rock falls from the top of a dying mountain, surely there will be a meeting.

- On what marina is Tsin B's ruin?

- The port is useless.

Who has the right to kill me slowly or quickly?<sup>(12)</sup>.

The words (Marsa) and (Tarseen) were repeated, and they had a role in creating a rhythm with equal musical resonance, through the letters (Ra'a and Sein). The singular and the sentence, as well as the letter Sein, which is characterized by a high whistling that suggests an anxious soul, and indicates sadness, despair and heartburn, and gave a transparent shift in the transition from the narration and falling into the poetic rhythm, and the word (useless) came to enhance this tone in the recipient.

Following is this dialogue, an internal monologue, which I spoke (Laila with Alaa) after the call ended:

She cried with all her sadness, she muttered, her lips touching her palms on her face..Baby..why did you hang up the phone? From my pain... my love... I'm still that reed that the wind has left... It turns... It sings a tremor... I'm still lying on the rug of lost wishes, and nothing but tears is my ally For hours I long for you... I still drink in silence and search As for the crumbs of any sound, I can hear you... see you..." .

The rhythm seems clear from the sentence in which you say (I wanted to drink from your voice), until (any sound that helps me to hear you.. I see you..), as well as the symmetry and repetition in vocabulary and



letters, especially the word (still), and this repetition comes in A dense emotional context that reaches the point of tragedy, and the repeated phrase represents a repetition of a bitter situation that has hurt him, or a reference to a dramatic event that awakens sadness or painful irony”.

The writer soared to the horizon of poetics, attracting his narrative rhythm, where poetry sits on the rhythm and transitions of images and suggestions possessed by the musical melody, which exceptionally affects the feelings. .

If we put an accidental question that says: Is the meaning confused if the writer inserted a pure piece of poetry, between the folds of the narration?

Answer: The meaning may be confused if the text is far from the details of the event, and is not a backbone accompanying the narration, within its course, identifying with it.

But if the poetic text in the novel was not randomly brought by the narrator, and it was a break within the narrative fabric, and worked to deepen the event and break the monotony, and it was also an emotional addition that pulls the reader, and was not outside the meaning and details of the event, but rather came to list later details in a closer way to the conscience Poetry is distinguished from narration by self-dialogue, and the text was written, or chosen with careful care to match the event and be a piece of it, so it supports the meaning and does not confuse it.

And we have in the novel (The Fifth Wall) what confirms this immanence in terms of meaning and significance, when the writer dwells on the wings of his imagination, to make the poetic wind carry him without any trouble or effort, as he says:

"Brotherhood of blood... Fires... mirrors of ugliness... brotherhood of death.. Here we are on the edge of tears... We are only able to be alone with empty amazement... We are stuck on a board loaned to us by fingers of worry and damage... That board is the tree of Zaqqum... Who are you? From which shed did you come? And where are we?? .. Who are we?"

In this piece, the vocal harmony is manifested through the repetition of some sounds that are similar in their vocal characteristics, and converge in their exits in a single word or in a sentence, and thus produces the rhythm q. performances, and when they are mixed, they form a systematic structure" <sup>(13)</sup>.

There is a big difference between intentionality in including narration under the roof of poetic language, and between the language of narration being absorbed into poetics, under the weight of magnetic writing with poetic suggestion. He notes that rhythm is a free birth, produced by the stimuli of immersion in the loads of the narrative text and its psychological data.

In this novel, we find many places of narration that were nourished by the spirit of poetry through poetic rhythm, by introducing the poetic pattern implicit in short poetic sentences that were (messages) exchanged between (Alaa and Laila).

The narrator says in one of his prose pieces: “The idea of choosing a title for the story jumped to her.. She opened the message page on her mobile device to write several addresses and save them in drafts, and she wrote (The Graveyard Mail), (The Grave’s Moaning), (What the dirt told) I left the three addresses on a page. The drafts came back to write to him a message (Life is just a series of random events and mistakes) and he replied (Life is a lost opportunity we race to seize to rejoice in our losses) and then followed it with another message (All paths I think lead to you, so why do you shut me down on the guillotine to wait)?!.

Three short messages, in a high poetic language, the writer surrounded them with poetic vocabulary, prepared for the recipient to receive them, and deal with them as short poetic texts, and if we really want to feel the pulse of this rhythm, and the tonal game in the musical sentences, let's read these messages, individually, we will find them self-sufficient. It does not need to supplement the narration, or subsidize letters or explanatory vocabulary, and at the same time, these letters formed the most important part of the form of the event within the narration, and perhaps the three letters that contain the most melodic rhythm is the third message (All paths I think lead to you .. why did you close me? On the guillotine waiting?!).

We note that the musical bell in /the paths I take it/ constitutes a tonal referral to the rhythm of poetry, so the flow with the text flows in a musical pattern that makes the recipient, not facing any obstacle in accepting the text, but rather being led to the tonal wave in which the musical sentences are abound in the narration. It is worth noting that some citizens of the narration have caught up with this tonal rhythm, in which the displacement from tracking the event to entering the atmosphere of the event through (poetic rhythm), the narrator practices mixing between the ordinary event, and what can be extracted from the usual written pattern from The intensity of the meaning overlaid with rhythm, as it is in the letter written by Laila, Which constituted a brief summary of what is going on inside it, so that it can accompany the recipient with him on a colorful journey, untainted by any of the ordinary and patterns of writing the usual narration. This may explain “the novel’s openness to poetry as a tool for novelistic expression, so the narrative language was mixed with the poetic language to form the rhythm of the narrative discourse, a lyrical rhythm that reflects the depth of the suffering of the writer’s self.”<sup>(14)</sup>.

Abu Hayyan al-Tawhidi referred to a similar meaning between poetry and prose in his saying: “The best speech is the straying of its pronunciation, the gentleness of its meaning, its radiance, and its image among systems as if it were prose, and the prose as if it were composed. He shaves his throat, and if he shaves he is sorry, I mean he is violently removed from the store, and approached gently by the reacher”. The narrative discourse in the fifth wall is full of internal and external rhythms that make the novel more poetic, and sticking to the conscience.

Among the other lines that were dominated by rhythm in the novel: “Everything has seasons..even for hearts that think that they are filled with the constancy of love. There are seasons..only endings come once..I am now in one of the hallways of beginnings, treating darkness in an attempt to lighten what I left.” Cemetery visits are half-candles left by the visitors’ undocumented feelings except with tears and supplications.. I was able to ignite them to trace the vocabulary that lived life and then, in a brave way, penetrated into death and returned to inhale our air saturated with our ashes.. It is the story of a man who wrote life and death in letters that I would write if the messenger of Moan managed to Yasmine Al-Gabr, who carried Abir, the details of the story.. Perhaps we were the story in the middle of it when it was life”.

Starting with: Everything has its seasons / And passing through the sentence in which he says / To trace the vocabulary / And all the way to: Our air saturated with our ashes /. The writer did not leave a gap in the narration except that he filled it with rhythm (musical), so that the narration comes in the form of poetic texts.

What distinguishes the narration in the novel, The Fifth Wall, is that it is hardly a page out of the number of pages (168), which represent the entire novel, except that rhythm had the largest share in the emergence and growth of the contents of the narration and its construction.

### **Third: Poetry of the place**

The place in Arabic poetry occupied a large and distinctive space, starting from the pre-Islamic era to our present time, and this preoccupation was not limited to poetry, but went beyond that until it reached the novel. It opens the reader's appetite towards wider ranges, especially as he turns a descriptive and descriptive page, heading towards the open horizon, towards poeticism by its violating the lived reality. On the other hand, this importance is not due to the artistry of the place, or because it is a meeting place for events and personalities, but because it transforms in some distinguished works into a space that contains all the narrative elements. And it became parallel to the narrative time, after the greater weight and attention were taking place in the interest of time, as “the identification of the place in the novel is what makes its events for the reader something likely to happen, in the sense of delusion of its realism”.

Here lies the importance of the place through the ability in which the novelist employs the place in a way that attracts the reader and hints at events and this is what made the novel more uplifting with the capacity of imagination, and the place also has an importance in indicating the identity of the literary work.

At this point, the writer's role emerges in the esotericism of the relationship between the character and the place in which he lives growing upward, and this occurs through “identifying the general features of the character, and distinguishing it from others, where places produce distinct and different personalities: the desert, mountain, urban character, where each of them is erected. The other is the difference and heterogeneity in the physical, psychological and social levels”<sup>(15)</sup>.

In the novel, *The Fifth Wall*, the place recorded a distinguished presence, as the writer was able, in his poetic language, to change the faces of the places and their significance with some deviation in meaning behind a huge amount of depictions, including metaphors, simile and paradox, and planted the element of surprise and surprise in the soul of the reader, and this in turn made the Some savage places seem millennial in linguistic pleasure and vice versa, although they indicate otherwise in visual reality.

This is evident in his saying: “The crowding in the streets of Baghdad was like drowning in impromptu questions that have no solution.. All the faces are the same with repeated differences.. The wide facades no longer tell a meaningful life, the fear of everything else burns the coils of patience.. and what is this presence but a frightened shadow that will vanish in the dreaded paths of sunset, in close proximity to an unrequited night”.

The first spatial images drawn to show part of (the identity of the homeland) in the novel of the Fifth Wall, is represented by a shift to the essence of the lived reality, which necessarily refers to the spontaneity in the perception of the scene to the streets of the capital, Baghdad, making (the crowding) the first for the builders of this figurative formation, strengthening it by referring ( spatial poetics), which moves by crowding from the usual representation, to the drawing of the horizon of imagination, which enables the reader to understand the metaphor and apply it to the ordinary vocabulary of living, as it is similar to “overcrowding by drowning.” ), there are no answers. Then he returns to give a moral affirmation of the reality of crowding, which is represented by human existence, symbolizing it (similar faces, and repeated differences). Hypothetically, if we say that (crowdedness) is a condition that exists in all countries, especially in the capitals of them, the response will be that the mention of crowding through displacements that gives the functions, ample reference to the fact that crowding here is outside its current meaning, but framed by a broader horizon and more informative indications on the rhythm And the psychological pattern of the living situation, and these references leaked into the narrative text, and ignited through poetic vocabulary that simulated the meaning of the intent / drowning / improvised questions / similar faces, with frequent differences /.After this simple and brief disclosure of the form of life in the streets of the capital of the country, he moves to a broader process of discovery, including all of Iraq, from one end to the other, as if he

paved the way for this discovery in referring to the transitory crowding, he says: "Death has become the first consumer and has been added as a fourth meal. On the Iraqi diary table, there are those who believe that explosive materials are the only peaceful solution to this Iraqi crisis, and the parties that possess most of them are memories of days gone by, and politicians created by chance and whom Paris cafes call their half-dialogues on the political shore of Iraq, and others are sure that politics is nothing but a suit. Elegant and frowning eyebrows and some vocabulary, the first of which is transparency, and the latest is quotas, logistics and sectarianism. And there are those who left their country covered in a deep sleep in the arms of the enemies of Islam and came to Iraq to draw closer to God in fighting the occupation. They were fortified with canned fatwas issued by the beards of scholars, half of whom were uncircumcised. Male and female in the same dish for fear of the presence of Satan among them." (16)

In this piece of narration, the writer summarized the approximate picture of all the lines that make up the battlefield of the political and social life of the homeland, using similes, metaphors, and poetic metaphors, to intensify this abbreviation. We can discern this rhythm through the following sentences: The death of the first consumer/ fourth meal/ the diary table/ they were created by chance/ for their silver cafés in Paris/ half dialogues/ Iraq's political beach/ fall into a deep sleep/ canned/ shut the mouth of the devil/.

The narration has a soul that breathes, and moves through the insertion of poetic images that instruct the reader's mind to be led in a graceful way to understand what the writer wants to summarize, and follow the pattern of condensation, preserving the text's structure from the excess of description, which is known to be - any of these appendages Descriptive \_, is the widest door to the leakage of boredom to the reader, and then the reluctance to continue to adhere to the event and its growth, so here is the poetic language in dealing with the place. It serves as the bonds that work to awaken the images in the mind of the recipient and to ensure his adherence to the rationale of the description. Perhaps one of the most beautiful descriptions, those that are coupled with a vivid image, are present in the lived reality, which the writer bases on. The simple café: "Alaa was impressed by the similarities between Iraq and the painting that Abu Talib, the owner of the café next to the wood agency, where a group of wolves gathered on a deer that gnawed at it from all sides.. There are poets and painters who have an unintended or studied prediction in Drawing events and giving a picture of life reduced to a few letters or lines..." .

He does not fail to emphasize that the poet, writer and painter possess that third eye, through which they see the situation that may be hidden from those with simple awareness. That the owners of the third eye are the first to understand what is happening.

It is striking in this descriptive piece of narration, that the writer did not mix his usual poetic vocabulary, and did not use any analogy, imagery or metaphor of his poetic language; This is because he is satisfied with the existence of a substitute for it, which is the drawing board, which shortened the task of poetic language.

This attention, no matter how small it is, gives us the meaning that the poetic language in the narrative text is present by the act of giving, imbued with the spirit of the text, elevating the narration pulse to a degree that secures the life of communication by embracing the doctrine of intent in the content of the narration, not relying on the embellishment of the form, and making the language Noodles are bells ringing at confused timings, to form the dissonant picture and rhythm.

He reinforces the delivery of the pattern of remembrance of the homeland that goes beyond the abstract geography of the place, to being a spiritual and emotional map full of life, by returning to a poetic language full of formal giving, stressing that poetic rhythm, is the main focus in his narration language. He says: "The sunset in the streets of Baghdad is distorted and makes emptiness A moving language in the midst of

souls..."(38). It gives the defining function of the life of expression, in that the void and the rest of the descriptive foundations have a meaningful movement and more space in the poetic occupation of the total entrances and exits of the narrative.

All the contents were consistent in mentioning the wider place - the homeland - in drawing the current form of what has become impossible for the reality of the situation in Iraq, from a description of what the streets have covered to the clear indication in the division of those who hold the helm of politics, as well as the affiliation pattern of the general public to these political leadership bodies, and in a leap from Hawass addresses the homeland directly - Iraq that was before the occupation - and through the implicit hero, the martyr (Ali), the poet whom I found (mass graves) in full view of his homeland. The calligraphy was confused as if he had written it to be a painting hanging on the wall of the heart.. Alaa returned the rest of the letters to his pocket and left with Ali through his combative lines in this letter<sup>(17)</sup>.

My face looks exactly like you, even if I wore it with a false smile.. You were wearing that color that invaded the streets and covered the eyes with it as far as the eye could see, even as if the sidewalks did not want to wear anything else.. The color that took olive as its title and it was nothing but a symbol of the berms and bullets.. And your paths filled with With rampant panic.. your hands open to disasters and accept the mouth of wars with your wound that has addicted to numbness on the lips of mothers who are no longer able to cry for their children who have turned the dust of your dark silence into wooden toys.. First sail.

.. Tell me about you .. How long will your heart remain a child playing with a pile of bombs? How long will you stand on the threshold of your patience, eagerly repairing your back to their sick daggers? What did they do to you? Are you really that steeped in violence between the folds of the papers of history only Lilac gives birth to the poor tales of the past, myth and civilization? Did you remain in your eyes the Tigris and the Euphrates, what remains of the tears shed by your palm fronds when they throw me now between walls covered in darkness, browsing through the pictures of my childhood in the arms of our streets filled with love? Are you still patriotic? Three days ago, Uncle Jabbar al-Bahri died near me, an English teacher, one of the most distinguished in his southern city, dormant on the Grave River.

They took him not knowing why and they do not know why, his prestige was the cause of fear of him no more, they beat him to death, he passed away and he does not know why all this insistence on death, are you still my patriot? Loved ones leave you without trouble, everything is very easy here, and the strange thing is that they carry slogans of belonging to you and kill us, your children, what crime have we committed? Are you still patriotic? I doubt your ability to answer, when you smile on the faces of children in future generations remember that we stole from the arms of the smile at the hands of your executioners.

He returned the letter to his pocket and leaned his head on the side of the seat and closed his eyes to his obsessions and Ali's voice echoed in his heart, his language was a poetic language in a message and in another language of a soul that follows the trail of patience no more, does not care for the camel as much as he cares for that mind that flows from the top of his cracked heart With longing and nostalgia, he thought of the messages, then he thought of the messages and them together, and then the trace of his exhaustion roaming within him fell asleep."

The follower of the impact of poetic language in this text, which is a message written by one of the heroes of the story of the Fifth Wall, the martyr (Ali), and it is addressed to his homeland, who addressed him in isolation from the wicked, and did not blame him, as is usual in the format of the homeland's correspondence in Such conditions.

We find that the narrator has excelled in addressing Iraq after he had dressed his obsessions with the robe of pure love, and he had stained his reproach with love poems, through which he flew into the space of abstract discourse, which is characterized by the most remote means of knowledge that is filled with love and pain. The context, flowing with superior poetry, makes it possible for other than poetry to breathe with its vocabulary that opens in every sentence a horizon of perception, that is, that thorny relationship with all the power of love.

Undoubtedly, the largest (theme) that constitutes the total presence of the homeland, is (the theme of the place), and from here comes the expression, that (the house in which you live is a small homeland), and this (spatial presence) of the homeland came in the novel of the fifth wall in Aesthetic approaches, the suggestive connotations of the image of the homeland, gave the place where a person feels familiarity and reassurance, which is associated with (the mass cemetery), which is the lonely or hostile place, where you feel lonely and insecure, and it represents an intersection with the familiar place - the homeland - although it is It became a part of it, as the tombs they found in the Radwaniyah area in Baghdad occupied the first pillars of making the sign of the place that enriched the essence of the homeland, which is filled with victims on both sides of the river of living life<sup>(18)</sup>.

"They reached where cars, people, and details gathered, heading towards a narrow staircase, where they surrounded the place with an earthen mound... They will descend after a while to where they see nothing but their scattering and their uniqueness in killing them... There were colorful ribbons surrounding the cemetery... A large part of it has been dug, and spaces remain. Small in the far end..they put most of the remains of the corpses on pieces of white cloth..Jalal was late..He slowed down in his steps without realizing.The meeting was solemn with silent remains laden with inexhaustible screaming and moaning..Hassan came forward to see from where and how to enter and search? They are only minutes, and if they are in the midst of death, they have a later life and eyes that do not know how to see or understand things when the color leaves"<sup>(19)</sup>.

And on the same narrative pattern, by taking the poetic language as a safe compound in the journey of discovering the contents of the event, the writer's descriptive structure was formed, and he was the first building block of this building when he said: (They will descend after a while to where they see nothing but their diaspora and their uniqueness in killing them...), I took This sentence is the link between the vocabulary describing the place \_ the mass grave \_ (they surrounded the place with an earthen mound), and (there were colored ribbons surrounding the cemetery). Then he reinforced this poetic rhythm as he continued in the usual description of the place, where he says: (The meeting was solemn with silent remains loaded with endless screaming and moaning).

It is followed by the sentence that is most comprehensive in mixing with the spirit of the place, as he says: (And if in the midst of death they possess a later life and eyes that do not know how to see or understand things when the color leaves). Being carried away in this style of harmony in immersing (poetic language) in the midst of the normal descriptive narration, makes mixing with the spirit of the text easy. Then, he returns to where the place (the cemetery) was full of life, so he describes this life through the grace of his poetic language, and he sends that message that came from the mouth of the hero of the event in the mass grave to his friend (Salah):

From a friend of death.. to the rest of life..

Letters maybe.. maybe not...

The last ambassadors of hope may reach you from me to reproduce eternity..

The wisdom of the Lord is that the earth is not vacant... so that the disaster awakens a new invention for them by making death another trend that brings us into their framework, damage and ruin. The distance of salvation, and because I am accompanied by a safe fear, because I know where things will be, I decided to get out of me to you, so it is nice to unite in a moment that is the distance of a lifetime that extends behind me, and to see ourselves again, and I reserve to see you again, so the ecstasy of the first meeting taught me how to see life clearly... When we were waiting for the admission form to enter the stage The middle school.. and the crowds of students and the boring and annoying noises and noises.. everyone wants to be the first to receive the form of life in its simple concept.. except you, and you were much older than your silence and deliberation.. it was your wisdom that I read behind you.. it may be the last He is the first..and then I lost my patience and screamed..everything is not in order

And no one heard me because my voice was below their voices and above reaching them..except you..you were the first to give me the key to understanding life despite the freshness of my mind..when I said: everything is in order, my friend, but the person is busy in scattering the arrangement..and you were inserting matches. In my darkness it flares up from time to time to illuminate the path for me with a flash of understanding.. I remember exactly how I said that it is wise to understand yourself so that you understand others.. of time".

The novelist drew the place with his creative brush, as he made it a comprehensive framework for the elements of the narration, as these different elements merged and joined forces to give an artistic picture, where the place exchanges the relationship of influence and influence. Time and place are among the most important factors and motives of literary experience. Kamal Abu Deeb sees "the impossibility of separating time from space, so he called them a term that combined them with the name (space-time), and thus expands the concept of space to include time and space, and that neither of them is achieved without the other." The immersion and immersion in delivering the narration in a high poetic language, without paying attention to the fact that the event must develop in a smooth spontaneous way, makes the narration fragmented, losing the foundations of harmony that would affect the reader, and it has replaced the immersion in (poetic language) in the wall Fifth, the intertwining and mixing of the language of the descriptive discourse, which made all places familiar to the reader.

In an interview to describe the same place, in two different times, the poetic language played a major role in intensifying the description and not dwelling on the course of the narration and the mental image holdings of the recipient. He - that is, the writer - through his (the hero of mass graves) gives a description of the city of Basra (Karma Ali) in He mentioned the title that belongs to the martyr and he mentioned it as an appendix to one of his letters: "I beg you to pass by my city whose traces cannot be erased by any time, for it is the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.. Cry out to its children, or read these letters of mine in its beautiful faltering alleys, for I have left something of Childhood obsession there.. and if you are in a time that keeps the addresses of my beloved things.. you have to convey my thoughts so that my soul can seize the last safety.. Basra / Karma Ali / Teachers District / Behind Al Karama School / House of Abu Ali Hajj Jawad.. Ali Jawad gesture."

Then he describes the same place in the post-cemetery era, and says, describing the movement of life in Basra: "Hassan's attention was drawn to the fact that work in all its conditions is alive in this city, as if it were a military unit that keeps the priorities of its battles in papers that are quickly neglected with straw bags thrown behind the waiting wall, the next from the series The mounds, bullets, houses, palm trees, and women, with the presence of a stagnant meditating sheikh on the bank of the Shatt al-Arab, that port that

witnessed countless incoming and outgoing steps through the gap of sailing to worlds filled with wishes in minds imbued with adventure, so he said to Alaa as they passed by the structure A building distributes on its facade construction workers similar in movement”

As for the general description of the place and its merits that give legitimacy to the trust in belonging where you must live, the writer indicates the relationship inherent in the spirit of the place. On earth, nothing but keeping two cliffs to ensure keeping the river, or perhaps it is a fear of a fierce comer who does not realize how much patience has resided in us, we of all ages are old, victims of drowning in a wish that we do not reach to achieve no matter how much we practice ourselves... Do you know that we are in the wrong camp And all our corridors are closed despite the windows being made for the prestige of détente.

The focus on the pictorial aspect in modern novels did not come from a vacuum, but rather because it is the most prominent technical component that supports the narrative elements of the novel, and since the place is an important element of the narrative narrative, as “it is the scene of events and obsessions that historical memory creates.”

And so that the place is not just a realistic space, or an extra element in the novel, it took a large space and different meanings, as the structure of the place was formed by linking it to an effective poetic vision, with a precise craft that indicates the intentionality of a poet and writer, to reach an unauthorized goal.

The writer, who is from southern Iraq, did not fail to flirt with his (spatial identity) in the midst of his homeland, describing the south with all its poetic language of charms and magic, saying: “Your soul must travel towards the south wearing sadness, wandering between the ceilings of dreams and the clay toys of children. And the pride of skirts in hot bread, between palms, chivalry, patience, the shyness of girls, pure spinning, and death that lurks in every pulse of life. Taking poetic language as a temporary expression here, or there in the details of the journey with the events of the narration, is completely different with making (poetic language) the ground on which the writer relies in his dramatic construction of the novelistic event, moreover, is the breadth of this ground to unite at some point, It constitutes the most spacious horizon, and the availability of vision within the semantic pattern full of the generation of images, which formed (the poetic place) in it, the largest part, and the general inclusion<sup>(18)</sup>

Class differences in literary and critical nomenclature restrict creativity in general and set limits that cannot be crossed, and we are certain that these literary types have deep structural relationships between them, even if the names and forms are different. (Poetics and narrative), they do not belong in terms of creative content to a specific literary genre or genre, just as there is (poetics in narration), there is also (narrative in poetry). This creative task remains entrusted to the poet and the narrator, and what the imaginative moment imposes on them is poetry and narration.

The Fifth Wall novel gave special attention to the poetic language, which cast a shadow on the narrative side, and this was evident through the different forms of rhetoric such as allegory, metaphor and puns, which made an impact in the same recipient with their artistic and aesthetic value.

On this basis, in our research, we tried to prove the poetics of language in the novel The Fifth Wall by the writer Muhammad Mohsen Muhammad, and we reached several theoretical and applied results, the most important of which were:

1. There is no pure literary genre, but rather a mixture of different genres.



2. The use of creative elements such as metaphors, similes, and metaphors became the new novel in destroying the traditional plot, which led to the poetic overlapping with the narrative.
3. Despite the different fields of aesthetic work between poetry and narration previously, they transcended the stage of formal separatism, and played an influential role in defining the relationship of juxtaposition and divergence, as poetry was no longer separate from the narration, but rather became artistically intertwined.
4. The use of poetic style in the novel increases its richness and influence.
5. The narration took from poetry as its internal music, which fascinates the reader and makes him enter the text.
6. The novel adopted the new technique in a poetic framework, from ideas and repetition of words, poetic passages and interviews, duets, images and events.
7. The narrator's place is not the framework in which the events take place, but rather it is one of the active and important elements in those events.
8. The poetic place in the novel *The Fifth Wall* was formed by the structure of places employed by the novelist Muhammad Mohsen Muhammad, which gave an aesthetic space even in lonely places.

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