

THE MALE GOD



A NOVEL BY

Eeva Maria al-Farraf.

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VERSOS

THE
MALE
GOD

Eeva Maria al-Khazaali

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"You're all locked up in that little world of yours, and when I try knocking on the door, you just sort of look up for a second and go right back inside."

Haruki Murakami

I wish I could be the woman to plant olive trees in Palestine with Y. This is my life without him. Life equals the recurrent thought of him, nothing else feels as real.

I know how sentimental that may sound, and I have to say, it's not the most beautiful way to phrase it. But him in my life, as the stranger I ran into day after day, meant something more to me. I do know this is already too much to admit. But still, please do continue reading this book. This book, which is about himself and the little details, moments, and gestures, the months that have driven me wild. They've driven me back to raw feelings and the emotional landscapes that I thought I had forgotten by living the everyday again and again.

The day I saw him for the first time, time stopped. I'm not even kidding. Everything split for a second. I've never seen a living man as beautiful as him, and I had to get into something that I knew would be my self-destruction ritual. I admit those words are quite dramatic, and the world with or without him would still be the same.

This dedication to him, the muse and the main character – and the dedication I have for this book are all in tune with music, rain, moods, sudden chances, and even the outfits I've seen him wear. This is a book for the glass wall opposite the café, the ashtrays, the small trees that try to stand still in the wind, and the houseplants that the baristas circle around to water. This book is dedicated to the milieu of this small town, one of which is not forever present. It is also dedicated to the café

I saw him in for the first time in mid-April this year when spring was still a distant dream, and it was snowing.

To know more, he must read every word, see every sentence to its end, and admit to himself that no one has ever tried to talk to him in this way:

how can somebody I barely know the name of, change my life so completely over a matter of months? Without a touch, without a true connection, or a word directed to me? This far that is all I know. To get to the very end of this book, he'll see what happened during these lunch hours, afternoons and that one night no other can replace in my mind.

He will see that he did not do anything. He didn't have to. He simply was himself, with all the arrogance, ignorance, gentle smile that was for somebody else, and with his deep and black eyes, with the Italian phrase said to the old man smoking outside, with everything he is and ever was. He made a difference I cannot name or define yet.

Was he sent to this town just to grace the streets with the perfection he holds? Was he merely a regular customer trying to get on with his day? Was he someone else I imagined? I'll probably never know. If something, I'll remember the way he says "fuck it/that/something else, other" without a second of hesitation.

*“Even if I lived alone, gave him all the suns and moons,
the whole Universe, no longer belonging to anyone,
I still wouldn’t be irreplaceable to him.
These sentences—these are all I can give to him.”*

These sentiments echo throughout literature and culture. How does love shape one’s art? Perhaps love isn’t the proper word. Perhaps *The Male God* is an unflinching, yet sardonic gaze at the obsessions we bestow upon strangers, and the many quiet resolutions dedicated to them.

The story might take place in the fictional cafe of a fictional town in the fictional early 2010’s but it happens in front of the reader’s very eyes. Eeva Maria will keep you engaged to the most bitter end through her minimalist style, self-reflective tone and a healthy dose of coffee.



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Eeva Maria al-Khazaali
(previously known as Eeva Karhunen)
is a Finnish poet, mentor, feminist,
romantic and an art school drop-out.
Her written work is featured in various
international anthologies, press
and publishers around the globe.
The Male God is her debut novel.
This minimalistic novel pushes
the boundaries of the narrative.
It intertwines the romantic
and the experimental
into philosophical meditation.

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