Appendix: Farrokhzad’s Poems Discussed in the Text with Their English Translation

The Forgotten

The memories of the past linger in my heart and alas
There is no friend to remember me
My gaze remained fixed on the path and he didn't send me
A letter to brighten my heart

I do not know what wrong I have done
That he disentangled his rope of kindness from me
If I had a place in his heart
Why has he stopped watching me

Everywhere I turn my eyes, it is he again
Gazing at my wet eyes
It is the agony of love that has conquered my fiery heart with rue and regret

I said when I distanced him from my sight
He would certainly leave my heart faster
There is a need for death to find me
Or it is not a pain to vanish easily
تا لبی بر لب من می‌لغزد
عیش کشمش آه که کاش این او بود
کاش این لب که مرا می‌پوسد
لبه سوزنده آن بدخو بود

When lips glide over my lips
I sigh wishing that this was him
I wish the lips kissing me
Were the burning lips of that ill-tempered one

When they embrace me affectionately
I ask myself what happened to his embrace
What happened to that burning fire
Aflame in his silent breath

I composed poems to lift from the heart
The heavy load of grief for his love
Poetry turned out to be a manifestation of his face
To whom can I tell the tyranny of his love

O Mother, take this comb from my hair
Wipe the antimony off my eyes
Take this dress of mine off my body
What else is life but my prison

As long as his eyes are not amazed by my face
What use is this beauty to me?
O Mother, break this mirror
What do I gain by adorning myself?

Shut the doors and say that
I have torn myself away from everybody but him
If somebody asks why? I am not afraid
Divulge that I am in love
If a messenger arrives from a distant place
Ask him instantly from whom the message comes
If not from him, tell him
That woman has left this house a long time ago

Ahvaz—winter 1954–1955

Enthusiasm

Do you remember that you once asked me smiling
What souvenir I had brought you from so far away?
Look into my face so that my face answers you
A tear of enthusiasm slumbering in the eyes of desire

What souvenir have I brought you, O my life fountain?
A breast burned in the rue of an impossible love
A look lost in the veils of a distant dream
A body inflamed with the burning hunger for unification

What souvenir have I brought you, O my life fountain?
Eyes tumultuous from inner desire
Warm lips slumbering on them with hope and desire
A kiss hotter than the kiss of the southern sun
How often in the search for a proper present for you
Have I wandered in the heart of the streets and bazaars
Finally I decided to present to you
A body within which a hidden desire blazes

When I looked into the mirror, I saw, alas
That separation from you has decreased the glow of my face
I beseeched the sun to grant me
Thirst, brilliance, incandescence, and reflection

Now, this is me, I am this soul-burning fire
O you, the hope of a mad and woe-embracing heart
Open your embrace so that I may reveal to you
what I have brought from this far-off place

Late

Into the eye of the exhausted day has crawled
The mute and dark dream of a sleep
Now, again, on this path
You have to hasten alone towards home

As long as your black shadow
Is always by your side like this
Do not ever think that an eye
Will be expecting you there
Your house, like a grave, is sitting
In the midst a cloud of the dust of trees
Crowned like yesterday
A crown of rain's silver strands

From the dark and calm corners
As the door is opened to your face
Hundreds of silent and mysterious salutes
Wearily fly towards you

As if the heart of the darkness is beating
In that small sad room
Night, like a black snake crawls
Onto the fine colourful curtains

The clock was on the breast of the wall
Devoid of any strike, any chime
In a body of silence and muteness
It was itself a piece of the space

In the worn-out frames, the images
—these ridiculous mortal faces—
Pale from the passage of time
Perhaps they once existed!

A mirror, like a big eye
Is sitting in a corner, busy watching
Upon the glass of its gaze
It has posed the rebellious spirit of the night

You, weary as an old bird
Head to the warmth of bed
With closed fluttering eyelids
You lay your head on the chest of the notebook
As if the ghosts of the past dead
Are crying beside you
Those who have slept on this bed
Before, in past time

A thousand silent motions from them
A thousand restless moans from them
Like fugacious bubbles
On the contracted face of the swamp

The ancient pine tree is dense with
The ominous cawing of the crows
There dances on the windows again
The redolent silk of the rain

You feel that it is regrettable
To fight with your own woe
You smell that blossom of woe
To compose a new poem

June, the 10th, 1957-Munich

The Wish
(To Pūrān Mīnū)

I wish I was the cryptic scent of a plant
On the beach of a still river
When you happen to pass that place
I could caress you head to toe with my lips

I wish I could sing like the reed of the shepherd
To the tune of your mad heart
Slumbering on the swaying camel-litter of the breeze
I could pass your door
I wish in the mornings I could shine through your window
Like a ray of the spring sun
I could see the hue of your eyes
Through the trembling silk curtain

I wish in your luminous feast
I was the laughter of a wine cup
I wish in a painful midnight
I was the laxness and drunkenness of a sleep

I wish that my heart would, like a mirror, be lit by
Your image and your smile
That each morning the warmth of your caressing hand Would touch my body

I wish in the midnight the moon could watch my dance
Like an autumn leaf
In the heart of the garden of your house My rapture could cause a tumult

I wish I could anxiously crawl into your heart
Like the cheerful memory of a woman Suddenly I could see your eyes Gazing on my beauty’s radiance

I wish my body could shine like the candle of sin
In your bed of loneliness So that the root of your asceticism and that of my longing Would burn from this sweet sinning
I wish from the green branch of life
You would pick the flower of my woe
I wish in my poem, O you [my] life drive
Could see the flame of my secret

Servitude

On my lips a shadow of a cryptic question
In my heart a restless life-burning pain
Today I am going to put forth
This rebellious soul's secret of bewilderment

Though you banish me from your threshold,
As long as I be a servant here and you God there
My dark life story won't be a story
From whose beginning and whose end you are absent

At midnight the cradles rock peacefully
Unaware of the man's painful immigration
Like a quivering boat, a mysterious hand
Draws me rowing into the mouth of storms

Faces gravely foreign in my eyes
Over houses the tears of the stars
The terror of prison and the glitter of the chain's link
Tales of the unique God's mercy

The cold breast of earth and the stains of the grave
Every greeting a dark shadow of a farewell
Hands empty and in a distant sky
The sick and fevered yellowness of the sun
An endless search and a vain struggle
A dark road and the feet weary of the way
No sign of fire on the summits of Tūr
No answer from behind this closed door

Ah, does my moan find its way to you?
So that you smash your mirror/cup of vanity upon the stone
So that you sit with me, me the earthen, for a while
And drink from the lips of my poem the pain of being

For years I suffered within me, but today
Like a flame, I flare to burn your stack
Either you render my restless clamour silent
Or I shall teach you another way

Though I know you banish me from your threshold,
As long as I be a servant here and you God there
My dark life story won’t be a story
From whose beginning and whose end you are absent

What am I? Offspring of a luscious supper
A stranger thrusts me on this way of mine
Once a body entwined around another body
And I was born into the world unwillingly
When have you left me alone so that with two open eyes I could choose a form for myself? So that I might name as mother whomever I choose So that I might freely set my foot on the path

I was born into the world so that in your world I should be the fruit of two fiery bodies’ union When had we known each other ere that? I was born into the world without being “I”

Days passed by and into my eyes blackness was poured The darkness of your blind lingering nights Days passed by and the song of that lullaby died And my ears filled with your voice

“Childhood” like the swallows with colourful wings Flew off towards other skies In my brain the seed of thought bestirred itself An unannounced guest knocked at the door

I would run in the illusory deserts Sit besides the springs drunken Break the branches of mystery, yet Each moment a new branch grew from the body of this shrub
My path led to distant plains
Floating on the tide of my thoughts
I crept into the heart of the wandering waves
Untying from my feet the chain of darkness

Finally one day I asked myself silently
What am I? From what beginning do I come?
If I am the warm light of life from head to toe
From which sky of mystery do I radiate?

Why do I silently think in this manner night and day?
Who has sown in me the seed of thought
Is the harp in my hand and am I the proud harpist
Or has someone placed this harp on my lap?

If I were not or were I in another world
Would I still have my power of thinking?
Could I still find my way
Into the riddles of this mysterious world?

Fearfully in search of that enigmatic answer
I headed down a dark labyrinthine road
You cast a shadow on that “end” and I knew that
I am naught head to toe, I am naught, naught
You cast a shadow on that “end” and in your hand
There was a rope tied round necks at its other end
You were dragging people along life’s winding road
While their eyes stared at the image of the other world

You were dragging people along the path and singing:
May the fire of hell be the infidel’s toll
Who chooses Satan in place of me
May the fire of hell be gravely burning to his soul

I saw myself as a mirror devoid of myself
At any moment an image falls upon it by your hand
Sometimes the image of your power, sometimes your tyranny
And sometimes the image of your self-worshiping eyes

A sheep lost in the midst of the herd
The shepherd has opened the way to the wolf
The shepherd, drunk from this game
Crocked is resting peacefully in a corner

You were dragging people along the path and singing
“May the fire of hell be the infidel’s toll
Who chooses Satan in place of me
May the fire of hell be gravely burning to his soul.”
You yourself created this accursed Satan
Turned him rebel and banished him
toward us
It was you, it was you who created from a
flame
Such a demon and set him on the road

You gave him an opportunity that as long
as there is a world
He would set fire with his evil fingertips
He would turn into a wild joy in a still bed
He would turn into a kiss on lips burning
with thirst

Whatever was glamorous, you ruthlessly
condoned
It became a poem, a cry, love and youth
It became the scent of flowers, sprinkled on
the plains
It became the colour of the world, the
deceit of life

It became a wave on the wavy skirt of the
dancers
It became the fire of wine, boiling in the
wine-vault
It set such a commotion in the soul of wine
drinkers
That from every ruin was heard the sound
of cheers and more cheers
He became a melody, circulating in the hand of a harper
He became a tremor, falling on silver breasts
He became a smile, revealing the teeth of moon-faced beauties
He became the image of the cupbearer, reflected in the inverted cup

In these dark nights the charm of his song
Became the guide of the lost in the deserts
The sound of his steps danced in the heart of the altars
The glitter of his eyes became the light of wayfarers

Whatever was glamorous, you ruthlessly condoned
Dismissing them on the path of beauty-worshippers
Then with your cries of wrath and fury
You filled our blue glass dome with clamour

Our eyes brimming with that alluring image
We prostrate ourselves in our submission
Any moment the dark story of your “Samūd” tribe²
In our eyes takes on the hue of blood

You sat till he [Satan] subordinated them, then
Like a plant you dried them up with a storm
The whirlwind of your rage came over the “Lūṭ” tribe
You burned them, with scorching lightning
Appendix: Farrokhzad's Poems Discussed in the Text

Woe to this game, this painful game
Why do you turn us into toys thus?
We are a thread of rosary whirling in your hand
You whirl us zealously and assail us in vain

As soon as our eyes met the two eyes of life
We were introduced to “sin,” this ambiguous word
You created sin, it stirred within itself
It rushed upon us, to the very same sin we finally turned

Were you and your mercy with us
Could Satan ever convey his way and love to us?
Was there ever any sign or sound of his steps
In this raging rebellious soul?

You successively drag me and us into the grave
So you can say that you can be thus
So that I and we may be a manifestation of your power
So that you be the cold iron sledge on our head

What is this Satan banished from the thresholds?
Staying as a guest in our still mansion
A hand has sprinkled on the fire of his burning body
The redolence of the world’s pleasures
What is he but what you wanted him to be?
A dark spirit, a dark soul, a dark basis
A dark smile on those smileless lips
A dark beginning, O God, a dark end

When has his tendency been the origin of this bitter being?
When have you asked his opinion on an issue?
If you had left him alone to himself
Never in the world could you have seen an image of him

Many a night did he come into my dream
His eyes were streams of tears and blood
Whinging bitterly, and I could see that on his lips
His moans had no hue or charm

Ashamed of his disgraceful and ignominious name
He searched for a niche to get rid of his self
His body was of the hue of foulness
Weeping, he desired a power to detach himself from himself

Many a night did we converse
My ears still seem to be brimming with cries
Satan says: Spit on this existence, on this painful existence
Spit on this existence which is so disgusting
He is my creator, then why does he whisper every second
In people's ears that I was like that, I am like this?
If I am a guileful Satan, what is my sin?
He doesn't want me to be something else

His hell was burning with hunger for prey
He put a hunter's snare in my hand and tamed me
To trap thousands of prey in my snare, all of a sudden
He turned a world tumultuous with the clamour of my name

His hell was burning with hunger for prey
His realms of punishment erected, awaiting
Fiery spears and the tents of smoke
Thirsty for his infinite sacrifices

The bitter fruit of the wild “zaqqūm” tree
Still hanging futilely on the branches
That wine mixed with the hell's hot water
Hasn't inflicted anybody's heart with a new spark

His hell was empty of the moans and cries of pain
His hell was shining and burning uselessly
To cast its absurdity in a different hue
He taught me the ways of deceiving people

What am I? One afflicted whose feet are tangled
In the ropes of a dark destiny
O my disciples, O wanderers on the way
He has chosen our path, considered it well
O my disciples, O wanderers on the way
The path is not one we can find a way to him
Until when will you search for the path?
The path is invisible and we are travelling to him

O my disciples, O his curse on us
O my disciples, O our cries from him
O the one who is all tyranny, his tyranny is on us
All our merry laughter from him

We are no sea to turn into our own wave
We are no storm to be our own wrath
Since we have lost his favour in vain
Why are we struggling to become our own eyes?

Neither are we an embrace to be burnt from ourselves
Neither are we a song to shiver from ourselves
Neither are we “we” to have sinned
Neither are we “he” to fear ourselves

If we chanced proceeding not to be entrapped
He would spread his trap with fresh guile
For his feverishly burning hell
He would foster any moment fresh baits

O my disciples, O wanderers on the way
I am fed up with this ignominious name
Though he tried to put me to sleep, “I am the Satan, alas I am wide awake”
Many a night he and I in that darkness
Rained tears, rained tears incessantly
Many a night I gently kissed Satan's lips
When they ceased talking

Many a night my hands caressed
That wrinkled face
Many a night when his voice was raised
My knees prostrated without hesitation

Many a night he wished just for a second
To be out of that scarlet cloak
Wished to turn to the very spirit of purity
Not to be the lord of half of the inferior world

O God, of what avail is this self-love?
“We are ourselves the miserable and wretched fallen”
In any deed and any thought we see no trace of a hand,
Or magic role, except for your own image

You created the earthen world, and are aware
That from its head to its toe it is naught but a mirage, a deception
We are puppets, and your hands are busy playing
Our rebellion, our blasphemy is not something foreign

You asked us to thank you, we thanked you
But for how long should we thank you?
You block the way and laugh at the wayfarers
Where are you, where, so that we can find our way to you?
Like wax, we take our shape in your hand
Then what is the myth of doomsday?
Why then are we burning so hard in the mouth of hell?
What is this bitter punishment and this pain of remorse?

This world itself has turned into such a fervent hell
Fire all over, excruciating misery everywhere
Many a yoke and chain twisted at the feet
From the dust of bodies rises cold smoke

The good and the bad are together burning among the flames
The robe-clad ascetic and tavern-going libertine
The heartless wine seller and the intoxicated wine drinker
The enlightening cup bearer and the heavenly saint

This world itself has turned into a hell so burning
Still there is a hell awaiting us there
We are defenceless and hell's gatekeeper is hard-hearted
All the time he says that he is with us in whatever we do!

Forget not that illustrious blithesome master
Whose name due to his ill fate was “Satan”
The one who was amazed at your work and your justice
Whatever he said, I realized, was very true
This is me the rebellious servant whose name
Your hand adored with the ornaments of these words
Woe to me, woe on my revolt and my mutiny
Whether I say it or not my place is there

On doomsday again you’ll carp at this insignificant me
Accusing me of once having spoken blasphemy
You’ll weigh my load of sin on the scale
To say that I was rebellious and of dark disposition

One tray of the scale brimming with the load of my sins
The other what? I beseech O God
What is your basis for this mysterious weighing?
The heart’s desire or the dark stones of the desert?

How easy it is to talk about the “self”
Face to face on that dreadful day
Amazed to search on your scale
For people’s honour which you continuously disgrace

In a book, or in a dream, I do not know
I envisaged an image of the Great God’s court
You were busy judging and alas, a hundred times
On your scale I saw hypocrisy, I saw hypocrisy
You rage, but don’t ask me to abstain from my tomorrow
I who will be dust tomorrow, what is the use in abstaining
I am well aware of my end
You ravenous and, I, O God, a meagre prey

You ravenous, your hell has opened its mouth over there
With its venomous serpents, the breath of the hell’s discrete trees has turned
The air dark and poisonous
Foul water is the hell’s bitter, burning wine

Beyond the colossally firm walls
“Inferno,” that last pit of fires
Has spread itself to suddenly embrace
Our earthen and absurd bodies

I wish you had never bestowed on us existence
Or if you had, our existence was ours
We would taste this purple wine
Then nonexistence would be the veil of our drunkenness

For years, we, your servile puppets
Have danced to thousands of your instrument’s tunes
Finally we will still burn from the fire of your wrath
We understood well the meaning of your justice!
As soon as we, the hapless, called you just
You veiled your face in the silk of mercy
You made a mysterious myth out of a
paradise
You gave to us on credit, but took the ready
cash of people's lives

Glowing with existence, they refrained
from existences
For years they rubbed their faces on the
prayer carpet
Your name on their lips and in their dreams
A cup of wine pressed to their lips while
they looked on the faces of those houris

You both smashed their cup of “todays”
And mocked with vengeance their
“tomorrows”
They turned into their own graves and, O
rain of mercy
Centuries passed by and you never rained
on them

Why do you declare this rubicund wine
forbidden?
In your paradise, the streams are flowing
with wine
The prize of the virtuous would be
Finally one of your heavenly houris there

In our every breath you deceive us with a
spell
Every time you drag us into a sea
In the blackness of this dungeon, you
sometimes light
A dream candle from the garden of
paradise
In this ruined world
If we have let ourselves go in a burning cup of wine
O Lord, again it’s your hand at work
Why do you declare our deed inadmissible?

We do not desire that golden repose
At your fountains of Salsabil
Let the well-behaved have the shades of lotus and Tūbā
We remit this divine mercy to yourself

Hāfez, that pīr who was the sea and the world himself,
Sold this Edenic garden in exchange for a grain of barley
Who am I not to spare it for a goblet of wine?
You brand my ominous name with wickedness

What is this colourful scented myth?
What is this magical enchanting dream?
Who are these Houris, these grapes of light?
Whose garments are made from the gaunt silk of austerity?

Pitchers in their hands and on those delicate forelegs
The illusory trembling wavelets of skirts
They strut softly from a door to a threshold
Their breasts slumbering in the embrace of corals

ما آخر در این جهان می‌در و می‌پیکر
خوشی را در ساغرتی سوزان رها کردم
بارالا، باز هم دست تو در کار است
از چه می‌گویی که کاری نآورا کردم؟

در کنار چشم‌های سلسلیل تو
ما نمی‌خواهم آن خواب طلایی را
سایه‌های سدر و طریکه زان خوابان باد
بر تو بخشیدم این لطف خداوند را

حافظ آن پیری که دریا بود و دنیا بود
بر “جوی” بفروخت این باع بخشی را
من که باشم تا به قلمی کنیم از آن؟
تو بزن بر تام شوم داغ زنگی را

چیست این فسناه رگین عطرآلود؟
چیست این رؤیای جادوی سحرآمیز؟
کیستند این حوریان، این خوشه‌های نور؟
جامه هاشان از حریر نازک پرهیز

گوزه‌ها در دست و بر آن ساقه‌ها نرم
لرزش موج خیال انگیز دامن‌ها
می‌خرامند از دری بر درک‌گی آرام
سینه‌های هاشان خنده در آغوش مرجان‌ها
Waters purer than teardrops
Streams slipping over the fresh grasses
Fruits like bright beads of ruby
Sometimes picked, sometimes unpicked on each branch

Boys with grace and beauty head to toe
Cup bearers of the feast and robbers of the hearts’ treasures
Their beauties eternal and the eyes of heaven’s tenants
Sometimes desire them and sometimes 

Palaces, their walls billowy marble
Thrones, at their feet beads of diamond
Curtains, like wings of green silk
From the air exudes the thick fragrance of jasmine

Here, we are dust at the feet of wine and beloved
We are called non grata and disgraced drunks
There, in that world, you bestow on Your pious, sinless believers wine and beloved

That bitter and burning “sin” on its path
With which our souls had a hastening desire for reunion
Suddenly took on another name in your paradise
In your paradise, O Lord! It was a good deed itself
Whatever we have, we have it from you, you yourself said:
“My grace is sea and my wrath is like a storm
Whomever I will, I will make malignant
Whomever I choose will be chaste.”

Then of what use to us is this futile struggle
To slip into the ivory cells
Whether you expel or admit, the wish is your wish
O Lord, we won’t disoblige your command

What are you, O source of our entire existence?
What are you, but two hands busy at a game?
Others are busy at the work of flowers
And you blow at mud to make a bewildered servant

What are you, O source of our entire existence?
But a barrier on the path of our quest
Sometimes you squeeze us in your claws of wrath
Sometimes you come and mock us to our faces

What are you? A slave to your own name and majesty
[You have] seen in the mirror of the world the reflection of your own beauty
At every moment you turn this mirror around
To better gaze upon your immortal manifestations
Appendix: Farrokhzad's Poems Discussed in the Text

You are the sparkle in the eyes of a mirage, the colour of deceit
You are the ooze of ominous nights, the darkness of a grave
Maybe you are that old bat slumbering out of his fury
Thirsty for the redness of blood, enemy of light

You are a self-worshipper, O God, you are a self-worshipper
If I talk blasphemy, turn me into a thorn, into dust
You defiled me with thousands of disgraces, but
If you are God, repose in my heart and purge me

Spare us for a moment, let us be ourselves
Then burn us so that we burn due to “ourselves”
Thereafter either a tear, or a smile, or a cry
An opportunity, to save provisions for the journey

The Return

At last the line of the road ended
I arrived dusty from the journey
My eyes galloping ahead of me
My lips carrying a warm greeting

The city boiling in the furnace of noon
The street burning in the fever of the sun
My feet trembling hard
Advancing on the mute cobblestones
The houses were of a different hue
Dusty, dark and depressing
The faces between the veils
Were like ghosts in fettered feet

The dried-up stream, like a blind eye
Devoid of water or any sign of it
A singing man passed by
Filling my ears to the brim with his song

The familiar dome of the ancient mosque
Looked like the broken bowls
A believer atop its minaret
Was singing the call to prayer with a melancholic tune

Children, barefoot, stones in hand
Were chasing dogs
A woman laughed behind a veil
Abruptly the wind slammed a door

From the black mouth of the vestibules
The damp stench of the grave was coming
A blind man passed by tapping his cane
Someone familiar was approaching from afar

There a door opened silently
Hands drew me in
A tear fell from the cloud of eyes
Hands pushed me away

On the wall the old ivy
Still rippled like a trembling fountain
Over the body of the ivy's luxuriant leaves
The greenness of the old age and the dust of time
Appendix: Farrokhzad's Poems Discussed in the Text

My eyes asked searchingly
"Where is a sign of him?"
But I saw that my small room
Was devoid of his childish clamour

From the heart of the mirror’s cold earth
His body, like a rose, suddenly grew;
His velvet eyes rippled,
Ah, even in [my] delusion he was seeing me

I leaned against the wall’s breast,
Softly I said: “Is this you, Kāmī?”
But I saw that from that bitter past
Naught but a name remained

At last the line of the road ended
I arrived dusty from the journey
The thirsty could not find a way to the spring and alas
My town was the grave of my wish

September, the 16th, 1957-Tehran

Upon the Earth

Never have I wished
To become a star in the sky’s mirage
Nor like the souls of the chosen
To be the silent companion of angels
Never have I been separated from the earth
Nor acquainted with a star
I have been standing upon the earth
With my body like the stem of a plant
Sucking in wind, sun and water
To survive
Pregnant with desire
Pregnant with pain
I have been standing upon the earth
For the stars to worship me
For the breezes to caress me

Looking out of my peephole
I am naught but the echo of a song
I am not eternal
Naught I seek but the echo of a song
In the cry of delight which is purer
Than the simple silence of a woe
I seek no nest
In a body which is dew
Upon the lily of my body

On the wall of my cottage which is life
With the black line of love
Passers-by
Have drawn mementos:
An arrow-pierced heart
Overturned candle
Pallid silent dots
On the tangled letters of madness

Every lip that touched upon my lip
A star was conceived
In my night that was settling down
Upon the river of mementos
Why should I wish for a star?

This is my song
—amiable and soothing
Heretofore it has not been more than this
آیه‌های زمینی

آتکه
خورشید سرد شد
و بینگ از زمینا رفت

و سپه ها صحراء خشکیدند
و ماهین به دریاها خشکیدند
و خاک مرگ‌آش را
زان پس به خود پذیرفت

شب در تماش پنجره‌های پرده‌رگ
مانند یک تصویر مشکوک
پوسته در مرز و طفنان بود
و راه‌ها ادامه خود را
der در تیرگی رها کردند

دیگر کسی به عشق نیستید
دیگر کسی به فتح نیستید
و هیچکس
دیگر به هیچ چیز نیستید
در نارهای تنهای
پیوستگی به دنب آمد
خون بیوی بیک و افیون می‌داد
زنهای پرداز
نوزاد سی بس زنا پرداز
و کاهو از شرم
به کوره پناب آوردن

چه روزگار تلخ و سیاهی
نان، تبریت شکفت رساند را
مغلوب زده بود
پیغمبران گردن سی و مفکرک
از وده‌ها که‌هاوی اهلی گرفتند
و بر های کم‌شناس اعیسی

Earthly Verses\footnote{15}

Then
The sun grew cold
And the bounty fled the lands

And the grasses withered in the deserts
And the fish withered in the seas
And no longer did the earth
Receive its corpses

Night, like a queer imagining,
Was continually rising and swelling
In all the pallid windows
And the roads abandoned their
continuance
Into the dark

No one dreamt of love any more
No one dreamt of victory any more
And no one
Dreamt of anything any more
In the caves of loneliness
Futility was born
Blood reeked of bhang and opium
Pregnant women
Gave birth to headless infants
And cradles, in shame
Took refuge in the graves

What bitter and black days
Bread defeated the miraculous power
Of prophecy
The starving and destitute prophets
Fled the promised holy land
And the strayed lambs of Jesus
No longer heard the voice of a shepherd
calling _hey-hey_
In the bewilderment of the plains

As if in the eyes of the mirrors
The motions and the colours and the images
Were reflected, inverted
And above the heads of the debased clowns
And the harlots’ shameless faces
A glowing sacred halo burned
Like a parasol aflame

The swamps of alcohol
With their acrid poisonous fumes
Drowned in their abyss
The mass of motionless intellectuals
And sly rats
Gnawed the gilded leaves of books
In old cupboards

The sun was dead
The sun was dead, and tomorrow
In the minds of children
Had a lost, obscure meaning
In their writings
They depicted
The bizarreness of this overused word
With a large black blot

People
A fallen mass of people
Dead-hearted, gaunt and bewildered
Beneath the sinister burden of their corpses
Wandered from exile to exile
And an aching lust for crime
Swelling in their hands
Sometimes a spark, a trifling spark
Suddenly exploded from within
This silent lifeless gathering
They would assult each other
Men slitting each other’s throats
With knives
And sleeping
In beds of blood
With pre-pubescent girls

They were drowned in their own horror
And the dreadful sense of sinning
Paralysed
Their blind and witless souls

Always in the rites of execution
When the rope of the gallows
Would pop from their sockets
The convulsing eyes of a condemned man
They would sulk in themselves
And from voluptuous imagining
Their old and exhausted nerves would
twinge with pain

But always round the plazas
You could see these petty criminals
Standing
And staring at
The ceaseless flow of the fountains

Perhaps
Behind the crushed eyes, in the depths of
congelation
Something half alive and confused
Had still remained
Which with its lifeless struggle
Wished to bring faith in the purity of the
song of the waters
Perhaps, but what an infinite emptiness
The sun was dead
And no one knew
That faith was the name of that aggrieved
dove
Which had fled from the hearts

Ah, O voice of the prisoner
Will your whining of desperation
Ever burrow through any side of this
detestable night
To the side of light?
Ah, O voice of the prisoner
O last voice of all voices …

Meeting at Night

And the astounded face
From the other side of the shutter told me:
“Whoever sees is right
I cause fear, like the feeling of being lost
But, my God,
How is it possible to be afraid of me?
Of me, me
Who has never been anything
But a light vagrant kite
Above the fog-wreathed roofs of the sky
And a mouse named death
Has gnawed my love, my desire, my hate,
and my pain
In the nightly exile of a cemetery”

And the astounded face
With those faint protracted lines
Whose fluid traces the wind, moment by moment
Was effacing and altering
While the hidden movement of the night
was stealing
Its soft, long tresses
And was spreading them all over the
night’s reaches
Like the plants of the seabed
Flowing on the other side of the shutter
And it shouted:
“Believe me
I am not alive”

Beyond s/he I could still see the congestion
of darkness
And the pine’s silver fruits
Ah, I could see, but s/he …
Was slipping over them all
And his/her infinite heart was reaching its
peak
As if s/he were the green feeling of the trees
And his/her eyes were extended into
eternity

“You’re right
I have never dared to look
Into the mirror after my death
And so dead am I,
That nothing remains to prove
My death
Ah,
Did you hear the cricket’s cry
From the far end of the garden
Which under the shelter of the night, was
fleeing to the moon?

I think all the stars
Have migrated to a lost sky
And the city, how silent was the city
All along my way, I
Faced nothing
But a group of pallid statues
And the exhausted sleepy patrols
And a few street sweepers
Reeking of garbage and tobacco

Alas
I am dead
And this night still seems to be
The extension of that same futile night"

S/he grew silent
And the vast expanse of her two eyes
Turned bitter and blurred with the
sensation of tears

“O you who hide
Your face
In the shadow of life’s depressing mask
Have you ever pondered
The grievous truth
That the living beings of today
Are nothing but the discarded pulps of a
living one?

As if a child
In his first smile, has grown aged
And as if the heart—this damaged slate
Whose main lines have been
manipulated—
Would never again trust
Its own stony validity

Perhaps addiction to existence
And the constant consumption of sedatives
Have dragged the pure and simple and
human desires
شادی که روح‌یا به انزوا یک جزیره نامسکون
تبعد کرده‌اند
شادی که من صدای زنگ‌ریا خواب
دیده‌ام

پس این پیاده‌گان که صبورانه بر‌نیزه‌های جویی خود تکه داده‌اند
آن باشگاه سوارانند؟
و این خمیدگان لاغر افونی
آن عارفان یاک بلنداندیش؟
پس راست است، راست، که انسان
dیگر در انظار ظهوری نیست
و دختران عاشق
با سوزن دراز برودهای دوزی
چشمان دیپاورد خود را دریه‌اد؟

آکون طلین جیغ کلالان در عمق خویش‌های شعرگاهی
احساس می‌شود
آینه‌ها به هوش می‌آید
و شکل‌های متفرگ و نبا
خود را به اولین شناشلی پدادری
و به هوش خنی کاوش‌های شوم
تسام می‌کند

افسوس
من با تمام خاطره‌هام
از خون، که جز حیات خوین نی
سرود
و از عزم، غوریه که هیچ‌گاه
خود را چنین حفظ نی ریست
در انتظار فروست خود استاده ام
و گوش می‌کنم: نه صدایی
و خوشه می‌زند: رز زیب پر گنجشی
و نام من که نفس آن همه پایک بود
Now does not even stir
The dust of the graves

S/he trembled
And tumbled down on her both sides
And through the cracks, her begging arms
Like extended sighs
Reached out to me

“It is cold
And the winds slash through my [body
    border] lines
Is there anyone left in this abode
Who does not fear
Meeting
Her own annihilated face?

Hasn’t the time yet come
To open this window wide wide wide
For the sky to rain down
And for man mournfully
To pray over his own corpse?”

Perhaps it was the bird that moaned
Or the wind among the trees
Or was it me myself who against my heart’s
    impasse
Was rising
Like a tide of regret, shame and pain
And through the window I could see
Those two hands, those two bitter reproaches
Still reaching out for my two hands
Were fading
In the false dawn's light
And a voice on the cold horizon
Cried out:
“Farewell”
Let Us Believe in the Beginning of the Cold Season …

And this is me
A woman alone
On the threshold of a cold season
At the beginning of realizing the earth's sullied existence
And the simple blue despair of the sky
And the impotence of these cemented hands

Time passed
Time passed and the clock chimed four times
It chimed four times
Today is the winter solstice
I know the secret of the seasons
And comprehend the language of the moments
The saviour is hibernating in the grave
And the earth, the hospitable earth
Betokens serenity

The wind blows in the alley
The wind blows in the alley
And I think of the flowers' mating
And the buds with their slender anemic stalks
And this exhausted tuberculous time
And a man passing by the soaked trees;
A man whose blue ropes of veins
Like dead snakes, have crawled up
The two sides of his throat

و این متم
زنی تبا
در آستانه قصی سرد
در ابتدای درک هستی آلوده زمین
و پایش ساده و غناک آسیان
و ناتوانی این دستهای سیانی

زمان گنست
زمان گنست و ساعت چهار بار
نوافت
چهار بار نوافت
امروز روز اول ذی‌ماه است
من را فصل را می‌دانم
و حرف خلف‌ها را می‌فهمم
جانت هدنه در گور خفته است
و خاک، خاک پذیرنده
اشتاقی سنت به آرامش

در کوچه‌ای باد می‌آید
در کوچه‌ای باد می‌آید
و من به جفت گیری که‌ها می‌اندیشم
به عشق‌های‌ها با ساختار‌های لذت می‌خومن
و این زمان خستگی مسی‌سول
و مردی از کنار درختان خیس می‌گذند
مردی که رشته‌ها های آبی رگ‌کشیش
مانتند مارهای مرده از دو سوی
گلونگاهش
بالا خزیده‌اند
Reiterating in his throbbing temples
Those bloody syllables
-Hello
-Hello
And I think of the flowers’ mating

On the threshold of a cold season
In the mourning congregation of mirrors
And in the dirgeful assembly of pale experiences
And this sunset impregnated with the knowledge of silence

How can one command someone proceeding so
Patiently,
Solemnly,
Aimlessly,
To halt
How can one tell the man that he is not alive, that he has never been alive

The wind blows in the alley
The lonely crows of seclusion
Whirl around in the ancient gardens of boredom
And the ladder
Was of such a low height

They carried off the entire credulity of a heart
To the palace of fairytales
And now
How can one rise to dance ever again
And pour her childhood tresses
Into the flowing streams

و در شقیقه‌های منفلت‌شان هماهنگ
خون‌های را
پکار می‌کند
—سلام
—سلام
و من به جفت کنار کلیها می‌اندیشم

در آستانه‌ای صلحی سرد
در محل عزای آبه‌ها
و اجاع سوگوار جهیه‌های بریده رگ
و این غروب بی‌پای شده از دانش
سکوت

چگونه می‌شد به آنکس که می‌رود
اینسان
صورت
سکین
سکردان
فرمان ایست داد
چگونه می‌شد به مرگ‌کت که او زنده نیست، او همچون زنده نبوده
ست

در کوهچه باد می‌آید
کلاه‌های منفرد انوا
در اباعی این کسلات می‌چرخد
و تبدیل
چه ارتحال حمیری دارد

آنها تمام ساده لوحی یک قلب را
با خود را پشت قصه‌ها برندند
و آنها دیگر
دیگر چگونه یک نفر به رقص برخواهد
خاست
و کسبون کودکی اش
در آبایی جاری خواهد رفت
And trample the apple
She has eventually picked and smelled?

O friend, O most unique friend
Such black clouds await the sun's festival day

It was as if in the course of imagining the flight, that one day that bird appeared
As if those fresh leaves panting in the lust of breeze
Were of verdant lines of delusion
As if
That violet flame burning in the chaste mind of windows
Was nothing but the innocent illusion of the lamp

The wind blows in the alley
This is the onset of ruination
That day, too, when your hands were ruined the wind was blowing
Dear stars
Dear cardboard stars
When lies begin blowing in the sky
How can one take refuge any more in the verses of the abashed prophets?
We will meet each other like the dead of thousands and thousands years and then
The sun will judge the putrescence of our corpses

I am cold
I am so cold as never to be warm again
O friend, O most unique friend “How old was that wine anyway?”

Look what a weight

Time has here

And how the fish gnaw my flesh

Why do you always keep me at the bottom of the sea?

I am cold and I despise shell earrings

I am cold and I know

That nothing will remain

From all the red delusions of wild poppy

But a few drops of blood

I will let go of the lines

I will let go of the counting of numbers likewise

And from the midst of limited geometric shapes

I shall seek refuge in the tangible spaces of vastness

I am naked, naked, naked

Naked as the silences between the words of love

And my wounds are all from love

From love, love, love

I have piloted this wandering island

Through the tumults of the ocean,

Through the eruption of the volcano,

And disintegration was the secret of that unified existence

From whose most humble particles a sun was born

Greetings O innocent night!

سلام ای شب مصوص!
سلام ای شب که چشم‌های کره‌ای
به حفره‌هایی استخوانی ایمان و اعتاد
فلز می‌کنی
و در کار جویارهای تو اروقه پیدا
ارواد مریمان بر ترها را می‌بویند
می‌گم این بی‌تفاوتی فکرها و حرفها و
صدای آم‌نی
و این حیان به لانگه مانند است
و این حیان بر از صدای حرکت پاهای
مردمیست
که هیچ‌یاک که تو را می‌پسند
در ذهن خود طناب دار تو را می‌پافند
سالم ای شب معصوم!
میان پنجره و دیدن
همیشه‌ها ایست
چرا تکاد بکردی؟
مانند آن زمان که مردی از کنار درختان
خیس گذر می‌گرد ...
As if my mother had wept that night

What a futile brilliance glared in this blocked shutter
Why did I not look?
All the moments of bliss were aware
That your hands would be ruined
And I did not look
Not until the time when the clock's shutters flew open
And that sad canary chimed four times
Chimed four times
And I ran into that little woman
Whose eyes were like simurghs' empty nests
And walking in the motion of her thighs
As if carrying the virginity of my glorious dream
Into the bed of night

Will I ever again comb
My tresses in the wind?
Will I ever again plant violets in the gardens?
And set geraniums
Under the sky behind the window?
Will I ever again dance on the glasses?
Will the doorbell ever again carry me towards the anticipation of voice?
I told my mother: “It is all over now”
I said: “It always happens before you think
We should send the newspaper an obituary”

Hollow man
Hollow man full of vanity
Look how his teeth sing a song
While chewing
And his eyes devour
While staring
And how he is passing by the soaked trees:
Patiently,
Solemnly,
Aimlessly

At the hour of four
At the moment when his blue ropes of veins
Like dead snakes, have crawled up
Both sides of his throat
Reiterating in his throbbing temples
Those bloody syllables
-Hello
-Hello
Have you
Ever smelled
Those four water lilies? …

Time passed
Time passed and night fell upon the bare acacia branches
Night was sliding behind the window panes
And with its cold tongue
Was sucking in the dregs of the past day

Where do I come from?
Where do I come from?
So fused with the night's scent?
The earth of his grave is still fresh
I speak of those two young green hands …
How kind you were, O friend, O most unique friend
How kind you were when you lied
How kind you were when you closed the mirror’s eyelids
And plucked the lights of the chandelier
Off wire stems
And in the tyrannical darkness you took me to love’s pasture
Until that giddy steam, which was the extension of thirst’s fire, settles on the meadow of sleep

And those cardboard stars
Orbiting round the infinity
Why did they voice the words?
Why did they invite looks into the house of the eye?
Why did they take the caressing
To the coyness of virginity’s tresses?
Look how here
The soul of the one who spoke in words
And caressed with looks
And was tamed from stampeding with caresses
Has been crucified
On the poles of illusion
And the imprint of the five branches of your fingers
Which were like the five letters of truth
Remains upon his/her cheek

What is silence, what is it, what is it, O most unique friend?
What is silence but unspoken words
I turn speechless, but the sparrow’s language
Is the language of life in the flowing sentences of nature’s feast
The sparrow’s language means: spring, leaf, spring
The sparrow’s language means: breeze, fragrance, breeze
The sparrow’s language dies in factories

Who is this, this person on eternity’s road
Moving towards the moment of unity
And winding her eternal watch
With the mathematical logic of subtractions and dissipations
Who is this person who does not regard the rooster’s crowing
To be the start of the day’s heart
But rather the beginning of breakfast’s smell
Who is this person who wears love’s crown upon her head
And has rotted amidst her wedding gown

So in the end the sun did not shine
On both hopeless poles
In one single instant
And you were emptied of the blue tile’s echo
And I am so full of it that they recite prayers over my voice …

Happy corpses
Weary corpses
Silent pensive corpses
Well-mannered, well-dressed and well-fed corpses
In the stations of scheduled times
And in the dubious backdrop of temporary lights
And the lust for buying futility’s rotten fruits …

Ah,
How many people at intersections worry about accidents
And this sound of whistles to stop at the very instant when
A man must, must, must
Be crushed beneath the wheels of time
A man passing by the soaked trees …

Where do I come from?

I told my mother: “It is all over now”
I said: “It always happens before you think
We should send the newspaper an obituary”

Greetings O queerness of loneliness
I surrender the room to you
For the dark clouds are always
The prophets of fresh verses (signs) of purification
And in a candle’s martyrdom
There lies an incandescent secret
Which the last and the tallest flame knows well

Let us believe
Let us believe in the beginning of the cold season
Let us believe in the ruins of imagination’s gardens
In the idle overturned scythes
And the incarcerated seeds
Look how it is snowing …
Perhaps the truth was those two young hands, those two young hands
Buried beneath the incessant falling of snow
And the next year, when spring Mates with the sky behind the window
And within its body burst forth Green fountains of lightweight stems
They will blossom O friend, O most unique friend

Let us believe in the beginning of the cold season …

Window

One window for seeing
One window for hearing
One window that like the shaft of a well
Reaches in its depths to the heart of the earth
And opens towards the expanse of this blue recurring kindness
One window overflowing
The little hands of solitude
With the nocturnal generosity of the bountiful stars’ perfume
And thence one can invite the sun
To the exile of geraniums
One window is enough for me

I come from the land of dolls
From beneath the shadows of paper trees
In the garden of a picture book
From the arid seasons of the barren experiences of friendship and love
In the dusty alleys of innocence

Perhaps the truth was those two young hands, those two young hands
Buried beneath the incessant falling of snow
And the next year, when spring Mates with the sky behind the window
And within its body burst forth Green fountains of lightweight stems
They will blossom O friend, O most unique friend

Let us believe in the beginning of the cold season …
From the growing years of the pallid letters of the alphabet
Behind the desks of tubercular school
From the moment the children could write
The word “stone” on the board
And the startled starlings flew off the ancient tree

I come from among the roots of carnivorous plants
And my brain is still brimming
With the terrified cry of a butterfly
Crucified
With a pin to a notebook

When my trust was hanging from the slack rope of justice
And through the entire city
They were tearing my lamp’s heart into shreds
When they were blindfolding my love’s childish eyes
With the dark kerchief of law
And from the agitated temples of my desire
The blood jets were spurting out
When my life was nothing any longer
Nothing but the tick tock of a wall clock
I realized that I must, I must, I must
Love madly

One window is enough for me,
One window into the moment of consciousness, seeing, and silence
Now the walnut sapling has grown tall enough
To define
The meaning of wall to its young leaves
Ask the mirror
The name of your saviour
Isn’t the earth trembling beneath your feet
Lonelier than you?
The prophets brought with them into our century
The mission of destruction
Are these constant explosions
And poisonous clouds,
The echoes of Holy Scriptures?
O friend, O brother, O blood fellow
When you reach the moon
Inscribe the date of the flowers’ massacre

Dreams always fall
From the heights of their naïveté and die
I smell a four-leaf clover
Sprouting upon the grave of archaic concepts
Was the woman who mouldered to dust in the shroud of her expectation and chastity my youth?
Will I ever again climb the stairs of my curiosity
To greet the good God pacing on my roof?

I sense that time has passed
I sense that from the leaves of history “the moment” is my share
I sense that the table is a false distance between my tresses and this sorrowful stranger’s hands

Say something to me
What does the one offering you a living body’s kindness want in return
Other than the sensation of being alive?
Say something to me
I am in the window’s shelter
I have relation with the sun