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## Collection of Prose Poems; “The Song of Leaves”

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### Brief Biography

Shohreh Haji Mola Hosein is a prose-poem author, social ecological critic, literary essayist, and professor assistant of English language at the University of Applied Science and Technology (unit 30) in Tehran, Iran. She was born in 1973 in the north west of Tehran and spent her childhood among awesome orchards inspiring her imaginative writing. She studied experimental science at school and English Literature at faculty of Persian Literature and Foreign Languages, Allameh Tabatabaei University. Earning her Bachelor of Art in 2001, She married her classmate, Mohsen Jafari. She worked as teacher of English Language in Safir institution and got her Master of Art degree in 2010. Then, she earned her doctoral degree at Kish International Campus of Tehran university in 2021 and wrote some interdisciplinary articles published in Routledge (ANQ: A Quarterly Journal of Short Articles, Notes and Reviews) and SCIREA Sociology Journal. She is a social ecologist writing about mutual relationship of humans and the other species, dependency of humans on nature, and devastating of the natural world by some humans. Using senses in creative writing, Literary tropes of defamiliarization ambiguity, social satire, personification of the natural world and species, and naturalization of humans as trees, birds, and the other kinds are typical of her pen to remind the significance of bilateral associations between humans and the natural world. As

far as she is dreaming for living among people with no hierarchy and she is one with nature and all species, she is a satisfied woman assuming that the world is a stage of dancing and supposing that all particles are dancers around her. Her laments come from social environmental discrimination, separation, and ruins. Her narratives reflect different people, creatures, environments, and places of the West and the East of the world with common characteristics and desires. She believes that her pieces of prose-poems have been influenced by British and American authors of Romantic and Transcendental periods and Persian poets of Neo- poetry movement. Among her works, “**The Song of Leaves**” is her first collections of prose- poems projecting some areas of Iran, England, Turkey, South Korea, Scotland, England, Canada, and Australia to reveal how humans have common characteristics in spite of the fact that they represent unlike cultures, appearances, and languages.

### **Abstract**

The first collection of prose poem, “The Song of Leaves”, breaks the borders of reality and fantasy to demonstrate inseparable relationships of humans and the other species in the planet of the earth. Utilizing literary tropes, collection narrates stories of species, human emotions, needs, and awareness evolved in close connection with the natural world. Social defects, universal devastation, and cultural mistakes are hidden under the skin of poems. The purpose of this collection is to reveal common cultural themes among the East and the West of the world and remind the readers forgotten values of the natural world and people thrown away to the margins. Undermining social political engines which serve economic monsters, the collection follows the criteria of social ecological reformations, dreaming a world as it might have been not as it is.

**Keywords:** The Earth, Social Defects, Cultural Mistakes, Universal Devastation, Social Ecological Reformation

### **White and Black Papers**

You are naked attraction.

You are white and black papers.

You are the reason I can stay.  
You are the invisible excuse of life.  
You are painkiller healing deep injuries,  
And the mysterious world that can be used  
To pass through forbidden barriers.  
Forgive me for my pieces of writing.  
I know I screwed your whiteness and bella blackness up with my thoughts.  
I looked for lost directions in your enchanting bodies,  
Unseen worlds, and unknown tales.  
Thank you for hospitality of your silent and soft existence.  
May 4, 2000

### **Her Hazelnut Tranquillizing Lakes**

Time cannot wipe out the image of a local girl.  
Tour leader's life gets out of control.  
Birds are far beyond the scope of cages.  
The old houses of Iran are the bosom friends of their orchards.  
The orchards welcome spring cordially and Mother Earth fondles her seeds.  
Marvel-of-Peru flower scatters her perfume around the old houses  
And reshapes the local girl's image.  
Breeze takes the fountain of tour leader's mind to  
The thirsty stream of his heart insistently.  
The thirsty stream goes to myriad brooks  
And the myriad brooks are collected in the East of Iran and its marvels.  
The myriad brooks are concentrated on Neyshabur<sup>1</sup> and its spice farming, velvety plains,

<sup>1</sup> Neyshabur: It is the second largest city of Khorasan Province in Iran.

The orchards, and the very existence of the local girl's hazelnut eyes.

Sometimes, they are collected fast.

Sometimes, they are softly-softly.

Her eyes, her unique tranquillizing lakes are lovelier memories than lovely shores.

Tour leader sees her eyes on saffron farms neighboring him.

He does not care to grand narratives and low-spirited love stories.

He is at the very beginning of a new climate.

Now, Neyshabur knows that he has fallen in love with the girl

And the way she respects to the farms and the orchards.

How can he leave her?

How can he enforce her to leave her identity shaped in the east of Iran?

Her eyes take the color of mountains, plains, streams, the orchards, and the sky she visits.

Is it the mystery of her flexible soul matched with all parts of nature?

Tour leader's life gets out of control.

Lover birds are following their beloveds.

Alas, he cannot express his feeling and he cannot sing her a love song

Because she has already engaged.

Nonetheless, he will write for her about the language of seasons

And the elegance of the meadows.

He will write about multi-cultural methods of the soil,

The reconciliation of labdanum followers' alley

And ardent desire of bobbins for her fragrance.

He will write about resilient mountains which get enchanted when they drink the wine of

Her eyes and sleep and wake up with the blink of her eyelids.

Birds are far beyond the scope of cages.

He tunes-up his Setar<sup>2</sup> with the delicacy of buds.

He will not go far beyond the scope of the skies when

He writes for her about a lover and the hazelnut tranquillizing lakes.

All roses' greeneries, living around him, have understood he is in love with her.

On the other hand, he has to leave her unforgettable eyes.

The only thing he takes is a photo in which she is picking up saffron flowers

And the sun is shining in her tranquillizing lakes.

He is a tour leader and he knows that her eyes belong to the sun land,

But he does not know that the stream of his heart has reflected off his love

And the girl has already sensed it.

October 9, 2020

### **Prince Garden<sup>3</sup>**

There is a garden settling in a lady's heart.

The garden is popular for his flower beds, pond layouts, and artistic piles of his mansion.

The lady has been surrounded by his tall pines, aspens, cypress, white poplar, and sycamore trees.

She is infatuated by Prince Garden peculiarly.

The garden expands pandemic delight

When he comes into buds and flourishes in spring.

He inhales a soft breeze turning around his location

And exhales wholesomeness to his visitors.

There is an association between the boundless twigs of the garden

And the necessity of light rays.

There is an association between the lady

<sup>2</sup> Setar: It is a kind of lute in Iranian music.

<sup>3</sup> Prince Garden: It is a Persian garden in Kerman state in the east of Iran.

And Prince Garden as well.

When the garden sips the water of wells,

The lady starts Samaa<sup>4</sup> dancing unconsciously.

Prince Garden nurtures the dreams of the lady

And the lady fosters the expectations of his leaves.

The lady looks after Prince Garden in disguise.

She appears in various clothes and disappears among the trees.

The lady is protection shield of the garden against typhoons and drought.

She raises seeds and takes care of the buds of seeds.

Prince Garden is not the realm of the lady

And the lady is not the property of the garden.

While knowing their differences and autonomy,

They continue their inseparable relationship frequently.

They live and grow together.

Prince Garden smiles at her when the lady sings

The song of appealing garden

And he adds the song of lady the warden.

The garden clarifies the meditations of the lady

And the lady fertilizes the soil of the garden.

Prince Garden embraces the lady on the peak of seasons

And seasons magnify their splendors for her.

The lady appreciates pleasant treatment of the garden

And cherishes his leaves ceaselessly.

She is the soul of Sepandarmaz<sup>5</sup> floating in the blood

And vessels of Iran.

<sup>4</sup> Samaa Dancing: It is a Persian dance named Whirling Dervishes. people dance and praise God.

<sup>5</sup> Sepandarmaz: It is the symbol of Persian Mother Earth, fertility, love, friendship, and femininity.

She is the identity of people who treat  
The soil, the air, water, and fire with respect.

August 18, 2020

## **The Hymn**

Let's go out of this house.

Zephyr is blowing from mountain.

I can perceive her chilly carriage behind the door.

I can receive her lenient body on my cheeks.

You can find her through shaky dew

On the foliage of oriental almond tree,

Through the sense of gusto in the petals of dahlia,

And the soft wool of geranium flowers.

Let's go out of fences.

The sun notifies her arrival.

I feel her steps on my skin, on the trunks of mule berry trees,

And on the banks of The Crazy River<sup>6</sup>.

I feel her through the aromatic yawns of jasmine,

Through the jumps of locust tree,

And the snorts of gazelles

Which look at the sun amazingly

As if they are watching her show for the first time.

Let's go out of the paths ended to the orchard of peach trees.

We can listen to the hymn coming from the hillside over there.

<sup>6</sup> Crazy River: It is a river in the north west of Tehran. It comes from Alborz mountains and passes by the orchards of villages including Kan. It is called Crazy River by local people because it rises unexpectedly.

I can hear angles' hymn as does Judas-tree hear,  
As do dark blue clouds hear,  
As do pheasants hear and flutter their wings for a new day,  
And as do the old woods hear and join up with them.  
Ash-trees have promised me  
To translate the angles' hymn.  
I hear their matins from all sides of the hills.  
Sunbeams crew pass through mountains and valleys  
To paint wheat berry, wake up fells,  
And massage the muscles of Father Earth.  
The Crazy River gets warm and delivers little fish to the ponds of the orchards.  
I can smell their cluster.  
Maple trees take care of parrots and their baby birds.  
Zephyr gives me their smell and address.  
Let's go to the orchard of walnut trees.  
I am going to touch newly- born buds today.  
They predict abundance.  
I am going to show you consolatory mentality of sour cheery trees.  
We are missing in the hair of the foothills and the bones of proud rocks.  
We will find cascades revealing our truth and the kernel of peace.  
June 13, 2017

### **The Song of Leaves**

The day when spring is the conductor of the wide woods  
And the woods arrange the song of leaves,  
Sparrows lay eggs



And ringdoves root in the shining boat of your heart.

The day when the Ocean waves write symphony,

Fish bear scrod and the seas are filled by stories.

The sea breeze is really zealous to read your story.

Your mysteries incubate

And your days will hatch

Across the borders of the fantasy ecosphere and the real world without permission.

The day when petals play dulcimer

And yucca swims in the depth of your thought

And reads your mind,

You feel their attendance on your pulses.

The day when you are on date with the hilly country,

You change under the influence of his libretti,

You hear the chant of his rivers,

And smell the scent of his magnolia trees.

The day when twigs coronate and the earth tastes the afternoon tea,

Your new-self goes to the opera of Ramsar's<sup>7</sup> cicadas.

The day when some stone rose flowers put on perfume again,

Swarms go to kindergarten,

Pollination begins the new generation of roses

And your ever-improving identity sprinkles the dream of buds in the woods.

And they do magic covertly.

Your stories make you come home,

You come to the newest identity every day.

The stories and mysteries enter into your soul

<sup>7</sup> Ramsar: It is a city in the North of Iran.

And quaff your essence.

And you turn into a story teller who is within another story.

The day when leaves dance circularly by hands of breeze,

The chicks of sparrows learn their alphabet.

And the sky sews a pink evening dress for young adult clouds.

The day when tadpoles practice their nursery rhymes,

Water lily wakes up

And gets dressed for new fashion show.

And you start to knit the song of leaves.

April 11, 2020

### **The Sparrows of Alborz**

We, the sparrows of Alborz<sup>8</sup> sheltered in the edge of windows.

We found no millet and no sesame of bakeries on the street.

Crumbs had been taken by cold winds.

Sleet welcomed us with open arms.

An old man opened a large window and laughed at the sunrise.

An old man who had forgotten his name

And breakfast opened the window.

He was distracted.

Flying to the unknown worlds,

He travelled to the beyond of the sun in his fantasy.

Our goodness, he could recognize us.

He had forgotten his sons and daughters, identity, and high rank.

Nonetheless, he knew us and the millet we needed.

<sup>8</sup> Alborz: It is a province in Iran. It is also the name of the range of Alborz in Iran.

The old man who lived in his obliviousness days found us.  
We, the sparrows of Alborz sheltered in the edge of his humanity,  
In his childhood and plays,  
And in his safe visions and desires.  
The old man whose hands were our nest helped us.  
The old man whose last delights were our seeds fed us.  
Before his death, he let us seat on his balcony and designed his pond.  
Before his death, he asked his family to feed us.  
He knew our idioms and secrets.  
Speaking to his plants, he attempted to make peace among them.  
He knew the grade fever of summer,  
The proposal of pigeons,  
And the sunbathing of the scraggy stems.  
He knew the true philosophy of affection,  
The enjoy of sleeping in the bed of his books  
And the thrill of tasting scattered poems.  
He did not know the germs of his memory  
And searched for a lady in his photos.  
He called a lady who was unknown to his offsprings.  
He knew the vocal of migration in autumn.  
And the sign of departure among wild geese.  
He experienced the sweet palate of flight after death.  
We, the sparrows of Alborz are fed on the balconies in winters  
Though the old man has gone.  
Some people have nothing to eat,  
But they let us in and give us their crumbs.

That is why, we do not migrate from here to another city.

We won't forget the old man and the name of that lady he called repeatedly.

Why did he search her among poems?

December 7, 2016

## **My Little Star**

Behind the songster reed-bed, where the night wind chants with Korean firs and yews,

And twigs and leaves take part in their party,

And woodland leans on the shoulders of mountains,

My little star sleeps in your dreamy pond

To swim with your desires.

Behind the songster reed-bed, at the mouth of the Geum River where the Bell Banks farm

Is the sweet-smelling body of a turquoise field,

And clouds are the bridal veil of the hills,

And the green plain is the inn of Swan Geese,

Stars disclose the mystical demonstration of the world.

The world calls every body to join up with The Milky Way.

The universe is the exhibition of coyness

And the need for a better relationship.

Behind the songster reed-bed, where the sky rains meteors

And meteors empathize with you,

And Father Earth reveals his hidden stories,

My little star is the narrator of your tale, Mi-ran<sup>9</sup>.

Behind the songster reed-bed, where the river washes her wavy hair with sands,

My little star wakes up in your dreamy pond,

<sup>9</sup> Mi-ran: Feminine South Korean Name

To lighten all of your nights and fulfill your needs.

Alas, I visited death and I turned into a little star after death.

I did not know you love me too.

I sensed your heart and kissed your tears.

I regret that I could not have expressed that I love you madly.

I have abounded the world while my only desire is still there.

I was afraid you would make fun of me or take offence.

You always said that I come across your path like a ghost.

Now, I am really a soul that you do not see, Mi-ran.

I used to put the end of my cravat in my pants so that you would laugh.

You do not know how much I love your laugh.

After my death, I did not see those laughs anymore.

I wish I knew you were in love when I was there.

I miss you everywhere.

I will not forget you Mi-ran.

I found my way under your light.

Behind the songster reed-bed, where the flock of Long-billed Plover announce the time of flight,

And larches get blushed in the spring festival,

And the soil goes on a date with the mature seeds,

My little star is waiting for your kind sun, Mi-ran.

March 16, 2021

### **The Brook of The Narrow Street**

The brook of the Narrow Street is a thin train on his own track.

His merry chant often comes around.

He is a flowing café where the sun drinks its colorless coffee.

He is clear, clean, warm, and wavy.

By shaving the rocks, he comes from the heart of high and flowery mountains.

People's faces move in his compartments.

Wanderer cyan clouds travel in his windows.

His passengers are mentholated and orange leaves and twigs in fall.

His staffs are the blossoms of apple and quince trees in spring.

Children are satisfied community in his banks.

He refreshes species without even knowing them

And gives the clarity of his spirit to the soil and roots,

Saying to the sun: 'I have dwelled in the shirt of the beloved'.

His pieces of music are the simple moments of life.

His simplicity is a weird puzzle.

He sings and plays with the choir of the seasons.

He is equally intimate with thorns and flowers.

He does not withhold his fondness from any part of nature

While giving them life encouragement.

The brook of the Narrow Street is a thin train on his way.

His colorless body touches the bed of the earth,

Plays the track of untainted water

And soothes the broken heart of tulip flowers.

He is a brilliant benefit for toucan the traveler and nightingales.

He is an exceptional heal for injured feet and fit cradle for the buds of orchids.

He is an advantage for thirsty homing pigeon,

A public bath for sparrows,

And soundtrack for the courtship of finches.

He comes from hidden sources,  
Experiences the world,  
And sings the most unequalled songs.  
He murmurs with the best dreams,  
And returns to the couch of Mother Earth  
With packs of memories.  
He comes from before time,  
Dances with the best dreams,  
And goes to the endless universe in the cycle of life.  
The brook of the Narrow Street is a thin train on his way.  
His flat water ignores egotistical rocks  
And blends with the mud, the needy stems, and expectant people.  
Children take its tickets and do not stop his arteries.  
July 4, 2003

### **The Lamp Post**

The texture of an orchard had been made of mint and the threads of parsley.  
Jasmin flower had put her hands around the neck of the fence.  
Father read newspaper and took nap.  
Mother talked to her family on the phone.  
And two eyes penetrated into the orchard to locate a shy girl.  
She was watering window flowers.  
Poem was spending her childhood in the back yard.  
The fruits of the persimmon tree were out of hand.  
While looking at the window and flowers to sign the shy girl,  
A lover soldier leaned to the lamppost in front of the house.

Mirror was the only company of the shy girl.  
She overlooked the soldier, but her heart was out of rhythm.  
The soldier wrote a letter and said goodbye to her to return to the battle field.  
She talked to the mirror with an empty heart  
And leaned to the lamp post, desiring to see him again.  
Suddenly, a fast wind turned the seasons over  
And stopped in the station of the fall once more.  
The orchard looked tired.  
Poem was walking slowly in the balcony.  
The Persimmon tree had been bent  
And Its fruits were available.  
An old man leaned to the lamppost as before.  
The old shy lady packed her memories and left the mirror.  
She was full in heart.  
There were footprints of two people on the snow.  
They stood by the lamppost.  
She said goodbye to the orchard  
And the orchard wished her the best,  
But they could not leave their memories  
And the orchard that engraved their personalities.  
They returned and opened the gate of the orchard.  
Being excited, poem stared at them incredibly and happily.  
The texture of the orchard changed into the violet flowers<sup>10</sup>.  
November 27, 2007

<sup>10</sup> Violet: It is a flower symbolizing love and resistance in Persian culture.



## **The Pulse of Life**

The pulse of life comes from the crinkly shaky hands of old women

Picking up fragrant basil and pennyroyal to make falafel<sup>11</sup>,

And from their teapots scattering the perfume of damask rose.

The pulse of life comes from the roots of oak trees

When they whisper to the streams to invite them to their residence,

It comes from the land breeze strumming peaceful rhythm for the chicks of crane

And from wet branches and leaves singing for the chicks the lullaby of moonbeams.

The pulse of life comes from the mist of morning

Visiting wild flowers and fondling their foliage.

It comes from the little boy's painting

And his sun which smiles at sheep

and his sheep flying in a cloudy river.

The pulse of life comes from the sea breeze

Which is the slide and observatory of sea birds.

It comes from the ballet of butterflies over reeds,

From a season with the vast dimension of hope.

It comes from the memories of ladybirds sitting

On the confident leaves.

And from rural refreshing air that stays in the thin membrane of the lungs.

The pulse of life comes from the sunburst sprinkling colored jewels on the face of mounds

And from children's thought

Separating from skirt of their kites and ascending into the sky.

It comes from the smell of the green wheat field connected to the streams,

From the coordinated flight of plains starlings

<sup>11</sup> Falafel: It is an Asian peppery food.

And flirtatiousness of willow tree twigs visiting the woods breeze.

The pulse of life comes from the travelogue of the lovers,

From dependency of zinnia flowers on the caress of gardener's rough hands,

From song of competition in spring.

The pulse of life is not designed and sewn on hearts.

It comes from the mind of blue bird which believes in prosperity of its flight.

June 5, 2008

### **Whoever You Are**

You are the wings of emigrant goose.

You are the efforts of pigeon searching for the ideal seeds.

You are the mind of silk worm dreaming garden

In its cocoon to fly tomorrow.

You are the memories of butterflies

On the banks of rivers.

You are the song of screech owl

In the ceremonies of summer nights.

You are a traveler sketching your adventurous journeys.

You are fairy stories character not scaring of the dark world.

You are a trans-species on the border

between the realms of the make-believe world and the tangible world.

Since you extend your ever-improving self,

No one can guess who you may be tomorrow

And the day after tomorrow.

You surprise mirrors which include the outside world, you

And the universe within you.

You have been connected to wild life, cataracts,  
The woods, unknown valleys, and moorlands.  
Whoever you are, you are on the mainline of ascending.  
Bluebell flowers share life courses with you.  
Asters comb your bumpy mind  
And cottonwoods measure your humanity.  
Father Earth keeps your steps on his forehead.  
And the skies take you up when  
You are the wings of emigrant goose with thousand directions of flights.  
March 22, 2018

### **The Lady of the Forgotten Land**

The lady of forgotten land was almost a dead soul.  
Acute depression had raided the territories of her mind.  
Hopeless kinsfolks built a new settlement for her  
On the Caspian Sea shore.  
After a short time, she was forgotten  
As everything was forgotten in the forgotten land.  
She attempted to put an end to her life  
And enfolded strong waves,  
But the Caspian Sea was not ready.  
The tides did not take her lethargic body  
And jackals did not approach her.  
She woke up with the screech of Goshawk.  
The West wind brought her the fragrance of damask roses,  
And her foggy memories ticked away.

Murky clouds wandered silently,  
And she found a quiet cottage.  
The windows of the cottage opened to glorious horizons.  
Its walls were affectionate hands of a thicket,  
And its windows were blessed paces of the sun.  
She visited the hilly country.  
She saw the rose-bushes of the woods washing her mentality.  
She saw the blossoms of sour orange trees inviting bees for their syrup.  
She noticed the row of bitterns looking at her prudently  
And observed the flight of cranes coming from Siberia.  
She came across white lilies shaking hands for her by the seaside breeze.  
Besides, she was healed by the intensive care of the Caspian Sea,  
And began to recover.  
It was tough for her  
To return to the spasms of memories.  
She was healed by the optimistic thought of the woods,  
The treatment of leaves,  
And the libretti of birds.  
She was healed by constructive whirr of the Hyrcanian<sup>12</sup> forests.  
She could see the world again through bright views of wide leaves  
And remembered how to move  
By the ballet of Siberian cranes,  
And the encouraging reflexologies of the waves.  
She lived on the threshold of two ecospheres,  
On the same miraculous shore.

<sup>12</sup> Hyrcanian Jungles: Ancient jungles in the North of Iran.

She received the praise of the sea  
And the greeting of the forests.  
She was a lady in peaceful relationships  
With the family of the Caspian Sea and the kinsfolk of the forests.  
The lady of the forgotten land lived in the moments of nirvana.  
No unbearable memories were able  
To seize her worthwhile life.  
However, she was forgotten  
As everything was forgotten in the forgotten land.  
Her ups and downs and biography turned into a legend.  
She is remembered as a sylph,  
As a mediator between the earth and the sky,  
Between the Caspian Sea and the jungle,  
And a moderator between souls and bodies.  
September 7, 2022

### **The Enchanting Pen**

We had come to connect isolated hearts.  
We had come to display new viewpoints.  
We had come to invoke soft rain  
For the split skin of fields  
And instruct people a new lesson  
Beyond the criteria of beauty and nonbeauty.  
We had come to read worthy stories for children,  
Tell folk tales,  
Play with kids,

And break distances and hollow relationships,  
But we were astonished by the crystals of snow,  
And whitened meadows, rocks, and the hills.  
We were astounded by an orange fog  
And a glittering lake in Khalkhal<sup>13</sup>.  
We were surprised by white-gray foxes,  
Chandeliers of the ice on trees,  
The exhibition of light on the chandeliers,  
And an unrepeated seasonal scene.  
We were conjured by the transformed sunrise  
In the basket of dawn.  
We were amazed by the attraction of streams  
And their parades on stones.  
We had come to sketch a florid skirt  
For fields in March,  
But we were confused by blond hair of marigold flowers  
In wedding dress on the bank of streams.  
The North wind blustered in their hair  
And sang the refrain of overhaul in their ears.  
They giggled and repeated the refrain.  
Royal blue clouds and wooly mist poured white nuts on their heads  
And the streams changed their phrases and shouted hurrah.  
Pansies were maid of honor.  
They kept their toilet under hail and joined to feast.  
We did not know whether it was a fantasy stream in the real world

<sup>13</sup> Khalkhal: Khalkhal county is in the south of Ardabil Province in the north west of Iran.

Or a real stream in the fictitious world.

Were we characters in a story?

Were we day-dreamy students?

Were we teachers charmed by an author?

Who was the author?

Where were we?

February 14, 2001

### **The Charming Face**

The eagle of mind flies to the far sky,

And the unknown world.

Dream finds the opportunity of inflowing.

There is another world of being

Beyond the observed galaxies,

And hypothetical realities.

Children are swimming in a limpid lake.

Sparrows are skipping with the ropes of thought.

Humans are drinking milky wine

Without sense of envy and revenge.

No storm can break branches

And no wizard can turn spring into a protracted winter.

Peaceful life puts on an elegant hat

Quilted with stone- roses.

There is no bag of the future filled with worried eyes,

And no rent assessment.

Apprehension increases

And leads mind to joyous moments.  
Humanity joins up with its essence  
And prepares for eternal peace and celebration.  
Indigo velvet clouds swim over the silver smooth woods  
And the lavish forests fly in the open-ended sky.  
The eagle of mind understands the language of plovers and quails.  
And the viewpoint of sensitive flowers.  
However, there is an absence in the endless peace.  
The eagle of mind remembers the forgotten earth  
Hit by economic interests.  
Humanity has not experienced integration  
With Family Earth since very childhood.  
Humanity has lost the chances of life on the earth.  
It has lost the opportunity of swimming in enticing beaches  
And observing the proposals of herons.  
It has never paid attention to the bravo of the woods  
When playful cornflower blue clouds spray the hair of trees,  
And when twigs do face lift exercises in autumn,  
It has lost the moment of audition when lazy cockerel sings in false voice,  
And when lyre-birds swarm in the blue collar of the sky.  
It has never noticed the joyful shouts of a cool breeze in rich meadows  
When spring displays her flowery kilt.  
And when flamingoes applaud  
For the first flight of their chicks.  
It has never detected the sun when she pours her brilliant color  
To the canvas of the Indian Ocean.



And when miraculous spells of Mother Earth turn  
Lazy seeds into mango trees.  
It has never observed the delight of ravens  
When they return from school,  
And the thrill of blossoms  
When they decode their concealed mystery,  
And the zest of seahorses after natural childbirth.  
It has never seen the jump of antelopes over the forested highlands,  
And goslings doing game of tag in streams.  
It has never been in Kemeralti<sup>14</sup> Bazaar to see conjunction of the East and the West.  
Humanity returns mind to visit Family Earth again  
And Family Earth welcomes its guest.  
Now, the eagle of mind is at home.  
It is feeding its eaglets for flight  
Over the charming face of Family Earth.  
The eaglets embrace the oceanic heart of Father Earth and Mother Earth.  
They settle in their woody hair, hilly cheeks,  
Mountainous arms, and colored skin.  
The eagle of mind feels at home on the sandy flesh of  
The blue-green planet.  
August 21, 2007

### **Lilac And Hedera Helix**

The perfume of lilac reminds me the regain of the lost spirit of life.  
It is the chant of a walnut tree which was narrow

<sup>14</sup> Kemeralti : It is the most substantial mall of Izmir in Turkey

And breakable in her childhood.  
The walnut tree was mocked  
And neglected for her little size.  
It did not crave to be a huge tree.  
It determined to be a tree  
as flexible as olive tree not to be breakable with typhon.  
It encountered death once  
When a cold storm attacked orchard in May.  
Nonetheless, it did not give up  
And stayed in the orchard.  
It was assailed with termites,  
But the fragile tree endured.  
It received water in deep breaths of Father Earth  
And tolerated under the hot sun.  
It was nourished by Mother Earth  
And supported by Cousin Fountain,  
By the healthy minds of kids playing around him,  
And by a pianist's relish of creation.  
One day a wide stream found her way in the orchard  
And passed all trees.  
The walnut tree saw a tall and corpulent upbeat tree  
On the water.  
It asked sister stream who the tree was.  
Sister stream said: 'It is the same little walnut tree who  
Took runner acacia up its branches to  
Show him the merry- go- round of clouds.

He is the little walnut tree  
Sheltering weak stems of grapevine.  
It is spreading the design of nasturtium in the orchard.  
It is the walnut tree placing lilac  
In his branches to deliver the spirit of life  
And the train of winds  
And reminding people the lost spirit of life'.  
Few people are similar to the walnut tree.  
You are my walnut tree  
Whereas I am not lilac bush.  
Few people are lilac.  
I am not lilac too.  
I am a photographer hедера helix  
That records the moments of the natural world  
Not to forget its treasures.  
People cut my branches for years.  
And tried to uproot my life  
Yet, you placed me in your trunk, your honor,  
And your magnitude.  
You are my walnut tree.  
I grew on your jaunts  
And slept on your chest.  
I could see the far legendry seas,  
The painted demonstration of the skylines,  
The duals of winds,  
And the marvels of sunbeams nursing newly born shoots.

I could see the wooing of finches,  
The court of jackdaws,  
The empire of bees,  
And the celebration of fireflies.  
I could see the wars of ants,  
The opera of swans,  
The departure of storks,  
And the return of skylarks to demolished nests.  
You are the walnut tree  
Placing me on your soft palms, shoulder, and neck.  
I can deliver my records to the carriage of time and its changeable periods.  
You are my lilac as well.  
My leaves grow in the folds of your leaves.  
I can regain the lost spirit of my life.  
And I breathe through the perfume of your spirit.  
No morbid mood is able to take my memories away.  
And no death is the end of lilac and heder helix.  
May 3, 2004

## **Explorers**

We are explorers to the muddled beard of mountains,  
To the foothills of petunia flowers,  
And to the land of ouzels<sup>15</sup>.  
We are explorers to various lands, people, and perspectives.  
Our passing hut is pleasant thought.

<sup>15</sup> Ouzel: A kind of bird

And our territory is the host of all plants  
And all species.  
We are forerunner explorers,  
romantic rationalistic agents,  
And alert guards caring for the cycle of growth.  
We are explorers to rivers that do not know boundaries,  
Countries, properties, and ethnicities.  
We are explorers to the serene sound of the seas  
And their endless generosity.  
We are non-stop travelers to the East,  
To the West, to the North, and to the South of the world.  
Nobody can stop us for identification card,  
Passport, visa, religion, nationality,  
Culture, gender, age, and race.  
We are the messenger of rain and rebirth.  
Mother Earth knows our language,  
So does species.  
Father Earth shields us from storms,  
So do meadows and prairies.  
We are the emissary of peace, protection, and praise.  
Our various cultures and genes are tools for charm, not repulsion.  
We are white and colored dandelions  
Sprinkling our seeds in grasslands.  
We take care of other seeds as well.  
We are going to take other seeds to new pastures  
Where the sun and the earth kiss one another.

We are eager explorers to the soft breasts of Mother Earth,  
To the hard skin of Father Earth,  
To the last design of wild flowers on the hillsides,  
And to the white net of matricaria  
Which lies on the feet of the highlands.  
We are explorers to various lands, people, and perspectives.  
Neither the hot sun,  
Nor unexpected flood is able to set boundaries for us.  
We are hit with unbalanced seasons, false notions,  
And drought. However, none of them can stop our journey.  
We are explorers to the dominion of <sup>16</sup> hoopoe.  
We hide our seeds among her feathers  
And stay in his council to drink perception syrup.  
We will find the threads of serenity.  
We are explorers to various lands, people, and perspectives.  
April 29, 2022

## **Essence**

Soroush<sup>17</sup> has set its heart on the flute-like notes of Hermit Thrush,  
On the drops of rain dangling from wet boughs,  
On the soft jingle of waterfowl,  
And on the subtlety of breeze  
That comes from high chin of Mount Damavand<sup>18</sup>.

<sup>16</sup>Hoopoe: It is a bird signifying wisdom in Persian literature.

<sup>17</sup> Soroush: An angle who is the agent of inspiration of poem in Persian literature. Soroush is the muse of poetry and agent of Ahoora Mazda (God). Angles may have feminine or masculine appearance but they are neither female nor male in Persian belief.

<sup>18</sup> Mount Damavand: It is the highest peak and volcano in Iran and Western Asia.

Soroush has set its heart on the clear tours of the Rudehen River<sup>19</sup>,  
On the harmonious dance of wavy reeds,  
And on the enthusiastic shrieks of creeks  
Which join up with one another from the far lands.  
It has set its heart on colorful ranges  
With their hazy blanket,  
On the choral exhibition of rain in the olive woods,  
On the amalgamation of groves for calling the sun,  
And on catbirds nesting on extended fists of trees.  
Economic dilemma attempts to snatch your gift,  
Stop your creative mind, and distract you.  
Ideologies shape your dreams  
And you make effort to be a doll they design for you.  
Pass obstacles and social forces  
To see your self-image,  
To see all things Soroush has set its heart.  
Soroush has set its heart on the rounded streams of paddies,  
On the perfume of basil,  
On the council of swamp birds,  
On wherever your fingers rest and fly,  
And on wherever your mind jumps and settles down.  
Do you know it?  
Soroush drinks lime blossom juice in the morning  
And wraps around the ivy of memories hanging  
On the necklace of time.

<sup>19</sup> The Rudehen River: It is a river in Rudehen District, Tehran Province, Iran.

Sorouh is very old because of months and seasons,  
But it feels very young  
When it looks at your footprints on the seashore  
And the beginning of a new season on your notes.  
Sorouh has set its heart on just arrived shells  
And on the stony corals which remind it your childhood collection.  
It has set its heart on the twig of your dreams  
And whatever comes from beauty, keeps its beauty,  
And goes toward beauty.  
Sorouh is a white bird  
Nesting in the woods of your visions.  
It is a white ship  
Rescuing your tired soul under gales.  
Sorouh is with you when you are with it  
And when you are not with it.  
Do you know it?  
Sorouh has set its heart on the roles of the sky playing wonderful episodes.  
It has set its heart on the movement of roots  
Drinking the cup of Mother Earth,  
And on the trunks of trees stretching their arms for brown stripped woodpecker.  
It has set its heart on you,  
On your growing interest in nature  
And everlasting love in the arena of existence,  
And your weird mind invoking the new worlds.  
You are not a doughy gem in the boxes of power.  
Sorouh has broken all boxes and prisons



Suffocating you day in and day out.

Free your mind to ascend to the light of lights.

Sorush has brought you your first pieces of creation.

It has brought you those notes you have not finished yet.

Sorush does not need to be known.

It helps you find your essence.

Drink your essence in its full cups.

May 3, 2013

### **The Oboist**

A reddish crop hair, an oboist has disappeared.

A little girl has disappeared in the labyrinth of the new-fangled worlds.

When the uproar of irons sleep at night,

The sound of oboe music comes from marble light steel blue clouds.

She plays the colored sound of life in her own way.

It is the melody of the little girl's reverie.

Her melody bestows life on her dreams.

Her oboe is the instrument of daily creation and daily desired dramas.

Her melody is the architect of the marvelous dodger blue skies.

It is the drawer of hypnotizing light cyan clouds,

The commander of follower rain,

And designed costumes of floras.

Sometimes, the sun calls her

And she goes invisible in the large quantity of powder blue light.

Sometimes, she travels from the eyes of nights

To the crystalline lips of days.

She plays the woods with bed-fellow trees

And their excitement of growth.

She plays a pond with angelfish guarding sylphs.

She plays lush mountains putting their arms on one another shoulders.

She plays Christmas tree sea creatures brightening Persian Gulf.

She plays soft breeze sweeping polluted air

Playing rainy navy-blue clouds for thirsty eyes of leaves, she calls dancer brooks

And bursting rivers for craving minds.

She plays true love for immature adults

And a tender heart for you to forgive my mistake

And a resting mind for me to forget your chained offences.

People are searching for her to play another world

In which lambs play far from poachers,

But she has disappeared.

The reddish crop hair, the oboist has disappeared.

Her undetected talent has disappeared in the breakable branches of reality.

An insubordinate stream of energy has been vanished.

The factual world is a nightmare attaching on her dreams

And her dreams are constructors building dreamland over the ruins of reality.

The oboe is in her hands.

Whenever the lords of reality divide lands

For their private properties,

She plays an earth which is farther than the masters' hands.

She plays a purple sky where ibises take her to their nest.

She plays clear colorful rainbows, protected sites, groves, and extinct species.

Now, the music of oboe is coming from the marble light steel blue clouds again.

She is playing the melody of renewal for new shoots.

January 19, 2022

## **The Wetland Boy**

The wetland boy's spirit had been vaporized years back

When bird hunters killed the spirit of lakes

And made their pillows with plucked feathers of wetland's birds hunted ferociously.

'Will the remaining birds come to wetlands next year?'

The wetland boy mumbles the question.

He lives alongside a wetland.

He visits hundred thousand birds in ponds embracing wild landing travelers.

Wild geese of the wetland are hunted before his eyes.

The birds shake before death,

The wetland shakes,

The sea trembles,

And the wetland boy is enforced to take his pills not to shake.

He takes organic imaginings instead of the pills.

He scares the birds to fly and stops

The hunters' plots and carnage.

He is savior of the natural world,

And a close friend of the birds.

He shouts all the days long not let the birds stay there in particular months.

The wetland alarms,

The sea warns them,

And the hunters take him home.

He hides behind reeves covering his body.

He hides behind green arms of paddies covering his traces.  
But traps are everywhere.  
Traps are at homes, in markets, in our hands, and our legs.  
Our eyes, our lips, and our thoughts are trapped.  
Traps rule in our dark decades.  
The hunters entangle the boy in their traps.  
He bleeds, shakes, and moves toward a dark tunnel.  
Nonetheless, he is summoned by the wild geese in his coma.  
The scores of storms leave his injured body.  
His mind flies by the wings of waders.  
The flickers of bluebird turn into a warm torch at night  
And his nest smells the return of his bird-like soul.  
'Will hunting of birds be banned?'  
He mumbles the question.  
The dried boughs of apricot tree bloom in his dreams  
And the fragrance of its blossoms wakes him up again.  
The horror of massacre vanishes  
And the flight of the wild geese over moors revives him.  
He cannot believe that his childhood friends have rescued him  
While he has been far away from them.  
The saved boy takes care of the dried apricot tree,  
Hoping to see its resurrection.  
The immortal boy destroys the hunters' traps every day.  
The hunters are afraid of him.  
Local people believe that the spirit of the wetland has returned.  
Non-believers believe in the wetland boy, the inborn protector of the birds.

September 17, 2018

## Visit

I will be back to you soon.

Dawn is removing the curtain of night

To visit the sun.

The sun is going to the light salon

Behind the bulbous pale turquoise blue clouds.

She has a date with new season.

She visits light stylist to have her light trimmed.

And I am waiting to gather her extra light

For your new buds.

The rainy sporadic clouds are forming a union

To visit mountainous cade blue rivers.

They have planned to water all needy stems.

And I am waiting to bring their drops

For your thirsty roots.

When homing pigeon gives out the smell of real nest,

And goldfinch sings his first pop song,

And The Sefid-Rud<sup>20</sup> river finds her way toward the tea green beach,

I will be back to you.

I know you as sparrows know their parents.

I was with you all seasons

From the roots to twigs and buds,

From wintertime to rebirth,

<sup>20</sup> Sefid-Rud River: 'white river' is a river rising in the range of Alborz Mountain and flowing northeast to the Caspian Sea.

And from sword-law horror to democratic safety.  
I was with you from Mughal's attack  
To the second resurrection of Cyrus and people's sagacity.  
I have sung with you all songs of wagtails at dawn.  
I have smelled your soft petals  
Drawing my attention days and nights.  
All I want is to be with my homeland.  
I miss your nights when your clouds rain soft diamond.  
I miss your days when the sun covers  
Lands with golden silk for growth.  
Your colorful windows open onto orchards  
In which orioles are the beauty spots of fig trees.  
Long branches of plane-trees are the beds of parrots,  
Sapsuckers are the company of wet plants,  
And apple green brooks are the milk of asphodel buds.  
And I have obsession about the sapling of leaflets  
And revolution of roses.  
When your buds turn into new shining shamrock green leaves,  
They smell honied love that drowns millennia in themselves.  
Preschool children are curious to visit the chicks of Eurasian magpie  
And their looks run to the pistachio orchards in Rafsanjan<sup>21</sup>.  
There is still celebration of new year that lives in the moment of growth.  
The chicks get ready for flight to visit tall trees.  
And I am returning to the nest to kiss your worried eyes.  
I miss the tears of joy coming from your aqua sky.

<sup>21</sup> Rafsanjan: It is a city in Kerman Province in east of Iran.

I miss your forest mountains which keep my footprints forever.

I miss your fountains which flow in my soul.

I will be back to you soon.

Dusk is calling the Moon to visit his family stars

And I am waiting to gather his extra light for your missing boats.

June 26, 2012

## **Paper Boat**

Following his paper boat, a chubby boy sees brilliant diamonds

And emeralds in the Wyming Brook<sup>22</sup>.

Maybe it is the magic of the sunlight on the gymnast water.

Sapling trees are in pear green temples.

Shaking the hands of wind, the basil green trees

welcome to the new weather conditions.

Wind orchestra parades in Rivelin Valley<sup>23</sup>.

Wild yellow flowers admire the melody of March.

Following his paper boat,

The chubby boy comes across a skinny freckled girl

And the rhythm of his heart changes.

Perhaps, it is the magic of her smile, shining eyes, or her cute disordered teeth.

Matricaria flowers sit around moss bushes

and hummingbirds evaluate their syrups.

The hills put on lavender skirt.

Wild violet flowers settle in the circle- like dress of brooks.

Clear water plays his keyboard in the mint green streams.

<sup>22</sup> The Wyming Brook: A brook in the city of Sheffield, England

<sup>23</sup> Rivelin Valley: A beautiful woodland in Sheffield

Nightingale checks the yawns of white oak tree blossoms.  
And none of them understand what is happening.  
Following his paper boat,  
The chubby boy opens a new season to try its taste.  
He makes a lot of paper boats to attract the attention of the skinny girl.  
She is excited to play with him along the brook.  
The inquisitive clouds are expectant and ready to rain.  
The sky, changing the lights of scene, makes film.  
People of the juniper green woods and green yellow fields are too busy  
To watch a true love story.  
Following his paper boat, the chubby boy wishes he were a jackdaw  
With a hidden nest among twigs.  
A jackdaw would follow the girl  
Where the brooks end  
And when the days of summer finish.  
A jackdaw could take his best boats for her,  
But the chubby boy and his family move to the North.  
Grey herons fly away.  
The sky stops making film.  
The hills wear tough bushy trousers.  
Season turns the leaflet over.  
Calendar drives in full speed and uproots myriad years.  
An old man returns to the South and quests for a skinny freckled woman.  
Staying by brooks, he wishes he could return his childhood.  
He should find her shining brown eyes, fleshy lips, and arched eyebrows  
He should take her hands and tell her



That he has returned to take her several times.  
And he has been searching for her honesty,  
Sweet smiling, and exciting eyes for all his life.  
All seasons have gone except his season of love.  
Following his paper boat,  
The old man sees brilliant diamonds  
And emeralds in the brooks again.  
Wild violet flowers lift their pine green dresses  
To open a new way for him.  
Is she around the brooks?  
The sunlight does magic in his last season once more.  
Season turns the leaflet on.  
Wow.....  
May 3, 2019

### **The Orris Flowers**

The chilly air reserves the cottage of her bosom.  
Miss Oddball welcomes the chilly air  
And waters marigold flowers.  
The shriek of wildfowl joins up  
With the fervor of river  
And geranium blooms while receiving the chilly air.  
Miss Oddball is looking at the figure of leaves  
Growing to a dense populace.  
She assumes wonderful shapes for young plants,  
Talking to her shrubs and flowers.

Her assumptions give an account of friendly relationship  
Among twigs and seeds of various plants.  
She imagines a similar relationship among humans.  
New blossoms of tansies and their trappings open a shop of aspiration.  
Ganger announces the change of season.  
New season breaks in children's joy.  
Resilient summer extends and the present time  
Melts the past and the future strings.  
Summer dances in halting time around a massive fig tree.  
Miss Oddball remembers her date  
With a bridge maker on the Bristol Bridge<sup>24</sup>.  
He gifts her his bright mind  
To fill the slopes of supremacies.  
She gives him the shrub of a veneration tree  
To implant the atmosphere of equality.  
They make a new way to bridge amid cultures  
And communities in small and big townships.  
They date on the bridge  
Far from classes, hierarchies, and rules.  
He puts orris flowers on her hair.  
He finds an unrestricted world in her heart  
And asks to settle down in her eyes for a moment.  
They take the train of fondness on time  
And jump to harmonious felicities on their way.  
The chilly air fans among the orris flowers

<sup>24</sup> The Bristol Bridge: one of the most spectacular bridges in England.

And scatters its perfume on the bank of the bridge.  
Jealous jasmine attempts to distract Miss Oddball's mind,  
But fragrance of the orris flowers surrounds all her breaths.  
She is planting the seeds of the orris flowers now.  
'Does he come around today?'  
She asks her flowers the question.  
Flowers feel a new and rare energy in her bobble.  
They see a river filled by the smiles  
Of the bridge maker in her mind.  
'Love is a bud that blooms on the twigs of hearts.  
Love may arrest anybody at any time unexpectedly'.  
Flowers whisper together.  
The bridge maker is a meteor knocking on the door of Miss Oddball.  
He does not know that she herself is a shiny asteroid  
And their dates may create a new era.  
April 27, 2016

## **Renovate**

The best time of our lives  
Was childhood and its great pleasure.  
Our happy days were similar to  
The legends of a dream woodland.  
We chased Crossbill<sup>25</sup> in the pine woods  
To listen to its song.  
We chased rabbits to the heart of the woods

<sup>25</sup> Crossbill: It is a link of finch.

To see leverets.

The Red-deal Red Squirrel was the best rope- dancer

Skipping the twigs of pine trees.

We found small mysterious pear green ponds

Reflecting the nests of Osprey<sup>26</sup>.

When we located the Majestic Golden Eagle,

We would be king or queen in our imaginative plays.

The dark cyan clouds were the mustache of Loch Ness.

Highlands were its enormous soldiers

And stars were its silver crowns.

Atlantic Salmon and The River Enrick were loyal friends.

The River Ness was the mill of light at dawn.

Watershed took party for dippers and grey herons.

Dandelions flew over the river to be the head of news.

They said: 'Tawny Owl has arrived in'.

They warned small birds and moles.

We were excited though it was hard

To find and see the superb eyes of the big bird.

Our childhood was the sorrowless world of curiosities, joy,

And exploratory days and nights.

Butterflies dangled from the pigtails of wychelm trees.

The branches of cherry trees hanged for heavy fruits.

Whenever the wood was in deep thought,

The River Ness embraced her to relieve her despair.

We could see the charm of waves

<sup>26</sup> Osprey: It is a bird which catches fish.

Revealing their mermaids for us.  
The pale turquoise sky was the custodian of affection  
And the sun light was the muse of corn poppy  
For writing the tale of wild life wooing.  
We were free knights nearby streams  
Uncovering their unique fish for us.  
We were as free as swallows  
In open ended layout of flowers.  
Our childhood was not dreaming vision.  
We really lived, enjoyed, slept, and woke up  
Under the eyelashes of rain,  
under widening of sunbeams which ruled  
The process of growth  
And under the realm of the Moon which invoked us  
For finding the mysteries of nights.  
Our childhood is an opening span that erupts  
To renovate our gloomy life,  
And people our lonely heart  
with its unrepeated merriments.  
As long as we remember Loch Ness  
And the natural world,  
As long as we see hawthorn flowers  
By the bank of the River Oich which  
Welcomes her grown children,  
We carry sparks of gusto in our chest.  
Whenever we return to Loch Ness and its phenomena,

They remember their wayward children.  
Great Skutas<sup>27</sup> have formed a shape in the sky  
Calling us for the drama of light over smooth rivers.  
Feathers, flight, and fairy-fostered floras,  
Pent up our anxiety.  
And hope resides in our mind.  
The best time of our lives...  
May 3, 2019

### **The Immortal Love**

Fences are cheerful for newborn light.  
Gates are open to the elegant morning  
And a new guest called April.  
VanDusen Botanical Garden<sup>28</sup> dreams  
The Golden Crowned Sparrow.  
Perhaps the bird is the sign of immortal love  
Nesting in the open areas of the garden.  
The bird sings the song of immortal love  
And disperses the new seeds of flowers.  
Therefore, the garden observes various breeds,  
Colors, genes of plants, and species of Magnolia,  
Rhododendrons, Pacific Dogwood, Camellias,  
And Spring-flowering bulbs.  
The bird has explored interspecies  
justice in a massive flower bed.

<sup>27</sup> The Great Skutas: It is a large seabird breeding on coastal areas.

<sup>28</sup> VanDusen Botanical: It is a beautiful garden in Vancouver, Canada.

Flowers are walled by exquisite trees  
Which find tranquility with the penetration of the sunlight.  
The sweet pond of the garden shows off its fountain.  
The garden has taken the passport of stories  
To be away from seasonal intruders.  
He practices the language of the bird  
To sing the song of the immortal love with him.  
The bird is in love with the flowers.  
The flowers are in love with the sunlight.  
Roots are in love with the soil and water.  
We are in love with the garden  
And the garden is in love with the song of immortal love  
In the web of relationships.  
On the one hand, time runs toward mortality impatiently.  
On the other hand, the birds and the garden sing  
To immortalize love.  
The interconnected worlds of reality and imaginary,  
Generate the dimensional worlds of being offering bourgeoned  
Energy in full hearts.  
We are excited when we see creatures have  
The capacity of being in love for ever.  
The song of the immortal love opens the door of a new  
World in which we can live for good.  
The immortal love is not to be finished.  
We sing the love song in many of the worlds  
We live and grow simultaneously.

VanDusen Botanical Garden wakes up in a world  
More fantastic than his dreams.  
The Golden Crowned Sparrows nest  
In his veins and sing with his rhythms in the real world.  
July 14, 2018

## **Light Station**

Love-birds have already gone to drink the colorless water  
Of Shirkooh<sup>29</sup> mountain.  
They have gone to listen to the laugh of a light breeze  
And take part in the show of immigrant birds.  
They have gone to visit almond trees, the velvet-textured hills,  
and smiling lion-like mountain.  
They have gone to see the exhibition of woolly clouds  
In front of fairies' juries.  
Haven't you found the released love-birds on your way?  
No problem. They have gone to the highlands  
To site light station.  
They have gone to wear the socks of the hills  
And dance in the square of dawn.  
They are going to experience the rocky soil,  
Taste sweetish juicy fruits, and sit on the sticks of cherry trees covering their hangout.  
They have gone to swim in the clear body of ponds.  
They have gone to select their mates by themselves  
In absolute freedom.

<sup>29</sup> Shirkooh: Lion shape mountain in the center of Iran.



They have gone to make love, lay eggs, and take care  
Of their chicks far away from humans' observations.  
They have gone to write and read their own philosophy.  
They have gone to find out the surprise of unsalted rain  
And the taste of the mountainous savory soil.  
They have gone to take a seat on high trees and watch the demonstration of horizon,  
The light shows of the Moon, and jugglery of enormous stars.  
If I were them, I would not come back for the seeds of humans.  
To be in free lands for a moment is better than  
Thousand years of your luxury cages.  
September 14, 2018

### **Morning Twilight**

The calendar of calamities torments you with its rumbles.  
It snips your patience and blurs your good memories from the elm wood.  
Horror wipes off your warm colors.  
Desperateness swallows your positive thought and uproots its hut  
And the insect of anxiety enters the ballroom.  
None of the medicine armies can take care of you.  
You are experiencing frozen land in the hell.  
Your waist muscle cramped and physicians gave you a wrong prescription.  
Your anxiety is the crop of inapt pills and their side effects.  
You need a clean sip of aurora's breath.  
Opening the window, you face the maze of windows  
That must be disclosed one by one.  
You see that the city is hidden under a steel gray cover.

People sleep under roofs sunken by polluted air at dawn.  
You think birds know dawn well.  
You turn the pages of anxiety over  
And you understand how restlessness reduces your tolerance.  
Calendar, discrimination, nightmare, and anxiety.  
When you are a bird, you have no concern.  
Instead, you have morning twilight after metamorphosis.  
You dive to the light cool air and pass by the city.  
You fly to the bunches of winds whistling the song of spin and spin the world.  
You take a quick wind driving to the sunflowers hill.  
The insect of anxiety departs the ballroom, confronting bumblebee yellow farms.  
You land on the flat arm of a butterscotch yellow flower saying you hey.  
Shaking its soft fingers, you remember how to dance again.  
Now, the lights of ballroom focus on you  
And your audience is the natural world.  
July 14, 2014

### **A Lonely Starling in the Arms of An Olea Europaea Tree**

My worn-out wings rested  
On your silver green leaves  
And I found unimaginative reconciliation  
Among your hospitable silvery grey branches.  
The day I ran-away from polluted towns  
And flew to the land of pure peace,  
Your brilliant perfume caught me.  
I was surprised with your shining white blossoms

And your purplish-black fruits.  
My mind met your spirit  
Opening wide windows to my soul.  
Children played around you,  
Bees encircled my silence  
And wind dispersed your powder on lawns.  
I was a lonely starling in the arms of an olea europaea tree.  
I cuddled your vast thoughts  
Connected to the unclosed corn yellow skylines.  
I found thousand hopeful stars in your moments.  
No pest could feed on your leaves  
And no horror could ravish my mind.  
I nestled on your twigs and sheltered behind  
Your gleaming grey-green shawl.  
Time moved spells and we both got old.  
I do not know how to define you.  
You were an expedient home, a close partner,  
A hidden shack, and the only excuse  
To tolerate the desert of disloyalty  
Settling down on people's treatments.  
You did not let me fall to destructive dens  
Deepening everywhere.  
You stand against tornados,  
And undo their raiders' plots,  
protecting my feathers  
I will stay with you in spring and winter

And mock the mocking time.

I am the only lonely starling that is not isolated.

I am your devoted buddy to the end of your roots' flight

And to the final session of my wings' creepage.

October 13, 2021

## **One Thousand and One Stars**

I used to locate chaffinches which sat

On the narrow wings of pine trees

And stared at the busy confused world.

I used to take warm hands of the pineapple yellow sun which came

From the forehead of windows and hypnotized

Us in the days of winter.

Abalone gray clouds showed off their light feathers

And roamed slowly in the pearl river gray sky.

Jackdaws celebrated for pieces of bread.

Kittens made face for ponies

And the ponies pulled the leg of dogs.

Seeds had courses of flourishing for spring.

And our house was very content with the

Society of fruit trees.

Children used to follow candy red fish in millponds.

I used to weave my hair

And wind used to derange it

Dreams were uncontrolled antique white sparrows

On the branches of tall trees.

Thoughts were sudden rain  
And the best regards were authentic companion of  
The dark green woods.  
Gannets were bright scales of the sky.  
Dears were permanent companies of grandmother.  
And grandmother was the key character in the untold stories.  
Her tales were similar to reality  
Because the real world was not detached from the invented world.  
There was no growl of axes and no shoot at stags<sup>30</sup>  
When grandmother was the owner of land.  
Cows chewed gum,  
Ducks had their appetizer in streams,  
And Whooper Swan<sup>31</sup> searched for aquatic roots in late autumn.  
Go slowly please.  
My inner child has been left behind on the hilly path.  
She is making another white Parnassus<sup>32</sup> string.  
Let's go on the hilly path.  
The path takes us to the fields of Parnassus.  
It takes us to one thousand and one stars.  
Parnassus blooms white waxy stars  
And these stars generate new expectation in our hearts.  
They take us to the present paradise.  
I miss the paradise in which no inverted religion, false law,  
And twisted racial ethics can scare songbirds

<sup>30</sup> Stag: Male deer, symbol of freedom and wildness of the natural world.

<sup>31</sup> Whooper Swan: It is a swan in Scotland, Northern England, and East Anglia.

<sup>32</sup> Parnassus: It is a grass with white flowers known as bog star in Scotland.

For the future and the past.

Go slowly please.

May 19, 2020

## **Gow, Gow**

Pigeons feed on pennyroyal by which

They keep their youth and energy.

Wheat ears put on dandelion earrings in the last days of August.

Rodents make effort to put enough oak fruits in their warehouses.

Jackdaws hide their walnuts for rainy days.

Pomegranate trees wear red and canary yellow shirts

To form their half-ripe fruits.

The West wind greets the trees

And shakes their hands heartily.

The lady clouds sit down on their seats

To watch the shoal of wetlands.

They have no idea of pregnancy and rain.

The wetlands take picture of gaggle.

And you read my letter

And my words drop in your coffee.

Watch what you drink please.

It is a long time I am looking forward

To seeing you.

I kept an eye on the natural world

And wrote you hundred reports.

You asked me to live in Edenic matrix

Till you join up with me.  
It is really hard to live without you.  
Native Bluebell<sup>33</sup> increases my patience, anyway.  
The rainbow of floras sprinkles its perfume in the evening.  
The crow chicks nag and pretend that they are hungry.  
Persian kitten insists on being a human.  
He is in tough situation.  
He is crossing the crisis of identity.  
Laughing Dove<sup>34</sup> takes nap behind the hall window  
And royal falcon dose not dare to attack him.  
Common Wallaroo<sup>35</sup> reads the news of herbs  
And their advantages for the treatment of diseases.  
Western Rosella<sup>36</sup> is rarely observed in the farm.  
Western Corellas<sup>37</sup> do not put themselves in his shoes.  
Silvereye<sup>38</sup> proclaims the change of term.  
The fire orange sunset paints the light sky-blue ocean  
Where allures me to her enthralling voice.  
The chilly air tickles the twigs of the trees  
And bells lethargic tales for leaves.  
And White-faced heron calls “gow, gow”  
When she returns to her nest.  
It is a long time I am looking forward

<sup>33</sup> Native Bluebell: It is an Australian wild flower attracting butterflies.

<sup>34</sup> Laughing Dove: It is a small pigeon in Western Australia.

<sup>35</sup> Common Wallaroo: It is a nocturnal mammal in Western Australia

<sup>36</sup> Western Rosella: It is a species of parrot in Western Australia

<sup>37</sup> Western Corella: It is a species of cockatoo in south-western Australia.

<sup>38</sup> Silvereye: It is small bird in the south-west pacific. It is called white-eye in Australia and New Zealand.

To seeing you.

It is a long time I am hearing your gow, gow.

Seasons come and go,

But you have not come home yet.

Gloucester trees undo my woven grieves.

Blue Jays<sup>39</sup> come to the windows these days.

Honeyeaters have nested on the palm of pine tree in the backyard.

And Pied Cormorants<sup>40</sup> have rented your pool.

Believe it or not, I feel I am hearing your particular whistle,

Your gow, gow.

Come back to your home, your plants, and your bird people

Calling you.

Your sun does not set in my heart,

Neither do your memories.

Come back to my orbit and look at the eyes

Which are fixed on the path to see you again.

June 16, 2018

### **The Wood Peace Artist**

Luscinia<sup>41</sup> is singing the song of Sutton Wood<sup>42</sup> and an artist.

He sings, 'The Wood Peace Artist got old and his oil color tubes died.

He could not draw an ever-green Sutton Wood he desired.

Because it was changing day to day.

<sup>39</sup> Blue Jay: It is an awesome songbird known for its family dependency.

<sup>40</sup> Pied Cormorant: It is a bird with large webbed feet and hooked bill in the wet lands and coasts of Australia

<sup>41</sup> Luscinia: It is a kind of nightingale in England.

<sup>42</sup> Sutton Wood: It is the East Riding of Yorkshire in the United Kingdom.



He drew all the moments of his life zooming on the woods.  
He was loyal to the facts of Sutton Wood.  
Sutton Wood was both model and artist as the Artist was.  
Sutton Wood drew the old human artist with her own streams.  
She could not draw a permanent young artist  
Because the Artist was changing day to day.  
There was no difference between two subjects, two changeable objects,  
Two lovers, and two creators.  
Art owed the beauty of the wood.  
Appealing landscapes owed the change of seasons.  
Wrinkles of mountains, lands, and the banks of rivers  
Were analogous to the old Artist's face.  
Although they were not satisfied by their pieces of arts,  
They recorded their bests.  
The old Artist slept in the hands of Father Earth one day  
And became one with the roots of larch trees  
And went to their trunks and leaves.  
The wind of autumn took colored leaves to The River Severn<sup>43</sup>  
Which delivered them to the Atlantic Ocean.  
Now, wherever the Artist goes with leaves, he is the architect of beauty.  
His molecules draw ever-lush lands,  
And the ever-delighted ocean.  
The Artist's soul unites with the breath of March  
To invoke all plants and trees every spring'.  
Luscinia transfers his song to his post generations.

<sup>43</sup> The Severn: It is a river in England and Wales. It follows southward to the Atlantic Ocean.

He chants, 'Sutton Wood never forgets the Artist whose mind  
Settled down on the broadleaves of the peace-loving branches.  
His mind surfed on the serenity of the river  
And his heart beat with the resonance of the woods and seasons.  
Peace, peace, peace upon the Wood Peace Artist.  
Now, spring is merging its colors with his memoirs.  
Trees are proud of their blossoms.  
Colorful twigs are proud of their birds.  
The sunlight power wakes the roots up.  
The soul of the Artist is still fascinated by seasons.  
He gets paled and embraces the body of spring.  
Spring touches his soul and indoctrinates  
The woods in a woken dream.  
Peace, peace, peace upon Wood Peace Artist'.  
April 27, 2019

## **Festival**

When stars turn around,  
New blossoms migrate to Cotswold<sup>44</sup>,  
Kestrel lies on her eggs,  
Tortoises hold waking ceremonies after hibernation,  
And glow worms proclaim their new feast at water park.  
When Red-crested extra practices the tune of renewal,  
Early-purple orchids and bluebells ask him to chant the song of the dawn land.  
The dawn land without fatal shadows, endless night, tornado, and enemy friend,

<sup>44</sup> Cotswold: It is an area in the central -southwest of England

The dawn land with happy-ending destiny of species,  
The dawn land in which light perception comes to the mansion of mind.  
They ask him to take them to the spring of stories where roots  
Live in the shrine of the earth and stems lean on the eyes of the midnight blue sky.  
Dandelions have gone with dreams and they won't return.  
Bees break out the news of the sun  
And her new concerts on the salons of the rolling hillsides.  
Zephyr informs you that the alder, field maple, and rowan trees  
Are bearing little baby buds.  
The wild cherry trees bloom their desires  
And try to be an example for whitebeam trees in May.  
The adolescent twigs listen to the newscast of water and its relationship  
With new researcher roots.  
The new people, the newborn buds which are in harmony invite you  
To the groves and mature branches.  
Oak and ash trees try on their new dresses for the  
Festival at the end of March.  
You think you should wear new views  
To be in concord with Cotswold.  
The sun comes out from behind her cloudy blanket  
And looks at the triangle roofs of villages.  
Your heart jumps over the shiny morning  
That draws a picturesque scene of the old houses  
And the young rivers near them.  
Lady bugs open their colored wings to fly in paddocks.  
And you open your mind to the endless vistas.

May 11, 2017

## **Toddler**

Sometimes, bright brilliant stars fall.

Sometimes, huge hard rocks fracture and closed crops dry.

And suddenly a mimosa grows from ashes

To make a new tune.

The tune we have not heard or we have forgotten

During our courses of self-attention.

Deranged seasons and unforeseen tempests

Warn us against an instable period of the time.

Words are beheaded by the strings of skepticism.

Individuals are involved in the bushes of solitude.

Time turns faster than history to hunt its victims.

And suddenly a toddler baby smiles

When meeting the breeze of valleys.

A toddler smiles at green kilt of grass,

At Tuscany yellow color of wheats shaking their heads

When they call streams,

At the tail of the brook on the path of thickets,

And at delicate body of branches and their polished nails.

A toddler smiles at fairy-faced flowers,

And at our wrecked minds to break our silence.

Sometimes, the world closes its doors and throws us out.

Sometimes, our jobs drink our life and forget our thirst.

Sometimes, our shattered hearts bud at an inappropriate time.

And unpredictably, a toddler smiles at unsolvable dilemmas.

A toddler for whom all leaves

Are the homes of dragonflies.  
A toddler for whom all races, classes, genders, ages, nations,  
And species are equal and fascinating.  
A toddler for whom the world is an untold long story.  
An enthusiastic toddler smiles at white-lilies  
Twirling on the moving brooks.  
A welcoming toddler smiles at lively smell of lemon trees  
Growing mystically together,  
An excited toddler smiles at glutenous pigeons swarming in balconies  
And at people overrunning in shops in sale seasons,  
And at grandparents caring their grandchildren.  
A toddler smiles at the drops of rain and our wet world  
And it is the time when huge hard rocks fracture,  
Locked cases of prejudice break,  
The source of peace flows on the toes of  
Father Earth and the green hair of Mother Earth  
To grow a mimosa from ashes.  
The toddler smiles at you and me  
And stops all unwanted offences.  
We have forgotten to smile at one another.  
Now, Let's smile back at the toddler.  
December 22, 2016

## **Rebirth**

Tell me more about the birds which do not forget the aurora of  
Their homelands.  
One day, they will return to take part in the chorus of unrecorded memories.

Tell me more about the rivers which dream the ocean  
And their creative dreams make the oceanic universe.  
Tell me about plow trees shielding the castle of psyche in the hurricane of tragedies.  
Tell me about the mission of wind which combs the rhino gray clouds,  
Blows over the bare branches of pear trees  
And jumps to the thirsty orchards  
To give the good report of rain and revelation of rebirth.  
Tell me more about little girls who drink from the cup of dream  
And spend their lives in the moments of blossoms transformation.  
Tell me more about the mystery of true love and the closed hands of distance.  
Tell me about the request of two eyes and affection of two ouzels  
And attempt of unknown plants on the road of the mustard yellow sun.  
I cannot forget your memories and the roses inside of the memories.  
They took what I had and gave me a new world designed by water,  
Color, and temptation of light.  
Each page of your memories created a nova branch on my slept bark.  
Your sentences brought new twigs on my mind  
And your alchemical words gifted countless buds and motivation of living.  
You changed my stony swamp into the golden green wood  
In which poetess fairies drink the wine of rebirth.  
Tell me more about dried trees which wake up by a miraculous warm breath  
And a slight light of expectation.  
Tell me more about those candles which are in true love.  
They get fire and burn to the end to lighten roads for beloved.  
Tell me more about those watchmen who open the cages  
And let their captives fly away to the non-spotted skies.

Tell me about honesty of lily and generosity of white jasmine.

As long as you are the narrator of untold stories, I am all ears.

As long as you take me to the heart of the unseen worlds and stable love, time stops

And my dilemma gives up.

Tell me about the end of your last sentence which is the very beginning

Of my song.

Even though some birds cannot fly, all birds have the dream of flight

And all trees have the dream of rebirth after long wintertime.

January 10, 2001

### **Winter Sweet Flower**

The foggy lands are cold and the Alice blue sky is curved in its rhombs.

Lavender blue dawn is sitting on your scene.

A luxurious misty rose sunset has blossomed on every side of the sky.

Under the restless sound of the gutter,

A word sprouts among the ice hyperbolas of the pond.

The open flowers of winter sweets are the guest of you

Drowning in loneliness.

Your last guests were dahlia flowers which left you alone in dearth.

When they left the garden,

You leaned on your deserted shoulders

And loneliness slipped into your body with silence dress.

Nonetheless, when the biography of the leaves turned to nothingness

And you sealed the coexistent period of your life with branches,

The eyelids of winter sweet flowers caress the windows.

What a new custom is this feeling?

Is it the exhilaration of rebirth?

You know it is the birth of a surprising being exhibiting Tuscan sun yellow color.

You open the window to smell the blossoms in an unsurpassed cold climate.

Then, you are taken to a world shining with eight pointed stars<sup>45</sup>.

You touch the face of water lily to turn into a butterfly and stay there for good,

But a cold gust takes the effects of winter sweets' perfume.

You are lying on the floor of your room.

You search for your company, loneliness.

Your loyal loneliness has gone with the arrival of winter sweet blossoms.

Now, you are the owner of magic, the key, and the vehicle

With which you can be transported to the stars land.

You notice that your hands smell like lilies.

What world is more real?

You hesitate, but it does not matter.

You are half-real human living in the different worlds.

The other world is more real than the world

Called the factual world by some people.

They stick to their ephemeral realisms and close their windows to all fantasies.

Without separating the blossoms from their twigs

You smell their golden yellow eyes.

Taken to the stars land, you kiss tiger lily

And unbelievably you turn into a blue bird dancing

With the cascade of smooth sunbeams.

February 6, 2000

<sup>45</sup> Eight Pointed arts: the landmark of Persian art such as tile and ceiling designs in palaces and mosques.



## **Nest**

Client: "I want a nest on the rare branches of honesty.

It has been said that there the pleasant sanctuary of the moonlight shines".

Recipient's Purchase Order: "Who gave this order?

This sample is no longer available.

The order is not accepted too.

Honesty has been wrecked.

We might find its simulation".

Client: "I am satisfied with the fantasy of a moonlight.

Whatever they call it.

A drunken moment in the narrowness of dream

Is better than hundred years of deprivation in reality.

Previous generation called us crazy.

We tell the post generation that we have lived dreams in their reality

And drunk their wine.

On the corners of our meeting was a navy wide ceiling bluer than the color of the sky.

In the palm of our hands was a childhood more exciting than your sparkling games.

The rug under our feet was the scene of enthralling branches.

The dress of our minutes was a thought greener than the fern green of the forests.

When the wigs were competing for the worship of light,

We moved to our confident stars,

To the meadows of our eyes,

And plains of our hands.

Of all the galaxies, we have lived in a space

Closer and lovelier than that of two leaves.

We have lived in simple summit of the sage green stems.

I do not know that we are the most alert drunk  
Or the drunkest conscious.  
I am satisfied with the fantasy of a moonlight.  
A simulated nest on the rare branches of honesty please".  
May 2, 2020

## **Spring Breeze**

Oh, spring breeze! I know you.  
You are like the rain drops on the thirsty lips of my discarded root,  
Like a burning star in a moonless night,  
Like flooding stream dancing on the earth's cracks,  
Like the charming sound of a red breast.  
I know you. You are like the return call of a migratory bird,  
Like Hafiz's evangelical poetry,  
Like the best wish for every swallow.  
Oh, spring breeze! I know you from the past time to the present moment,  
From childhood of seasons to the precise breath of leaves,  
From green yellow dawn to the broad gold yellow sun light revealing the secrets of blossoms,  
I know you from telling story of old mountains to the outburst of uprightness  
When you opened the door of your heart's green house to me.  
Oh, spring breeze! You are a breeze carrying acacia's perfume  
And spreading seeds of rebirth.  
You are like a healing seafoam brook on the corners of my cut branches,  
Like caress of Mother Earth and sense of hope after failure,  
Like nostalgic awakening after deadly winters.  
Oh, spring breeze! You think I am drunk or sleepy.

You think I am a fantasist or a fancier.

You think I don't know how to grow and go up.

I know you even though I am a dry wooden pillar

Standing under humans' roof.

By the way, are the green robes of trees as big as them this year?

What about the royal feathers of willow trees?

Are the violet bushes fine?

Did you visit rocky forest on your way?

Did you touch the emerald green buds of the jungles this year?

Is the song of river as tempting as before?

Do birds still nest in the bosoms of fir trees?

Does the velvet mist still hug the forest?

How many forests are remained to invite the moonlight to their abodes?

Are they remained in Brazil, India, Indonesia, Tanzania, Nigeria, Myanmar, and ...?

What about my family and friends?

Oh, spring breeze! I know you though you do not know me anymore.

Some humans raided my friends and uprooted our seaweed green hills.

I wish they took my mind too, so that I would sleep as stones.

But I know you. You are like the rain drops on the thirsty lips of my discarded root.

October 2, 2023