



SCIREA Journal of Sociology

ISSN: 2994-9343

<http://www.scirea.org/journal/Sociology>

November 18, 2024

Volume 8, Issue 6, December 2024

<https://doi.org/10.54647/sociology841362>

## The Second Collection of Prose Poems

### “The Love Season 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 of Allameh Tabatabaei University. She got her Bachelor of Art in 2001 and married her classmate, Mohsen Jafari. She continued her field of study at Azad university and got 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 environmentalist writing about mutual relationship of humans and the other species, dependency of humans on nature, devastating of the natural world by some humans, and social

cultural advantages and defects. Using senses in creative writing, Literary tropes of defamiliarization, ambiguity, social satire, personification of the natural world and other species, and metamorphosis 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. Her laments come from social environmental discrimination, sexism, racism, poverty, and wars. Her narratives reflect different people, creatures, environments, and places of the West and the East of the world with common characteristics and expectations. 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. Submitted prose-poems is the second collection of leaves named “The Love Season of Leaves”. Universal theme of love in various forms and feelings is common subject covering almost all poems. However, the other current local/ universal themes including disease, separation, social hierarchy, poverty, exaltation of family earth, and social cultural forces will be revealed progressively. The collections of leaves are not limited to particular country, considering the East and the West of the world.

### **Abstract**

“**The Love Season of Leaves**” is the second collection of leaves written in prose-poem forms. The author supposes that these collections are Romantic prose-poems she names Magic Naturism because such subjective nature is more characterized and personified than nature in some other romantic works. Alive, animated, and dynamic nature is an essential doer, playing its roles alongside with humans and the other species. Moreover, magic, marveling, and what people call healing or psychic physical balance occur in the heart of nature in alliance with other species. There are celebrations of magic in natural phenomena such as rain, cloud, breeze, ponds, soil, rivers, and forests surrounding mini-narrations of humans’ predicaments. Edenic childhood, love, death, rebirth, drought, glory of art, escapism, sexism, racism, speciesism, slavery, war and its ruins, poverty, solitude, and sublime are local/ universal themes that may be repeated in collections, but their variety of forms, lines, points of view, and styles represent new pieces of writing. Paradox, alliteration, allusion, multiple-metaphors, sensory description, repetition, symbolism, and other literary tropes in this collection are not just tools of literary writing. These collections are social/environmental based prose-poems attempting to expose hidden realities and fleeting fantasies. The second collection represents cultural social factors of particular areas of Iran, Wales, Scotland, Canada, The USA, Afghanistan, Azerbaijan, India, Sweden, and Japan.

**Key Words:** Edenic Childhood, Love, Magic Naturism, Mini-narrations, Sexism, Sublime, Social/environmental based prose-poems

### **We are Pleased for Your Coming**

We are pleased for your Coming, rain crystal.

Look how the imaginary doves circle around to be watered by your glance.

And how the branches become shamrock green leaves at once

By the knowledge of your dangling draining beads.

The lovely dramas of reddish-purple tuberoses,

The rainbow over judas trees,

The lucidity of traveler rivers,

The drumming of green white poplar trees' leaves under the rays of the sun's hair

And the love songs which are sung by red breasts in the golden morning

Are all strong desires to revisit you.

We are pleased for your coming, rain crystal.

Who can ignore the generous gems of your eyelashes?

We joined the breeze to be revived by the clarity of your closer breaths.

In the choir of the love season, we share the good news of your

Coming with the family of the soil,

With the premium beads of the Caspian Sea,

With the fairies of the weird wetlands,

With the cracked hands of farmers in drought,

And with the unopened eyes of the shy buds.

You will stop the wars of water among tribes

Shaking the hands of peace.

We are pleased for your coming, crystal rain.

Dandelions put aside their umbrellas and say:

‘It will rain on the texture of the garden’.

Looking at the signs in the sky, beavers say:

‘It will flow from the streams of the silver sky’.

Before your coming, a lavish guy bought all of our ballons

And gave us much more money.

We’ll have lunch today!

It is the moment of wealth in the infinity of poverty.

We can play hopping till evening

And save our money for the lunch of other days

Because our boss does not know anything about donation.

The treasure of your openhandedness is our joy.

You share your fingers’ jewelries with the poor and the other ranks.

You fall for the masters and the homeless equally.

The superb market of Chaboksar<sup>1</sup> is set up under vendor tents,

People cannot afford buying fruits as before.

Conversely, they are so cheerful to hear your murmurous chant in such hot summer

We grow taller with the caress of your hands playing the harp on the net of pickle green leaves

And drum on the veins of the tents and cymbal on the tiffany blue skin of the Sea.

<sup>1</sup> Chaboksar: It is a beautiful city on the border of two states in the north of Iran.

We bloom sweet agates on our lips with the taste of your colorless trinkets  
And put on the crown of hope that makes our wet eyes laugh.  
We are pleased for your coming, crystal rain.  
A flash of real rain is enough for countless oceanic dreams with their turquoise pen.  
April 4, 2022

### **I Know**

You love me.  
I have heard it from afar,  
From factual imagination,  
And the fierce fever that is on the faces of orchids  
And the solitary singing of the hillside pheasants  
And two broad boxwood trees that heard your secret from the cheerful zephyr.  
You love me.  
I have heard it in the floating island of Loktak Lake <sup>2</sup>divulging your real reality.  
You love me.  
Drop the circle and its turning movement.  
Drop the motion of compass.  
Drop the act.  
There is a moon in your heart gravitating me momentarily.  
Were you born in Magnetic Hill in Ladakh <sup>3</sup>.  
Are you equipped by the magic of Lonar Crater Lake<sup>4</sup>?  
Let's stop for a moment.

<sup>2</sup> Loktak Lake: It is located in Moirang in Manipur state in India.

<sup>3</sup> Magnetic Hill in Ladakh: A gravity hill near Leh district of Ladakh in India.

<sup>4</sup> Lonar Crater Lake: It is a lagoon in Buldhana district of Maharashtra State in India.

The southern silky breeze is picking your lips' stars up  
And the sincere sunset takes your sunglasses off.  
I am going to see the town of your eyes  
And the cornflower blue ivies on their gates although you hide them in Borra Caves<sup>5</sup>  
Do not close your eyes.  
Do not conceal their waves.  
Let me see their warm dews.  
Do not think about tomorrow.  
It is vague.  
You love me madly.  
I have seen it in the newsletter of ash trees,  
The tender leaves of yellow ruby grapevines,  
The hissing echo of rain on the dark brown twigs of aspen trees,  
The greeting of Flowing Cascade of Milk<sup>6</sup>  
The uncontrolled looks of your firm eyes  
Confronting my curious glance.  
You love me oddly.  
I have seen it in your incorrect fasten buttons,  
The shaking hands,  
The unrelated answers,  
The quiet wave of your mind  
Over a huge gale in your heart.  
You love me?!!!

<sup>5</sup> Borra Caves: The caves are located in the east coast of India.

<sup>6</sup> Flowing Cascade of Milk: It is also called cascade of milk located on the Mandovi River in the state of Goa in India,

You love me in your buried world behind all secrets.  
I have heard it from afar,  
From the sudden joy of the skylarks in the pleasing plains,  
The doors of your eyebrows which are opened automatically,  
The voice of horned larks hooraying on the coppery leaves,  
The bright color of hills wrinkling now and then,  
The pink coat of Impatient Sulcata<sup>7</sup> sparkling under the sun light,  
The soft nails of Saint Paolo and her lilac purple finger ring,  
And the tenants of security in my heart land when  
You keep your distance to stabilize my status and health.  
And I know the gaze of true love too.  
I know you love me even though you do not talk about it.  
You know that I cannot come with you.  
I live in the fantasy world attacked by wrathful reality.  
And you live in the reality drowned by fluffy fantasies.  
There is far-flung distance between us.  
The world has seen lots of uncountable untold love stories and unheard separations.  
I know you love me.  
I know....  
October12, 2023

### **I Was Totally Perplexed**

There was no news from me this morning.

<sup>7</sup> Impatient Sulcata: Gigantic Himalayan flower.

I was totally perplexed under the wide wooly clouds  
That came without shoes from the door of the highlighted sky  
to the back yard of my eyes.

I was totally perplexed for the acrobatic movements of the seaweed green brooks  
And their performances for the congregation of common redstarts.

I was totally perplexed for the flight of the bitterns which were  
maneuvering through the pastures  
And the falcons which were playing on the slide of wind  
under the bows of the mountains.

I was totally perplexed for the carved body of the rocks  
Which were turning into dark colors by the brush of rain.  
And for the dialect of the rain which was washing the dust  
From the minds of carnation flowers.

I was lost between mountains and Saraghah-Lake <sup>8</sup> reflecting the wavy basil green forest  
And the plum trees boasting about their white satin dresses.

I was lost among the sweet pink costumes of peach trees which were being admired by bees  
And raspberries blossoms asking for the milk of the sun  
And medlar trees passing the first semester in their baking school.

I was perplexed for your mysterious eyes inviting me to their shelters  
And asking me drawing your wedding dress patterns.

How many wedding dress patterns can you guess I have drawn so far.

I have been in love many times.

Every time father says: “we cannot afford it”.

<sup>8</sup> Saraghah Lake: It is located in Saraghah village in the north of Talesh city in Gilan state of Iran.



But I know it is for my down syndrome disease.  
I know those people who pity me. You do not pity me.  
You are caring and nice-looking indeed  
And I cannot stand loving you.  
I am full in heart when I think about you though you are like a pale pink pearl.  
A far-fetched precious being in an unseen lake.  
Pigeon blood red rubies go whitish confronting your caring crimson heart.  
Thinking of you, I was lost in the staring leaves of jujube trees that  
Evaluated me with their views.  
I was totally perplexed for the peaceful thought of the lake that  
Was pregnant with fish  
And the heaviness of fish which were pregnant with love.  
I had no motivation to be found.  
I was going to be lost for good.  
Detached from my folk I was mournfully cheerful.  
There was no news from me this morning.  
April 5, 2021

### **The Author's Rose**

Apple tree is aware and the old samovar announcing morning tea invitation, is awake.  
Stone roses are lovelorn with the affection of the sun and creeks' songs.  
Hummingbird is spellbound when watching the amorous gesture of asphodel flower.  
The branches of pistachio and hazelnut trees are stretched to take the hands of light.

Seven Spring and Two Spring<sup>9</sup> hug one another to visit the author's orchard.  
Silver fish are the shining stars of the springs circling around the orchard.  
Zinnia is the groomsman of the love season in its utmost beauty.  
Paradise birds sing the lyric of sibylline nurturance.  
Coraline rose combs slowly her hair with a lovesick sonnet adding her charming.  
The seeds of her thought drip in a Persian blue pond.  
The pond spins with the dance of the rose's heart.  
Morning breeze imitates the rotation of the pond  
And gives news to hoopoe about the infatuation of the lover.  
Yet the hoopoe forgets the rose for  
The disturbance of fluvial elves.  
Neither Solomon nor his court diviner are aware of the rose' love.  
Will the morning breeze deliver the message to the court?  
Does Solomon the king care about a little rose' love?  
The apple tree is aware and the samovar announcing morning tea invitation, is awake.  
The rose has fallen in love with the character of Solomon  
When he passes by the troop of ants and stops his own troop not to hurt ants.  
The little rose is also a character  
Whose author believes in the humbleness of few noble men.  
He thinks the power of love melts the hierarchical protocols,  
But the attraction of love does not prolong for rank ladder  
As the beauty of the rose will perish sooner or later.

<sup>9</sup> Seven Spring and Two Spring: There are two known springs in the region of Shahmirzad in Semnan Province of Iran.

Worried about the destiny of the Coraline rose,  
The author hides the rose' new blossoms  
And her obvious unopened love under  
Her leaves and the rose tears  
Silently on her soft cheeks.  
Sleeping at night, the author dreams  
The character of the rose  
Who begs for her freedom from  
The chart of the orchard and the realm of prose-poem.  
Saying that she is in her own love cage, the author opens  
His notebook and mentions she is free to go and visit Solomon.  
Watching the departure of the rose, the author utters:  
'Oh, my little rose, go and find your love,  
But promise me  
To come back and be my rose if a day  
Solomon the king hurt you  
By attention to other elegant emblems  
Or you got perished and put out of his court.  
If a day you come back, I will blow broad eternity  
To your frozen feathers and reappear your youth again  
In my safe lines. Do not forget that your creator is in firm love of you'.  
The apple tree is aware and the samovar announcing morning tea invitation, is awake.  
Campo troupiial plays a serenade,

The hoopoe follows the rose and the author recites Saady<sup>10</sup>'s poem loudly:

'O caravan leader, go slowly because

My consolatory soul is departing'.

Extending her hands over the shoulder of the author,

The apple tree pours her millennial pink blossoms on the grass to change her mood.

Looking at the blossoms, the author finds that the rose has left him her most magnificent

Twig with a velvet bud of rose.

Does she return?

Does she know about her author's profound love for his little character?

December 22, 2000

### **How Big Your Childhood Expectations Were!**

The dreamer cloud over the distended hill wanted to rain.

Rosemarys were being roofed by sticky and pleasant moisture.

The ewes were lively and lithe like mountainous gems.

The east tempest had lost his character in the company of the splendid sun.

Under the feet of a white acacia tree,

A delighted brook was talking with three blue skirt flowers of the plain, three hyacinths.

Gal Keele Spring <sup>11</sup>marched through the middle of village, Greeting orchards.

The organ sound of the breeze ornamented plant people.

There was a loud laughter from the surrounding mountains saying peace

To the bless and beauty of the Mother Earth.

And the rhythm of rounded kettle's dance was in harmony

<sup>10</sup> Saady: Persian poet and prose writer known as professor of speech and advices in the thirteenth century.

<sup>11</sup> Gal Keeld Spring: Flowing Spring in Shahrestanak county located among Alborz Mountains.

With the movement of the teapot.  
The dawn herbal tea scattered the aroma of existence, the elasticity of exhilaration.  
And how big your childhood expectations were?  
A handful of sour plums, a handful of nuts,  
A turtle in your pond, a grasshopper in your pocket, some crickets under your plate,  
Some small crabs under your cap and two scorpions in your colorless jar.  
Singing with goslings and swimming with glittering scrod,  
You wished you had been a bird to hug the blue pearl belly clouds.  
Crows stole your fathers' walnuts from the rooftop.  
And you helped them without hesitation.  
The orange kitchen was a place including carrots and pumpkin council.  
Life was going on as rivers and The Shahrestanak<sup>12</sup> river was flying like windy mists.  
Words are claimants and photos are witnesses.  
There was a basket full of fresh cherries, apples, and chromic yellow apricots,  
Full of Soroush's breaths<sup>13</sup>.  
A simple table, a devoted mother,  
A bright house as tall as grand dreams of walnut trees' sprouts.  
And how funny your childhood moments were!  
Every night, an imaginary story for cats.  
Every sunrise, a song for polliwogs.  
Every afternoon, a piece of cake for the goatee of neighbor  
And a cozy place under the roof for hiding  
When adults got angry.

<sup>12</sup> Shahrestanak: It is a village in the central district of Robat Karim county, Tehran Province, Iran

<sup>13</sup> Soroush: It is the muse of poetry in Persian Literature

And how entertaining the seconds were!  
I was your neighbor's daughter who loved your ducklings.  
You said: "Girls will grow a fin if they go to the ponds".  
And I pretended that your fantasies were true.  
Unfortunately, our childhood was in a hurry.  
You promised to take care of the house and your mother  
When your father was sent to the battle field.  
We were playing the color of our pleasurable season when the war cut the shot.  
Swallows abandoned the scene.  
You sold your sibling's ducks and bought a pair of shoes for your father.  
He returned and said that he liked them  
While he had left one of his legs in the war.  
You played chess against a pompous mirror and dated with a jasmine jewel-shaped bush.  
You said: "She is my good-smelling beloved".  
I was jealous of the bush.  
Mocking me, you called me Storky Leg Girl because I was terribly thin.  
You worked hard to support your family and folk.  
Our childhood dried and stories fell slept with crushing conjuring.  
You were called to military service.  
You had to go to the battle field too.  
A shadow surrounded our canvas sky.  
The day you packed your bag pack, I knew that I would not see you anymore.  
And I could not control my tears.

You said: “Storky Leg Girls do not cry not to be more unpleasant so that they can find a boyfriend”.

You were not among us when Storky Leg Girl got married.

I wrote a letter to invite you.

You wrote I should have invited the jasmine bush too.

The leaves of jasmine fell and reemerged, but you did not return.

The war was over.

The southern Swallows reappeared, but you did not return.

Years later, I visited your family and searched for your flirting bush.

I looked for your only beloved.

Amazingly, it had a milky white wig in the middle of your yard.

Your Gardner said that before your departure you called the jasmine bush,

‘My little Storky Leg Girl’.

It was shocking.

Was I your jasmine bush?

Was I your little beloved?

Was it me?

Why did not I know it?

Why did not you let me know it?

Why did you mock me to hate you?

You knew that you would not return home.

I got old, my flowers froze by the freeze of the truth

And my leaves dropped to morbid mirages.

Wars will not end. They are repeated to uproot humanity.

Unable to move, I blossom in my mind's back yard on May every year  
For my heart is sure I will see you in the shore of the parallel world.  
How big your childhood expectations were!

April 2, 2023

### **The Anemone Sea**

Words land like nearby clouds on the alley of my view.  
Your destiny gets blurry blossoms of snowflakes on my notebook.  
The parched garden of my mood is green again  
With your speeches and looks.  
The proud bird of my life crawls into a corner.  
And you relentlessly become a Sharon rose  
Blooming in the lines of my moments.  
The fragrance of the rose is painted on the soul of Lake Biwa<sup>14</sup>  
And the lake becomes an anemone sea.  
I play with your fragrance instrument to compose the song of season  
And leaves of camphor trees repeat its refrains.  
Mystified in the city of your memories,  
I write about my sweet and sorrowful love.  
Sakura, since you came, I have not been the same confident chef as before.  
I have accumulated credit, pride, and fame for years to fly long distances  
Like House Swift <sup>15</sup>bird.  
I focused on my job, education, and skills to sing

<sup>14</sup> Lake Biwa: Japan's largest lake near Kyoto.

<sup>15</sup> House Swift: An area including southeast Asia, parts of Japan, Nepal, and southeast of China.



For myself as Japanese Bush Warbler <sup>16</sup>does.

Any girl who tried to be friend with me was thrown out.

In spite of the fact that my relatives and mother encouraged me to find a companion,

I always believed that women are source of trouble.

Then, you came and cut the Momiji maples <sup>17</sup>of my arrogance.

These days I am playing football in my mind to forget you.

I just don't know why I'm kicking myself.

I was pleased with my white hair and Ginkgo yellow leaves<sup>18</sup>.

Now, you are flourishing in my soul with a joyful distressed melody.

Yesterday, I slipped in the bathroom and fell on the floor in a frog gesture.

The day before yesterday, I crashed my car to the wall mistakenly.

Whenever I decided to ask you to leave this restaurant,

I thought I was setting fire to my heavenly bamboos.

I am not a person who likes relationships,

Marriage, and its twigs.

But when you say "good morning", you connect me to the electrical outlet.

After that, I can neither listen to anybody nor speak.

I was always satisfied with myself till you jumped to

The middle of my hand painted linen.

Where are you from?

From the new waves settling down on the shore?

<sup>16</sup> Japanese Bush Warbler: An Asian Passerine bird known as Uguisu in Japan

<sup>17</sup> Momiji Maple: The maple trees turn from green to crimson red in the autumn seasons.

<sup>18</sup> Ginkgo Yellow Leaves: The leaves of Ginkgo trees go shining yellow in Autumn. These leaves are symbols of hope and peace in Japanese traditional arts and history.

From Bosai Gardens <sup>19</sup>inviting fairies to their spelling shows?  
From Broad-leaved forests chanting the melody of growth?  
From Waterfall Koi Fish <sup>20</sup>weaving the threads of security?  
Whenever I think that you might decide to leave here one day,  
I feel that a volcano will erupt on my head.  
Nobody does know I am in love with you even you lady.  
Nobody does know except ring-cupped oak trees, cherry trees, and the photos of my mother.  
When I say I do not remember your name, it means you are not  
So important to stay in my busy mind.  
Nonetheless, I am talking to you days and nights  
And call your given beautiful name.  
Who doesn't know your name?  
Sakura, what have you done to my pottery?  
I forget my keys and stay behind the door these days,  
But I do not forget your name.  
The cooks do not know that their chef is burning his food at home this month.  
Common Lantana says that I have to talk to you,  
But I am afraid that you leave us at once.  
Sakura, either run over me with a bulldozer or stay with me.  
I bought confederate roses with calligraphy for you.  
However, I could not send them to your room.  
I am your chef and I wish I were not your boss.  
I am not strict chef when you are here.

<sup>19</sup> Bosai Garden: Attractive designed gardens in which miniature trees are planted in small decorated containers.

<sup>20</sup> Waterfall Koi Fish: Since brave Koi could conquer waterfall, gods turned him into a dragon which ascended to the sky and lived in the water of heaven.

Everybody is contented with me.

Who am I?

I am the most cheerful despondent man.

Who are you?

Japanese Camellia is not as nice figure as you.

We have the same uniform whereas you are so well-dressed

That I think you are a new guest.

Sakura! You are a Bigleaf Hydrangea changing her flowers everyday

To exhibit her arts.

I am a Palmate maple whose roots have been tied to your delicate hands and enticing eyes.

Welcome to my soil.

You are a Golden fish dancing in my vein streams.

I am an anemone sea whose water plays the music of existence

With the purpurite lips of its Golden fish.

Welcome to my sea.

Am I capable to talk to my fish about my feeling?

Sakura!...

December 18, 2020

### **Booming**

Life is booming with the tune of the summer breeze

Waking the wheat field for meeting with the sunlight.

Life is booming with the chant of sweet-smelling rivers negotiating with

Wood Forget me -not <sup>21</sup>and Echium Vulgare<sup>22</sup>,  
 With the intercourses of Ditch Lilies' <sup>23</sup>seeds introducing  
 Their orange broods to the wood,  
 Life is booming with the paintings of rose-bush on roses' cheeks.  
 With the analysis of Scots Pine trees<sup>24</sup>tasting the texture of the family earth,  
 With the narration of new brooks finding shortcuts to the bridal chamber of roots,  
 With the disposition of Swedish Cowhorn inspiring evolution in Pulsatilla Vulgaris<sup>25</sup>.  
 Life is booming with the chats of butterflies with Arctic Starflowers<sup>26</sup>,  
 With the anecdotes of the heart's cachepot,  
 With the collision of stars surging in identified and unidentified galaxies,  
 With the wink of barmaid and life-giving mood of lutists.  
 Life is booming with the undiscovered ode of Linnaea Borealis <sup>27</sup>regenerating the hillsides  
 With the tears of joy of newly born Lingonberries<sup>28</sup> visiting the bright sun.  
 With the magical spells of almonds for healing depression,  
 With the red flesh of cherries treating anxiety and insomnia.  
 Life is booming with the speeches of Tits<sup>29</sup> on the arms of Norway maples  
 And Old Tjikko <sup>30</sup>reminding us our resistance in storms.  
 With dark and light paths under ash and aspen trees in the heights,  
 With the flight of cranes toward the twilight,

<sup>21</sup> Wood Forget me-not: A light blue flower with five tiny five petals and light and dark yellow center.

<sup>22</sup> Echium Vulgare: Vivid blue flower used for treatment of wounds and mental disorders.

<sup>23</sup> Ditch Lilies; Large orange lilies grown in ditches.

<sup>24</sup> Scots Pine tree: It is found in Northern Sweden.

<sup>25</sup> Pulsatilla Vulgaris: Light violet flower used for treating spasms of reproductive organs and dysmenorrhea.

<sup>26</sup> Arctic Star Flowers: Snow white flowers with five to nine petals used for preparing salads, desserts, and sauces.

<sup>27</sup> Linnaea Borealis: Hood-shaped white flower in the pine woods of northern hemisphere.

<sup>28</sup> Lingonberries: Trees grown naturally in the Scandinavian forests. Its red food is used by song birds and humans.

<sup>29</sup> Tits: A big family of small passerine birds found in northern hemisphere.

<sup>30</sup> Old Tjikko: It is known as the oldest living tree in the world. It is in national park of Sweden in Fulufjallet. It stands for regeneration and resistance.

And with your intention for nesting in my moments.

May 30, 2022

### **Little Cheeper**

Oh, my little cheeper went away.

She went away to the head of upright acacia,

To the challenge of the dawn breeze over coin color clouds,

To the platform of liberty seasons,

To the arms of Hindukush Mountain<sup>31</sup>.

She went to sing her own song and retake her spright hair.

My little cheeper won't come back anymore.

I bore five children and one charming daughter.

He took my sons for slavery.

He needed more money to buy another wife.

I hid my little cheeper, my lovely bird

Under unlocated trees of the thicket,

Behind the veil of marble mist,

And the shelter of hilly shining wheats.

Finding her, he sold her long elegant hair once.

My little cheeper went away to find seeds among moss-green leaves

And stems' rooms.

She went to play with strings of running rain

<sup>31</sup> Hindukush Mountain: It is on the border of Afghanistan and Pakistan.

And trumpet of tremendous wind.  
My little daughter was eight years old.  
I was dressing her for party and  
She was dressing her doll.  
Finding you were going to sell her,  
She scared and her tiny heart stopped.  
My blush pink rose quartz disjointed.  
My only doll flew away from heartless folks to the imaginative amity.

My little cheeper went to smell the clear air on the series of streams,  
The cheerful cherries of the valleys,  
The pear green neighborhood of grasslands,  
The welcoming agile apple trees.  
She went to visit the fairies of stems and fluffs of leaves.  
To nest into the redhot petals of tall tulips.  
To fly the rhythm of love when spring wakes the babies of wavy hair jasmine up.  
She went to elegiac epic of rose' buds,  
To unlock the fantasy of the mellifluous mint world,  
She went to the pristine property of the seafoam sky.

My little cheeper went to the beyond of dark days and their repetitions,  
To the light land beaches,  
To the touching of elated evolution,  
To the unique sweet sleep.

But, my turmoiled soul will not find peace in tornados?

Oh, Lord! Shall I see my little cheeper again?

When shall I see her again?

Isn't she hungry now?

April 16, 2024

### **The Design of Flowers**

The graceful white poplar trees rain pistachio color sparrows

When meeting the startling wind.

Leaves and buds are the advent of seeds' appearances.

The pond of house is the album of the ash-colored clouds' memento.

The flint color clouds are the sweet diaries of the seas over our foothills.

And I am distressed for the days of your absence.

When you come back with other porters,

The clothes on the string will say bravo to the bluest skies.

The shoes will celebrate the joys of pleasure-ground.

The ledges of the house will perfume misty pink damask roses

And I will wear the skirt of flower bed for you.

You might like sing a new season by the design of flowers.

The kiss of your poem sits on my thirsty lips.

My sense of thirst is quenched by your lenient look.

My brunette brown shell is calm in your beach shrine.

And the miracle of health occurs with your magnet.

Like all women of village, I am incredibly worried.

I remember the year when father did not come back.  
Father fell down to the valley and cousin was shot.  
Neighbors' sons faced with hypothermia.  
You still keep your life-in-doom job to support your small family.  
The hail of your image in the grove of my mind  
Is the hour of growing roots in Kurdistan.<sup>32</sup>  
It is the moment of mournful joyful euphony for a woman whose love  
Has returned from risky jobs of highlands.

It is precisely the sugary opinion that leads  
To the growth of shoots.  
When you come back,  
Brooks will play a blue mantra like the teal color of the oceans,  
Ouzels will sing a rosy lyric like the dream of love that is sweeter than love.  
Strawberries and nectarines will be aged adult to follow their destiny,  
And I will sew the cloak of the capri blue pond behind of my eyelids.  
You might like to write a new note by its Persian blue breaths.  
You might think of other jobs.

May 6, 2022

### **These Sentences Are Born by Your Reminiscences**

These sentences are born by the sudden attack of your reminiscences.

The reminiscences have been surrounded by your perfume,

<sup>32</sup> Kurdistan: It is a Province located in the west of Iran. In the mountainous areas of this Province, some porters take dangerous trips to support their families and lose their lives in the slippery and cold rocks.



The perfume creates a garden watered by your pen,  
The pen plays the ballad of your thoughts,  
The ballad fantasizes me in its utopian world.  
The utopian world drips from your looks' petals,  
The petals go pale while looking at me.  
I am stopped at the box of your legends.  
The legends are dragonflies coming to the world through your steps,  
The steps are the bandmasters of seasonal leaves,  
The seasonal leaves are more highflying than the enchanting cinereous clouds,  
The enchanting cinereous clouds hide and carry my secrets  
And flood on your soft mind without saying a word,  
Words come from artificial intelligence and we turn into dumb houses.  
If my house' windows are opened to your face,  
Your face pays attention to everywhere except me,  
I am a spring- lover winter who loves your petunia flowers.  
Those petunia flowers smell your leaf-shape hands,  
Your hands crawl on the breeze instrument in case we get disconnected  
Disconnection is a black hole among your highland photos.  
Your photos magnify your incredible lapis lazuli eyes.  
Those eyes robbed my heart and tuned my Santour,  
This Santour dances with your concentration,  
Your concentration melts my iceberg,  
Melted iceberg does not help me destroy my illusions.  
The illusions delude me day and night.

Tonight, I will ask my magnolia drawing to shake your hands.

Those hands are far from my moony sentences.

These sentences are born by the sudden attack of your reminiscences,

November 1, 2023

### **Morning-star**

O morning-star! there is no place for grief in our fragmented heart.

The plantation still remembers the paeon of wheats again.

Towhee still talks about the cordiality of grass-plots.

The white hair of waterfall still brings the odor of blossoms to the plume of quails

And the northeast wind convoys stars to create hope in our empty hands.

The sea still sops up the grief of the beaches

And time passes our narrow alleys and sits on

The wrinkles of our faces

And our pulses remain on yesterdays, todays, and tomorrows.

O morning-star! there is no place for grief in our fragmented heart.

Starlings' chicks still escape from perilous predators cunningly.

Wiki still builds nests on the branches of indigo expectations.

Bees still dive into the evening primrose and enjoy its wine.

Uncle big hat's cookies still smell of cardamom and cinnamon.

And how the roof of my heart is filled with plovers' songs

When the white smoke spring clouds rain soft glass on the sunny days.

And how your attentive arms shine in the river of our thought

When you start chanting the phrase of cyclic growth.

O morning-star! there is no place for grief in our fragmented heart.

The breeze of the wood still plays the flute of paddies.

We still croon and caress the fiddle.

The Wattpad willow tree of the orchard still stays up until morning.

The larks still pass over our canalized counties.

The blue bird still flips through the album of our feasts.

And our heart changes into a silvery Seemorgh<sup>33</sup> by the moonlit of your face.

How mighty is the drama of a butterfly which burns

With the grief of love and loss?

Why are tragic stages taken more seriously?

How does the burned butterfly revive with the grandeur of love?

How do some birds stay in their justice-burned paradise?

We have seen lots of fragmented hearts in love with burned beloved, burned home.

O morning-star! there is no place for grief in our fragmented heart.

June 19, 2021

### **Waiting**

You flash like a five-pointed star in all the

Alleys of memoir.

You dance in the meadows of my fancy

With the fragrant breeze of July.

<sup>33</sup> Seemorgh: It is a legendary bird symbolizing knowledge, spirituality, and evolution. It is the only bird which cannot be hunted in Persian Literature.

The leaves of raspberries  
Are humming the chant of the sands and  
The dazzling surfs are coming  
To my arid heart on the beach of Puerto Vallarta<sup>34</sup>.  
The bluish spectrum beach reminds me the whole farm  
Of your footprints in my life.  
You are not here to see my ecstasy while I see your traces in my moments.  
I 'm a winery, making wine by your eyes' moonshine.  
I enlighten the dark rooms of the mind through the eyelids of optimism  
Demonstrating its joyous allure.  
I wash the doorway and make Mexican Cuisine so that you may pass  
Our villa whose Vallarta Magnolias are writing a drama for us.  
  
You flash like a five-pointed star in all the  
Alleys of memoir.  
I've learned to be patient while watching the cocoons of the moths.  
I put Rira<sup>35</sup>'s scent on dawn's hair  
And drink the song of Social Flycatcher<sup>36</sup> to be more patient.  
Perchance, you remember me and my waiting field for a moment.  
Every minute takes time like a year.  
Because with all parties I am lonely without you every night.  
The yellow whitish sun rains on my waiting hut  
And the blurry clouds beam on my eyes

<sup>34</sup> Puerto Vallarta: A resort town on Mexico's Pacific Coast, in the state of Jalisco.

<sup>35</sup> Rira: It means an intelligent woman. It also means wake up in Persian culture.

<sup>36</sup> Social Flycatcher: It is a passerine bird in Mexico and some other places in south America.

To sympathize with my seized heart.  
The shimmering waves of the sea come to  
The coast of my dream to reshow your gestures.  
Dahlia flowers settle down  
On the background of your photos and the sunset blooms on their eyelashes.  
The silver pool composes amorous songs,  
The whirling wood flows over my new thoughts,  
Venus revives around my sorrow,  
And I'm sure the sea will thrive to  
Take me to the moments of your attention.  
The sea that may not return.  
I will water the lilies of your memoir in my loneliness season.  
I will beam the roses of your smiles in my rainy months  
And stay in such expensive location.  
Perchance, their new buds remind you my awaiting moments.  
You flash like a five-pointed star in all the  
Alleys of memoir.  
April 19, 2020

### **The Glory of the Season**

**In Memory of Forough Farrokhzad<sup>37</sup>**

Spring is the bud of hidden dreams.  
The poetess' recollections are the winding roads of the oak groves

<sup>37</sup> Forough Farrokhzad: She is a social cultural critic and Persian Poetess of Neo-movement poetry in the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

And the street lights are grand peach trees' fruits glinting  
From the twigs of the paths.  
The fagus and tiliaceae trees book their rooms for birds and bees.  
The cadet gray clouds are irregular sprinklers which  
Tickle up the leaves.  
And shrubberies are drunk by the sunlight's warm wine.  
Nests report the feast of swallows' chicks  
And dormant turtles come out from under thick leafy covers.  
The pear trees of the orchards in Gach Sar<sup>38</sup> are thinking of replanting  
Because the splendor of the season is always new.  
The poetess, fascinated by the grandeur of the seasons,  
Reaches the body of the screen.  
Even if she is a cloudy sigh from the rainbow forest,  
Even if she is the only remaining root after disastrous doom,  
And her rainy petals have been bounded  
By the spell of shocks,  
She finds the maturity of pen when  
The moonlight of the season gleams in her eyes' millponds.  
And her eyes bestow amethyst crystals to the blessed face of the Mother Earth,  
Washing away the tricky tempests.  
  
Spring is the bud of hidden dreams.  
The bright dark dawn rises from the summit of the season,

<sup>38</sup> Gach Sar: Gach Sar is a village in Nesa Rural district, Alborz Province, Iran.

And the golden silk lights sit on the hat of the hillsides.  
A small carnation flower sprouts in the corner of poetess' mind.  
And blooms inside the net basket of the moony sun.  
It is the same small flower treating the grieves.  
What do humans know about that flower?  
Sometimes, its gentle fragrance delights the world.  
Poetry emotion jumps from her chest's window to her fingers and drips to  
The plain of papers.  
It changes into meadows growing beside the brook of her view.  
In every flower bush, the finch of her mind sings  
From the beginning of communication.  
In every song, the buds of meeting become star  
And the stars of her recollections shining after her for good.  
March 6, 2021

### **The Unpopulated Path**

I asked you from where I should have come to see you.  
You said: "Come through that quiet and unpopulated path,  
Next to the Austrian briar roses which  
Have gone to socialize with polychrome flowers including  
Red roses <sup>39</sup>in the south of Mahallat<sup>40</sup>".  
I said: 'How do I know that it is quiet and completely inhabited?  
What I see is a crowd with a garden cover

<sup>39</sup> Red Rose: It is Symbol of passion and love in Persian Poetry.

<sup>40</sup> Mahallat: It is located in the central (Markazi) Province of Iran.

And a sleepless flower garden with the pervasive  
Chanteys of the rivulets.  
What I see is the scene of cheerful people plant depended on Sarcheshmeh<sup>41</sup>  
Spring and petals fascinated with the waterfall of the milky silicate sun.  
They know and read the observance of a familiar stranger.  
They investigate the moods of a passerby who passes through the pure  
Threads of their breathes. The one who is resuscitated by  
The soul-giving lightening of their glorious gaze.  
What else I see is some parted woodlands perfumed  
by the aroma of acacia trees and the chandelier  
Of the sunbeams hanging over the branches of walnut trees.  
I see a pond covering the bed of two golden fish  
And a velvety rose which has applied a shining pink rouge to chat with the soloist wind.  
I also see an ivy like a bride's crown on the porch  
And the group of pine trees protecting the bride.  
These flowery communities are more marvelous than the marvels.  
I see tulip flowers whispering to broken reed maces  
And willow jade-like trees which are delicate drape of the gardens.  
I see a new nightingale singing an innovative tune,  
And a rivulet which is reassuring and encouraging him frequently.  
The sun sprinkles its golden spells on the sleepy mountains around Khorheh Solooki<sup>42</sup> Temple  
Yet the mountains ask for the mild fragrance of the clouds' tresses.  
What alley is quiet and unpopulated? Where exactly?'

<sup>41</sup> Sarcheshmeh: An alluring park in the highest part of Mahallat city, in one of central Provinces of Iran. This park exhibits Persian spring, brooks, and ponds.

<sup>42</sup> Khorheh Sooloki: It means the place of sun in Avesta the book of Zoroaster.



You said: “Come through that quiet and unpopulated alley”.

Isn't it next to the hanging branches of red honeysuckle

Whose flowers' rhythms and their concordant with the hymn of rain absorb my soul?

May 2, 2022

### **The Dream of Revisiting You**

The dream of revisiting you is an invigorating ruby winery,

A smiling horizon in the sullen face of the sky,

A won ticket of last lottery of the year,

A shining moon gravity in dim desert

And a boundless spring in Butchart Gardens.<sup>43</sup>

The dream of revisiting you is a roaring river twirling with

Red River Jig in the arteries of the seasons.

It is a blowball broadcasting good news in mid-April,

A celebration of buds in their best pleated umbrellas,

An annunciation of fireworks in July,

And blossoming enthusiasm of Red-breasted Sapsucker

Bringing home far-fetched star of Canopus.

The dream of revisiting you is a peace side road

Illuminated by asteroids, peonies, and tulips' coquettishness.

It is an elevated kite over the mound of memoir around which

<sup>43</sup> Butchart Gardens: It is located in Bentwood Bay, B. C., Canada

I am a butterfly for the thrill of getting it.  
It is an album filled by the sprouts' grins,  
And Rhododendrons painting the breeze of sweet visions.

The dream of revisiting you is Star Pond which has dressed  
Water lilies for the ballet of swans and ecstasy of Violet-green swallows,  
It is a garden bed embroidered by California Redwoods, the azure opal gems,  
And cherry trees opening their fins to swim with the sun light.

The dream of revisiting you is a meteor sparkling over hybrid tea roses,  
A golden trumpet clearing the waves of darkness in the marble of mind,  
And the display of Begonias deluding to a  
Poem collection with its brokenhearted pages.

You have not come and our alley have not seen  
A wedding ritual either.

You have not come and the bride of illusion have not  
Gone to the bridal chamber,  
But all the lilac bushes are the white  
Wings of fairies spattering petals on your footprints.

The dream of revisiting you is an orchard alley  
In which I am a desirous sprout with you during  
All the moments of growth.  
And a love song during all the seconds of stems.

December 20, 2017

## **Lady-bird**

Children's colorful crayons ran out in a hurry.

The painting of seven dark spots on

The back of lady-bird did not finish

But, the colorless lady-bird flies toward the porch

And disappears among Scotch Thistle <sup>44</sup>flowers.

It may find another color and another life in the soft soils of nimble narration.

The pine green peacock of dreams flies now and then

and gets away from the heights of undeveloped drastic logic.

Without narrator and dreamy pickle green pens, no one narrates

The bumpy destiny of the Rowan's<sup>45</sup> woods,

The biography of the morrow mermaids,

The tale of dumpy cunning dwarves,

The story of the rolled rooms of Bluebells<sup>46</sup> hotel,

And White heaters' <sup>47</sup>positive prays and experiences.

Without narrator who reminds intellectuals Sloe Berries' <sup>48</sup>incredible treatment

And the tale of apple orchards protected by winy hair fairies.

Yet there is another narrator

Whose narrations are not finished as its colors are not completed.

Whenever lady-bird comes out of flowers,

Turtles hold wondrous wedding ceremonies,

Fireflies go to the beach discos,

<sup>44</sup> Scotch Thistle: It is the national flower of Scotland.

<sup>45</sup> Rowan: It is said that Rowan is a sacred tree detaching evil spirits.

<sup>46</sup> Bluebells: Beautiful blue flowers found also in Scotland.

<sup>47</sup> White heater: It is a flower known as the symbol of luck in Scotland.

<sup>48</sup> Sloe Berrie: A plant with magical and medical powers in Scotland.

School works are dreamily disappeared,  
The crows' chicks go on twigs' fashion club,  
Stars swim in the parakeet green pools,  
And the new buds are hatched on the stems' clinic.  
Then, the half-painted lady-bird tells the tale of revival.  
A tale from the heart of dangling drops,  
From the hasty appearance of love,  
From the vanished spread of wind on the cheeks of The River Tweed<sup>4950</sup>  
And from the ignored lamps of the local restaurants.  
It tells the tale of two opposite onyx gems  
Pretending to be enemies, yet they love one another.  
A tale from the angles of wooly clouds weaving rain rugs,  
From the unheard request of bell-like bushes,  
From the uncomposed notes of cataracts,  
From the exhale of the elves' forest,  
From the exhilaration of rivers for touching new roots,  
And from untold narration of unknown narrators.  
Has anyone ever told you that you are the same lady-bird?  
You are half-painted narrator narrating those tales and  
Your own tale unintentionally.  
Lying quietly behind the lenient veins of the flowers,  
You do not let hurricanes break your lantern of dreams.

<sup>49</sup> The River Tweed: A river on the northern border of England and Scotland

You have a bed of purple dahlias at night.  
You witness the polychromatic lights splattering  
Their incantations on the muscles of the mustard green wood at dawn.  
You observe the lilies opening their hands to hug young flashy feathers.  
When the elves of foothills wake up,  
The meadows show their gestures to the photographer breeze  
And bees test the syrup of nymphs' nectars.  
At that time, you tell the tale of revival.  
A tale from the gentle love season of leaves,  
From the unrecorded melody of the plum orchards,  
From the untracked world of wetlands,  
From the unanalyzed body of barley field,  
From the imperceptible caress of the rain on Primroses' eyelines,  
And eventually from the grandeur of love in the trust of red fish  
Swimming in the lake of heart.  
Now, I understand the reason why the painting of seven dark spots on  
Your wings did not finish and you flew far away.  
You may find color and phantastic life in the soft soil of hundred narrations.  
September 26, 2018

### **Rainy Wind**

O rainy wind! Take our seeds with you,  
Take our seeds to the land where the earth is lenient and luxuriant,  
Take our seeds to the other side of the fir trees that pass

Through the wily walls,  
To the meeting of Venus and the rising real moon,  
To the beginning of a jovial and jocund spring,  
And to the pleasing plains of Maputo Park.<sup>51</sup>

O rainy wind, take our seeds with you,  
The unkind cut our branches to set up their interior flame of fire,  
We planted our broods and babies in the slopes of valleys  
But the avalanche uprooted our progenies.  
Is there a place that cannot be reached by two feet?  
Take our seeds to the flight of kingfishers over the swamp forests  
To the crawl of comets enlightening the face of coastline.  
To the starry eyes making home in the atrium of hearts,  
To a place far from the droughts of honesty,

O rainy wind! Take our seeds with you,  
To the land in which disloyalty is not time-marker,  
To the date of night and the enamored light,  
To the versification of antelopes' poetry,  
To the repetition of the breezy springs cherishing the cheeks of Cowpeas and Bay hops<sup>52</sup>,  
And to the streams comforting  
The pain of silky oak trees in polluted hills.

<sup>51</sup> Maputo Natural Park: It is a natural reserve located on Maputo Bay, in the southeast of the city of Maputo in Mozambique.

<sup>52</sup> Cowpea and Bay hop: Two plants in Maputo natural park

O rainy wind! Take our seeds with you,  
To the meeting of the candle that lifted up its lover's heart  
And got the cognizance of the dawns in its arms.  
The candle whose lid is the awakening flower of the Moon,  
Take our seeds to the birthplace of anemones in grasslands,  
To the sweet visions of peacock flowers,  
To the marked masts of peaceful ship,  
To the fictionalization of olive trees,  
And to the florist forest making colored papaya.

O rainy wind! Take our seeds with you,  
To the comradeship of truth and image,  
To the throne of aurora attracting leaves with its wide radiation,  
To the accompaniment of fast giraffes and female elephants' family,  
To the expressive twittering of fish,  
To the scent of blooming pineapples,  
And to the visiting of African black ducks,  
Alarming one another in times of danger.

O rainy wind! Take our seeds with you  
To the newfangled notebook narrating  
The legends of cedar and hyacinth,  
To the aspirations of two affectionate spoonbills,  
To the loyalty line of fountain and the soil,

To the mango, Canhu, and cashew baskets,  
To the compatible plants with their true grafting,  
And to the end of the prolonged night when seeds can see the safe soil once more.

June 6, 2019

### **Dew**

A colorless dew is lying on the fragrant leaf of the night.  
The embarrassed night is sweating for the clarity of the dew.

A quiet dew is lying on the open window of Lili flower.  
The Lili flower is opening its wings and thinking about  
The height of beauty because of the smoothness of the dew.

A shaking dew is lying on the sheet of my papers.  
The papers are surprised by the reflection of the world  
In the small dew.

A burning dew is lying next to the huge eye of a moth.  
The moth rotates around the lantern of a heart and the dew  
Rains from the clouds of its face on its wings  
And sings the song of separation from the lover.

A new-born dew is lying on the wide band of a pen.  
The pen has stopped its flights for a while, watching



The image of mind on the dew flourishing new shoots  
In the middle of tempests.

The world might be spent without lover, but there is always  
A pursuer love behind new perspectives, new dews.

June 5, 2008

### **Are You Lonely?**

The cottage of your heart is where you are not lonely.  
It is in the noisy silence of the breeze,  
In the subtle hustle of the geese among pompous plants,  
And in the veiled secret of the natural world  
Which unfolds its great soul unexpectedly  
To hunt your marching mind gradually.  
The cottage of your heart is in the gloaming glass of the woodland  
And expansion of the gentle wave of the seaweed green brook,  
  
You are not lonely fawn left in the wide callous world.  
Twigs are your buddy shoulder to shoulder,  
Streams are your fellow way watercourse to watercourse,  
Tuberose are your congenial friend bush to bush,  
Listen! screech-owl's song with the sea waves playing harp  
Make the tranquil tone of the night.  
The musical instrument of crickets invites you

To the honied dream of gillyflowers.  
The high jumping of sprightly chamois is reminiscent  
Of the old legends of mountainous lands.

In the middle of real realities of enigmatic woodland  
You are not lonely fawn left in the wide callous world.  
Gallinaceous birds are in their thicket arbors with seascape.  
The thickets are among of many folds of mellifluous mist  
Currycombing the soft wool the of leaves.  
Drizzle is associated with the dark leaden clouds  
Revealing the riddles of abundance.

In the district of Mianky,<sup>53</sup> there are charitable manners and merciful plant society.  
And you are not lonely fawn left in the wide callous world.  
Tiger lily blooms next to the sinuous stream tonight.  
The sinuous stream gets to the open arms of a waiting waterway.  
And the waterway sleeps with the murmuring Moon.  
Are you the only lonely fawn left in the wide callous world?  
There are wavy ponds in your deep deer-like eyes.  
Golden fish are flying in those ponds.  
There is a shinning mark in the heart of shrewd fish  
As there is an untold and concealed love in your life mark.  
Are you lonely.....?

<sup>53</sup> Mianky: It is a county between Chalus and Klarabad cities in Mazandaran Province, in Iran.

May 5, 2021

### **Your Small Pen**

Hey! Sapphire blue raincloud! welcome to our downhearted towns.

Welcome to the breathless field of our lungs.

Your polishing pen is the slender stream

In the nights of nostalgia.

It is a mourning pen for moaning of the seas

And the forgiven farms.

It is an empathic paramour when phoenix hymns

The song of fire and farewell.

It is an interlocutor of infrequent seasons,

Trace of life-giving life,

And pulsation of charm between the earth

And celestial cities.

Hey! Sapphire blue raincloud! you are the connector of roses and roaming butterflies.

May I borrow your pen for a while?

Your pen may wipe the curse out of our cracked matrix.

It may rain on the offences of orange tourmaline pieces broken by drills.

It may rain on the injuries of butterflies' feathers forgiven

For some roses' recklessness.

Hey! Sapphire blue raincloud! welcome to our downhearted towns.

Welcome to our tired trembling hands.  
May I borrow your pen for a while?  
Your pen is the brush of forlorn planet  
Whose fulgurite gems have been robbed.  
And you are the narrator of covert comets.  
Although there is a black out and silence  
In the shouts of Tehran  
And our plates are empty,  
Your pen may remind us to change the season of dried tears.  
Although the air is a foggy garment on the missiles of mountains  
And pretending friends are opponent partners  
And the whistling wind is the lead snow  
On the tendon of tulips,  
Your polishing pen is the meetinghouse brook of the brisk spring.  
It is water-distributor of all thirsty leas,  
The storyteller of careworn seas,  
The therapy of traumas,  
The transported torch in the lengthy nights,  
And a concordant soloist bird with lucky leaves.  
Hey! Sapphire blue raincloud! welcome to our downhearted towns.  
Welcome to the waiting gate of our eyes and our hope rise,  
November 12, 2023

## **Say Gently**

Say gently please.

Can he forget his selected floret?

A foggy stone-like river took

You a night to the cold dark end without considering your delicate petals.

It's inconceivable that some flowers are

Gulled by a player for sometime

And those lovelorn plants are left in the desolation

Of the turbid fog of the city and people's slander and blame.

Say gently,

How can he leave you?

How can he forget the fragrance of aster (Asteraceae),

The sweet-singing ouzels in your balcony,

The Rosaceae blossoms you watered mindfully,

How can he forget the coyness flutter of zephyr that fondled your hair,

The brilliant leaves of Fabaceae around your mansion,

The four-season jasmine which made umbrella for

The lips of playful wind,

And the heart-rending buttercup.

Say gently please.

How can he forget the acquaintance

Of two homophones while visiting Vali Castle<sup>54</sup>.

One of whom knew love

<sup>54</sup> Vali Castle: Related to Qajar period, this historical building architecture attracts tourists to Ilam city which is located in the western mountainous area of Iran.

And the other embraced the role of lover  
While the role has penetrated into his soul and reshaped his character  
It was he who came to the party of your weary  
Eyes under Nosegay trees  
And invited all of your closed and hopeless daffodils  
To the wide plains of auroras.  
You were bright in the clearsighted of breeze that  
Took you to the world of revolving butterflies around Siah Gav Twin Lakes<sup>55</sup>.  
You drank the wine of butterfly.  
How can he forget the eyelids of your shy windows?  
Or those brown golden beryl crystals of Ilami girl?  
They are two sparks under the sunlight in Zeyd Badreh Canyon<sup>56</sup>  
Or two candles under the curved moonlit.  
They like the mumbles of the nimbostratus clouds in Gavmishan Bridge<sup>57</sup>  
But they make a wall when they rain.  
It is really tough to forget your distressed eyes,  
The angles of your asteroid face,  
And the orbit of your considerations.  
You made home in his unknown heartland  
And he is not able to leave your hands.  
He won't have light in the dark blueward of agony without you.  
His newborn love will be distributed in the paddocks

<sup>55</sup> Siah Gav Twin Lakes: Like two eyes from the sky, these lakes of Ilam are astonishing for swimming and snorkeling.

<sup>56</sup> Zeyd Badreh Canyon: It is an awesome canyon in the Zeyd village of Ilam.

<sup>57</sup> Gavmishan Bridge: Related to the Sassanid dynasty, it is a bridge on the Simreh River of Ilam

And the whisper of paddocks to the stems of stars

Will be his new melody, new life.

Can he forget his selected floret?

April 2, 2016

### **Spring Stream**

Behind the disheveled mists shaping

Monstrous white mountains,

And behind the dome-like dressed hills,

A limber stream in blossom cover drives slowly

It is like mother's curtains' coquetry when afternoon breeze tickles them.

The mountainous nightingale,

The pennyroyals of plains,

And the florid fields,

Are all searching for the stream.

In front of the spectrum of aurora borealis

And wooden fences, you are dazzled by the spring stream.

A stream as the scene of unbelievable make-believe movie

With the mark of rose-leaf season drives gently.

The green jade jungle sea,

The purple parrots' colony,

And the waves of shimmering shoots are all wishing for meeting it.

Its boots are yellow chamomile with beaming brushes

And its breaths are recovering rollers

Among plants folk.  
Out of images and involved with images,  
Unaware,  
Subjected object,  
You are captivated by its calm recording,  
You are enchanted by its deep designs.  
You are spell bounded by its eyes and its sylph song recording you simultaneously.  
Recorded on your way, you expect to be granted  
A real spring coming from unknown legend  
And untrimmed tale.  
You are taken to the meeting of the stream  
That gets to the remoted joint lake.  
And expectant seeds of asters regenerate.  
In the depth of its compassion, you are entrenched  
In its composure commotion.  
The white violent flowers which make an apostle's crowd,  
The marguerite shrub paths,  
And walnut trees' haunts are all mystified by the mesmeric stream.  
And you won't return to any redemptive liberating in its riveting liberty.  
April 13, 2015

### **Heart Moth**

Heart moth! Come out of your cocoon.  
The sorrow of sorrows is over.



Wake up to fly to the call of the consoling season  
That turns the new sprouts into the maturity of the vivid lamp-like leaves.  
To the signs of filled fountains,  
To the wind on the veins of the welcoming forests,  
And to the hand of light on the cheeks of the cheery twigs.  
Wake up, there is no way to record the essence of dreams.  
Wake up to make a convenient shell by the biographies of the bamboo leaves.  
Wake up to fly to the brash breeze carrying powdery substances  
To the south.  
To the observatory of ecstatic evening twilight making up the face of lake.  
To the illumination of nights on the dimples of deserts,  
And to the penetration of mists to the blouse of brooks.  
Wake up to see the patcher of the high sky and the prosperous earth.  
To see how eglantine is the mothercraft of baby buds  
And young roses flirt for the sun  
And jasmine has wainscoted the passage-way.  
Covered by amour dress, river includes bicolor bright diamonds.  
Mother's pot smells the homemade creamy candies of approaching spring.  
Wake up to see the resurrection of deep blue dawn with  
Good tidings of light rain,  
To see the aurora streams flowing in the endless sky,  
To visit the florid clouds which sound like buds' bundles,  
And seasonal swallows in the roofs of market.  
Wake up to touch the wanderer waft

And its invisible curtains in space.

Mother has filled the delicate dishes of sugar-plums

Indicating revisiting.

The waves of flowers are waiting for you.

The azure clouds are the eyeliner of the stylish sky

And the master piece of growth is coming from

The thought of the sweet sunrise.

The white roots of stars' flowers experience felicity beside the filbert wall,

The ceres wall of orchard has put on stars' crown,

And the county of blue hyacinth is the canvas of rain.

Heart moth! Come out of your cocoon.

Wake up to get Ree's pen and write release,

To get red spinel gem's pen and paint paled Venus,

To turn into tales, letters, and records of rivers

Smearred by cyclic leaves

And memento of the woods.

Wake up to find comfort in the prepared tours of March

And deposit our high-flying fish to the brimful ponds.

The red body of garnet gem has taken away grief.

The moonlight has blossomed in the fresh fountain.

The face of fountain shines

And the flower of the moon is smiling

For the kisses of water.

The pipe of shepherd narrates a fantasy flight

By the name of life.

Heart moth! Wake up to be awoken in a supreme spring

Though you are surrounded in disastrous den.

Years have passed and I have observed your awakening

In my diamond dreams.

Years have passed and I have ached to revisit your apatite color eyes

Heart moth! Come out of your cocoon.

Wake up....

March 11, 2023

### **Loyalty**

Infatuated by longwinded style of green spectral leaves,

Stunned for visiting the temples of bedecked twigs,

I got auspicious buds.

They took the role of running pen

Drizzling diaspore gems over the white hillside's notes all at once.

Saluting to the exalted locks of the citrine sun,

Rooting in sweet pond of blond beehives,

I heard a music in the kingdom of mumbling mind.

It was the music of a blush beach narrating

The tale of miraculous marshlands in the north.

The music of several birds,

And the hailing winds whose fragrance is still

With me from time to time.

It was the earrings of dewberries ringing the bells of epiphany,  
The rendezvous of damselflies keeping company over artiste reeds,  
The perfume of bayberries' dress giving their rattly sleeves to traveler winds,  
And the touch of gentle waves on the lips of seashore saying wow.  
Everyone announces the return of the swans  
Harmonically and unanimously.  
Mystified by tremolo of hoopoe  
And the soft carpet of grass-plot's chatting with crickets,  
I heard a melody in the tall tower of mind.  
It was the woods' humming distributing  
Over the disorderly hair of ponytail palm,  
Over the white hands of eucalyptus-plant,  
Over the exposed covenant of flowers on the earth,  
Over the unexampled loyalty of butterfly,  
And rotating flight of the hawks under the shower of the alexandrite clouds.  
Everyone announces the reunion with nest.  
Dumbfounded by caress of the sea breeze,  
I heard a tune over the skylark lake of mind.  
It was the tune of twigs' beak ballet,  
The cardiography of the camelia-like sun proposing  
The humble hybrid seeds of marvel- of- Peru,  
The lovelorn nightingale declaring its love,  
The open organ's arms of Darya Poshteh<sup>58</sup> meeting

<sup>58</sup> Darya Poshteh: It is a local area in Ramsar in the north of Iran

Emigrant people birds.

And the umbrella of nurturance making a

Company shade for two fairy fin fish.

February 18, 2023

### **Your Eyes**

Your eyes,

Two travelers in the silvern twilight,

Two unbound birds over valleys, prairies,

And high mountainous pastures and verdures.

Two passengers watching tulips fabrics,

Checking up their love fevers.

Two yellow green pearls penetrating to the spectrum of rainbows,

Your eyes,

Two emerald eagles ascending in turn of rocks,

Two messengers of rash rain for the lawns,

Two inspirations of developed devotion,

And clear mirrors like Salton Sea <sup>59</sup>sheltering defenseless sharp fish.

Your eyes,

Two surfers of stormy waves,

Two empiricists of newcomer eminent seasons,

<sup>59</sup> Salton Sea: The biggest lake in California.

Two manifested marks in the flag of the amorous clouds,  
And residence of bright daybreaks opening the locks of mind.

Your eyes,  
Two brooks trickling in the thirsty fields,  
Two guards watching the babies of bard leaves,  
Two visionaries of the fictive world emptied of frozen heart,  
And two fast American Prairie gazelles hiding their dreams  
In the altitudes of hope avalanche.

Your eyes,  
Two endless relaxant lakes sympathizing with  
The wrecked ships.  
Two honest buddies for the choked clouds,  
And two speechless paramours revealing the secret  
Of the lost seas and their desires by their profound looks.

Your eyes,  
Two permanent daffodils whose beauties  
Are drawn in the dark caves of craving,  
Two quiet beds on the stem of ballad orchid,  
Two solitaires on the face of coral reef,  
And coyly seedlings inviting  
The luminous flank stars to their folksy banquet.

February 29, 2017

## **Rose**

You are not Spreading Bellflower protected in Botanic Garden.

You are called a stem without strong fruit.

People do not care about your lime green leaves, flowers,

Colored petals, and honeydews.

Nevertheless, you live in the flowery true hearted fen like

The auspicious character in the airy-fairy world.

You are as resistant as Snowdon Mountain<sup>60</sup>.

There is a half-moon on your right arm shining

To light your dim glasses.

There are five stars on your Cuckoo flowers finding

Light from your glimmering moon.

You are a beneficial fruitless stem with fluid leaves which make

A spring for me among piles of sands in the deserted heart.

You are an unknown spring in my paradise pond and

I am indicator of drinking your fountain embracing

My roots.

We drink the wine of love and our breaths

Design the cup.

We dream sedum flowers growing on our lips

And smell the apple without allowance instinctively.

<sup>60</sup> Snowdon Mountain: It is a famous mountain located in the Snowdonia area of North Wales.

There is a mirror in our heart revealing  
Two Merthyr Diamonds,  
Two lovelorn of different races.  
We have come to a runaway world,  
To a wrongheaded period of the earth,  
To a graceless time, and secluded people.  
We have sung the mantra of hopeful leaves  
Which watch fugitive fraidy-cat clouds in sweltering months,  
And the prayer of prairie's reshaped desire.  
We have given the alarm of the progressive deserts lodging amidst the caravan of canals.  
We have danced under the rain of bloodshot color blooms  
And the breeze of mobile mists.  
We have played a harmonic harp under the sleet of honey locusts,  
The snow of the cotton field,  
The falling feathers of migration seasons,  
And the shower of luminous leaves in the painted falls.  
We'll go to another shore in a few days.  
We know nothing about it as we didn't know this world.  
In lifeless silence, we only hope to go to sleep  
In the arms of red rose' flower  
Which recommended to tolerate the planet for the sake of love  
And if we are supposed to wake up a day,  
We hope to wake up in the open window of red rose' petals.

November 7, 2020



## **The Wishful Anemone**

I could not play a melody  
For the agony of the anemones  
By the transient flight of the blue bird over my mind.  
The sparrows of my notes could not catch  
The color of your sparkling eyes.  
The memories could not be together in the albatross album of the leaves.  
The fish of my desire could not make a Persian pond  
In the vase of your humble heart.  
Your breaths' buds blossomed in the seaside of my chest.  
And I could not forget you in the rushing rivers of oblivion.  
Let me be the apple of all eyes in Lalejin<sup>61</sup>  
Though I'm a lonely star.  
I'm a rotating look around  
The shrines of your thoughts and colors you use for elegant enameling.  
Wherever you are, there is an open way  
To the sunshine shoots maneuvering on the colors.  
There are silver rings of the Moon from  
My silvery table to the cockerel of the stars.  
I could not be with you except in dreams and delusion.  
Following new concepts of beauty, I thought I forgot you,  
But every enamel-work store I reached; you were there before me.  
I was with you and without you.

<sup>61</sup> Lalejin: It is a town in Hamadan Province at the east of Iran. It is known for enameling or the art of embellishing and painting fantastic dishes dating back to 5 thousand years ago. This art is used on various metals, gold, and copper.

I could not sing a trill for the blushed blooms of the anemone.  
I'm tired of living my illusions.  
I'm going to see you in a real season  
Though its leaves have fallen before.  
I'm going to take your thin trunk and shout all  
Untold feelings though you turn your face away from me.  
You are my lost sun in the chaotic galaxy  
And I am a comet searching for its sol.  
You are a daylight lighting my world.  
I'm a strange story of a breathless fountain  
Dropping king of gems <sup>62</sup>in chimeras.  
I'm a relentless stagnancy of life span, an anemone fixed on enameling of ceramic,  
Steel, gold, silver, and copper.  
You are an unrestricted bird nesting on the unpretentious twigs of awakening.  
I wish you could wake me up in the season of ever-green leaves.  
You gave me an endless life in the worshiped world of art.  
You gave me beauty, appealing breaths, and charismatic eternity  
But you abandoned your piece of art to create many other works.  
You do not know that a perpetuated personified object of art may fall in love with its creator,  
Do you?  
I am the wishful anemone desiring to live with you in the real world even for a moment.  
December 14, 2023

<sup>62</sup> King of Gem: It is an expensive phosphorescence gem in blue, green, and pink colors.

## **Mama**

Mama! you are flown and our boatless house is a whirlpool.

Who should I ask how you are?

Where should I find you?

You are flown and I tracked you among wagtails.

You are gone and I located you in the emptied silent streets,

In the dreadful night of separation,

In the old wounds,

And among your orphan Carolina Chickadees<sup>63</sup>.

Mama! You are gone and I searched for you

Among inner folds of our babyhood tales,

The branches of Angle Oak Tree<sup>64</sup>,

The smell of sweet teas,

And Cardinalidae<sup>65</sup>'s tune which hails on

My heart your haunting memories.

Mama! How did you go?

We did not say goodbye.

Whom should I ask my inscrutable questions?

Who will read my mind except you?

Who will make miracle through her magnetism?

Who will find me when I am lost in the maze of anecdotes?

<sup>63</sup> Carolina Chickadee: Able to live in suburban and urban regions, it is an intelligent, sociable, and small bird seen in South Carolina.

<sup>64</sup> Angle Oak Tree: Located in John's Island, it is 500 years old tree whose name alludes to the ghost of slaves. It is a sacred tree and an alive history which has seen slavery and natural disasters in South Carolina.

<sup>65</sup> Cardinalidae: A bird representing angles with divine messages for people. They symbolize hope, blessing, good change, and wisdom.

Who will wait for me when I am gone for work on Myrtle Beach<sup>66</sup>?

Who will be my back when I am broken and drunken?

Mama! You are flown and I quested your smiles among

The observer leaves of Palmetto Trees.<sup>67</sup>

They have seen your departure.

You are flown and I searched for you

On the banks of Horse Creek <sup>68</sup>consoling me

With their hoarse voices.

And hooting call of Barred Owl telling who cooks for you all,

And yellow chandelier of Showy Goldenrods<sup>69</sup>which turned out after you.

Mama! Scrolls of my destiny is roofless without you.

Your white bed is looking for you.

It asks where that hurt head was gone.

Was she gone to mop the floors of the big-headed neighbors again?

I used to kiss your wrinkled wrists.

You used to caress my head with your rough hands

I cannot say peace because I still feel

You in my deranged moments.

I see your soothing eyes everywhere.

What windows did you disclose?

Woe is me! this separation was the indemnity of your disembodiment.

What curtains did you pull aside?

<sup>66</sup> Myrtle Beach: Known as Grand Strand, it is a vacation city on the Atlantic coast of South Carolina.

<sup>67</sup> Palmetto Tree: It symbolizes Colonel Moultrie's bravery defense of the Palmetto-log fort against the British troop on June 28, 1776.

<sup>68</sup> Horse Creek: It is a stream in Aiken, South Carolina.

<sup>69</sup> Showy Goldenrods: A tolerant flower in drought and clay soil. It has golden yellow flowers in the autumn.

What fresh air did you hug?

Mama! Your dark purple amethyst smells your energy perfume.

Mama your yuccas and birds still live you.

Have you really gone?

April 8, 2015

### **Miracle**

Abarkouh Cedar:<sup>70</sup> 'The rotation of time takes the reluctant seasons

To renew the world.

Tourist! your destination is to see a flower in eternal minutes.

It is the perpetual treasure of love that is not known by all folks.

Let love pass through your thick fences one day

Even if that treasure does not stay more than minutes

In the net of your locked heart.

Let love take you to the other side of mirrors, positions, and hierarchies,

To another birthday,

To the more transparent world with brighter colors.

Let love take you to the sun of its eyes,

To the sky of its mind,

To the sea of its boldness,

And buy liberation by its wide vistas'.

Tourist: 'You are right. Love suggests me sweet minutes

<sup>70</sup> Abarkouh Cedar: Estimated between 4000 and 5000 years old, it is the oldest cypress tree between Shiraz and Yazd cities in Iran.

And promises to be with me forever,  
But I am not a child to believe your naive stories.  
Do not give me your fanciful definition of love.  
People do not live and die in an analogous way  
And love is the sword of mortality and war in the womb of history.  
Love is a mindboggling star shining in the moonlit for some species.  
Dreams are lost and desires are slushed in the rivers.  
The fragrance of roses is not more than a fanciful feeling.  
You only live in the swamp of mind and real life  
Has not been cut to your size yet'.

Abarkouh Cedar: 'Love jumps from the gate of events into the stage of reality  
And roots in an unpredictable time and place.  
If the lovely face of your love appears on your existence satellite,  
You are molten every moment.  
You are created again every second.  
Your new-being thinks about the covenant  
And the end of all being is the endless sequence of love.  
Be careful not to break it because treasure  
Do not always rush to you.  
The rotation of time takes the reluctant seasons  
To renew the world.  
Beside the soulful lake, a blossomed bud is waiting for you.  
And eternity has been settled down over there.

Its treasurable moments are as worthwhile as eternal life.

Take a glance on its eyes at least’.

Tourist: ‘It is not important. Moreover, I am going to visit other places tomorrow.

It is not appropriate time and place to visit love.

I should sleep well tonight’.

Abarkouh Cedar: ‘You are right. It is going tomorrow too.

Can you indeed sleep?

Your sleet is in your soup and you have pressed

The wrong button.

One of your eyes seems red and you have worn

Your wrist watch the wrong way.

Have you looked at the eyes of love by chance?’

May 19, 2010

### **You Called me**

The moment you called me, a marble star beamed

In the bluish green marshland of my mind.

An old newborn samantra song scattered in the angles of Shirvanshahs Palace<sup>71</sup>’s desires.

Musical brushes colored the pale ring-shaped rainbow of Philharmonia Garden<sup>72</sup>

And the colony of leafy clouds dancing

Over the rhymed puffs of the rainbow.

<sup>71</sup> Shirvanshahs Palace: It is located in the city of Baku, Azerbaijan

<sup>72</sup> Philharmonia Garden: It is next to Baku fortress.

The moment you called me, the harbor of hope for joining dislodged  
The perjury night from the echoes of our destiny.  
The spellbound icon of sorrow collapsed.  
The heavy reflection of annoyance was drained  
From the diary of the lucky leaves of laurels and magnolia trees.  
And your voice turned into a melodious mustard yellow canary  
In the nest of my soul.  
The moment you called me, the perilous pains of wandering history  
Abandoned the cage of my muscles in the Molokan Gardens<sup>73</sup>.  
The pillarless beliefs vanished in the waves  
Of your voice,  
The equivocal far future picked up a heliotrope rose to gift me,  
And the green golden fish of my pond found an open way  
To Amburan Beach Club<sup>74</sup> in which your vital sun kisses  
The slept seeds for resurrection  
And polishes the floral envelopes of obsidian gems.  
The moment you called me, love was the lord of lords  
And I was the crowned queen of liberty to hop with the lord  
In the middle of ruined walls of discrimination.  
I planted your venerable voice in the balcony of my spirit  
And watered its waves with my sense of fervor to be recorded  
In the tickled tenants of my being.  
The moment you called me is the substantial segment

<sup>73</sup> Molokan Garden: It is also known as Khagani (Persian Poet) Garden located in the center of Baku

<sup>74</sup> Amburan Beach Club: It is located in Bilgah village of Baku, including restaurants, bars, pools, and beach.



In my camera for new leaves.

Your fixing voice is setting my fractured heart.

What will happen the moment I revisit you?

January 1, 2022

### **Stars' Petals**

O entrancing look of sedum's sprouts!

You are from the generation of flowing streams

Flooding in my quiet life suddenly.

You are from far rainy mountains

Coming to the sky of our Papyrus trees in Chabahar<sup>75</sup>.

Have you greeted the concealed caravan of spring before its approaching?

Have you tasted new year's Bamiyeh and Baghlava<sup>76</sup>?

I have told to the hot pink flamingos and the herd of the migrated rivers that

As long as you play the Suroz<sup>77</sup>, there is a passion for painting

The love season of the leaves.

O hope of blessing seasons!

You are from the generation of bright breeze

Circling my mind swiftly.

You are from close lightning glimmering over my gloomy mood

In a moment.

Have you greeted the sprinkler cramped clouds without umbrella?

I have told to the silent Adam's needle fancy flowers

<sup>75</sup> Chahbahar: It is a city in Sistan and Baluchestan province in the southeastern part of Iran.

<sup>76</sup> Baghlava and Bamiyeh: They are two mouthwatering sweets made for festivals and new year.

<sup>77</sup> Suroz: It is Balochi musical instrument reminding both Indian and Pakistani music.

To the broken border of dream and awareness  
And to the eminent exhibition of Sedge and Cherry Plum trees  
That as long as you play flute, there is the belief of bliss.  
O jolly dreams of lantern leaves!  
You are from the homeland of the upbeat Hara Jungles<sup>78</sup>.  
Have you heard the chansons of Gaokerena<sup>79</sup> Tree?  
I have told to the hands of indigenous women embroidering cuisines and clothing,  
To the flashy stars of tribal festivals,  
And to the ever-awake eyes of Loor trees  
That as long as you play the Tabla<sup>80</sup>, there is the chant of peace.  
O warm look of horizons on the head of ports!  
O blossom rain on the long sleeves of streams!  
O soloist of dawn's poem!  
Have you greeted the new shapes of Honey Sohan and Gaz?<sup>81</sup>  
I have told to the filed fuchsia of tuberoses,  
To the bizarre blue turquoise gems,  
To the tenderness of Carpet Tableau,  
And to the bunch of blanket-formed clouds  
That as long as you are there, there is a large luminosity of stars' petals.

December 12, 2020

<sup>78</sup> Hara Jungles: Suitable habitats for seabirds, they are located alongside the Gwatre Gulf, the closest port to the Indian Ocean.

<sup>79</sup>Gaokerena World Tree: In Zoroastrian belief, the powerful Gaokerena is a legendry spiritual plant giving immortality to the dead bodies. It is protected by ten Kara fish and a particular donkey having nine months and six eyes.

<sup>80</sup> Tabla: It is a Baluchi musical instrument.

<sup>81</sup> Honey Sohan and Gaz: They are two particular sweets made in Qom and Isfahan cities. However, each city of Iran either produce them or sell the imported sweets from other cities.

## **You Hear**

You return to yourself to hear the labyrinth of lullabies

You heard when coming to the world.

You heard the noises of the artery of leaves leaving the message of affection to the gardeners,

The buds splitting the skin of tree,

The chicks breaking the belts of eggs,

The continent of twigs singing nursery couplet,

And peaceful heartbeat of the wood protecting scrod in its ponds.

You heard the tone of wheat farms calling the nick name of the river,

The soft seeds of soil caressed by breeze,

The flight of the stems toward the smiles of the sun,

And the trill of partridges singing exultantly

Over the smooth dress of scrubs.

You heard the boisterous laugh of bronze belly clouds,

The humble rain of love on the eyes of needy earth.

The chat of roots with the supportive soil,

And the respectful manner of poplar tree to the sudden seasons.

You heard the sound of hilly country sneezing under gust,

The jumping of sprightly deer over dark green jade gems,

The little bells of new lambs,

And the snoring of the rose-colored steppes.

You heard the whistle of water in the streams of pastures,

The euphony of trees for the formal agreement of growth,

The hovering of cranes in the horizontal lagoons,

The revolving of dragonflies in the orbit of reed-bed,  
And the harmony of hollyhock with hummingbird.  
You heard the sound of ensemble vessels at the beginning of branches,  
The play of goslings on the bank of the popular river,  
The swarming of fish in the long skirt of fountains,  
The scuffle of toucans on the twigs of the sunrise,  
And the waves of brooks' capillaries.  
Then you came to the world.  
Now you hear the elegy of the fallen eminent stars,  
The sob of the droopy dandelion,  
The hard breathing of the bony earth,  
And the alarming of the deserts' troops moving toward the groves.  
You hear the cry of the storm-damaged bunkers,  
The robbed desires of childhood,  
The peal of terrible tornados,  
The indifference and distress of distinct generations,  
And the creaking noises of crumpled robots.  
You hear the burr of superstitions,  
The pulses of perversion in the clothes of truth,  
The dogmatic blunders in indecisive theories,  
The quarrels of the frightful philosophies,  
The caution of those tresses which die in their aesthetic standing postures,  
And the disability of humans in communication even for short connection.  
You hear the steps of reformed embryos carrying the unpredicted genes,

The shout of ringdoves which foresee climatic chaos,  
The calamity of abrupt summer in the cradle of spring,  
The moaning of a fast river carrying the dead body of a young woman  
Who had been seen with her lover.  
You hear the first flight from simulated nest,  
And the disturbed dreams of time.  
You wish you would hear the old melody  
Of the infatuation between the earth and the sky,  
The beginning of association in the very small cabin of the creation,  
The enchanting anecdotes of the lover Moon circling around the florid lips fish,  
And amorous songs whose every page had a new utopian land.  
You wish you would hear the secrets of undying dawn,  
The cycle of need and growth,  
And a cheerful nightingale chirruping  
For his beloved's lock of honey color hair.

June 6, 2022

### **Hank**

An oak tree was flying with its poetry airplane  
In the sky of Rasht<sup>82</sup>.

A woman was knitting the fabric of her notes  
With the hank of words.

<sup>82</sup> Rasht: It is the capital city of Gilan Province with Mediterranean climate. It is located in the north of Iran.

A judge was making a stew of new law in the flooding complaints  
With spicy numbers.

A hospital was hunting patient with therapy nets.

A piece of cheese was the company of the old street cat in Shahr-dari Square<sup>83</sup>.

The bush of sigh was growing to the sky  
And the ill-humored time was spreading the atmosphere.

Suddenly, a narrow alley which had been overwhelmed by the deluge of poem  
Appeared in the forehead of Gilan Rural Heritage Museum<sup>84</sup>.

The twigs became full-hearted by the surge of buds  
And the tourists are amazed by the colorful stalls of Rasht Grand Bazaar<sup>85</sup>.  
The images brought the fragrance of apple and the lines  
Were deep in thought of flight.

There was a soft nest made of white blossoms and  
Laughing chicks of poems.  
How weird was the dream!

June 15, 2017

<sup>83</sup> Shahr-dari Square: This square is in the center of some historical monuments (Clock Tower, The Post Building, Iran Hotel, and The City Hall).

<sup>84</sup> Gilan Rural Heritage Museum: It is an eco-museum located in Saravan Park. Displaying the culture, handicrafts, the lifestyle of the people, architecture, costumes, and local music of villages, it serves local food and drinks.

<sup>85</sup> Rasht Grand Bazaar: Suitable place for selecting souvenirs and local fruits and pickles, it is one of the most traditional bazaars in Iran.

## Peaceful Breeze

If a day your look picked a leafless barb bush up in my flowerless garden,

What would you say?

If a day my look picked a lifeless twig up in your deserted garden,

An agony would root in the allegories of my attention,

Dudsagar Falls <sup>86</sup>would sing sorrowful song,

Idukki<sup>87</sup> would lose its lush,

Cubbon Park <sup>88</sup>would go pale,

And a lively winged lyric would grow in my heart to find you in Hyderabad<sup>89</sup>.

I would gift the foliage of the lyric to your flower garden,

A fondness fountain would flow from Wayanad<sup>90</sup> in Kerala,

And a peaceful breeze would waltz among Bauhinia<sup>91</sup> and Saraca Asoca <sup>92</sup>trees in our meeting garden.

Alas, my searcher look did not see you again.

And the desire of seeing you ascended to the highest hut of memoirs.

The vibrant verdures of drumstick trees reflect our memory.

They know there is a far distance between our lips

While you live in my moments.

I did not see you again and the pen-feather

<sup>86</sup> Dudhsagar Falls: Coming from Mandovi river, these waterfalls are in the state of Goa, India.

<sup>87</sup> Idukki: The famous district for flowers, Anamudi mountain, and Eravikulam Park in India.

<sup>88</sup> Cubbon Park: A historical and must-see park in the center of Bengaluru city in India.

<sup>89</sup> Hyderabad: Located in the center of Telangana state of India, It is called the city of pearls for the main dealing of pearls done in this area.

<sup>90</sup> Wayanad: Known for its spectacular waterfalls, birds, flowers, faunas, it is a National Park in the north-east of Kerala state in India.

<sup>91</sup> Bauhinia Tree: It is used for the treatment of various diseases.

<sup>92</sup> Saraca Asoca Tree: A spiritual tree respected for a belief that Buddha was born under this amazing plant. It symbolizes love and it means the remover of grief.

Of desires was vaporized in the despair of the afternoon cater-closet.  
However, it is flourishing to see you even for a moment.  
It devastates me when you disappear from my full  
Concentration for a second.  
How bright you are, my bloodshed-red anemone!  
How dim and displaced it is to be without you in the real cage of the walls  
And with you in the flushed diamonds of the fantasy!  
How winsome and warm you are under the sprinkling of light under Karnataka tree twigs!  
How sickening it is to be in the mirages of merger!  
How tempestuous you are, my released river!  
How impatient you are, my noiseless thunder!  
And how windy is the note of your leaves!  
Will I see a day when your hand is the comb of my head  
And your nurturance is the lodging of my eyes?  
Will I see a day when Banyan tree <sup>93</sup>narrates our peculiar story  
For Passerines<sup>94</sup> and they submit it to Garuda<sup>95</sup>.

July 7, 2020

### **The Canopy**

You have taken a marble-formed moonlight shower  
And washed your mind with the breeze of the cerulean calm clouds

<sup>93</sup> Banyan Tree: It is mentioned that Buddha gained enlightenment by meditating under this tree for 7 days. It designated growth and self-awareness.

<sup>94</sup> Passerines: Sparrows and small birds.

<sup>95</sup> Garuda: It is a legendary deity in Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism. It is a hybrid species having the beak, wings, and talons of bird and the body of human. It represents the vehicle of the god Vishnu or Narayana and the divine strength.



Pacifying your heart's harp melody.  
You wear new pale green leaves every spring Like the Khanikan Forest <sup>96</sup>and  
Cover your silvery-white bark that looks taller than those of your folk.  
Blue lilies spread an exquisite soft carpet under your feet.  
The prying rays of the sun penetrate your lengthy leaves  
And remove the fatigue from your shiny shell-like cheeks.  
The Hyrcanian forests'<sup>97</sup> breeze blows your long branchy shawl from time to time  
And resets your hairstyle.  
Woodpecker is pedicuring your branded bark  
And drizzle is polishing your leaves lustrous color.  
You are a lucky silver birch tree in the Fian Forest Park far away from Chalus<sup>98</sup> city.  
Stealing your leaves, bark, and fruits for medicine,  
Some humans are more hazardous predators than beavers and porcupines.  
In spite of the fact that humans do not know how to prevent the harmful effects  
Of some medicine they make, they insist on invasion.  
Your male and female flowers attract children's attention in winter and spring  
And your saps call hummingbirds.  
You invite swallows from Tange Daar<sup>99</sup> and Tange Narenj Ben<sup>100</sup>  
for afternoon insects, seeds, buds, and catkins.  
Innet is also attracted to your seeds and tall branches.  
Its voice reminds people a strange familiar flute.

<sup>96</sup> The Khanikan Forest: It is located in the south of Noshahr and Chalus cities.

<sup>97</sup> The Hyrcanian Forests: An area of forests including 55,000 square kilometers alongside of the shores of the Caspian Sea in Iran and Azerbaijan.

<sup>98</sup> Chalus: It is in Mazandaran Province between the Caspian Sea to the north and to Tehran in the south.

<sup>99</sup> Tange Daar: It is a nice canyon located in the south of Noshahr city. The scenery of the mountains, the forests and the Kirkrod river has made a must- see attraction.

<sup>100</sup> Tange Narenj Ben: A fantastic canyon between Noshahr and Sisangan forest.

Its scent sounds like the perfume of morning's shirt.

Its gaze follows the angles of your eyelashes-like leaves.

Is it a domesticated bird of your branches type?

You ask yourself.

It intends to nestle on your tall shoulder and rests under

The canopy of your triangular leaves.

A nimble wind blows from the north

And wakes the white owl up.

You attempt to hide innet under your green cloak

Until the owl falls asleep again.

Wanderer clouds decide to turn on shower.

You make a flat roof by your tiny twigs for the bird.

Two humans appear to trap the bird by a net and a singer male innet.

Female innet ignores the male innet and its enticing voice.

She tends to eat a new seed called cannabis.

Knowing the danger of net,

You try to drop the snare from your own branch, breaking the branch.

The bird is afraid of the loud noise of the net when it falls and runs away.

Will innet come to visit you again?

Will you live for 100 years like your forefathers

While returning of human hunters is probable?

You ask yourself every day.

May 2, 2002