

Poetry Series

# **Anahita Tahmasbi**

## **- poems -**

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# Anahita Tahmasbi()

# After Midnight

After midnight  
The world seems to scorn me  
The sky in its prime  
Glitters  
The soft moon charms  
The coarse mountains  
The wind through lonely trees  
Whispers  
Earth is at its best  
Every creature is at rest  
And the stars have more peace  
Than me.

Anahita Tahmasbi

# Angels

Angels walk by you  
when you stand  
sing heavenly  
when you smile  
watching you  
I know  
existing has ended  
livings just begun.

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# Death Is A Classroom

Death is a classroom  
A corpse, the teacher  
The living, students  
The lesson taught  
Is written  
In an ever quivering hand  
On the edges of the soul  
Till The bells ring  
Class is dismissed  
And the playground of life  
Calls once more

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# Happiness

Happiness is not a gift  
It is bought and sold  
Inconsistent  
It may be taken  
Stolen  
Lost

Pain is yours  
Loyally  
You earn it  
With feeling  
You keep it  
With heart  
It will remain purely yours  
Forever.

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# Infinite

Shelter me  
In your arms;  
Like an injured bird  
Let me live my hours there  
By your heart  
Till each breath is for you  
Each heart beat for your smile  
And eternity grows jealous

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# Life

Life is a film  
Produced by nature  
Directed by fate  
And you the star  
Gradually learn the script  
Tragedy, comedy, horror  
You learn your part  
the credits roll on  
And death leaves the theatre  
Satisfied

Anahita Tahmasbi



# Misery

When misery attacks  
Surrender your heart  
Let the darkness  
Invade your soul  
And grayness  
The world  
Till your black in thought  
And endless in depth  
And the world  
Is a horrific candy land  
Shallow and meaningless

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# The Fall Of The Autumn Leaf

The autumn leaf  
falls so gracefully  
happy to have been green once  
glad now to be free  
many storms it has known  
many sunny days it has seen  
but now its time to let it all go  
and it does so, beautifully

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# The Red Sunset

After the red sunset  
An eerie darkness ensues  
Blood is no longer  
Red  
Life no longer  
A miracle  
East and west unite  
In pain  
And the conscience whispers to each soul  
Ego, is the enemy

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# You Are Most Beautiful When You Hurt

You are most beautiful  
When you hurt  
When your eyes fight back the tears  
When your heart moans pathetically  
When you cannot confront your fears

You are most beautiful  
When you hurt  
When you plunge in the infinite darkness of  
Loneliness  
And your existence is invaded by  
Hopelessness  
And you become a tormented dark thing

You are most beautiful  
When you hurt  
When you float in the grey depths of sadness  
Like a lost creature  
Rich in feeling  
Beautiful!

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