

## Poetry Series

# Anahita Tahmasbi

- poems -

**Publication Date:**

November 2009

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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## **Death Is A Classroom**

Death is a classroom  
A corpe, 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

Anahita Tahmasbi

## **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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## **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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