Poetry Series

Sima Farshid

- 3 poems -

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Everlasting Giants

From the moment you learn
To say Dad,
A lot of giants stand against you.

How they're alive,
You're never told.
Thinking of them,
Not your right.
Merely obey to the end of time.

Everlasting giants are always there.
Unlike those of romances,
No hero defeats them.
Fighting with them is futile.

But after some years,
A miracle happens;
Old enemies begin to speak
By your own tongue.

They never forsake you!

Sima Farshid

The Deadly Sin

On a hot July day,
The sun blazed steadily;
Parched flowers pleaded
The merciful rain.
And I, heated,
Breathed stiffly.

Then a fair breeze blew up,
Holding out an amity note,
Sent by a dear soul.

Pleased with that breeze,
Wished I to seal
My affection on his cheeks.

In the twinkling of an eye,
All my ancestors
Began to march before me,
Shouting: “How dare you?
It’s a sin, a deadly one.”

Sima Farshid

The Eternal Cross

Knows only God
How heavy is my cross;
Crucified before Christ.

With Eve’s ears I heard
How Cain killed Abel.
And with Mary’s eyes I beheld
How Jesus was tortured.

My father sacrificed me
In the Trojan War for victory.
And Nero burnt others and me
In a big fire so cruelly.
We turned into ashes,
He played his fiddle!

My cousins murdered my brothers
Callously in Crusades.
And Mongols’ horses
Trampled upon my sisters.

I’m doomed by my own race
To carry that cross night and day.

Sima Farshid