

Poetry Series

**Mostafa Didar**  
**- poems -**

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# Mostafa Didar()

## 24

Brewed in socially engineered incubators,  
The technical marvels,  
the fittest species  
Gifted with consciousness  
Alpha Alpha Alpha!

The pissings and the hissings,  
The tang of broken bones  
and disappointment  
in your tea-cup perfectly  
placed beside  
two unevenly poached eggs.

The morning newspapers  
containing glory of all things  
bought, sold and traded  
for a life,  
for a laugh,  
for someone losing their self-regard  
to afford child support or life.

The noise that keeps you awake  
let it be seashores  
or the sound of bullets  
rounding off at  
seventeen hundred miles per hour  
and your snore.

The times you're alone  
when your mirrors stop answering  
to the smiles for everyone  
you've been drawing lately.

But the mirrors refuse to answer  
because maybe  
you've been doing it all wrong.  
And you turn off the light to realize  
how dark and lonely it is.

Because you're not afraid to die,  
You're afraid to live.

And you know when I look at you,  
I see right through you,  
For all of your victories,  
And all of your sins.  
For the ninety-secondth time  
you've been thinking of killing yourself,  
because you were too afraid of your sexuality,  
because you've felt insecure in your skin,  
and your inability to finish  
the sentence with a broken accent  
when you wanted to talk about Gods  
and the worms in your gut.

Can't you see,  
If I can see,  
If all you have  
are your Sundays or Fridays,  
why do you think of the other six  
so differently?

Why can't you just be?  
Count how many airplanes  
take off in a minute,  
and see,  
how the Sun sets  
differently  
in July.  
And say your goodbyes to  
Twenty-Three.

Mostafa Didar

# The Box

I have a box, as big enough as me.  
A little brown, a little blue.  
A little worn out, strange looking box.

A box without any windows.  
A box with dim lights and a bright corner.  
A pretty big box.

I took it out one day,  
Carried it to the top of a hill,  
And kept it there for days.

Maybe it was a little too big,  
But I needed that box.

In the rain, In the sun,  
It would soak and dry.  
It was a little worn out,  
I worry about it sometimes  
I wonder how it's doing.

But worrying never helped anyone.  
So I went up there once again  
I shivered and wondered how worn out it was.  
I went all the way to the top,  
And saw the box was gone.

Who could want that box?  
A worn out, big box.  
Why would someone go through the pain?

I miss the box.  
Maybe it's all I wanted.  
Maybe I took it for granted.

A big ugly box.  
Without any windows.



# Zero Point Five

In a world where they've asked me to be a one or a zero,  
I've decided to be a Zero point Five.

There's nothing pleasant about being a zero point five.  
The lingering pain of always having a denominator makes my back ache.

There's no comfort in being a half.  
Equal parts of me are always at a constant tug of war of becoming wholes.  
The mind wants to know,  
The soul wants to fill,  
But not even Sirius or Canopus,  
The brightest of stars have enough fuel to feed,  
As they too will eventually die someday.

Nothing good ever happened from being a half,  
Like an In-between Yes or No,  
Or the times you wanted to be and not be,  
Was that the question?

Like being entangled in a quantum paradox,  
Equal parts dead and alive,  
Like the cat in the box and  
Radioactive Isotopes.

I've tried calling,  
The phone rang and went straight to voicemail.  
And there was no one behind the answering machine.

Somewhere between being the Alpha and the Omega,  
I forgot to be myself again.

By the time I realized, the purpose of being a zero point five,  
I will have already lived,  
A life, with dogs, and kids, a lovely lady  
To bathe with me, maybe.

Whether it was Right or Wrong,  
and Good or Bad,  
Or Fair or Unfair,

There was no point in being a half.  
But why do they even call it Zero Point Five  
I wondered.

But men invented the alphabet.  
We could call ourselves anything we wanted.  
It just wasn't fun anymore.

~ Zero Point Five by Mostafa Didar.

Picture captured by Mostafa Didar.

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