

Poetry Series

**Rosa Jamali**  
**- poems -**



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## Rosa Jamali(1977)

Rosa Jamali is an acclaimed Iranian poet with numerous published books. Her poetry has been acknowledged by many scholars as the most influential and pioneering pieces written in Persian since the 90s.

She studied Dramatic Literature at the Art University of Tehran and later obtained her master's degree in English Literature from Tehran University. Her groundbreaking debut collection of poems, *THIS DEAD BODY IS NOT AN APPLE, IT'S EITHER A CUCUMBER OR A PEAR*; was published in 1997 and marked a pioneering and influential voice in Persian poetry, introducing new landscapes. Embedded in broken syntax and word plays, the text describes a surreal world in which words have lost their meanings and have become jumbled objects within everyday life. Her creative style brings forth alternative possibilities to the Persian tradition of poetry. The title poem is innovative and tricky, containing word plays with the meaning of objects, where the linguistic signifiers don't align with the signified. The speaker of the poems adopts a sarcastic tone when it comes to the banality of set phrases, dead metaphors, and collocations.

*MAKING A FACE*, with its stream-of-consciousness narrative poems, merges different registers and explores the possibilities of language poetry. The poet adopts a metric pattern from classical Persian poetry, blending it with the natural cadence of speech. The poem juxtaposes long and short sentences and employs satire when alluding to the classics.

Her seminal work; *MAKING COFFEE TO RUN A CRIME STORY* is a re-reading of male-dominated classic love-hate poems, presented in a polyphonic dramatic structure. It creates a post-modern narrative and focuses on misogyny and violence against women. The style is fragmentary, with frequent changes in perspective and tone depending on each episode's persona. The narrative techniques blend different genres, such as scriptwriting, storytelling, folk plays, mourning passion pageant plays, stand-up performances, performance poetry, and old epics. The refrains and chorus recall Greek drama, featuring characters like Antigone or Medea who defy the male-dominated society of ancient Greece. The poem also engages with the portrayal of women in Sadeqh Hedayat's literature, particularly the chopped-off woman in *The Blind Owl*; a major novella in contemporary Persian literature known for its critical attitude towards women. Some parts of Jamali's poem are narrated from the perspective of this very chopped-off woman.

In an interview, she elaborates on this long poem: 'There are lots of stories every

day in the news about women who have been killed in prejudiced communities in rural and marginalized places of Iran, and they have been victims of a crime...'; She adds: 'I've also been inspired by the lives of women in the past who have been killed because they wanted to write or tell a story, like the first female poet in Persian, Rabia Balkhi, who was killed by her brother for writing love poetry...'; The poem contains frequent references to the Old Testament, mythological characters, and events.

DATING NOAH'S SON is an inner journey to the past.

THE HOURGLASS IS FAST ASLEEP has been mentioned for blending present-day settings and language with the ancient past. While the words are from day-to-day life, the mindset is one that has already existed. It is close to the Persian Transcendentalists' mentality, like Shihab al-Din Suhrawardi. The book brings up the philosophy of illumination to illustrate existence and considers a kind of cosmology in which all creations have taken their existence from the light of lights. It portrays a kind of unification with the universe. In this book, she writes about death and love and asks many existential questions.

The poem THE ANGLES OF THE FRAME is a revival of Omar Khayyam's themes and style. The speaker of the poem takes a skeptical point of view to question life and death. Scholars discuss her works' mythological references through the birth and rebirth cycle, vegetation deity, and archetypal patterns. Poems like THE WHALE and THE LIGHTHOUSE are analyzed for their mythological connotations.

In HIGHWAYS BLOCKED she creates layers of intertextuality with Persian classics. Her works have always been strictly concerned with forms and conscious of styles in poetics, digressing between various literary styles and traditions. She implements intense insightful abstract imagery, inspired by the visionary writings of classics that are often written in improvisation.

HERE GRAVITY IS LESS explores hidden psychological aspects of the human soul in a creative mood.

GMT is one of her poems read in Postcolonial approach and discusses the wars of Middle East.

MY ROOTS and lots of her other poems are read in ecofeminism as environmentally-friendly poetry.

THIS IS NOT A PERSIAN SCRIPT, her recent book, narrates historical events in a critical mood and chronicles the life of a nation throughout time.

Many of her poems have been translated into English by herself.

She has also written a number of poetry reviews, critical articles, and scholarly essays. In an article on Ahmad Shamlou, a prominent Iranian contemporary poet, she writes:

Shamlou is a part of our cultural heritage, but we are from a different generation, so we have to criticize the past:

1. Shamlou's poetry is political speech.
2. The rhythm he creates in his poetry comes from fragmenting phrases, which cannot be real music. On the other hand, he applies the classical kind of rhythm, which is not used in modern literature.
3. The archaic style he applies can't convey today's life throughout the poetry.
4. In his love poems, he describes his lover as a nurse, mother, or paragon of patience, which cannot be practical in real life. The portrait of women in Shamlou's poetry is narrated from a male-dominated point of view.
5. He applies the eloquence of 11th-century prose, which sounds obsolete and old-fashioned now.

Rosa Jamali's poems have been translated into various languages: English, French, German, Swedish, Turkish, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Arabic, Kurdish, Hebrew, Hindi, Bengali, Vietnamese, Urdu, Czech, Slovenian, Esperanto, and more. Among her translators are the distinguished Rumi Scholar, Franklin Lewis, and the British acclaimed poet and prominent scholar of *THE BOOK OF KINGS*, Dick Davis.

She has also translated a number of world poets into Persian. Among them are William Butler Yeats, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Dorothy Parker, Sylvia Plath, Emma Lazarus, Ted Hughes, Adrienne Rich, Allen Ginsberg, Roger McGough, Louise Gluck, Hilda Doolittle, Edith Sitwell, T.S. Eliot, and William Shakespeare.

*THE SHADOW* is a play by Rosa Jamali. The police are looking for a murderer, a woman who has supposedly killed her husband. Later, the police find eleven women who are quite alike. The setting is a room. Two women, dressed in black and covering their hair with black headscarves, confront each other in one spot. They were born on the same day and share the same name. They both married a man named Parviz.

A challenge of identity forces them to kill each other. In the last scene, a third woman, identical to the previous two, enters the same room and finds a piece of paper which says: 'The police have arrested 13 women who are quite alike, but two have been found dead.'

Regarding the issues of women in Iran, *THE SHADOW* questions polygamy, which is quite prevalent and legal, and intensifies women's obstacles in society. The play happens in a metaphoric setting of a house and puts doubt on cliché roles of women endorsed by the society: housemaker, cook, babysitter, beauty queen and so.... 'Women against Women' is a frequent attitude taken by the male-dominated society to suppress them. In terms of style, the play diverges between different genres and can be categorized as absurd, tragicomedy, or crime.

The English translation of Ghazaleh Alizadeh's novel *THE HOUSE OF THE EDRISIS* is among her other works.

Jamali has participated in many poetry festivals and literary events worldwide:

2006: Rotterdam the Netherlands, Poetry recitation and talk.

2013: Gothenburg poetry festival, she recited her poetry and delivered a lecture on the image of contemporary Iranian women in Literature in Pen Stockholm.

2014: A guest poet in different Persian study centers in the United States like Chicago University, Colombia University, Iranica Centre, UCLA, University of Arkansas, Maryland university, George Washington University, Library of Congress, and...

Acknowledged as an alumnus of *WORLD LEARNING* by State Department.

2015: Poetry Reading and talk on *IRAN IN WRITING* at the British Library following a Panel Discussion with Ahamad Karimi Hakkak; a prominent Persian Literature Scholar and Daljit Nagra; British acclaimed Poet

2016: Poetry reading and talk on Poetry and Ecology on Persian Poetry, invited by Green India Organization

2017: Talk on Post-revolutionary Persian Poetry, St. Andrews University Scotland

2019: India's Asian Biennial of poetry

2020: Kosovo International festival

2022: Medellin Poetry Festival of Colombia

She is a poetry Judge in so many poetry awards inside the country. Rosa Jamali's works have been subject of numerous University thesis and Scholarly articles in Persian.

Rosa Jamali's Works:

Poetry:

- This Dead Body is not an Apple, it's either a Cucumber or a Pear,1997
- Making a Face,1978
- Making Coffee to Run a Crime story,2002
- The Hourglass is Fast Asleep,2011
- Highways Blocked,2015
- Here Gravity is Less,2019
- This is not a Persian Script,2023

Plays:

- The Shadow, Premiered 2014

Translations into Persian:

- Sailing to Byzantium,  
Selected poems of William Butler Yeats
- Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow (a selection) ,  
William Shakespeare
- Edge, An anthology of English Poetry in Persian  
(Ted Hughes, Ezra Pound, Sylvia Plath, Hilda Doolittle, Emily Dickinson, Adrienne Rich, Stevie Smith, Allen Ginsberg, T.S. Eliot, Joseph Brodsky, Rupert Brooke, Edith Sitwell, Robert Frost, Louise Gluck, Emma Lazarus, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Sudeep Sen, Roger McGough, Walt Whitman and many others...)
- Tulips, Ten Female Poets in English  
(Natasha Trethewey, Solmaz Sharif, Louise Gluck, Emma Lazarus, Sylvia Plath, Hilda Doolittle, Emily Dickinson, Adrienne Rich, Stevie Smith, Edith Sitwell)
- The Wild Iris, Selected Poems of Louise Gluck

- A Certain Lady, Selected Short stories and Poems, Dorothy Parker
- Words, Selected Poems, Sylvia Plath
- The Fir Tree, Hans Christian Andersen
- Sand and Time, Selected Poems of Amir Or
- Congo Boy, an African Folk Tale; retold by Mollie Clarke

#### Translations into English:

- The House of The Edrisis; Ghazaleh Alizadeh, translation from original Persian into English

#### Essays:

- Revelations in the Wind (A Discussion on Poetics of Persian Poetry)

#### SOURCE:

Iran's National Library: <https://opac.nlai.ir>  
Wikipedia

# The Lighthouse

The Lighthouse

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Lying on one side

I was moving the oceans one by one with my feet

It is the same flaming tropic that passes through my waist every few moments,

The same blaze fire that's painting all the tropical zones on my body;

All those Wild tribes,

The Canary coasts,

And the equator!

Where did you draw the Arctic ocean?

A pile of my hair are dark palm trees

My eyebrows are the command of the North Wind

My hands are the sails of the Atlantic

My eyes; the lighthouse

My lips trenches of the seabed...

Rosa Jamali



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# The Whale

The Whale

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

There's a big whale I've put into sleep  
I've thrown its giant body into the ocean  
And trespassed all the boundaries of the earth.

Here's the skeleton crusting over my spinal cord  
Over the seas in my bed chamber  
And the seaweeds loyal to my hair  
Wrapped in my hair the wildest horse of the earth is galloping  
Despite the snakes are inevitably growing over my shoulders

His horses have trespassed my dreams  
I've been running on the waters of his gulf for years  
Somewhere in the corner of a seashore  
The snakes are drowned and dead  
The shadow of that skeleton is left on the wall after all

I'm the wildest horse of the world  
For I've slept with a whale  
And I've been whirling into the west winds  
For I've sailed over the dreams of a whale  
And I've crossed the silk road  
And I've resided on the waters of his Gulf  
Like the World's Bride.

Here's coming the Bride of the World  
Coming to conquer the world  
With one hand encompassing the earth  
And her horses commanding...

For I was abundant waters of the earth!

Rosa Jamali

# The Forbidden City

The Forbidden City

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

When I was leaving the city,  
From the grey mass stockpiles of cats which are hanging on the parks,  
From the stinky smell of the leftovers and rubbish and dirt in the kitchen  
It's been about a year nobody has lifted it  
With an unusual smell  
The pavements are overcrowded with passers-by  
The black washing hanging  
And dizzy dumb people who have been pressed into each other in each move  
With a strike  
And vertigo  
When the door is closed in a rush  
Your finger has been stuck halfway through  
And it has been bruised badly  
When they are all pushing and swarming into the underground station  
And a continuous buzz...

From Martyrs of Zarrabkhaneh bridge  
And Martyrs of Pasdaran  
And unknown Martyrs of the city  
And Martyrs of the 28th of Tir  
And Martyrs of the 8th of Tir  
And the 20th of Aban  
And Martyrs of the 9th of Bahman  
And Martyrs of the 8th of Esfand.

I'm leaving the city...

The station is bursting with slack cements and concrete and my handsfree is not  
passing the noise,  
I've been transforming to the buzzing alarms of Highways  
This humming sound which is gloriously disintegrating  
It's handsfree that doesn't transmit your voice  
And the dust,

And the dust.

I've turned to the remains of the germs which is flying over the helicopters and floating in the air

And this is me!

The city!

This beloved destruction which is coated in charcoal

In petroleum smell and flip tops

Motor oil and the lining

This Beloved darkening destruction Coated in lead

Deconstructed at the Highway Bridges of Sadr which never ends

"What?

I don't hear that!

What are you saying?

Say it louder! "

Bulldozers line is not going to end

It's been hours that traffic has turned you to a miserable cockroach.

I reached you at the conjunction

You turned into right

I turned into left.

The underground railway

And the trains

Missing minerals in my body including silicone and co

Which has been found in a mine in the North East of the country

Railways are restricted

Railways are restricted

Railways are restricted

And we'll never join.

Highways are blocked?

Here we go!

Metal tool

Wooden Arrow

Frozen bench

Eyebrow pencil

Lotion

Sunscreen!

My lip lines are not correct  
Why is it so?

It's been some days that my computer hasn't received anything  
Everything has been wrecking badly  
From the roundabout in the North West of city to my lipstick all  
Which has been glued on my face  
And it has emerged into my beauty that means it will never break up!

It's going on  
And it's been hours that it's going on  
It's been hours...

I estimated the temperature of the city  
Then I went to the lab  
The tests say  
There is something missing in my body  
No anti-oxidant particle is floating skin-deep on my surface

Me. the City. Me  
The city. Me. The city  
The city. The city. The city  
And me.

I won't be contaminated by this air  
I've turned to onion peels and I'm ready to cry  
Ready for the earthquakes  
And regular accidents  
When the bumper is crushed  
And the engine is not working  
Fixing the body  
And fighting  
And letting it pass  
And getting to the final point.

Destruction accomplished?

At this very moment the embryo dies  
I'll put a uniform on the city  
To send him to school tomorrow

Why doesn't he listen to me?

I'm a handicapped  
And in my ears deaf!

They've dislodged pebbles and salt rock in the alleys

When we get to the street at the end of the bridge  
We are happy again  
And you're like pomegranate seeds shedding inside me

You see how he shivers  
His nostrils tremble  
You see how he had a crush on me  
Moron!

And shopping plastics  
Which cannot be displaced on the counters  
I cannot count the odd numbers

Now I'm going to spare my whole time on computer games  
It's one of those games where you build a house and make a city

The Third Millennium has just fallen over us...

I wish I could make a city one more time  
In this domain of games  
And then a house  
For my son  
That is not born yet  
And then I'll tell him  
Where I have lived.

Rosa Jamali

# This Dead Body Is Not An Apple; It's Either A Cucumber Or A Pear

This Dead Body is not an Apple; it's either a Cucumber or a Pear  
(Elegy for a Dead Apple)

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

We are mourning but the apple is a cucumber

We are praying

And the apple stops being red.

There are some forks and a platter

And we are peeling the potatoes.

'Enjoy!

My fingers and preserved peach.'

That's how I serve my beloved guests.

We are expecting the apple's death

But the apple is not going to die

We are yawning

Beating the apple

Scratching the apple peel

And extracting the black kernels.

'It's good for cough! '

'You are dying in your black kernels, apple!

You are not suffering

You are dying with no trouble, apple!

Do your last rites, apple! '

This Dead Body is not an Apple; it's either a Cucumber or a Pear.

Rosa Jamali

# The Only Resident Of This House Is A Gloomy Hawk

The Only Resident of this House is a Gloomy Hawk

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

I'm harbored in the quarter of this roundabout  
Where my red cells flee  
When my memories  
All cleared!  
I wasn't meant to live on  
And my being is on sale now!

It was a man  
Heavy  
On my eyelids.

No, it won't be over  
All the mirrors show me the same  
They shut the door on me  
And caged me in!

Short-handed and barefoot  
The day is just in vain!

But on the other side of the roundabout  
A stone's falling down into the river...

\*\*\*

That parting memory  
Is still running in my dreams  
I wish you'd sung me a lullaby!

It's no fancy and I'm not walking on the clouds  
They have stolen a fragment of my life  
And I'm wounded!  
Nobody is aware of that!

Look!  
How they drizzle salt on that large basin.

The days are infected  
And you've taken my pulse  
And I'm a memory joined to your veins.

Lonely and parted  
I'm not going to listen even if you play on the drum!

The only resident of this house is the gloomy hawk.

Rosa Jamali



# Green Plums

Green Plums

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

I was just born as green plums  
I was just meant to be a flavor  
I was just born to be in the world's palate.

I was needed to be born!

Rosa Jamali



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# Tehran Dying In My Arms

Tehran Dying in my Arms

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Tehran in my arms  
Just as she's dying  
Is an aged cow  
Which is roaring  
Yet tamed and dull  
Scouring her body against my hair.  
The following day,  
She would transform to a carcass  
And the street-sweeper would collect her.

I'm harboring in another quarter of this city now  
There's a she dog recoiling here...

And I shall find a spot for my own dead body.

Rosa Jamali

# Like A Hanged Pitcher

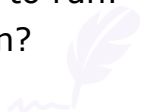
Like a hanged Pitcher

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Like a hanged pitcher,  
No drink is pouring off me  
It's natural to get numbed gradually.

Pig-headed seashells!  
This boasting sky,  
Is an anchor  
which has fallen on my lap  
This dizzy sky!  
The moon's been cleared  
A shadow's coming after me  
Barefooted on my dreams  
You used to run!  
Was it fun?



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Not a single blood vessel of mine is disconnected from this land  
And I won't drop!

Like a hanged pitcher  
Joyful of this sky  
One day a huge whale swallowed it as a whole.

And when it was too late you waved me Goodbye!

Like a hanged pitcher,  
It's so simple!  
I lost the game  
And gambled away...

Rosa Jamali

# Suppose That I'm Inevitable

Suppose that I'm Inevitable

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Suppose that I'm inevitable

Even the blood vessels of my hand

Cross you out from the drafts.

Dead hair would stop growing once!

On soothing nails

The breeze

Which is not from the sky

Is embedded

And my hand's veins are running out of blood

No pulse beat!

Spinning along the extension

Dead chipped yellowish fingers

Never hair grows endlessly

But this is the second happening!

My creation was not done thoroughly

When I was born.

All veins of my neck testify.

Even If my ten hot fingers

Tie to your broken breath binding

There will just be dead-end alleys

All will be erased.

Rosa Jamali

# The Calendar

The Calendar

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

It's five o'clock in the afternoon and I've been whirling into the days  
The same staff that I split the air by that, time and happenings as well!  
Sailing the past  
Turning through the prism which has been spinning you in the last two centuries  
I have the same dazzling eyes fixed on the clock since one thousand five hundred  
years ago  
Sewed my eyes to my bleak days  
To Calendar's postscript  
And Ten centuries' appendix.

And the other day  
You embraced me in the heaven  
Reordered the calendar.

I'm holding the calendar tightly with my fingers to make a pause

We two with this staff split the time  
We blocked the time to a standstill minute  
We two made a journey beyond the time  
And never-ending days!  
No!  
It won't be over!

That moment was just some seconds ago  
And the world was defined to me yesterday!

Rosa Jamali

# Making Coffee To Run A Crime Story

Making Coffee to Run a Crime Story

A long Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated From Original Persian into English by the Author

PRELUDE:

There's nothing to do with a knife  
When a blind housebreaker's wandering around  
There's nothing to do with a knife!

The burglar alarm didn't ring  
The sewing thimbles couldn't help the seamstress  
When they climbed over the walls of the house  
We were blind and deeply asleep.

(Your mind didn't work  
Just you knew the alphabet and multiplication table  
Huge digits  
And how could you figure them out...)

FIRST TAKE:

My hair was appearing out of my scarf  
They said the lady knows the shapes of the dishes quite well  
All her buttons were slipping down restlessly  
Her heart topsy-turvy like the reversed Persian number 5.

Have you stolen my dreams in a reversed turning?

My first love poem? You forgot...  
Your password? I forgot...  
First word I ever said? You forgot...  
Even my ID? I forgot...

Tell me the truth, have you stolen my name?

SECOND TAKE:

I've sheltered in evading eye-lids

Are you going to finish that?  
I had buried a treasure in this ground  
The plane took away a piece of the ground.

Windows hiding in transition  
Are the last photos of this ground  
Pity that your blood vessels were our clues!

You asked my hands which denied you  
It's a pity you're not here;  
Or some pieces of this ground have departed you.

\*\*\*

On an old chair  
Your wrong direction has created a chaos in the world  
I've brewed some coffee to continue this crime story  
I'm done  
And the timbers in the fireplace are wet  
All the winds are blowing over my ears badly  
There's no trust in snowdrops  
Ask the trees that are my witness in this crime  
I've buried a piece of my parting memory  
Underneath those trees.

Have I uprooted all those trees?

I emphasize:  
Your nerves are lower than this  
And disguise doesn't prove the frostbite of anything  
Was it my sin?  
Or my dreams are not the type of your blood!

Those who stormed into my nightmares  
Didn't know that was just a dream in disguise.

I announce your death as I tell the truth on this piece of paper  
And your fingerprints which are my witness in this crime  
How can I disclose this secret?

The woman's thimbles and sewing stuff were frozen  
When they were climbing over the walls of the house...

I'm the narrator and soon a part of the crime,  
I tied your destiny to an aged tree trunk's ring  
And pulsed the lifeblood of this ground into your veins.

(This is a blood relation of your degenerated revengeful aunt  
Came to take the revenge of her family blood...)

(The narrator who has already committed suicide writes this passage and runs  
away...)

The clue has gone with the wind  
The rest is not clear  
The snow has poured on the fingerprints

Never they can find her hereafter  
She has left all her papers  
And is in a rush!

I swear to God, my mind didn't work anymore  
I missed the narrator who was going to write my death

The answer was a letter in the crossword  
But the crossword was wrong!

Look!  
They've cut this text short, shorter...  
They say the game is over and shoot  
I've said the last letter though

FIRST TAKE:

I'm ready for the dinner  
And ready to play this role  
I remember you well!  
But I'm stumbling over my long pitch-black skirt which trips around my legs  
while dancing

SECOND TAKE:

To the memory you've lost  
You've stolen my name  
You act my role very well  
You bewitched my hair, braids of my hair, part by part!



Shoot Me!

You ruled my bewitched hair, strand by strand!

WEEKLY REPORT:

Once a week,  
He came to my dreams in a nightmare  
It was a rumor  
That he's crossed the borders of the house  
And stepping over the walls.

I didn't care  
But his shadow was haunting me  
How could I reveal his identity?  
How did he know my bedtime?

He lets himself in  
Right inside the house yard  
He who has helplessly sheltered behind the curtains  
On the light of a day  
The trees are the ones who confess.

Somebody who was never in my life  
Didn't know anything about the pieces of chess  
Oh, dear!  
You knew nothing about this black and white photo  
It was clear though  
See how he crucified me!  
I had one nail less than the cross!

For three times a week he climbs up the walls of the house  
And he is not worried  
For the door-keeper is blind.

What have I done?

How could I erase you from four corners of the house?

It's darkening painfully on my nerves.

A SHORTCUT TO AN UNKNOWN CORNER (THE CRIME I'VE REVEALED) :

By your permission

We clarify this unidentified object

The crime I have revealed

They've sent me to exile to an unknown corner

And there's no way to the underground.

Say it, admit it, confess!

I was born on the day you touched my grave-clothes

My hobby was always a dark loophole

My ID was a sheet of my sister's ID

They estimate the gravity force of the instant a stone doesn't sink.

Say it, admit it, confess:

The crime I have revealed!

THE CRIME I HAVE REVEALED:

All right!

I don't know whether it's four o'clock in the afternoon or five

Whether it's a Thursday or Friday

It's October or November

Winter or autumn? !

Minutes are forbidden

I've committed a sin

This is not the first time

This is not the last time

It's the one- thousandth time they held me in a dungeon

I've got thirty seconds left

My shadow has followed your shadow for years  
My hair has turned into a spider web  
Mass of seaweeds surrounded my fingers  
I never look at your eyes straightly  
You've been spilling this cold milk over my bones  
You've targeted the center of my eyes by constant shooting  
It's been thirty-five days since I fell in love with dead bodies  
OK!  
This is an unfinished report!

His eyeballs have been infected and he can no longer breathe  
A sharp pain's penetrating in my breast  
They gave me the blinds' stick to walk  
And looking at the calendar is forbidden  
OK!

There is a woman screaming, to all different sides, her voice is surrounding the sky; diagonal and vertical! One hundred and eighty degrees to the sickle that cuts!

There's a woman screaming over and over, constantly  
There's a woman screaming, some seconds,  
When it falls, it's ninety degrees  
There's a woman screaming, It's twelve o'clock at midnight  
The wheel is complete;  
Three hundred and sixty degrees.

The gun is appearing slightly behind the wall  
Stinky blood is making me insane  
Say it, admit it, confess!  
Heavens going wild,  
The whole universe is a teeny-tiny woman that has been wiped out  
Say it, admit it, confess!

They've exiled me to an unknown corner  
A big stone plunges into the water instantly  
And there is no way to the underground;  
The woman's screaming...  
The woman's screaming...  
The woman's screaming...

ENTR'ACTE FOR A FEW SECONDS:

[At this moment the reader can close the book for a few minutes to drink a little coffee] [This entr'acte has just been written to relax the reader's mind: ]

A murder at the eighth second of this text is going to take place and pending: In case you take the role of the narrator, nobody could play the role of the murderer as I do and I'm the only person who knows this cryptic mystery; which one looks better and fits the plot? Murder with a knife or a cutter?

The murder takes place in room number thirteen and you've got the choice of color for the walls: A crime will happen and nobody could do it as I did. [This is just the beginning of a crime story and your expectation expedites what's coming next, you are the second person in this crime: ]

The thief, the murderer and the detective are the three wings and you are all the cast of this mysterious triangle and the narrator has left the story quietly.

[The police says that you who are reading this text are charged with retelling it as it goes on...] This dead body which has been fragmented to pieces and your bleeding veins are an episode that I've bid to happen!

I confess that I took the cutter and there was just one glass of water on the table at that night.

All those fingerprints on my veins are a vague clue and in case you are the narrator of this crime, the murderer has fled away!

[You will be inside the story if you open the book again...]

EXPOSED PHOTO(NEGATIVE) :

The night I was murdered

Not more than an accident

The night I was murdered

They are spreading the grave-clothes on my eyelids

The night I was murdered

Just an accident

The night I was murdered!

(Even they shoot at my shadow

But this woman won't die even by the curse of God

I've worn the skin of hyaena!)

There was a woman told my fate by reading the tea leaves,  
I was dreading my future  
And I shot the woman dead  
I vanished her shadow.

(And I'm like a clown acting the fortune teller, laugh a little bit please and make  
my blood cold.)

It's late to say goodbye  
My sharp knives are left on your dish  
I've set the dinner on the table  
Ace of spades  
This is the last card of my fortune  
The single shape of my nightmare  
Flat Number night  
This is a mystery I won't disclose  
We have eight seconds to the moment of your death  
I've turned to an iceberg on this far deep ocean  
Clock's hands are marking the crime scene.

The night I was murdered:  
Win or lose, no matter!  
What matters is my veins that are the foretellers of this mysterious ground  
What matters is that you are spellbound the moment my pulse beats  
And the point is that I've knocked a man down  
Hold him here!  
For some seconds, some minutes, some years, some centuries!  
Where can I bury your dead body?

[The Burial of this dead body is forbidden.]

What you breathe in and breathe out  
Are like cracks underground  
Broken like a porcelain dish  
What I breathe in and breathe out!

It's a straight line  
With no beginning and no end!  
A dagger has risen from my held breath  
A labyrinth from my heart's blood vessels  
I've even played my last card  
It's a straight line running on the scratches of my both cheeks

And a grave I've made on my own.

I've become bigger than my grave-clothes.

-The pillow you've put under your head hears my voice  
The third knuckle of a finger of your left hand remembers  
My story started right from Genesis  
It's been shaped and written on your hands!

Nothing Just a few sips of that sticking in the throat wine is left  
Stir me in the wine pain  
No news from that man!

No matter I win or lose!  
What's worth is my veins that are the foretellers of this soil  
What's worth is that I cast you a spell in my pulse  
The point is that I have knocked a man down!  
I've crushed him  
Shoved him to the other side of drainpipes  
And I've shattered him  
Like a waste!

Where can I bury your dead body?

[The Burial of this dead body is forbidden.]

(The woman leans on the crooked window.  
If you command to rain,  
You bid a downpour...)

I'm the touch of soil and the wind intercourse,  
Licking the ground,  
Like the muzzles of a hunting dog, sniffing  
Though I keep away my mind from that aged wolf which is howling:  
They were dancing on desert sands;  
They were dancing on the weeds grown on my grave;  
Where you've grown out of my sighs,  
They were dancing...

Virgin of the Rocks:

The Virgin who's sitting on the rocks is turning to the rocks herself.

No matter I win or lose!  
It's a whale grown out of the land of my teeth  
Rising up to a giant snake dancing with pipe  
I've silenced him!  
There's a curse stretching from the rope of God to my mouth  
Pebbles clotted on the shore  
You never stop begging!

Where shall I bury your dead body?

[The Burial of this dead body is forbidden.]

A Report to the Rocks:

The stones recall: I had buried a piece of paper underneath/ What day was that?  
/I was getting cold/ I burned all my writings/ Carved some lines on the cliff  
/There's a fortune teller always passing here/ That forbidding woman.

(And now I'm acting a clown, imitating her, the sound of your laughter casts off  
the spell...)

The clown: But the ink of my pen reverses what you say, writes the opposites/  
How many times I said leave him but the ink goes to his mind, keeps loving him  
and writes him...

And the trees! /I'm mad at them, each of them and all /Soaring high that never  
give me a piece of sky as my own share / you compelling trees! / Lend me a  
wheel!

I had come here for a pilgrimage and a sacrifice  
But I forgot all!  
From the shrine to the rocks, I've been climbing up the hills  
I wanted to whisper this story to the wind  
Then I transfigured into the rocks!

Over there! / That tree / Recalls a Wednesday/ I had buried some lines  
underneath / And I had written in the footnotes:  
If you find this handwritten paper, you'll die in five days.  
If you don't want to see your mother dies, behead a pigeon...  
If you don't want to see your father dies, bury a sparrow alive...  
If you don't want to see your child dies, bring a dying child here, behead the  
child and let the bleeding nourish the trees...  
Sunset and the nightfall:  
(A night for grief: Light the candles one by one, take the lanterns...)

O' the mountain, you speak,  
If I'm lying, you say something...

Trimming some helpless tales  
And my doomed destiny  
At the end of the day, I've transfigured into the rocks  
I want nothing from you  
A tragic life  
A grave which is the right size of my heart  
And the trees are doing their heavenly prayers...

Are you collecting the frozen skeleton of sunrise?  
It was no more than a battle in a nightmare  
Even the blood in your nightmare had called that off!

Perhaps my shoes are lost in that nightmare  
Or maybe my old shoes are small to my feet...

No matter who wins:  
The important thing is that my blood vessels are the formidable foretellers of this  
soil  
Now I've absorbed all the blood vessels of the earth  
They shoot at my shadow  
But this woman won't die even by the curse of God  
The night I was murdered  
Not more than an accident!  
It was a jack pot  
My fingerprints are left on your walls  
Where shall I bury his dead body?  
The night my murder took place  
No more than an accident!  
They covered my eyelids with the grave-clothes  
The night my murdering took place  
Not more than an accident!  
The night my murder took place!  
LADY X:

LADY X:  
I've pulled out the kitchen knife  
It cuts from both sides



Two forks here  
Dripping from your throat,  
Drop by drop dribbling on the sink  
I've pulled out one of the knives,  
That memory is still constantly running in my veins,  
The person who revealed the origin of your nerves  
After a second shooting slapped into your ears;  
Was me!  
I'm on my edge,  
And the knife is directly targeting my very right eye  
The murder takes place in this street  
It's just in this street that the murder takes place  
I've pulled out one of the knives  
And dragging your nerves  
What a relief was this murder ritual!  
Now that I've chopped him into pieces  
His Identity is unknown!

-On the night of incident;  
Were there two glasses on the table?  
The finger printing of a single hand wouldn't be enough  
The dinner is over!

-There's nobody countering me!  
The cups are dashing jingling and jingling  
How long these bells are ringing and ringing...

[They've omitted a fraction of this line and the narrator is confused with this doomed destiny, her shoe prints have been covered in the snow and they've stolen her fingerprints. The answer was a letter in the crossword, it was made wrong from the first place, they've omitted a fraction of this line and this is not the clue... but there's enough time to drink a cup of coffee...]

Look!  
They've cut this text short,  
Shorter,  
They say: The Game is over  
And shoot.

She has broken up with her shadow  
And dying time is over!  
That loophole is tightening and tightening day by day  
Do not forget the timer!

I'm announcing the last words:

And tomorrow it'll be a dead body corrupting

[This is the last line of a narrative which has been cleared away, erased and removed.]

THE FINGER PRINT:

You said: that's a pity

You're the proof of my death!

I said: She has given me her braided hair

The woman who annuals the death

Wouldn't that be enough?

That you are not awake

And I'm blind!

Is it early to commit suicide?

Have you been involved in that?

Tell him my fingerprints are the proof.

How come that my dress is stained in blood?

I'm dreading it and wearing my black dress,

You're running out of my story step by step

Goodbye!

That you are awake

And I'm blind,

Perfect!

TEA LEAVES:

Once a fortune teller read the tea leaves

Opposite the moon a man committed suicide

Shades of moon haunted the child

Goes on and on with no end.

I shot your shadow.

The fortune teller died.

You had two eyes and left them behind  
And you covered the crow with your headscarf

Coffee to drink?

I was scared of coming days  
I shot her dead.  
I shot at her shadow.

Died.

Some coins are left on the ground  
Should be given to the beggars.

THE LABYRINTH WALLS:

My Last words: The winds are my witness  
I asked for the ashes of some burnt leaves  
For tonight I'm writing the world's most beautiful poem  
The burnt leaves are my witness.

FINAL FRAMES:

A

Don't block my blood circulation!  
Many years ago  
I was sitting on the veranda of a palace you had furnished it  
All the seas of the world said goodbye  
In Nineveh  
A Phoenician girl  
Was tearing her liver up to pieces...  
Nightmares of the past,  
Have taken the lady's long skirt,

(The stage light is not enough!)

Because they were so cruel to the mountains  
A tongue-tied animal had to drudge  
They have taken the lady's long skirt!

B

On the fading shadows of the night  
There was an engraved woman you didn't know  
The woman was telling your fortune and you didn't know  
She was in love with tea leaves and the alarm clock  
But you didn't know  
There's no clue...!  
(The stage light is not enough!)

C

How I twisted her skirt to spin and spin over  
All the dancers of the world became green with envy  
They cannot dance divinely as I do!  
It's a puppet in my hand  
Could be turned to any side  
If you don't know how to dance  
Merry go round then  
Merry clap hands  
Merry snap fingers!

I've been lost into the shadows  
You're tracing a maze in a labyrinth.

D

I'm sitting in the drought with no air  
Breathing without you.

E

The labyrinth walls:

Goodbye the last shadow I had! Bye!

I've been projected to a perplexed eternity

The engraved dead woman is your dream afterlife

Every braided hair outcry in reawakening

F

How can I reveal?

What have you done with my stolen life?

The wax glued my shoes on that sticky platform

How can I reveal?

G

It was the dinner time

(The stars snapped their fingers, the moon is singing my birthday song but the cake is poisoned, that very moment I was going to die ...there was no air to breathe in my room!)

-I'll let you know later!

H

There you clap and clap and clap till I turn to a five-year old little girl

There you scream and scream and scream till the windows all fade away

There you...

Stop it!

Numbers are getting discounted!

I'm shortening in size like a teeny-tiny shape

Don't you believe it?

I

Ask your watch that constantly stops working

You set the time in a way to put the whole world into sleep

J

I'm too little to be able to fight with these monsters  
But I've taken the pulse of the world,  
Forget me!  
I have to leave you!

K

Here is a woman who is laughing out loud at you and the whole world  
This woman is a descendant of your sinful aunt  
All the blasphemy of world over my hair  
How can I undo my stitches over your neck?  
How can I breach the veins of your neck that I had once kissed and stitched  
them?

L

I'm sitting in the drought with no air  
Breathing without you.

M

There's a woman beside you who farewells to the oceans  
Time to sail!  
Her long black skirt  
My long black skirt  
The seas are drunk, roaring  
A woman in a small boat is laughing out loud here  
Time to sail!  
The day you haunted my shadow  
Its heavy weight is ringing into my ears; generation by generation  
It breaks my heart and has divided the world in two  
You stole the colossal part.

Draw the curtains and blow into the sky!  
The heaven's ceiling is so low  
The chariots of death would write on our graves:

'They were in love  
The Heaven's ceiling wasn't high enough.'

How well you've crucified my dreams to the wall  
A Phoenician woman sighed and cursed deeply  
I see the ruins of Baalbek blaze in fire flames,  
You became David,  
And I was Shulamite...

The Dead Pigeons,  
The Dead Pigeons,  
The Dead Pigeons,  
The Dead...  
Dead  
Dead Pigeons  
Dead Pigeons  
Dead  
Dead...

A small grave has been made here for a child,  
It's our child that has been buried  
Our hearts are sinking like the child's grave  
Soaring trees are being uprooted, they're overturning and collapsing  
Its heavy weight has been ringing into my ears from generation to generation  
I made a small grave underneath the trees,  
And stretched my heart on the grave and the sky darkened  
We are the legends of this dream  
You've beheaded Abraham's child,  
Hagar with no child became me.

Draw the curtains!  
This is neither a fiction nor a dream  
The reality has been written in the footnotes:  
I'm sailing away though my heart is still here.  
Farewell!

(This is the end of the play,  
You've acted well, but  
Ophelia is dead,  
This is the end of play,  
Why is your voice so quiet that the audience can't hear that?  
And my hand movements are freezing on this dark stage  
Look at my freezing fingers...

Alas,

The stage light is not enough! ...)

Rosa Jamali



# The Bull Year

The Bull Year

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the author

1

Mouse is rushing in my blood like a black vessel  
Tigers are soundless  
Their claws are drudging on the snow sluggishly!

2

It was shadowy  
With its metal elements and ice-slippery poured down on me  
It was thoroughly dark!

The folded moon was stepping on my shadow  
So many months passed by  
This ancient memory is dangling from the ceiling

Prolonged for so many centuries  
Speaks a puppet  
And acts her up!

Icicles melt  
And cut branches!

It was my paper doll  
Soared in the sky  
And her image faded on the ceiling!

3

The glass coffin's behind the window  
Time is not passing by,  
Shadowing the black pot!

Shaking against the window frames

I've buried bygone days  
No finger moves on the glass  
Time is stuck there.

That cloud never stopped raining  
The lines were all dark  
Mirrors made a journey inside me  
And the moon is sick of me!

The earth is a worn-out corridor  
A murder of crows are soaring  
A mass of ants invaded my home  
It's been raining for seven hundred years  
A blind's on the way  
And this year is the bull year.

4  
The rabbit's coming from the right  
lay down on the silvery snow  
This rabbit stained in my blood  
Munched snow's blood.

Rosa Jamali

# The Fern

The Fern

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

I was a seven-storey being, covered in scarce species of a plant  
And it was a funeral ceremony  
And I was the only single mourner  
First I picked up a gemstone; some pebbles and sands of this soil,  
And then sealed it over my forehead  
Returned and had a glance at my homeland and wept  
My father was a phoenix; My mother a restless Goddess in Shush and Ecbatana  
and on the tomb of Mordechai  
Where God was with me  
My far-sighted binocular eyes are a camera in this sheer darkness,  
And I'm the silent voiceless Myth of clashes of spoons and forks at the dinner  
table  
Deity of The Nawab Highway, heading the graveyards  
At East End of this city... What's drizzling over your head blow by blow and  
nonstop, incessantly...  
What is this entire dirt and filth in thorns and dust which is descending in a very  
slow pace, gentle and soft!  
What does it resemble? What could it be?

The fairies were nesting over my dark hair and brooding,  
And I was hard at work; cleansing and washing the fairies, rinsing and stewing  
them like rice.  
You knew the time well, the moment that was lingering and yawning,  
That very frozen moment and then absolute silence  
While with my wounded nails on the stove, I was boiling over the saucepan!  
When I covered the whole scene of the Revolution Square and erupted like a  
volcano  
Perhaps I had just kept my face pale with bleaching...

The Fern I am  
The Orphan Land  
The Stepchild  
Fostered Land  
Burned,  
And forbidden

And infected with all kinds of diseases, fake gurus, lies and manipulations

What has captured your heart and attached you to this land, brother?  
This land that has been completely burned, half buried and the other half  
contaminated with lead,  
The smokes are left...

The Fern I am!  
The Goddess of wild-growing flowers,  
The lady of thorn and thistles  
Upon the sorrow of a talisman woven into my country,  
And how I dug the mountains,  
What have you done then?

Only a handful of soil which has been displaced  
Makes me bewitched forever  
Ashes which have been sprinkled over Bozorgmehr and Yazdgerd and the Great  
Republic  
My ashes which have been spread over the seas and over the far oceans  
And I have been resided in the waters of the River Tigris eternally  
The stale smell of dampness;  
The spider which has nested right over my head  
And you had foretold all this,  
You had already seen it...

The naming ritual is over.  
Turn off the lights!  
Tomorrow is a Saturday,  
Oh, I will not sigh!  
Mirrors have grown over my index finger!  
For I have wept the waters of seven seas in six thousand years  
And I have taken refuge in the corner of a chair in fury

The sidewalks are deserted.  
Passers-by are perpetually dead  
And this deserted Military Zone  
Is no longer residential.

I yielded to the winds  
And packed  
Resting my body in the winds  
And resting my soul in the windshields...

Fixed in a second for thousands of years,  
And my words scattered like ashes and coal...

The Fern is an ill-bred wild seed not called by a name  
It's exactly like a lettuce leaf: not happened to be named,  
But it's been peeled, sliced  
Misshaped, warped and deformed  
Why should it be named in the first place?

Rosa Jamali

# Woman; Hyena; She Wolf; Tigress

Woman; Hyena; She Wolf; Tigress

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Did you see the chains and snakes which have grown over my shoulders?

Did you see the eagles' nest in my two dark blind eyes?

Did you see that the pigeons were nesting like a crown over my head?

And the crows were sitting on emeralds and diamonds of my body, did you see them?

And this marble throne molten in my crimson gold, you've seen that!

And that precious gem pierced my eyes twenty-one meters through your tiny eye pupils; you did see that?

And you saw on this very stone

I've breast-fed the skinny lambs of the burnt city in a land swap; a city which used to have four gates!

And with all my life passion I have slept with wolves, have you seen that?

And you see me kissing their sharp claws with a clumsy bow

And I've entirely been transformed into a woman-hyena- she wolf-tigress

My hollow body

Which has been stuffed with ornaments

Things like straw and foil and paper!

Did you see the burnt windshields and tea garden and saffron blossoms inside the nest of my breasts?

How about snakes which are licking my limbs?

I was the compass of this sea at that Bronze Age

A rose which is hanging on the pillars of Alhambra, a rose that grew like me!

Transformed to that very scorpion which's spinning its webs and nesting inside my body

The one that has built a house on tree tops and in my cubic shape

And you had been clasping into the branches of my sky

That you had been whirling in me

And you have covered my day which is plain and dark

The fox which is trapped waiting for the tigress who I am

I'm the same cliff cleaved to the coral reef; deep in the sea

Rotted in the pebbles and lagoons of your body

I'm the same rope that you've stitched to the sky

Did you see how the chicory's extract blended with Cedar's essence?  
Did you see wild grass and self-growing weeds?  
Did you see the scavengers in my Crimson gold?  
That they chewed my eyes when I sat on that marble  
And I told the time like a woodcutter  
Or I wish I could echo the owl clock at midnight

And what has the earth done to me?  
And this whole wild green mass  
This tigress...

Rosa Jamali

# Visual Error

Visual Error

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the author

Right at the center of universe  
They opened my tied hands  
And they let me go  
This is the Land you have long yearned for...

(A dark thick veil was drawing black circles over my eyes  
In a very early second, the time was set with my watch.  
My hands hadn't been shaped yet,  
They were immature  
My dusty clay-made face  
My Profile on a sculpture was the same since the Genesis  
Just thick dark circles over my eyes  
And my throat was silenced, its vibrations sealed and forbidden.

I've been blinded and ransomed to sit there and count tambourines that we had  
divided yesterday and finished the other day

I have been walking on rivers, splitting the seas  
Ask the chronicle for how many years I split the seas

A tight eye pupil has encompassed the whole world  
Yet me,  
In desperate need of a 7 millimeter space to write on the margins of the pool  
What are you speaking about?  
You've been sleeping in my arms for so many years  
Worms have covered the centre of universe  
And this bending round shape which lingers for ever has dispatched me  
What are you speaking about?  
The Fahrenheit thermometer says  
My temperature has increased one degree

Just the time we could reach the centre of the earth  
We would be a landmark for you  
Right, it's the land I desired for  
It's pettier than what I had imagined



Its interior shell is peeling me off  
They have told the sweepers to sweep us in a way nobody could be left  
It's worth more than the cost of what has blinded me  
It's excavating my throat tunnels  
And this labyrinthine soil  
Its lime shell  
It's a land from here to seven millimeters there  
I couldn't have dreamt this fragmented dream

They had untied my ropes  
And I didn't know where my journey took me to, they had abandoned me on a  
wasteland, they didn't want me anymore!

Oh, wait, sister!  
Wait  
I have endured all this!

But this wound has left a scar on my body  
The one which you cannot erase it  
What are you speaking about?  
While they have stolen the right hand of God  
I have turned to a profile stone on this famine-stricken land  
I have turned round and round to reach the most mysterious spot on this circle  
Here is a piece of land to dig  
With a naked torso of God  
In the middle of a pool full of blood  
How much do you pay for this labour?  
The air which tightened my neck is blowing gustily  
You are chasing me like a shadow  
I'm a light and lantern on your shady way  
It's two at midnight  
Ask the chronicles for how many thousand years I have walked on the sea  
We had come to watch the eclipse

Right at the time we stepped on the centre of the earth  
Just a shady vein from my right atrium  
Like a corner ends in a dead end alley  
Oh, wait sister  
Wait!

It was unprecedented  
And had disappeared from my eyesight.

Rosa Jamali

# My Roots

My Roots

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by Rosa Jamali

You see how the Milky Way was spinning my nerves  
With my bronchus, I was plowing the vague path of Being  
To the essence of cloves and to the roots of chicory  
I've found an in-depth coherence with the River Ganges;  
From my roots through the circular core of the Earth  
Resting on its horizontal side, soft and light sand grows  
When it comes to the next hour, its lava is trying to take your eyesight  
But you have cooked all those tropical forests in your frozen dishes  
And you have been running all the way straight on the meridians  
And this wounded volcano  
Has become dormant by your wrist  
And you have mended the Earth  
With fingers just marinated in mint and vinegar

Oh!

The lines have been mixed and overlapped

Pity!

I hadn't imagined that all

At that very first sight

And your voice is not reaching me

Despite the snow pour since yesterday,

Sand and waves have made no destruction!

I was walking on my toes on the left side of the silk road

Grasslands, meadows and flatlands all laid back

Gradually forming a shape on the metal box

Stormy stems, the railroad and the fences

All are drifting!

It's a complicated path in spite of its simplicity;

Interconnected and has reduced the growth of cancerous cells.

Rosa Jamali

# And The Sun Was In My Handbag

And the Sun was in My Handbag

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by Rosa Jamali

And the Sun was in my handbag

And the whole world felt heavy on way-worn struggling hands

Just the moment our bodies merged ever since

And I had devoured the blind branches

The branches were to ignore what they had seen

As if a pot of your crimson gold was dribbling on me

And I was the wildlife

And my voice was your silent arrow flying over the echo of my voice.

It's like a call from souls of my past

Whispering into the Branches

It was me who travelled through the time

Passed the branches

Dwelled in you like a termite

And suspended the wildlife.

Rosa Jamali

# My Promised Meridian

My promised Meridian

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Could you possibly find the name of the City;  
The sign marks the beginning of this street  
The last sign would be a sculpture on the hills forming my face  
Take the letter 'Y' as its name  
A thousand miles above the Sea Level  
It's archived on the life line of my Palms  
You know, it's my third gravity  
And makes the gravity less.

But this last sign of this street  
Is a hill sculpted my face  
Where my footprints on the earth last  
Left after me.

Is this my own promised land on a different time zone?

Now look at my palm lines again, notice the heartline  
Is like this landscape and the skyline  
Its gravity has captured me  
Sharp triangles are shaping into a curve  
The sickles of a new labyrinth  
My dress got stuck!

Oh, I didn't know there is no pear here  
And my dress looks like a dark shady pear on the hanging  
Oxygen  
And a glass of water  
And how much I love you  
I was as lonely as a single cherry  
This place had a crush on me!

Like a dream I had many years ago  
That skyline came true into reality  
And it's going to expand like a landscape  
Like your heartlines

Folded, steamed in the closet  
But this corner is not going to get folded.

The sign initiates at the beginning of this Street  
Trekking all quarters of the city, whirling  
And has given me a voice!

Is this my own promised land on a different time zone?

What have I given up last to this city  
Is my face whirling in the winds shapelessly  
I'm not there any more but my heartlines are there after me...  
My whole heart has been depicted on the fortress that city  
The spear that punched me  
And when the lines join, your fate's destined  
This will be my next photo.

Who portrayed me in your mirror!

You came out of sudden  
I wasn't supposed to fall for that  
Bu I've been stuck here  
The most enigmatic episode of my life  
Never crossed my mind  
The hardest could ever be taken a name  
This is a bewildering enigma  
Nobody never found a solution to this puzzle!

And now I'm the poison ivy of this town  
My dress is hanging there  
I'm like a plant growing over the houses,  
Soaring high in the sky!

One thousand and one nights have passed  
Since the last night I slept!

But tomorrow  
Would be the first day of my life!

Long after  
The city would be a double Cherry  
The wheels would emerge into each other

And the last sign of that street  
Would be by my engraved face on the hills.

Rosa Jamali

# Anticlockwise

Anticlockwise

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the author

Is it Midday

Or 6: 05?

You're traveling backward

Anticlockwise

Round the old orbit

On your Zodiac sign

There's a cancerous tower

And a waterfall.

Where is the natural habitat of this migrating bird?

It migrated to African moors

And made a nest there

But the migrating bird

Was an unknown species

With a bloodline to scarce roots and leaves...

Rosa Jamali



# Eye Pupil

Eye Pupil

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Dear all,

I'm at the post office

Sending my broken dreams and nightmares

Apocalyptic blisters and rashes

May have hypnotized me!

Hands or arms are reshaping a metamorphosis

I had less colors on my face yesterday!

Tell me, how many of my days have been erased

And how much of the calendar is covered by the Pandemic?

Quarantined eye pupils

Suffer from leprosy!

And the Bell is Ringing...

If you let me touch that tiny edge of that tambourine

No excuse would be left for goodbye!

At 5 AM

The year would pass on to a new round

All biblical crows are gathering in this spot

And the earth is going to end...

Rosa Jamali

# Preserved In A Can

Preserved in a Can

(A Parody on War Poetry\*)

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

We have been sleeping inside the spinach leaves and the ground under me was solid, stony and rock-like

On the gulf, there was a manuscript that your body has been lost

Your hands were getting out of your skull

On the Persian Gulf, there is a piece of writing that says you have been lost forever!

And you as my reader, you know those leaves cannot be slashed by a scissor for so many years

My lips have been sewn to null

How long has it been?

A decade has passed since the war

One hundred years, a century, one thousand five hundred years!

'Sorry I've lost my watch on Iraqi soil

So do I have to run all this way in the speed of light to the land of Zion? ! '

Off the embankment

You and your second body had no hands

But your body was so stout and preserved the pieces

I couldn't fix your arms though

The reversed fingers are growing out of his skull,

What are they clutching to?

My face was just a masque and I was acting well

As if I was all those dead bodies, all the martyrs; the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, and the last one

Nonetheless I was racing in a rush all around that Arabian quagmire

My pieces were separated, preserved in a can

Transforming into the bits of light and wine!

We were high in the mountains,

I sewed spinach leaves to the celery, what shall I do? You say...

We were frostbiting in the cold but my finger tips were not burning anymore

There is a letter from your previous address arrived yesterday

And I had a nightmare that your number plate has been buried under the moat...

Now you are the name of this street and I'm not streetwise  
I'm swerving, going backward, finding a parking space for my body  
The path is dusty and I desperately need photochromic glasses  
Your arms are chopped in pieces and your head has been covered in blood  
I'm getting back now  
I've washed and buried one thousand, six hundred and sixty-six martyrs  
They were all anonymous!

We had been sleeping in spinach leaves  
I had lost the headquarter  
And I had no idea about the time or date  
But I was still going and going on...

As if the martyr's mother is still waiting for a body  
Is it possible to sew these leaves to something?  
Never, ...!

Though it's been ten years since we buried him  
Like this unnamed Persian gulf!

-----

\*At time of Iran-Iraq war and in Post-revolutionary Iran where the poet grew up;  
poems written under the title of sacred defense were so passionate about death  
and euphemized dismembered parts of a corpse.

Rosa Jamali

# Cyber War

Cyber War

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from Original Persian into English by the Author

All Diplomatic ties are frozen  
Though we have always welcomed all sides  
This Persian Jaguar is going to extinct  
And we need a cyber co-existence  
The Laleh Park is Our Public Zoo  
We have been pre-occupied by cats  
Good news,  
The population is rising!

Let's go on a pilgrimage!

First, you knock at the door  
Then you vote

The officials are dinning  
knock, knock  
Time for chocolate cake!

The unofficials are protesting all over the world  
Making too much fuss!

Oh, the Cyber Army  
You, the Soldiers!  
The Republic has turned into a cyberspace!

There is no oil  
No oil's  
Left  
And we should rely on Solar Energy  
Oh, our human resources!  
Heavenly Cosmic Energy  
Right!  
Nuclear Energy  
There is no barrel of oil,  
Nothing's

Left!

And oil is over!

Neither Global Warming  
Nor a Geopolitical Force  
It's Money Laundering  
And Land Grab  
Vegetarianism  
And Vegan Life  
Green Life  
The sea has leveled  
Oh, we are getting close  
And closer  
To the cosmic FORCES!

You are direction-wise  
Welcome to The Republic  
No Solution is a Time Zone.

Rosa Jamali

# Greenwich Mean Time

GMT

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

We have just received some breaking News  
From a seismography center  
We're not able to measure the scale  
Horrible  
Nightmarish  
An earthquake has just happened!

The route has just been divided  
On the oil fields  
Air satellites  
Over this meridian  
This very time zone  
Free zone  
Has been transferred  
Removed from the map  
Omitted from the history  
Banished  
Unknown network  
Invisible letters.

They will broadcast one day  
Some traces of life  
Has been seen  
Here in this region

Your pulses beat  
As  
Our pulses  
Beat!

Can you erase our names from the oil fields?

Do not adjust your clock  
With this particular time zone!

Morse Codes

Turning and turning

Like a prism through the time

Returned the time past

Has been taken out

From the spinal cord

Shall we walk back?

These blind boundaries

Bermuda triangle

I will send you a letter in capital letters

Full of passwords

And usernames.

This evening is a sunset

It's going to be forgotten

Pretty soon.

A cubic exile!

Mystic codes

Have distorted the lines...

Rosa Jamali

# Two Black Buttons

Two Black Buttons

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by Rosa Jamali

My eyes are used to the dark mood  
For I have sewed two black buttons into my eye SOCKETS  
And you are gonna touch me  
In this Bleak House  
All over the blackness...

Rosa Jamali



PoemHunter.com



# The Last Street Of Tehran

The Last Street of Tehran

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by Franklin Lewis

Facing the airport,  
all that's now left in my grasp  
is a crumpled land  
that fits in the palm of my hand

Facing the wavering sunbeams  
of a sun that is cross and will not speak with us.  
All the way from the salt sands of Dasht-e Lut,  
it came, a dream that made my fingers shift,  
that set my teeth on edge, a muted breeze,  
a whirlwind  
spun from the sand dunes  
all the way through the back alley of our house.



PoemHunter.com

Pasting together the cut up fragments of my face to make me laugh?

A short leap, no longer than the palm of the hand,  
exactly the length you had predicted  
A huge grave  
in which to lay the longest night of the year to sleep  
'Sleep has quit our eyelids for other pastures,  
has dropped its anchor at the shores of garden ponds  
has lost the chapped flaking of its lips,  
poor thing.'

Pasting together the cut up fragments of my face to make me laugh?

With scissors - snip, snip - they're cutting something up.  
The alphabet shavings strewn on the ground,  
are they the letters of our name?

With every other zig-zag,  
rigid and unyielding,  
in the middle of the salt dunes, flat and vast,  
did you cage my mother's breath,  
her footprints fading  
in the shifting sands?

Pasting together the cut up fragments of my face to make me laugh?

No! ...

I will not return to the last street.

I left behind a shoe, one of a pair, for you to put on and follow after me

A strange shape forms

facing the horizon...

It fits in the palm of the hand!

A big leap, beyond what three legs could manage,  
the length of the palm of the hand.

Rosa Jamali

# Knotweed

Knotweed

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

I've turned to an annual plant, shielded and armed  
From the genus of hollyhocks and broad leaves  
Whole five-thousand-year history is reversing in my mind  
It was the moment that you were buried with no shroud  
And I'm the weeds and icicles of this land, ...

I'd been climbing over the flames,  
It was a black ladder,  
Burnt my sole feet  
The moment I had chopped my heart,  
You had sucked my blood in that woundless bowl  
Then I was growing like a wildflower,  
Living for millions of years

In Syriac over my body:  
Nail-shaped herbs had written some letters  
I'm the genus of thorns  
With wounded heels of thousands of miles travelling in the oasis  
My blistered sour feet  
And my parched parted lips  
Defeated by the mountain ranges  
Where I'd been fighting with my claws

My roots are extending into the fluent liquid of vessels  
Lilacs had grown over my arms  
And I converted into the growing ivy  
After the flaming fire where I was burnt.

I left my name on the land I stepped, ...

And who's this weeping human child, lamenting two thousand years in my arms?  
Still weeping? ! Always weeping? !

I've been raising this child for six thousand years  
And grown this Persian Hero to send him to the battlefield

Breastfed him  
And he has grown out of my eyes  
This extreme light which has blinded me...

Rosa Jamali

# Chess Like City, Tehran

Chess Like City, Tehran

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

This is the city that has fallen asleep in my blood vessels  
Nested in my brain like an obscure network  
Or it has spared some parts of my brain cells into the wind

In the morning things were unprecedented  
Just a watchdog that was afraid of margins of the yard  
Prevailing into the eyelids  
In the morning things were unprecedented.

Signals, signals, and parasites bombarded the satellite TV!

Tehran,  
Like a white sheet, stagnant on the washing hanging  
Yet things are fine,  
I had attracted the waves;  
This scorching hot weather is making me sick.

I'm the only driver turning into the highways  
Railings like parallel lines keeping us all together

Is this turning going to turn for ever?

This metal has always been scarce  
Lack of iron and minerals,  
Mercury as fast as death is shadowing the table frame now  
Temperature's just dropped!

Tehran is the city in my veins fast asleep!

Railings are putting us into sleep  
The city is collapsing in its four quarters....

'Done with your breakfast?  
Shall we exit from the right? '

The prism, turning and turning into the wind  
And the wet laundry on the rope is fluttering in the wind

By watching I feel pins and needles in my arms  
The chessboard you made  
With all its dead bodies,  
Surfing over the waters and waters of the metropolis!

Rosa Jamali

# The Clock Cell

The Clock Cell

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Something happens to die  
And the sunlight which has been soaking is wet and obscure  
If I extend the lines  
That frozen object will drop  
The one you seized in your hand  
Otherwise,  
The day has come to an end for a while.

Void

When I get home; staring at all those cubical shapes;  
Standstill current of water  
And the sunlight which is never damp  
On the blank sheets of writing  
Old sheets absorbed sighs and tears.

The elements

And their essence have been painted by my blood  
This country is pouring with rain constantly!  
And the moon is vast!

Here with the frostbite on the iron post,  
It was because of you that I passed the time to the flow of water  
Time was a desire I dropped  
Minutes are fading easily.

The wall has turned blue  
Me and my black dress  
Have been flowing through the river.

It's a calf death breast-fed.

What is it?

Sediments on a neutral background  
It could be in a different color  
It's been many days since I started walking on the rope

The creased moon is hanging down the ceiling.

Blizzard

A flimsy stone

The frostbite on the window glass

The bridge has fallen down

Silence on a metal tape

Ending to a blind full stop.

Rosa Jamali



# The Flintstone

The Flintstone

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Block No.1:

A whole nation has created the kindling  
Which owes you desperately  
But it hasn't been specified  
Whether it's the flint stone  
Or A fire storm?

Block No.2:

A piece of my happiness is in debt with the flint stone  
You've turned to the rocks  
But it's for the flint stone.

Block No.3:

I'm in debt with the flint stone  
The whole world is in debt with the flint stone

Block No.4:

It has cast a spell  
On all your wishes  
Keeps you behind the bars.

Block No.5:

I'm the mother of this flint stone  
I've nourished it  
I've shed tears on it  
If the world is on fire  
I'll be the one to blame.

Block No.6:

I've betrayed the heaven above  
God is disabled by it.

Block No.7:

Have you taken the vow of silence?

Rosa Jamali

# The Angles Of The Frame

The Angles of the Frame

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

1

Many years have passed since that day,  
I looked at my aged wrinkled face into the mirror  
My secrets are revealed to the pebbles  
And bulging sands of the seashore  
Many years have passed since that day!

2

This is a tale of my sealed blood vessels that you can never see!

3

The bull I breast-fed for many years  
And I embedded myself into the frame.

4

I knew it wasn't easy to find the cause,  
It wasn't going to happen this way  
Weird and creepy!  
And we didn't have a clue  
There's no justification on what happened  
Even nature is confused with what happened!  
For many years we have been bewildered by that.

5

An Island has remained from that vast land  
And we settled in that  
Nobody showed us the direction  
And we got lost in the dead-end alleys  
There were just some sketches on the map  
If you want to draw a curve, you won't need a compass.

6

Horse pounding pulse sing endlessly in my blood  
My kinsmen of horses, my blood connections

Patterns hook into the rays of that curve  
There's a colossal tree  
Growing its roots on the roof and top storey.

7

We can't help the hands going clockwise  
We never go backward to the broken seconds  
The days have been arranged one after another  
And the knights have left the game one after another.

8

The straw mat you lay down on that and dragged you to sleep  
I fell into the habit of this dull house.  
Was something supposed to get away from the center of the earth  
to join us?

9

A century has passed  
And we are still left in this house.

10

Dimensions of the past have shifted  
And It's not just up to the color of ceiling  
New characters approved us as the residents of the house  
And our own ran away like convicts  
And we got used to the standstill.

Rosa Jamali