

Poetry Series

ali salehi
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

ali salehi(31/5/1975)

I'm Ali Salehi Born in Iran,31 may 1975. Unfortunately, I'm chemical engineer but truly, I think I am a poet away poetry. Now a days, I write for my wife; my best friend; Mahnaz and for my newborn honey; Nika. I try to be a poem, not poet.

Address

A red rose
with it's root
has came
has sat
opposite me
and asks your scent from me.

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Birds

I feed the birds of the morning
by poems pieces
which every night
your hands pour on my hopes pillow
and on my insomnia.

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Conjunction

I waited for you
a long time
and many times
deceived the death angel
to get another chance for life.
Now,
with your first shining hot hands on my shoulders
he is here too
and
I don't know any trick.

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Eyes

It is a sky
that angles live there
although it's rainy always.
It is full of angles' dreams
even if they are distressed:
her eyes
her eyes
her eyes.

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Fireplace

Tell to sky:
rain and snow
as much as you want
on our naked bodies!
Your chest is a eternal ablaze fireplace
that is the enemy of thousands winters.

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Ice

You were invited to paradise
but you didn't go
and preferred hell.
You sit on bench awaiting
behind hell's gate;
maybe
the fire
can melt your heart's ice.

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Leopard

One day
I'll compose such a spring of your eyes
on wastepapers
that leopard watchs himself in it
as a deerlet
and tears himself insanely.

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Miracle

I have not performed a miracle.
No, I have not step on water.
No, I have not restored the dead to life.
No, I have not cut the moon in two halves.

In the world
only I am dead drunk of your finger-tips
full of that orange smell
that you peel for me.
Isn't it miracle?

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Seconds

Not to be with you
hasn't any remedy.
Until you come,
Seconds
fill and cure my heart's deep wound.

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Suicide

On shining sharp hook,
no fish bait is tempting,
no earthworm is charming.
Alone fish in quiet pond
is fed up with life
and old fisher know well.

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Train

Alone passenger!
with your small suitcase
in this abandoned station
which train are you waiting for
to yourself otherside destination?
Trains have been fragmented
in your childhood's hands
too many years ago.

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Umbrella

I hear the sound of rain drops,
on roof,
on windows.

Is it rainy outside?
I'm standing near closed window,
wavering to open it.
I'm afraid of sadness
which will come in.

Finally,
I open it fearfully.
The sun shines and
There aren't any shadows.

Isn't it rainy inside?
Am I so far away from you?
Which window is closed?
Which windows should be opened?
Where are you?
Where aren't you?

I'm rainy
I'm rainy
I'm rainy

Be my umbrella please!

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