

Poetry Series

Alireza Behnam
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Alireza Behnam(1973)

Born in 1973, Alireza Behnam is an Iranian poet and journalist. He is living in Tehran and works as a journalist in liberal local newspapers. He is also a poet and you can see some translations of his poems on this site. He also writes down some criticism about cinema and literature.

In 1991 he attended Islamic Azad University at northern city of bojnord and in 1997 got his BSc in civil engineering. Afterwards he took a job in the now closed pro reform newspaper Akhbar. He was editor of art & literature in Azad daily newspaper which ended in august 2002 when a hardliner curt in Tehran banned it for the reason of publishing comments of a member of opposition.

After that Behnam was editor of art & literature in Modaber daily which ended in Feb.2003.

He is by now director of editorial board in Ketabe se hafte (book of three weeks) literary magazine and also works as editor of English section in NOANDISH (Neothinker) weekly.

Behnam published four collections of his poetry in Persian and six volumes of translations. He also participated in many poetry events. He was a participant of ' dialouge with nature' program that held by French embassy in Iran on 2004-2005, along with Mohammad Ali Sepanlu, Media Safdari, Pegah Ahmadi, Bahareh Rezaee, Abdolali Azimi from Iran and Alain Lance, Claude Esteban, Jean Baptiste Para and Anne Talvaz from France.

He also had been invited to Germany for a bilingual reading with German poets in December 2006. The event took place in Berlin with participants like Javad Mojabi, Roshanak Bigonah and Behnam from Iran and Elke Erb, Orsolya Kalasz and Steffen Popp from Germany

He is a reciever of international library of poetry prize in 2001 and Blure pen of Iranian critics on 2002.

He works as a poet and freelance journalist in tehran.

Beyond The Lines, Beyond

Your voice is lost
Beyond the interrupting lines
And you are walking through the jangle of jangles
Your voice how far away
Doesn't reach the ears of statue that is me
The 'battle of your voice to my ears' plashes
How far away
And cables store the lines more and more
I cross the voice streams
To reach a lost lake in the jangle of jangles
Cuckoo signs untimely, the jangle signs
The jangle is interrupting and 'koo? Koo? '1
Where is your voice, your breathing
And that embrace being warmed with you
Signs the cuckoo
Here your voice is brought out of lines
Beyond all the conversation in the world
It is lost
It is found
It scats
It signs
Reaches to the ears of statue that is me

1 Koo in Persian has dual meaning its first meaning is the sound of cuckoo and the second one is 'Where is? '

Alireza Behnam

Drive, The Same Drive

Suddenly, we made new drives
and a new rooster
which named 'war' as 'drive'
and crashes of the globe went too much
suddenly, the suddenly became meaningless
the rooster, more rooster
and we were not 'we' anymore.

Alireza Behnam

Guernika

What a joy is my day what a joy
when Karl Waters sings
lambs of the crying out of dizziness
make an Ascent
and a slant woman flatten a rope on the Globe
what a joy is today at least just today
Karl Waters makes a lift from the corners
and at the madhouse some alms cookies
the crying pushes towards conjectural hands dizzy hands
Guernika! Someday a woman raised a rope
Guernika! Paper! The latest news
Guernika! Karl Waters escapes this on top of the hands
there is a rope over the Globe in black
and a woman comes back from Guernika
what a joy is my day what a joy

Alireza Behnam

Hanging From The Trees Of Babylon

At the end
I'll come down
in my a thousand years form
hanging from the towers of Cheghazanbil
and there is something within me
which throws language to the battlements of the tower
you will praise me
that's clear
in form of an oldman
hanging from the trees of Babylon
Athennes will rise within me
and Paris
and Perspolis
and many many languages
Cut me to pieces!
every piece will come as a word
and will encircle your eyes
Hurray is within me
and rising of the language beyond Pluto
and Arthemis`s herd
and rebellion of disobedient words
the whole are within me
and I,
in my a thousand years form
will be thrown
from the virgins painted on temples walls
to the shadows emerging from your computer
and being thrown is within me
ask me!
ask me about the future
I'll reply in Babylonian

Alireza Behnam

Interpretation

Standing over the windows
they rob
our dreams
opening a window to our dreams
they rob
the apple
and Eve
they take it to the closet
and our dreams
never come to an interpretation

Alireza Behnam

M

M means Manchester

Means music

Defeated by death

Alireza Behnam

Our Children

from the begin
you were full of life
full of zest
and the man who killed you
had never lived
had never loved
from the begin

Alireza Behnam

Over The Windows

Drifting shadows
over the windows
my ethereal form
in their hands
and a kiss of silence
with their gaze
where the darkness
directs in to the silence
silence
darkness
the darkness dancing with the silence
and the blind shadows
with their hands over my ethereal form
over the windows

Alireza Behnam

What?

What a war it is when the earth looks at "what"

The trumpet is playing like the ashes remaining from the old wars

On the ruined magnificent chateaux

And it remains from the "it is war"

Like ever

Her ringlets rise from the petrol tubes from the rivers ruined by the colors of war

And fixes to a gaze from behind which gazes in to the labyrinth of tubes

It remains from the "it is war" and goes on towards falling

A big bomb stands above and doubts to fall

It is a doubting bomb, it slips from her ringlets falls between the petrol tubes

The world's violence rests coldly on her shoulders

From the tubes rising from her ringlets

Falls the "it is war", falls the missed legs

The eyes loosened from the skulls

The earth is like ever between her ringlets

What a war it is like ever!

And the falling is falling from her ringlets

It is falling to say "what? "

Alireza Behnam