

Poetry Series

Amir Sanjari

- poems -



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Amir Sanjari()



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Shake Me

Shake me a little,
Wake me up,
Shake my body pieces,
Spread them on the table,
Shake me,
Pair my eyes,
Pairs of love birds flying on the branches of your hair,
Shake me,
Put my heart leaning towards your right corner,
Shake me,
Pick up my legs,
Sew them into your suitcase,
Pinch my lips together,
Stir up the world, stir up my heart,
Take my hands,
Take my hands,
Don't leave my hands,
Don't leave my hands alone,
Shake me harder,
And leave all that's left for the wind,
For later,
Pull my hands into your arms,
And experience sleep next to the remaining pieces.

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The Chimney

That the chimney is not a safe birthplace
If a fire has broken
If the old stork
His eyes are innocent
The socks have fallen into the fireplace
If the old man's bag has turned from white to black
Bear with these few lines
Two continuous smokes mean do not come
That means I am stuck in the constant smoking
At very personal moments
In a person who is not you
Who does not put two continuous smokes on his lips

If it is not too late
I will take control of fate
In two lines before the occurrence of this poem
I write Where did you leave the house on this path
And the deer return home without a rider

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The Scarf

Today, when we need air
they inject it into us in a syringe
with a letter beside us
that we never wrote
and the scarf
that has been your hair companion for years
will become a handkerchief
over my eyes
when they shoot my poetry.

Amir Sanjari



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