

Poetry Series

Haleh Esmailian

- poems -

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Haleh Esmailian(Dec.12,1984)

A Butterfly Never Dies

Tired of all men, being alike
My tree house was where I was walking toward.
My wooden tiny house with a few stuff,
The only place in the world
I feel in there, alive!

- It Was nearly night
- The darkness kept growing upright
- I lit a candle up
- To shed in the room some light
- Residing on my chair by the table
- Watching the shadows dancing on the wall
- Was my favorite hobby!
- Was what I enjoyed a lot!
- Having one burning candle,
- On its light I did rely!
- Twirling round the candle
- I saw a tiny butterfly!

- With light no more than, that of a twilight,
- The wooden table, as far as I could see,
- Was where it seemed to have chosen
- To alight!

- Still on my chair
- Covered with cold sweat,
- With no move of a muscle
- I kept sitting tight!
- Some thing was about to happen
- Some thing foreseen by my heart.
- Frozen to the depth of my hot soul,
- As if some one had my night sleep, hold!
- I remembered that famous love legend,
- Of the butterfly and of the light

I had been told

- That famous love legend
- The butterfly showed me,
- Was no mere poetry
- But poetically right!

- The flames were life taking
 - But I witnessed with poor sight,
 - So vividly, so bright,
 - That romantic
 - But majestic re-unite!
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- Wished I could have stood up
 - With the final scene, I knew,
 - My heart would have a hard time
 - To put up!
 - If all looked like a dream!
 - Wished some one would have waken me up!
 - "Spare it all the pain! "
 - "Just go kill it at once! "
 - "got to do some thing! Hurry! "
-
- "or else, hell vs. paradise! "
 - Seeing it twirling around the light,
 - Steady now with no more alight
 - Couldn't stop it...
 - Did nothing...
 - As the owner of that weird voice,
 - Had asked!
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- It was over, in that moment,
 - The legend...the crazy love for light.
 - Final scene was well performed!
 - The butterfly burned right out of my sight.
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- What was meant to be done
 - Was just done!
 - The blaming voices were also gone!
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- Your destiny no matter what it was,
 - Was some thing from which
 - No body could run!
 - Touching my face so gentle,
 - Waking me up
 - Were the rays of the morning sun
 - Shining so bright!

• Feeling sore all over,
I soon realized,
My wooden chair was where
I slept on, all night!

• As if totally paralyzed
• Was how I felt,
• Seeing a half burned candle
• Being supposed to melt!
• Wasn't me who had put that off!
• "oh! The wind! I bet! "
• Preventing some fire,
• I had saved my life! ?
• Wasn't me who had put that off!
• "oh! The wind! I bet! "
• Preventing some fire had saved my life?

Haleh Esmailian

Casket In Wasteland

You are like a jewelry casket..
filled with diamonds..
that is handed to me in the middle of a wilderness..
a wasteland.. a desert..

I just don't know what to do with you..!

Haleh Esmailian

Dark Blue

When I come to you insane
And you touch away my pain,

See how unity suits me!
Like dark blue suiting you.

When you tiptoe in my world
Your whisper is all that's heard,

A hypnotic joy suits me!
Like dark blue suiting you.

When you care
And then we dare
The rules are broken
Dies the despair,

To be ' the Lady of Midnight ', again suits me!
Like dark blue suiting you.

When at once, I open my eyes
Fantasies fade away and The Wizard of Oz,

The realm of the real world recruits me!
Like dark blue suiting you.

When I have to forget you
To spare you all this pain,

A song in blues suits me!
Like dark blue suiting you.

Haleh Esmailian

During The First Rainfall

during the first rain fall...
it is going to forget...
the old wooden bench in that park...
is going to forget all about us...all...
all the songs, unsung...
all the poems unwritten...
during the first rain fall...

Haleh Esmailian

Hachure Of Salt And Rain

Not my hands,
But my heart keeps trembling while writing your name...

I keep wondering...
I still keep wondering...
why is this hachure of rain and salt,
all over your face,
anytime I look at your photo over my head...! ?

anyone there, seeing your picture,
asks me the same thing:
' So she is the one whose footprints are on all your poems, all your dreams, all
your rhymes? ! '

I look at them,
Smile bitterly,
and Rain.

Haleh Esmailian

I All At The Same Time Or Each Every Moment

a destination to which no road went,
or
a road with no destination,
it's not at all different.

a poet-less poem,
a face-less portrait,

an ignored, simply forgotten date,
a non-ending, ever-lasting await,

a soul threatened by hatred,
a railroad, but not any more straight,
a feeling no artist can illustrate,
the only creature in the world, without any mate,

a Picasso who won't paint,
a Virginia who denies her being a poet,

Without you darling..
I'm all of the above, at the same time..
or each, every moment..

Without you I am! I do Not exaggerate.

Haleh Esmailian

Love Me

Love me!

Love me bare

Love me wild

Love me to put the pain all aside

Love me hard

Love me tight

Love me to kill the distance apart

Love me deep

Love me like a word to keep

Love me spare us both all the weep

Love me all

Love me cool

Love me intense break every rule

Love me mad

Love me bad

Love me like what every girl would demand

Love me and

Love me and

Love me and..!

Haleh Esmailian

Magic Realism

Magic Realism is the narrative of my life,
As focalised by your voice!
Thematized all over
With sparkles of your stardust!
Magic Realism is the tale of my becoming,
A journey through which,
Your mesmerizing uncanny is a must!
Your supernaturalness, Your hermetic mastery,
Along the plotline, make the elements of this tale,
irresistible to trust!
Magic Realism is my current life-genre!
Spellbound!
Enchanted!
Captured and rearranged!
Still in my ear
Your whispered undertone of some Abracadabra.
Magic Realism is my life story now so unbreakable!
Your devine-demon presence!
Turnning all the magic into real!
Making all the events cogitable!
Magic Realism is the chronicle of my life within your palm,
Practised by omniscient alchemy of your hand.
The setting of its plot,
Wielded and implanted as you demand
With Talismans,
The souvenirs from your hidden 'WoundLand'.
Magic Realism, incomprehensible it is for scholars and critics!
Your hidden eeriness,
Defies their blindness,
and all their ordinary analytics!
Magic realism,
If devided in two,
Means:
I am only 'real', when my 'magic' is you!
Don't ask me to cite it!
Don't ask me for sources!
Who cares about references,
Or an advanced Biblio? !
Magic realism free from margins,

is best defined here!
Perfect in ratio!
Come take a look at yourself,
from no other perspectives,
but from my point of view.

Haleh Esmailian

Mathematics Failed!

I asked a simple question today!
something I realized, that didn't add up!

' I minus me, no matter how hard i try...equals NOT zero, but result is exactly
you! '

Mathematics still quiet!
with its rules I think I've messed up!

Haleh Esmailian

Modern Man's Utopia

They said it was all for peace...
They knew nothing. It all got deadlier.
"For freedom!" they said.
Of chains, to have us released!
They knew nothing. It got trickier.
"ISIS" they said, "Must be vanished!"
It scattered... but not punished.
One said: "Terror!"
One said: "Asad!"
"Islam!"
"Revenge!"
West argued! East admonished!
One said: "Jihad!" One killed for God!
All went beyond. All are fascists.
They knew nothing, only power.
Ain't that enough? All we suffered.
A baby dies... Mama cries...
For them, this means One more palace! One more tower!
Bombardments... Poisonous gases...
We died here. They under covered...
Books were authored, of history!
Of men Butchered! Kids slaughtered!
They read them all! They still blind?
"Nightmare by war is all that's offered."
Dark is the day, darker the Night.
Darkest? The lie: "Human Right".
Let death, Mama; Set us apart...Than the populist,
Whose nastiness is all this is about.
Let death, Mama; Set us apart...Than he who says:
"US Dollar! Must be the top!"
He who trades the oil by my blood,
By your tears, drop by drop...
He who sells weapons ignites the fight,
Who makes the Nuke, and destructs.
This hell Mama! It's all real.
Modern Man's Utopia! How ideal!
But, don't you Mama... Don't you give up now...
Wounds of the homeland you need to heal.
You wait, Mama... Till the last scene of this whole drama...

Wait till the last act...
Hope maybe restored...
Truth revealed.

Haleh Esmailian

No Doubt

No doubt!

No doubt that God has created the whole world for the sake of
someone's love...!

Like I, that have created of love,
a world for your sake...!

Haleh Esmailian

Popcorns Of Wonder

Popcorns of Wonder

Here comes the last scene...

The final act of the theatrics of the so-called illusion of existence!

And my fingers have reached the bottom of
the empty pocket of the popcorns of wonder!

I look around quietly!

At the alienated audience,
who are the best-fitters of this drama.

Within their full packets of chips,
their hands,

tend to be accidentally meeting!

And, inevitable would be then,
going together to a cheap hotel room,
and mate...

With the purpose of fulfilling the intellectual joy of attending plays,
to its demanding end!

I pull

very slowly

my salty hand,

out of the empty pocket of the popcorns of wonder!

With a clumsy effort to avoid shackles of disturbing noises!

And...

The curtains are down!

The pairs are gone!

Licking my salty fingers,

I'm still wondering

all alone!

??!?? ??????|???

Haleh Esmailian

Rights Are No You!

You left me...

With curious people looking for that missing link in between...
looking for you...
who was no more there to connect me to them...
to the world...
to the life...

I told them why...
why I was left alone...

they gave me the right...
every right...

but they don't know, baby...
they simply don't know!

Rights won't fill your place for me...
Rights are No You!

Haleh Esmailian

Shoes

Putting my dusty shoes on, I traveled all around the world,
without you.

I walked and walked and walked..

then I realized that a Man's Shoes are only existing Loyal Pairs in the whole
world!

Haleh Esmailian

Two Halves

Two Halves

I go past throwing myself into all I find sweet,

All I enjoy,

All I find appealing to bring up,

To talk about,

To share..

'Cause I don't want him to stumble on all that reminds him of poison.

.

.

.

And I simply nodded tonight...

And a faded smile

Was what I tried to hold on to,

When he held me tight in his strong arms and said:

"You and I are two halves of a predestined unity, darling! "

Haleh Esmailian

Typhoon

Typhoon is The Name of The Breeze,
Who Has Passed Through Your Eyes....

Haleh Esmailian

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Haleh Esmailian