

Poetry Series

**hamed komeili**  
**- poems -**

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## hamed komeili(30-4-1983)

Hamed Komeili was born in 1983 in Tehran in a warm and artistic family. His mother is painter, she is a realist painter. She is teacher too. She teaches art in guidance school. His uncle is nastaligh(a kind of Persian hand writing style) master. Hamed will write nastaligh well too. His uncle (His mother's brother) Is Persian language professor, he teaches in university. His grandfather was architect but he is retired now. His father doesn't have any art, he is a business man.

And Hamed, He graduated in public relation field in university. He teaches computer science before, but now he is working in an engineering company. He writes his first poem when he was a student in primary school and read it in a ceremony in school. But after knowing his societies problems he threw away his poems and he writes poems in another meanings till now. He have 45 poems and many of them have social meanings, and some of them are about the characters who he love them. Like cyrus the great, greatest Persian king who lived 3000 years ago.

# You And I Are The Devil's Slaves Yet

I remember  
I was a skillful painter  
Like Van Gogh like Dali  
I was just busy with  
Drawing the beauty of oases

I remember  
I draw a garden on the height  
There was a beautiful pond in the middle  
But  
The flowers were all sorrowful  
Because of thirst

I thought to draw a human being  
To water the flowers  
And saturate them

I took a brush  
Do you have permission? My friend said  
No, I said

It is said not to draw a hand, he said  
Maybe this hand takes a brush  
To draw on the wall  
To write down with injustice  
Ok I said

It is said not to draw a leg, he said  
Maybe this leg runs like a fawn  
And cause a victim to escape  
Ok I said

It is said not to draw eyes and lips, he said  
Maybe these eyes see the dark  
And the lips say the story of this contempt  
Ok I said

It is said not to draw ears, he said  
Maybe these ears hear the wail of a man

Ok I said

I remember  
I drew a man  
Who couldn't see this beautiful scene  
And didn't water the flowers  
Because he didn't have any hands  
And he was not able to move  
With no legs  
The lonely man couldn't hear the birds' songs  
With no ears  
The sad man couldn't sing  
Without lips  
He himself knew  
Who will be captured in my painting  
Forever  
And he had  
A sincere heart in his breast

I remember  
My garden dried  
And the pond become lagoon  
And flowers withered

I remember  
To appreciate my beautiful art  
And my dauntless answers  
I being responsible to issue the permission

At once  
Because of having my high rank  
I said:  
Order to draw hand  
This hand should take a brush  
Draw on the wall  
Write down with freedom  
Down with repeating flower and oasis

Order to draw legs  
These legs have to run in the garden  
And squash  
Every beautiful flower

Order to draw lips  
These lips have to tell us  
The place of pigeons

Order to draw eyes  
These eyes have to see the dark  
And feel the presence of demon

Do you remember yet?  
The years pass  
I and you are retired  
In meanness, my friend

Do you remember yet?  
How much cruel we were?  
How many odes we killed together?  
How many mouth we shut together?

I know well  
Paradise isn't oppressors place  
I know well  
Paradise is place of pigeons  
Who only laugh

But hell  
Is only for you and me  
And hell is here  
You and I are the devil's slaves yet!

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