

Poetry Series

**mohammad komijani**  
**- poems -**

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## mohammad komijani(26/8/1955)

he burned in komijan(1955) and went to primary school in there but for high school he have to go Arak that was big city and center of markazi province. then for studying in university he moved to Tehran (Iran capital city) and studied geology and after gratuate(1979) he got married and found 2 boys then he went to Semnan province for work in water supplying projects and had wrote many tekhnical reports about Dams and channels and water resurces and lived and worked there for 13 years and they found a girl in these years and after 13 years work he came back to tehran(1996) and work and live there to now.

# As Blood

At the first we were playing  
After some days we habit together  
After some times, it was not habit  
I feel that I did not habit

I feel you as my necessary thing  
Like weather, oxygen, water  
Like a fish that need to water  
And is alive in the water

I am alive with you  
As blood in my veins  
I Breath with your memory  
And live only with you

I need you a lot  
I miss you a lot

mohammad komijani

# Habit

I did lost you and try to habit  
You did left me and I try to habit  
I am going to habit that you do not be with me  
I am going to habit that I will not see you again

I am going to habit that you do not will come to me  
You went and my life became empty of meaning without you  
My days and nights is same equal, both black and boring  
I am going to habit to your lovely empty seats

But I never understood why you left me?  
I go to date place every morning and sit and wait  
And bring a red rose for u in my hands  
I am going to habit that you will come there

But I do not know, how you could go  
And left me alone and made me sad  
I am going to habit that you do not be with me  
I am going to habit that I will not see you  
I am going to habit that you do not will come to me

mohammad komijani

# Other Time

as you knew we do many times praying per day in Muslim countries and in this poem says that:

You can pray at the other time in future  
But our sitting and talking may not do in future  
Because maybe one die

Spring's days is very nice and more valuable  
But the passed days will not come again  
How many it gives us of wealth and power

Our bowel will not fill in this world  
These days that we are in it, are passing  
When you open your eyes tomorrow

You will not see those again  
You have a chance this moment for being kind to me  
Tomorrow will come, but you will not have any chance

mohammad komijani