

Poetry Series

Reza Ashofteh
- poems -

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Reza Ashofteh()

Bitter Chat, No

Bitter chat, no
From the hole of the world
Give up
With forefinger
It is no escape from pollutions
Man is in ruins
Warning, hanging on the tip of the leaves of the trees
Death, death, death
Slowly a fall rain
Make your heart happy
In a bright tomorrow
In enlightening the moon and the sun
It will be sweeter than that
If your eyes are on human awakening
Not to bitter chat

Reza Ashofteh

Butterfly

Understand the state of the heart
Photo frame, not tilt
Butterfly is dry

This notebook is in your name
I write the happy and sad moments
Sometimes you're wandering, sometimes you're drunk

You're hunting with your camera
The moments pass like the wind
And we become memories of each other

You also write me in your mind
In those very distant and uncertain days
Remembering memories is heartbreaking

Maybe we are the victor in the field, in understanding friendship
We get used to the window and the pleasant air
That butterfly didn't know it would dry in your frame for eternity

Reza Ashofteh

Dad Gave Bread

Dad gave bread
I am full
Whole life

Dad was suffering
Under the heavy burden of life
But he didn't sound

Dad neglected everything
Suffering crushed him
One afternoon full of death

Hello daddy, in your spirit
I swear to be a man
All life in front of people

Dad smiles occasionally
A window shows, in the sky,
everything that is related to the other world...

Reza Ashofteh

Finish This Love Affair

my heart
Over time
There are secrets in his privacy
You decode me
The end of the world is near
Unless you're standing at the farthest possible
To come near you
I still hope
So come earlier and
Finish this love affair

Reza Ashofteh

The Pear

The dog barks
At dawn
You're lost in my imagination
I'm wandering myself, at the foot of the window
The pear shakes in my heart
It falls from the tree
It breaks my heart
Of my loneliness
That's my hope
I make friends with the sun
Because you will come
And standing at the foot of the tree
And the hands that hold the same pear of gold
And my heart is cool,
With this gift coming to you

Reza Ashofteh