

Poetry Series

Rosa Jamali
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2023

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Rosa Jamali(1977)

Rosa Jamali is a renowned poet in contemporary Iran; she is often considered as the most important female figure in Present-day Poetry of Iran.

She studied BA Drama & Literature at the Art University of Tehran and later she receives her MA degree in English Literature from Tehran University.

Her debut collection of poems, *THIS DEAD BODY IS NOT AN APPLE, IT'S EITHER A PEAR OR A CUCUMBER* published in 1997 and announced a major new voice in Iranian poetry. The book opened Persian poetry to new creative possibilities. Her second collection of poems *MAKING A FUNNY FACE* was well received by critics and established her literary career. In this collection, with its stream-of-consciousness narrative poems; she merges different types of discourse and registers and goes further more to explore the possibilities of language poetry where she adopts a kind of metric pattern from classical Persian poetry and imbues that with the natural cadence of speech, juxtaposing long and short sentences, infusing the whole with her dry sense of humour.

Her third collection *MAKING COFFEE TO RUN A CRIME STORY* is a re-reading of male-narrative love stories in a post-modern narrative.

This lengthy dramatic poem at the beginning of the book has references to the image of misogyny in Sadegh Hedayat's literature; the chopped off woman in the *Blind Owl*. She has taken inspirations from the life of women who have been slayed because they wanted to write or tell a story, like the life of the first female poet in Persian Rabia Balkhi who was killed by her brother for writing love poetry, crime against women is quite common in Iranian society and has been well-portrayed in this long dramatic poem. The poem contains frequent references to old testament, myths & characters. *DATING NOAH'S SON*, a collection with so many biblical themes comes next as an addition to this book. The book *THE HOURGLASS IS FAST ASLEEP* has been mentioned for combining a present-day setting with the myths and themes of Persian mystics. Like Suhrawardi she takes the philosophy of illumination to talk about life from an Eastern Perspective; a kind of cosmology in which all creation has taken an existence from the light of lights; a kind of unification with the heaven above. In this book, she writes on death and love and asks so many existential questions. The poem *THE ANGELS OF THE FRAME* is a revival of Omar khayyam's themes and style in which the speaker of poem takes a skeptic point of view to talk about life and its philosophy. The poems have been widely discussed in its mythological references through birth and rebirth cycle, vegetation deity and archetypal patterns. And *HIGHWAYS BLOCKED* is much more in the political scene of present-day Iran. *HERE GRAVITY IS LESS 2019* explores some hidden psychological aspects of

things in a creative mood.

THIS IS NOT A PERSIAN SCRIPT, which is her recent book and coming soon contains so many references to historical events and chronicles the life of a nation throughout the time.

Many of her poems have been translated into English by herself.

She has written a number of poetry reviews, critical articles, and scholarly essays... In an article on Ahmad Shamlu; a Prominent Iranian Contemporary poet, she writes:

' Shamlu is a part of our cultural heritage, but we are from a different generation so we have to criticise the past:

1- Shamlou's poetry is a political speech.

2-The music he creates in his poetry comes from fragmenting the phrases which cannot be real music where else he applies the classical kind of rhythm which is not used in modern literature.

3- The archaic style he applies can't utter today's life throughout the poetry.

4- In his love poems, he describes his lover as a nurse, mother, or paragon of patience which cannot be practical in real life and the portrait of women in Shamlu's poetry is narrated from a Male-dominated point of view.

5-He applies the eloquence of the 11th-century prose which sounds obsolete and old-fashioned now.'

Rosa Jamali's poems have been translated into various languages; English, French, German, Swedish, Turkish, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Arabic, Kirdish, Hebrew, Vietnamese, Urdu, Czech & Esperanto... Among her translators are the distinguished Rumi Scholar, Franklin Lewis, and British acclaimed poet and prominent scholar of THE BOOK OF KINGS, Dick Davis.

She has translated a number of world poets into Persian among which are William Butler Yeats, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Tennyson, Amir Or, Dorothy Parker, Sylvia Plath, Emma Lazarus, Ted Hughes, Adrienne Rich, Allen Ginsberg, Roger McGough, Louise Gluck, Hilda Doolittle, Edith Sitwell, T.S.Eliot, and William Shakespeare above all.

THE SHADOW is a play by Rosa Jamali. The police are looking for a murderer, a woman but he's found eleven women resembling the murderer. The setting is a room. There are two women in black, covered their hair in black headscarves confronting each other in a shelter. They were born on one day and they've got one name. They both married one man called Parviz.

A challenge of identity made them kill each other. In the end, a third woman

exactly like them enters the same room, finding a piece of paper: 'The police have arrested 13 women who are quite alike but two have been found dead... the play is highly regarded as a feminist play exploring issues of women in Iran. English Translation of Ghazaleh Alizadeh's novel THE HOUSE OF EDRISIS is among her other works.

Jamali has participated in different poetry festivals and literary events worldwide:

-In 2006 in Rotterdam The Netherlands, she was invited for a poetry recitation and talk.

-She had a poetry reading and delivered a talk on IRAN IN WRITING at the British Library in February 2015 following a Panel Discussion with Ahamad Karimi Hakkak; a prominent Persian Literature Scholar and Daljit Nagra; British acclaimed Poet.

-In the Gutenberg poetry festival 2013, she recited her poetry and delivered a lecture on the image of contemporary Iranian women in Literature.

-She has been a guest poet in different Persian study centers in the United States like Chicago University, Colombia University, Iranica Centre, UCLA, University of Arkansas, Maryland university, George Washington University, Library of Congress, and...2013 She is recognised as an alumnus of WORLD LEARNING by State Department

- Poetry reading and talk on Poetry and Ecology on Persian Poetry, invited by Green India Organization,2015

-Talk on Post-revolutionary Persian Poetry, St. Andrews University Scotland,2017

-India's Asian Biennale of poetry 2019

-Kosovo International festival,2020

-Medellin Poetry Festival of Colombia,2022

She is a poetry Judge in so many poetry awards inside the country. Rosa Jamali's works have been subject of numerous University thesis and Scholarly articles in Persian.

Rosa Jamali's Works:

Poetry

This Dead Body is not an Apple, it's either a Cucumber or a Pear,1997

Making a Face,1978

Making Coffee to Run a Crime story,2002

The Hourglass is Fast Asleep,2011

Highways Blocked,2015

Here Gravity is Less,2019

This is not a Persian Script, coming soon

Plays

The Shadow, Premiered 2014

Translations into Persian

EDGE, AN Anthology of Anglophone Poets

Sailing to Byzantium, Selected Poems of William Butler Yeats

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, A Selection of Best Excerpts of William Shakespeare

Tulips, An Anthology of Women Poetry in English

The Wild Iris, Selected Poems of Louise Gluck

A Certain Lady, Selected Poems and Short Stories of Dorothy Parker

Sand and Time, A selection of Amir Or's Poetry

Translations into English

The House of The Edrisis; Ghazaleh Alizadeh, translation from original Persian to English

Essays

Revelations in the Wind (A Discussion on Poetics of Persian Poetry)

The Bull Year

The Bull Year

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the author

1

Mouse has penetrated in a sharp vein
Tigers have been silenced
Claws clinging over the snow gradually...

2

It was doomed and dark
Like a metal shape
And slippery over the ice
Extremely dark and creepy.

The creased moon has stepped on my shadow
I've buried the fish
His memory has been hanging from the ceiling.

This has been existed all over
For centuries
Dubbs a puppet
And mimes a gesture.

The avalanche
Broken latticed twigs
Maybe an origami
Forgotten over the years
Gone for over!

3

The glass coffin's behind the window
Time is not passing,
Frozen and still
The shadow on the pot!

Who's shivering leaning against the window frame?

I've buried yesterday

Fingers have been numbed with pins and needles
Gripped through the time.

No end for the gloomy clouds
Lines are either blank or dark;
Mirrors have been walking over me.

It's chewed the buttons of my dress.

A bunch of crows flying over the sky
The earth is a worn-out corridor,

A mass of ants invaded my home
It's been raining and raining for seven hundred years
A blind's coming soon
And this year is a bull year.

4
The rabbit moving on the left
Had an intercourse with the snow
It's been a bloody intercourse,
With the rabbit flowing in my veins.

Rosa Jamali

The Fern

The Fern

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian to English by the Author

I was a seven-story being, covered in scarce species of a plant
And it was a funeral ceremony
and I was the only single mourner
First I picked a gemstone from this very soil,
And then sealed and knocked it over my forehead
I returned and had a glance at my homeland again and I shed tears on this very
soil
My father was the phoenix; My mother a restless Goddess in Shush and Ecbatana
and on the tomb of Mordechai
But God was with me
My far-sighted binocular eyes are a camera in this deep darkness, a whole dark
loophole!
And I'm the dumb and voiceless Myth of clashes of spoons and forks at the
dinner table
Deity of The Nawab Highway, heading the cemeteries
At East End of this city... What's pouring over your head blow by blow and
nonstop, incessantly?
What is this entire dirt and filth in thorns and dust?
Which is covering things in a very slow pace, gentle and soft!
What's it like? What could it be?
The fairies had nested on my dark hair,
And I had washed the fairies, drained them, brewed them like rice.
You knew the time well, the moments are lingering, it's yawning and sleepy,
That very frozen moment and then absolute silence
While with my wounded nails on the stove, I was boiling over the saucepan!
When I covered the whole scene of the Revolution Square and erupted like a
volcano
Perhaps I had just kept my face pale with bleaching...

I am the Fern

The Orphan Land

The Stepchild

Fostered Land

Burned,

And forbidden

And infected with all kinds of diseases, fake gurus, lies and manipulations

What has captured your heart and attached you to this land, brother?
The country which has been completely burned, half buried and the other half
contaminated with Lead,
The smokes are left...

The Fern I am!
The Goddess of wild growing flowers,
The Lady of thorn and thistles
Upon the sorrow of the Talisman woven into my country,
And how I digged the mountains,
What have you done then?
Only a handful of soil which has been displaced
Makes me bewitched forever
Ashes which have been sprinkled over Bozorgmehr and Yazdgerd and the Great
Republic
My ashes which have been spread over the seas and over the far oceans
And I have been resided in the waters of the River Euphrates forever
The stale smell of dampness;
The spider which has nested right over my head
And you had foretold all this,
You had already seen it...

The Naming ritual is over.
Turn off the lights. Tomorrow is a Saturday,
Oh, I will not sigh!
Mirrors have grown over my index finger!
For I have wept the waters of seven seas in six thousand years
And I have taken refuge in the corner of a chair in fury

The sidewalks are deserted.
Passers-by are the perpetual dead
And this deserted Military Zone
Has no longer been residential.

I yielded to the winds
And packed
Giving away my body
And giving my soul to the windshields
It came to pass in a second when I became a yard bird
A captive for thousands of years

To the bitter end,
My words were ashes and carbon dioxide; coal...
The Fern is an ill-bred wild seed, off the rails that is not given a name, not called
by a name
It's exactly like a lettuce leaf: not happened to be named,
But it's been peeled, sliced
Misshaped, warped and deformed
Why should it be named in the first place?

Rosa Jamali

Woman; Hyena; Coyote; Tigress

Woman; Hyena; Coyote; Tigress

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

You see the chains and snakes which have grown over my shoulders?
And you've seen the eagles' nest in my two blinded eyes?
And pigeons' nesting like a crown over my head?
And you've seen crows sitting on emeralds and diamonds of my body
And you are watching this marble throne that's melting in my Crimson Gold
And that precious stone that has penetrated into my eyes to twenty one meters
and shaped your eye pupils
And you have seen that on the cliffs, I have breastfed the skinny lambs of the
forgotten burnt city in a borrowed land and a city which used to have four
ancient gates
And I have made love with all naked scavengers, have you seen that?
And with all my life passion I have slept with coyotes, have you seen this?
And you saw me kissing their sharp claws with a clumsy bow
And I've turned into a woman, a hyena, a coyote and a tiger

My hollow body

Which has been filled all with hay and straw and foils...

Had you seen the burnt wind houses and tea gardens and saffron blossoms
inside the nest of my breasts
How about snakes which are licking my limbs
I was the compass of this sea at that bronze age
A rose which was hanging on pillars and columns of Alhambra, a plant I had
become
That very scorpion that had wrapped my body and had nested inside
The one who had built a house in a tree in a little vault and you had clung into
that
Stems of my sky that you have wrapped in me and darkened my day which is
plain and black
The fox that was sitting here long in the mud, longing for me, the tigress!
I'm the rocks and corals,
Blended in the corals at the bottom of the sea,
Getting worn out inside pebbles and swamps of your body,
The same string that had been sewn to the sky by you, mighty you!

Have you seen the chicory extract mixed with cedar perfume
With wild flowers and grass
Have you seen the vultures in my Crimson Gold
They were chewing my eyes while I was sitting on the marble
I'm announcing the time like a woodcutter
Or I wish I could echo the owl clock at midnight

And what has the earth done to me?
And this whole wild green mass
This tigress...

Rosa Jamali

Visual Error

Visual Error

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the author

Right at the center of universe
They opened my tied hands
And they let me go
This is the Land you have long yearned for...

(A dark thick veil was drawing black circles over my eyes
In a very early second, the time was set with my watch.
My hands hadn't been shaped yet,
They were immature
My dusty clay-made face
My Profile on a sculpture was the same since the Genesis
Just thick dark circles over my eyes
And my throat was silenced, its vibrations sealed and forbidden.

I've been blinded and ransomed to sit there and count tambourines that we had
divided yesterday and finished the other day

I have been walking on rivers, splitting the seas
Ask the chronicle for how many years I split the seas

A tight eye pupil has encompassed the whole world
Yet me,
In desperate need of a 7 millimeter space to write on the margins of the pool
What are you speaking about?
You've been sleeping in my arms for so many years
Worms have covered the centre of universe
And this bending round shape which lingers for ever has dispatched me
What are you speaking about?
The Fahrenheit thermometer says
My temperature has increased one degree

Just the time we could reach the centre of the earth
We would be a landmark for you
Right, it's the land I desired for
It's pettier than what I had imagined

Its interior shell is peeling me off
They have told the sweepers to sweep us in a way nobody could be left
It's worth more than the cost of what has blinded me
It's excavating my throat tunnels
And this labyrinthine soil
Its lime shell
It's a land from here to seven millimeters there
I couldn't have dreamt this fragmented dream

They had untied my ropes
And I didn't know where my journey took me to, they had abandoned me on a
wasteland, they didn't want me anymore!

Oh, wait, sister!
Wait
I have endured all this!

But this wound has left a scar on my body
The one which you cannot erase it
What are you speaking about?
While they have stolen the right hand of God
I have turned to a profile stone on this famine-stricken land
I have turned round and round to reach the most mysterious spot on this circle
Here is a piece of land to dig
With a naked torso of God
In the middle of a pool full of blood
How much do you pay for this labour?
The air which tightened my neck is blowing gustily
You are chasing me like a shadow
I'm a light and lantern on your shady way
It's two at midnight
Ask the chronicles for how many thousand years I have walked on the sea
We had come to watch the eclipse

Right at the time we stepped on the centre of the earth
Just a shady vein from my right atrium
Like a corner ends in a dead end alley
Oh, wait sister
Wait!

It was unprecedented
And had disappeared from my eyesight.

Rosa Jamali

My Roots

A Poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by Rosa Jamali

You see how the Milky Way drove on my nerves
With my bronchus, I was plowing the vague path of Being
To the essence of cloves and to the roots of chicory
I'm sticking firmly to the River Ganges;
From my roots through the circular core of the Earth
Resting on its horizontal side, soft and light sand grows
What lava has turned you blind the other hour?
What you have been cooking in frozen dishes is the whole mass of all tropical
lands.
And you have been running all the way on the meridians
And this wounded volcano
Has become dormant by your wrist
And you have mended the Earth
With fingers just marinated in mint and vinegar

Oh!

The lines have been mixed and overlapped

Pity!

At that very first look

It hadn't even crossed my mind

And your voice wouldn't be heard by me

While there has been a snowfall since yesterday,

No news of the waves and the sand!

I was tiptoeing on the left side of the silk road

Stagnant lagoons and morbid lawns

Its memory has been engraving on a metal box

In which stormy stems and the railroad and these rails

Are all lumbering!

It's a complicated path though it looks simple;

Sticking to the cells which have decreased their tumor-like growth.

Rosa Jamali

And The Sun Was In My Handbag

And the Sun was in My Handbag

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by Rosa Jamali

And the Sun was in my handbag

And the whole world felt heavy and on my aged, frustrated arms

Just the moment our bodies merged ever since

And I had devoured the blind branches

As if your crimson gold had poured over me

And I was wildlife

And my voice was your silent arrow in the echo of my voice.

Whispering of the Branches

Like Souls of my Past

It is me who has been running over the branches

Has been living in you like a termite

And has reached the wildlife.

Rosa Jamali



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My Promised Meridian

My promised Meridian

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the author

Could you possibly find the name of the City in my own personal riddle;
The Landmark starts on the hill
And my sculpture is the landmark on Koohsangi Hills
Take the letter 'Y' as its name
A thousand miles above the Sea Level
Geographically archived on the life line of my Palms
You know, it's my third gravity
And makes the gravity less.

And this last landmark
As if it's a dreamlike bas-relief on KOOHSANGI HILLS
And here it is
My footprints on the earth
Left after me.

Is this the same Geographic Meridian
Or my own promised land?

Now look at my Palm again, notice the heartline
The whole Land mass
Its Gravity captured me
Triangles are reshaping into a curve
My whole life like the Sharp Winding Geometry of New Labyrinths
My garments are there
Stuck!

As if there is no pear here
And my dress looks like a pear
But dark
Shadowy
Oxygen of air
A glass of water
And how I love you
Like a lonely cherry
This land had a crush on me!

As massive as that dream
Quite dimensional
Three dimensional
Like your heartlines
Folded, steamed in the Laundromat
But this corner is not gonna get creased.

The Landmark at the end of KOOHSANGI Street
Like a tramp I had been trekking the city, every corner of it
Which has given voice to my coughing throat...

Is this the promised meridian
Or my own promised land?

What's the last memorabilia?
Is it my face whirling in the winds shapelessly?
I'm not there any more but my heartlines there after me...
My whole heart head to foot became the murals of the City
Prickly pears
Prickly pears
When the lines join, your fate's destined
And now I have a new face.

How symmetrical it is!

The City Mashhad was the answer to my riddle
Very complicated
Never entered my Vagabound mind
And now I'm the poison ivy of KHORSASAN
My dress over the washing hangings
Growing over the walls of houses,
One after another
My collective memory could have never found the name of this City!

One thousand and one nights have passed
I was restless to sleep
But tomorrow
Would be the first day of my life!

Long after

The city would be a double Cherry
And what would be left after alllllll.....
My face over the hilllllllllllls.....

Rosa Jamali

Anticlockwise

Anticlockwise

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian to English by the author

It's Midday

Or it's 6: 05

You have turned over, over and over...

Anticlockwise

Round the old orbit

On your Zodiac sign

A cancerous tower

And waterfalls

They all became your nightmare

Cancerous tumours

On your horoscope.

Where is the natural habitat of this migrating bird?

It flew to African moors

And made a nest there

That migrating bird

Was an unknown species

With a bloodline to scarce roots or leaves...

Rosa Jamali

Eye Pupil

Eye Pupil

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from original Persian into English by the Author

Dear all,
I'm at the post office
Sending my broken dreams and nightmares
Apocalyptic blisters and rashes
May have hypnotised me!
Hands or arms are reshaping into a metamorphosis
It was less gorgeous yesterday!

Tell me, how many of my days have been erased
And how much of the calendar is covered by the Pandemic?
Quarantined eye pupils
Suffer from leprosy!
Whatever,
The Bell is Ringing...

If you let me touch that tiny edge of that tambourine
No excuse would be left
To die!

At 5 AM
The year would turn to a new round
All biblical crows are gathering
And this is the End of the Earth.

Rosa Jamali

Preserved Can

Preserved in a Can
(A Parody on War Poetry)

A poem by Rosa Jamali
Translated from original Persian to English by the author

We have been sleeping all along with spinach leaves and the ground under me
was solid, stony, and rock-like
On the gulf, there was a manuscript that your body has been lost
our hands were getting out of your skull
On the Persian Gulf, there is a piece of writing that says you have been lost
forever!
And you as my reader, you know those leaves cannot be scissored for so many
years
My lips have been sewn to null
It's been a decade since the war
One hundred years, a century, one thousand five hundred years!
'Sorry I've lost my watch on Iraqi soil
So do I have to run all this way in the speed of light to the land of Zion? !'
Off the embankment
You and your second body had no hands
But your body was so stout and preserved the pieces
I couldn't fix your arms
The reversed fingers are growing out of his skull, Scratching in vain
My face was just a masque and I was acting well
I was all these martyrs, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, and the last
I was galloping all around that Arabian lowland
My pieces were separated preserved in a can
Turning to the pieces of light and wine!
Now you are the name of this street and I'm not streetwise
I'm swerving, going backward, finding a parking space for my body
The path is dusty and I desperately need photochromic glasses
Your arms are cut in pieces and your head covered in blood
I'm getting back now
I've washed and buried one thousand, six hundred and sixty-six martyrs
They were all anonymous
We had been sleeping in spinach leaves
I had lost the headquarter
And lost the time

As if the martyr's mother is still waiting
Is it possible to sew these leaves to sth?
Never, ...!
Though it's been ten years since we buried him
Like this unnamed Persian gulf!

Rosa Jamali

Cyber War

Cyber War

A poem by Rosa Jamali

Translated from Original Persian to English by the Author

All Diplomatic ties are frozen
Though we have always welcomed all sides
This Persian Jaguar is going to extinct
And we need a cyber co-existence
The Laleh Park is Our Public Zoo
We have been pre-occupied by cats
Good news,
The population is rising!

Let's go on a pilgrimage!

First, you knock at the door
Then you vote

The officials are dinning
knock, knock
Time for chocolate cake!

The unofficials are protesting all over the world
Making too much fuss!

Oh, the Cyber Army
You, the Soldiers!
The Republic has turned into cyberspace!

There is no oil
No oil's
Left
And we should rely on Solar Energy
Oh, our human resources!
Heavenly Cosmic Energy
Right!
Nuclear Energy
There is no barrel of oil,
Nothing's

Left!

And oil is over!

Neither Global Warming
Nor a Geopolitical Force
It's Money Laundering
And Land Grab
Vegetarianism
And Vegan Life
Green Life
The sea has leveled
Oooo we are getting close
And closer
To the cosmic FORCES!

You are direction-wise
Welcome to The Republic
No Solution is a Time Zone.

Rosa Jamali

Greenwich Mean Time

GMT

A POEM BY ROSA JAMALI

TRANSLATED FROM ORIGINAL PERSIAN TO ENGLISH

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED SOME PIECES OF NEWS

HORRIBLE

NIGHTMARISH

FROM A SEISMOGRAPHY CENTRE

EARTHQUAKE IT WAS

QUAKE

TOOK PLACE!

THE ROUTE HAS BEEN DIVIDED

ON THE OIL FIELDS

AIR SATELLITES

OVER THIS MERIDIAN

THIS VERY TIME ZONE

FREE ZONE

HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED

REMOVED FROM THE MAP

OMITTED FROM THE HISTORY

BANISHED

UNKNOWN NETWORK

INVISIBLE LETTERS.

THEY WILL BROADCAST ONE DAY

SOME TRACES OF LIFE

HAS BEEN SEEN

HERE IN THIS REGION

YOUR PULSES BEAT

AS

OUR PULSES

BEAT!

CAN'T YOU ERASE OUR NAMES FROM THE OIL FIELDS?

DO NOT ADJUST YOUR CLOCK

WITH THIS PARTICULAR TIME ZONE!

MORSE CODES
TURNING AND TURNING
LIKE A PRISM THROUGH THE TIME
RETURNED THE TIME PAST
HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT
FROM THE SPINAL CORD
SHALL WE WALK BACK?

THESE BLIND BOUNDARIES
BERMUDA TRIANGLE
I WILL SEND YOU A LETTER IN CAPITAL LETTERS
FULL OF PASSWORDS
AND USERNAMES.
THIS EVENING AND THIS SUNSET
IT'S GONNA BE FORGOTTEN
PRETTY SOON.

A CUBIC EXILE!

MYSTIC CODES
HAVE DISTORTED THE LINES, ...

Rosa Jamali

Two Black Buttons

My eyes are used to the dark mood
For I have sewed two black buttons into my eye SOCKETS
And you are gonna touch me
In this Bleak House
All over the blackness...

(Translated from original Persian to English by Rosa Jamali)

Rosa Jamali



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Algae Between My Fingers

□

A shortcut to an unknown spot (a crime that I've revealed)

With your permission
We'll assess whether this unknown sign is correct
the crime that I've revealed
they've exiled me to an unknown spot
and it's no distance from being underground*

Speak, say something, confess!
I came into the world on the day you stroked my shroud
my constant entertainment was a dark loophole
my evidence a page from my sister's identity card
they ascertain the strength of gravity the moment a stone
doesn't sink in water
Speak, say something, confess!
the crime that I've revealed

The crime that I've revealed

That's great!
I don't know if it's four o'clock or five
if today's Thursday or Friday
if it's October or November
if it's winter or autumn
minutes are halted, forbidden
I'm guilty of murdering someone
it's not the first time
it's not the last time
it's the thousandth time they've put me in prison
I have thirty seconds
for years my shadow has followed your shadow
my hair is a tangled spider's web
there's algae between my fingers
I won't look into your pupils any more
you've spilled cold milk on my bones
you've shot a volley of bullets into my pupils
for thirty five days I've been in love with corpses

though this is an inaccurate account

That's great!

his eyeballs are cloudy with pneumonia

my breasts feel crushed

they give me a blind man's stick

and looking at the calendar is forbidden

That's great!

A woman is screaming, vertical and horizontal, at eighty degrees on the clock
from the welts the stick makes

A woman is screaming round the clock

A woman is screaming, a few seconds, a moment of surrender, it's ninety
degrees

A woman is screaming and the gashes and a wall-clock, one hundred and eighty
degrees

A woman is screaming / it's half past midnight/ the circle's complete

It's three hundred and sixty degrees

a revolver's diagonal shape on the wall

the smell of blood's sent me crazy

Speak, say something, confess!

it looks like bad weather's coming

the world is a short woman who's been slashed down

Speak, say something, confess!

they've exiled me to an unknown spot

a slab of rubble drops into water

and it's no distance from being underground*

A woman is screaming ...

A woman is screaming ...

A woman is screaming ...

This piece which is an excerpt from a long verse drama has been translated by
Dick Davis; British Acclaimed poet & translator of Ferdowsi(The Book Of Kings) /
TRANSLATED FROM ORIGINAL PERSIAN

Rosa Jamali

The Street Before You Leave Tehran (New Edition)

Facing the airport, all that's now left in my grasp
is a crumpled land
that fits in the palm of my hand.

Facing wavering sunbeams—
a sun that is angry and mute.
All the way from the salt sands of Dasht-e Lut,
it came, the dream
that forced my fingers' shift,
that set my teeth on edge.
A muted breeze,
whirlwind spun from sand dunes
all the way, even through the back alley.

Are you pasting together the cut-up fragments of my face to make me laugh?

No longer than the palm of the hand, a short leap,
exactly the length you had predicted.

A huge grave in which to lay the longest night of the year to sleep.

Sleep has quit our eyelids for other pastures,
has dropped its anchor at the shores of garden ponds,
has lost the chapped flaking of its lips,
poor thing!

Are you pasting together the cut-up fragments of my face to make me laugh?

With scissors - snip, snip - they are severing something.
The alphabet shavings strewn on the ground,
are they the letters that spell our family name?

With every zig-zag,
you cage my mother's breath,
her footprints fading
in the shifting sands.

Are you pasting together the cut-up fragments of my face to make me laugh?
No.

A strange land-shape forms.
I will not return.
I left behind a shoe, one of a pair,
for you to put on and follow after me.

Translated from Persian to English by Franklin Lewis, Associate Professor, Persian
Language & Literature Chair, Department of Near Eastern Languages and
Civilizations, University of Chicago

Trans-created by Veronica Golos & Catherine Strisik

Rosa Jamali

The Last Street Of Tehran (Translation Reviewed)

Facing the airport,
all that's now left in my grasp
is a crumpled land
that fits in the palm of my hand

Facing the wavering sunbeams
of a sun that is cross and will not speak with us.
All the way from the salt sands of Dasht-e Lut,
it came, a dream that made my fingers shift,
that set my teeth on edge, a muted breeze,
a whirlwind
spun from the sand dunes
all the way through the back alley of our house.

Pasting together the cut up fragments of my face to make me laugh?

A short leap, no longer than the palm of the hand,
exactly the length you had predicted
A huge grave
in which to lay the longest night of the year to sleep
"Sleep has quit our eyelids for other pastures,
has dropped its anchor at the shores of garden ponds
has lost the chapped flaking of its lips,
poor thing."

Pasting together the cut up fragments of my face to make me laugh?

With scissors - snip, snip -they're cutting something up.
The alphabet shavings strewn on the ground,
are they the letters of our name?
With every other zig-zag,
rigid and unyielding,
in the middle of the salt dunes, flat and vast,
did you cage my mother's breath,
her footprints fading
in the shifting sands?

Pasting together the cut up fragments of my face to make me laugh?

No! ...

I will not return to the last street.

I left behind a shoe, one of a pair, for you to put on and follow after me

A strange shape forms

facing the horizon...

It fits in the palm of the hand!

A big leap, beyond what three legs could manage,
the length of the palm of the hand.

(Translated from original Persian to English by Franklin D. Lewis)

Rosa Jamali

Knotweed

I've turned to an annual plant, shielded and armed, from the genus of hollyhocks
and broad leaves

Whole five-thousand-year history is turning over my head

It was the moment that you were buried with no shroud

And I'm the weeds and icicles of this land, ...

Had been climbing over the flames, it was a black ladder, burning my sole feet

It was the moment that I had chopped my heart, you had sucked my blood in
that woundless bowl

Had been growing like a wildflower, had been living for millions of years

In Syriac over my body:

Nail-shaped herbs had written some letters.

I'm the genius of thorns with wounded heels of thousands of miles travelling in
the oasis

My blistered feet, weary and my parched lips

Shattered by the mountain ranges I had been fighting with my claws

My roots are extended with the fluent liquid in the vessels

Lilacs had grown over my arms and now I've turned to the ivy as if burning in the
fire

I left my name on the land I stepped, ...

And who's this weeping human child, lamenting two thousand years in my arms?
Still weeping? ! Always weeping? !

I've been raising this child for six thousand years

I've grown this Persian hero to send him to the battlefield

Breastfed him

And he has grown out of my eyes

This extreme light which has blinded me....

(TRANSLATED From original Persian to English by the Poet)

Rosa Jamali

Chesslike City, Tehran

You see the city in my veins fast asleep
Like the obscure web over my brain
As if destroyed the fragments of my memory.

In the morning things were perfect
Just a watchdog which is penetrating incessantly into the eyelids
Things for sure were perfect in the morning.

Signals, signals, and parasites bombarded the satellite TV!

Tehran,
Like a white sheet, stagnant on the washing hanging
Still, things are perfect,
Waves moving around me;
This wretched scorching hot sultry weather

I'm the only driver turning into the highways
Railings like parallel lines keeping us all together

Is the turning for ever?

Lack of iron and minerals,
Mercury as fast as death is shadowing the table frame now
Temperature's just dropped!

Tehran is the city in my veins fast asleep!

Railings are putting us into sleep
The ruins of the city have been left over the frame.

Done with your breakfast?
Shall we exit from the right?
The prism, turning and turning into the wind
As if our torn-up parched lips and the garments in the whirlwind

By watching I feel pins and needles in my arms
The chessboard you made
With all its dead bodies,
Surfing over the waters and waters of the metropolis!

(TRANSLATED FROM ORIGINAL PERSIAN TO ENGLISH BY THE POET.)

Rosa Jamali

The Last Street Of Tehran (Translated From Original Persian To English)

At the airport;
Now what I have inside my fist
Is a tight piece of land
Barely exceeds the size of a single palm of my hands
Sliding into the slippery sun
The Sun is not on the speaking term with us!
The long Dream of moving fingers
Is rooted from the Lout Desert
Stiffened through my teeth
Blurred into the whirlwind
Twisting, surrounding the sandy moor
Landing towards the back alley right in the vicinity of my home.

Hey, are you putting together the pieces of my face to make me laugh?

A short cruise, the precise size of a palm
My fortune has been doomed as lengthy as my hand;
The lengthy mass grave
To put the longest night of the year to sleep.
Dreams have left our eyelids
Lowering its anchor on the sides of the pool
Somebody has lost his torn-up mouth
Little puny scanty thing, ...!

Hey, are you putting together the pieces of my face to make me laugh?

Pieces are being scissored
The shattered pieces on my land are the letters of my ID
Fallen to the state of oblivion
Amnesia!

Bumping over the puddles, every other
Stretched along the desert
My mum's sighs have been jailed
And I'm losing her footprints.

Hey, are you putting the pieces of my face together to make me laugh?

Never ever!
Won't go back to the last avenue
What I left for you is a single shoe
To put on and follow me!
The weirdest skyline
Navigation exceeds 3 feet
The size of my right palm!

Rosa Jamali

The Clock Cell(Translated From Original Persian To English)

Something happens to die
And the sunlight which has been soaking is wet and obscure
If I carry on the lines
The frozen object which has been captured in your hands will drop
Otherwise, the day has come to an end.

Void
When I get home; staring at all those cubical shapes;
Standstill current of water
And the sunlight which is never damp
On the blank sheets of writing
bursting into tears over old sheets on my bed.

The elements
Its essence has been painted by my blood
The rain of cats and dogs on my field
The moon is encompassing the land!

Here with the frostbite on the iron post,
I left the time on the river bank
Time was a whim slipped away from my fingers
The moments have been cleaned and cleared.

The wall has turned blue
Me and the black gown
Have taken the flow of the river.

It's a calf death breast-fed.

What is it?
Sediments on a neutral background
It could be in a different colour
It's been many days since I started walking on the rope
The creased moon is hanging down the ceiling.

Blizzard
A flimsy stone

The frostbite on the window glass
The bridge has fallen down
Silence on a metal tape
Ending to a blind full stop.

Rosa Jamali

The Flintstone(Translated From Original Persian To English)

Block No.1:

A whole nation has created the kindling
Which owes you desperately
But it hasn't been specified
Whether it's the flint stone
Or A fire storm?

Block No.2:

A piece of my happiness is in debt with the flint stone
You've turned to the rocks
But it's for the flint stone.

Block No.3:

I'm in debt with the flint stone
The whole world is in debt with the flint stone

Block No.4:

It has cast a spell
For all your desires
Behind the railing.

Block No.5:

I'm the mother of this flint stone
I've nourished it
I've shed tears on it
If the world is on fire
I'm the one to blame.

Block No.6:

I've betrayed the heaven above
God is disabled by it.

Block No.7:



PoemHunter.com

And since then people have taken the vow of silence, ...

'Dating Noah's Son'/ 'Making coffee to Run a Crime Story' / Translated from
Original Persian to English by the Author: Rosa Jamali

Rosa Jamali

The Angles Of The Frame(Translated From Original Persian To English)

1

Many years have passed since the day,
I looked into a mirror, saw a wrinkled face.
I've been disclosed to the bulging sands of my bed.

2

Aeons of breath account for the many veins in my atrium.

3

The bull I breast-fed for many years
And I've submerged into the frame.

4

I knew the justifications were hard,
Hard as against the current of water.
No news from the ambiguous points
something uncommon.
It can't be justified by natural rules,
many years we've been tangled on it.

5

This usurped land is a part of all buried treasure islands
No finger points in any direction.
Lost in the dead-end alleys
Tracing images without a compass.

6

Horse pounding pulse sing endlessly in my blood.
My kinsmen of horses...
Blood-line linked as to rays of a circle
like roots of a tree growing deep on the roof.

7

You can't stop the hands of the clock.
You can't come back to the broken minutes.
The days have been arranged one after another.
The knights have left the game one after another.

8

There was a straw mat where you fell asleep.
I became numb, quite used to the stillness of the house.

9

Was something supposed to get away from the core
to join us?
A century has passed and we still live in this house.

10

Dimensions have shifted
Not exclusive to the roof
The letters approved us as the residents of the house
They ran away as the convicts
And we got used to the standstill.

(TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR)

Rosa Jamali

Making Coffee To Run A Crime Story(Translated From Original Persian To English)

A knife can't do anything
When the burglar peeps up the house
A knife can't do anything.

The thimbles were asleep
When they jumped over the borders of the house
We were also asleep.

(Your mind couldn't do anything
Just you knew the alphabet and multiplication table
It was enormous
And how could you figure them out...)

FIRST SHOT:

My hair was getting off the scarf
They said that woman could say the shapes of those
Kitchenware by her heart
All the buttons were slipping down restlessly
Her heart was upside-down.
Forgotten my first love poem...
Forgotten your keyword...
Forgotten the first word I could say...
Even forgotten my ID...

Tell me the truth, have you stolen my dream?

SECOND SHOT:

I've sheltered in run-away eye-lids
Have you done with it?
I had buried a treasure in this land
The aeroplane took away a piece of my land.
The hidden windows
Are the last photos of this land.

Alas that your veins were our clues!
You asked my hands which denied you
It's a pity you're absent;
Otherwise the pieces of my land departed you.

On the polish chair
Either of wind blowing on my ears is contagious
No trust in snowdrops
Ask the trees in Darband which are my partners in this crime
I've buried a piece of goodbye memory
Underneath the trees.

Have I murdered those trees?

I emphasise:
Your nerves are unriper than this
And this false air doesn't prove the frostbite of anything
Is this my fault?
Or my dream is not penetrating in your blood!

Those who crashed the gate in my dream
Didn't know that was a false dream.

I announce your death as the frankness of this paper
And your fingerprint which is my accomplice in this crime
How can I reveal?

All the thimbles were asleep
When they climded over the walls of our house...

I'm the accomplice,
And I tied your destiny to the branches of a tree
I gave you a blood transfusion of Tehran.

(This is a blood relation of Hendeye-jegarkhar
Came to take the revenge of your blood...)

(The narrator who has already commited suicide writes this poem and runs
away; The clue has gone with the wind ...The rest is not clear...The snow has
poured on the fingerprints...
Never they can find it hereafter..She has forgotten the papers & is terribly busy..

I swear to God, My mind didn't work anymore..I missed the narrator who wrote my death...

The answer was a letter in the crossword
There were some mistakes in the crossword ...)

Look!
They've cut this poem short, shorter...
They say the game is over and fire
I've said the last letter.

FIRST SHOT:
I'm ready for the dinner
And ready to act this role
Although I stumble over this long black skirt which trips
Over my legs
I remember you well!

SECOND SHOT:
To the memory you've lost
You've faked my name
You act my role very well
You've caught my parted hair, the strands of that, part by
Part!
Shoot!

You've taught my captured hair part by part...

WEEKLY REPORT:

Once a week,
He stole my dream
It was a rumour
That he's passed the borders of our house
He steps over the walls.
I didn't care

But his angles haunted me
How could I reveal his identity?
How did he know my Achilles's heel!

He strides
Right on the steps of my yard
He who has helplessly sheltered behind the curtains
On the light of day
The trees are my witness.

Somebody who wasn't in my memory
Didn't know anything about the pieces of chess
Alas!
You don't know anything about this black and white photo
Did you see how he crossed me on the nails?
I had a nail less than the cross!

For 3 times a week he climbs up the walls of my house
And he doesn't know
That the door-keeper is blind.

What have I done?
How could I wipe your shoeprints off the corners of the
Yard?

It's sciatica
On my nerves.

A SHORTCUT TO AN UNKNOWN CORNER(THE CRIME I'VE REVEALED) :

By the request of your permission
We state the correctness of this unknown character
The crime I have revealed
They've sent me to exile to an unknown corner
And there's no way to the basement.

Say it, admit it, confess!
I was born on a day you touched my shroud
My daily entertainment was a dark loophole

My witness was a sheet of my sister's ID

They set the gravity force of a moment that the stone
Doesn't sink in water.

Say it, admit it, confess:
The crime I have revealed!

THE CRIME I HAVE REVEALED:

How well!

I don't know whether it's four o'clock in the afternoon or five? !

It's a Thursday or Friday? !

It's October or November? !

It's winter or autumn? !

Minutes are forbidden

I've committed manslaughter

This is not the first time

This is not the last time

It's the one- thousandth time I've been imprisoned

I've got 30 seconds

My shadow has followed your shadow for years

My hair is the spider web

The seaweeds in my fingers

I never look at the pupils of your eyes

You've spilt the cold milk on my bones

You've executed my pupils by a firing squad

It's been 35 days since I've fallen in love with the corpse

Although this is a crippled report

His eyeballs are infected with pneumonia

Sprained in my breast

I've been given a blind stick

And looking at the calendar is forbidden

How well!

A woman screaming, diagonal and vertical

180degrees to the ridged stick

A woman screaming, round and round;

A woman screaming, a few seconds,

It falls,90 degrees

A woman screaming, It's 12 at midnight
The circle is complete;
360 degrees.

The revolver is off the wall
I'm sick of blood which smells revolting
Say it, admit it, confess!
The air is getting wild,
The universe is a short woman who's been trimmed
Say it, admit it, confess!
Thy've exiled me to an unknown corner
A big stone falls in the water
And there is no way to the basement.
A woman screaming...
A woman screaming...
A woman screaming...

ENTR'ACTE FOR A FEW SECONDS: [At this moment the reader can close the book for a few minutes to drink a little coffee][This entr'acte has just been written to relax the reader's mind:]

The incidence of a murder at the 8th second of this text is pending: In the case you are the narrator, nobody's been a murderer like me & I'm the single person who knows the secrets of this sinister divination; which one gives more pleasure, a manslaughter with a knife or a moquette cutter?

The murder takes place in room number 13 & you've got the choice of colour about the walls: the crime will take place and nobody can commit it as I do.[It's just the beginning of the crime & your expectation proceeds this doubtless account, you are the second member of this crime:]The thief, the murderer & the detective are the three wings of an indefinite triangle & the narrator has fled away stealthily.

[from the point of view of a detective you who are reading this text are accused of narrating it] This dead body which has been fragmented to pieces and your bleeding veins are an event that I've commanded to happen!

I testify that I took the moquette cutter & there was just one glass of water on the table at that night.All those fingerprints on my vein are a vague clue and in the case you are the narrator of the crime the murderer has fled away!

[You'll carry on this inevitable crime if you open the book again

EXPOSED PHOTO(NEGATIVE) :

The night I was murdered Just a coincidence The night I was murdered They've
spread the shroud on my eyelids The night I was murdered
Just a coincidence The night I was murdered!

(They shoot at my shadow; but
This woman won't die by God's damnation
I've worn the skin of hyaena!)

That woman was a soothsayer, she told my fortune from the leaves of tea
I was scared
I shot her dead
I shot at her shadow.
(And me like a clown acts up him to rejoice you, laugh a little please...)
It's late to say goodbye
My keen knives have been left on your dish
I've set the dinner on the table
Ace of spades
This is the last card I play
A single graph of that dream
Flat No.8
This is a mystery I cannot reveal
It's 8 seconds to the moment of your death
I've turned to an iceberg on this far deep ocean
Hands of the clock point to the moment of death.

The night I was murdered:
Not win nor loss is important!
Just the important matter is my veins those which can predict this bizarre land
The important matter is your Achilles' heel on my neck
It's important that I've knocked a man over
For some seconds, some minutes, some years, some centuries
Hold him here!

Where can I bury your dead body?

[The burrial of this dead body is condemned]

O' the sorrow of your short breath
The cracks have been veined underground
It's broken like a porclain dish
O'the sorrow of my short breath!
It's a straight line
No beginning and no ending
A knife from ridged air that I've held in my breath
A vein is risen from my right atrium
I've played the last card
It's a straight line running on the rips of my cheeks
And It's a grave I've dug on my own.

I've grown bigger than my shroud.

-The pillow you've put under your head hears my voice
Knuckles of your fingers know
The everlasting story
I've been engraved on your palms!

Just a few sips of that sticking in the throat wine
I've been sedimentated
No news from that man!

No matter I win or lose!
The important is my veins which are the soothsayers of this land
Important is your sleepy veins, they've been engraved on my neck
Important is the man who I've knocked him over!
I've crushed him under my feet
I've smashed him
As a rubbish!

Where can I bury your dead body!

[The burial of this dead body is condemned.]

(The woman goes to the corner of window.
If you command to rain,
If you command a downpour, ...

I'm touch of the soil and the wind intercourse,
Im licking,
As the muzzles of a hunting dog,
Though I keep away my memory out of the reach of that aged wolf;
Dancing on the sands of desert;
Dancing on the weeds grown on my grave;
Where you've grown off my sigh,
Dancing...
Being at the end of rope.

The maiden of the rocks:
The maiden who's sitting on the rocks is turning to the rocks.

No matter I win or lose!
It's a whale grown of the land of my teeth
Rising to a giant snake dancing with pipe
Strangle him!
The curse is elongating from the rope of God to my mouth
Your famin-

stricken hands,
It's over!

Where can I bury your dead body?

[The burial of this dead body is condemned.]

A report to the rocks of Darband:
The rocks remember, I buried a piece of paper underneath/ What day was that?
/I was cold/ I burned the pieces of paper one by one/My name was engraved on
that stone/There's a soothsayer always passing the way/This sinister
soothsayer...

(I'm acting a clown, miming him, the sound of your laughter reveals me...)

The clown: But the ink of my fountain pen reverses the things, writes the
opposites/ How many times I said leave him but the ink loves him and writes
him...

And the trees! /I'm mad at them, one by one/Too tall that never give me a piece
of sky/ The whore trees! / Give me a piece!

I had a vow to sacrifice a life

Forget-me- not

I've mounted up the hill

The shrine on the foothill

I've mounted up the rocks,
To whisper the air...
I'm the only maiden of oasis...
Over there! / That tree/ It was a Wednesday/ I buried a piece of poem
underneath/ And I wrote below that:
If you find this piece, you'll die in 5 days.
If you don't like to see your mother dies, sacrifice a pigeon...
If you don't like to see your father dies, bury the sparrow alive...
If you don't like to see your child dies, behead another child, let the bleeding
nourish the trees here...
And the sun set.
(The mourning dinner: light the candles, take the lanterns...)

O'the mountain, you say it,
If I'm telling a lie, you tell the truth...

The burial of terrible moments
And the fate which is destined
Besides I've turned to the rocks
I want nothing from you
A bitter memory
The grave which is the size of my heart
And the trees are praying: Amman Youjb...

_ Are you collecting the skeleton of morning?
_ Was it just a struggle in a dream?
_ The blood in your dream overturned that!

Either my shoes have been lost in that dream or my old shoes have grown
small...

No matter I win or lose
The important is my veins that's the soothsayer of this bizarre land
I've sucked the narrow veins of my land
They shoot at my shadow
But this woman doesn't die by the curse of God
The night I was murdered
Just a coincidence!
It's a jack pot
My fingerprints are on your walls
Where can I bury his dead body?
The night they murdered me

Just a coincidence!
The shroud has covered my eyelids
The night they murdered me
Just a coincidence!
The night they murdered me!
LADY X:

LADY X: I've pulled out the kitchen knife
It stabs from both sides
An upside down fork
Dripping from your throat,
Drop by drop dribbling on the sink
I've pulled out the kitchen knife,
That memory is still running in my veins,
The person who revealed the essence of your nerves
With a second shooting slapped your ears;
It was me!
I've given up,
This jackknife is directly targeted your eyes
The murder takes place in this street
Just in this street, the murder takes place
I've pulled out the kitchen knife
I'm dragging your nerves
What a pleasure was that murder!
I've chopped him to pieces
His Identity is unknown!

-On the night of incident;
Were there two glasses on the table?
The finger printing of a single hand doesn't suffice
The dinner is over!

-There's nobody across from me!
The cups are dashing jingling and jingling
The bell ring is lingering!
[They've cut a fraction of this line & the narrator is confused with this
indispensable event, her shoe prints are covered with the snow and they've
forged her fingerprints. The answer was a letter in crossword, it was designed
mistakenly, they've cut a fraction of this line and this is not either the keyword...
but there's enough time to drink a cup of coffee...]
Look!

They've cut this poem short,
Shorter,
They say: The game is over
And shoot.

Broken up with his shadow
And there's no time to die!
That loophole is tightening and tightening
Remember the second hand of the clock!

I've said the last word
And tomorrow it'll be a dead body corrupting
[This is the last line of the account which has been cleared, lost & destructed.]

FINGER PRINT

You said: that's a pity
You're the proof of my death.

I said: She has given me 2 threads of her hair
The woman who's dreaming the forgery of a murder
Enough!
I'm blind
And you're asleep
Not enough!

Late to commit suicide
You're the accomplice!
My fingerprints are enough!
Announce it publicly!

My dress is stained with blood.

I've dressed my black mourning gown,
You're running out of my poem
Farewell!

Just you're not asleep
And I'm blind
That's enough!

TEA LEAVES

The soothsayer
Told my fortune
Out of the tea leaves
Scared of coming days
I shot her dead.

The soothsayer
Told my fortune
Out of the tea leaves
Across from the moon
The man committed suicide
The moon captured the baby
Perpetuating...

I shot at his shadow...

Died,
Leaving your eyes,
Leaving your black headscarf on the magpie...

Would you like some coffee?

Scared of coming days
I shot her dead.
I shot at her shadow.

Died.

Give the coins to the beggar.

THE LABYRINTH WALLS

The last word: The wind is my witness
The leaves are burning
I'm writing the most beautiful poem in the world

The burnt leaves are my witness.

A

Don't cut my artery!

Many years ago

I was sitting on the veranda of a palace you had furnished it

Farewell all the seas of the world!

In Nineva

A Phoenician girl

Tore up her liver to pieces...

O' lord of my dreams,

They've taken my gown,

(The stage light is not enough! ...)

They prosecuted the mountains

A four-legged creature was drudging

The gown is torn to pieces!

B

On the fainting shadows of the night

There was a picture of a woman engraved;

The woman was a clairvoyant

But you didn't know

The tea leaves and the clock

There's no response for the world!

(The stage light is not enough! ...)

C

I'm spinning her skirt

All the dancers of the world

Are taking her revenge

She couldn't dance

As I danced!

It's a puppet in my hand

I'm turning her around
You're a novice,
Could you clap for me?

I've been lost in the shadows
You're dreaming a labyrinth.

D

I'm sitting in the drought
Breathing without you.

E

The labyrinth walls:
Farewell the last shadow of me
Expelled me on infinity
The engraved dead woman
Is your doom.

F

How can I reveal
What have you done with my stolen memory?
When I was on the platform
The wax glued my shoes
How can I reveal?

G

It was dinner time
(The stars snap their fingers, the moon is singing my birthday song, the cake is
toxic, ...the room is running out of breath...)
_later on!

H

You're clapping hands,

I'm 5 years old
You're crying
And the windows are fainting
You're crying
Enough!
I'm a small diamond
Don't you believe it?

I

The clock is still
You set the clock
The world is asleep!

J

I've taken the pulse of the world,
Forget me!

K

Roaring with the laughter,
The woman who is a descendant of Hendeve Jegarxar
My sinful hair
Once I sewed the veins of your neck
How can I unsew them?
How can I tear up the kisses I stitched on your neck?

L

I'm sitting in the drought
Breathing without you.

M

There's a woman who farewells the sea
Spread the sails!
There's a woman beside you
Her black gown,
My black mourning gown,

The seas are drunk, yelling
Roaring with laughter,
A woman in a small boat.
Spread the sails!
You've rolled over my bed,
It's heavy force
My torn pieces of heart
2 rectangles
You stole the bigger piece.

Draw the curtains and blow the sky!
The ceiling is low
The chariots of death are writing on our graves:
'In love
The ceiling was low.'

You've nailed my dreams to the wall
A Phoenician woman sighed
Baalbak is on fire,
You became David,
And I Shulamite...

The dead pigeons,
The dead pigeons,
The dead pigeons,
The dead...

The grave has been dug, the child has been buried, its gravity, its heavy
gravity....

I've buried him underneath Darband's trees,
The sky is hachured,
We are a bas-relief,
You've sacrificed Abraham's child,
I was the childless Hajar...

You're lying with that woman;

Draw the curtains!
Spread the sails!
Farewell
O' the seas of my dream...

(This is the end of play,
You've acted well, but
Ophelia is dead,
This is the end of play,
Your voice has been choked,
The audience can't hear that
Your hand movements are frozen,
On that dark stage
Your frozen fingers...

Alas,
The stage light is not enough! ...)

-

*Darband is a mountainous region in the north of Tehran

(TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR)

Rosa Jamali

5poems From The Book: 'here Gravity Is Less'(Translated From Original Persian To English)

1

'SUPPOSE THAT I'M INEVITABLE'

Suppose that I'm inevitable
Even the veins of my right hand
Cross you from the drafts.

On my smooth nails
The breeze
Which is not from the sky
Is curving you
Either the veins of my right hand
Is running short
On my pulse.

Rolled along my fingers
Vanished
Not repeated for ever
For the second.
I'm a half
Since the first.

The veins of my neck cross you all.

If the warmth of my ten fingers
Seized on your torn pieces of breath
All is over
With the dead-end alleys
all in oblivion.

2

'LIKE A HANGED PITCHER'

Like a hanged pitcher,
No drink is pouring off me
It's natural to get numbed gradually.

Pig-headed seashells!
This boasting sky,
Is an anchor
which has fallen on my lap
This dizzy sky!
The moon's been cleared
A shadow's coming after me
Barefooted on my dreams
You used to run!

Enjoyed? !
Numbed? !

All my veins are connected to this land...

Like a hanged pitcher
Joyful of this sky
One day a huge whale swallowed it as a whole.

And it was over!
The Gulf was over!
You waved hands.

Like a hanged pitcher,
It's simple!
I lost the game
And gambled away...

3

'TEHRAN CUDDLED IN MY ARMS'
Tehran in my arms
At the agony of death
In my bosom
Is an aged bull

Which is mooing
Yet tamed and dull
Rubbing its figure on my hair.
But tomorrow,
It 'll be a dead body
And the dustman will collect it
I'm a refuge of this kicking bitch dog
And I'll leave it to God...

4

'THE ONLY RESIDENT OF THIS HOUSE IS THE GLOOMY HAWK'

Me
huddled here
And my red cells flee
The game ended in nill
Never-existed memories on the road
on sale!

It was a man
Heavy
On my eyelids.

No, it won't be over
All the mirrors show me the same
A locked room
The stone's falling down
Single-handed and barefoot
The day is just the surface!

That parted memory
Tossing and turning
Sing me lullabye
Is this the memory loss
Or I'm wounded?
And nobody knows
The drizzle of salt
On that large basin.

The days are sick!
Can you feel my pulse?
And me
Is a memory joined to your veins.

Tired
Although they're playing the drums
As loudly as possible
But I'm a deaf!

The only resident of this house is the gloomy hawk.

5

'UNRIPE GREENGAGES'

I'm unripe greengages
It was a necessity
That I was just born to be a flavour.

(TRANSLATED BY THE Poet)

Rosa Jamali