

Tarh/Design

They cut the morning bird's throat,
And yet

In this rolling river of sunset
His crimson voice
Still flows . . .

Soghoot/The Fall

He used to stretch his neck up
Higher than the world!

The stars that glitter the wheel
Would kiss the tips of his fingers.
The sun was a coin
In his fist.

At times
A universe separates
A crown from its shoulders.

At times pride and humiliation
Differ by the width of a hair.

When he bowed in resignation
The sky and its stars
Removed beyond all reach.

Marg-e Rooz/Death of the Day

The sun was leaving and dragging behind
The half-dead day with its skirts of dying light.
Day fell from the blade and like a fluttering
Heart crawled after its lover.

The sun laughed: Why whimper?
Be glad this bruising day is over.

Laugh and revel like me. What are you complaining about?
We're both leaving this place.

The tired day moaned back, You are the king of light!

Happiness is yours, not mine.
True, we're both stepping off the road
But you to the wedding bed and I to the grave.

Parandeh Midaanad/The Bird Knows

Thoughts of flying in cloud light
like opening an eye into sleep,
the bird in her cage
 is dreaming.

From her cage the bird watches
the painted image of the garden
shimmer.
The bird knows this wind
has no breath—the paradise
is an illusion!
From her cage the bird
 is dreaming.

Tehran, 1350 (1971)

Geryeh/Cry

Shadows sob under trees in the green sunset.
Branches read the story of the clouds,
And like me, the sky is moody with dust.

Wind brings the smell of soil wet with storm.
Leaves agitate in the passing night.

The garden is anxious for rain—
My heart aches for a long green cry