

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS: POETRY IN TRANSLATION

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BL Between Two Worlds Translations

All poems are written in Persian by Ali Abdolrezaei and translated into English by Abol Froushan

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Miss Ziari

My eyes didn't wander
I just wandered in her eyes
those burning embers
I was fuel to
The deft sculptor
to chisel such delicate nose
was me
the butchering of her lips
between the teeth
What a tongue!
Hands of a masseuse hid in her eyes
O my God
someone come light up
this black pair of cigarillos
squirming like seductive serpents
in such grace
this woman
was born
prettier than any bunch of flowers
I ever put to water
I ever lost my marbles
under the skin of those cheeks
She is still playing marbles
with the little eyes
my childhood possessed
My eyes do not wander
even if under the desk
I'm still climbing up your legs
in the short skirts you wore
to the prep class at Yari Primary
Miss Ziari*

* I was six when I started school. I had long straight hair, a navy blue jacket, wearing a tie of a colour I cannot remember. We had eleven silly girls in the class who kept coming on to me and I didn't care. There were eight other boys in the class too, but I had become a man, because I was in love with Miss Ziari. I kept coming onto her but she didn't care. So I kept getting top marks so she would come caress my hair and tell me with her budding lips, Excellent Ali! There was still one year left to the Revolution which put my love in a frame. Tonight when another love was torn away from me, I remembered my classmates and my teacher, Miss Ziari who, I still do not know why, when the schools shut for holidays, they put her against the wall in the middle of summer and shot a bullet in her chest. No, I still can't believe it. It is impossible to kill a beautiful woman by a bullet.

Circle

You are reading a poem called circle

Hold it there

Hands off the library

Arm around the windows and the doors

Bedding into the sofa

Now you may read a poem by Ali Abdolrezaie

Please open the book

You see? You are reading a poem called Circle

So hold it there

Take your hands off the library

Kick the door you already opened

Out of the house

Tumble down the stairs

In the new park or the old one behind the Town Hall

On the same bench that sent my father door to door and
stopped my mother Sit down

Tell them off those children playing ball

Now you may read a poem by Ali Abdolrezaei

Please turn the page of this gate whichever way you like

It's a shame You are standing at the end of a poem Called Circle

سانسور

در قتل عام کلماتم
سر سطر آخر را زدند
و خون مثل مرکب به جان کاغذ افتاده ست
مرگ است که روی صفحه دارد دراز می کشد
و زندگی پنجره‌ی وامانده‌ای که سنگ او را کشت
تفنگی تازه دنیا را هلاک کرده ست
و من که مثل کالا به درهای این کوچه واردم
هنوز همان اتاق کوچکم که از خانه کوچ کرد

در زندگی من که مثل خودکارم با سطرهای این صفحه مادرم
دستهای گربه رقاصی می کند هنوز
تا موش بدواند
پی سوراخی که پُر کردند

دنبال درسی که در مدرسه کردم
دیگر برای سارای عاشقانه ام دارا نیستم
دارم تکلیف تازه ام را انجام می دهم
شما خط بزنید
و در دختری که آخر این شعر زمین می خورد
خانه‌ای درست کنید
پُر از دری که زخمش باز شده باشد
و از لای اضلاع مرگ
مثل اتاقی از این خانه رفته باشد که خوشبخت شد
دختری که خواسته باشد خویشم کند
دانه بپاشد در صداش پیشم کند
و در خانقاه اندامش
چرخ بزند هی چرخ بزند چشمهام دوباره درویشم کند
چقدر چشمها
این حفره های تو خالی
در بازی بین دو آدم هزار دستانند
چقدر این سمت هستی که هستم آن سمتی ترم همه ایرانند
پدرد! مادرده! برادرده!
حال من از درد وخیم تر است
نوشتن از من عقیم تر است
و لندن که آب و هوای مش کرده‌ای دارد هنوز
خواهرانه منتظر است

مرگ روی بدنم دراز بکشد
که زندگی باز مرا بکشد

برای شاعری که صف کلماتش طویل شده دلم می سوزد
برای گنجشک بی شاخه ای که جیک جیک هایش باد کرده ست در گلو
برای استراحت کلاهی که سیم برق ندارد
برای خودم
که مثل برق رفته ام از خانه

آدمی بودم
حماقت کردم و شاعر شدم

Censorship

In the massacre of my words
they've beheaded my last line
and blood ink like is hitting on paper
there's death stretched over the page
and life like a window ajar is shattered by a rock
a new gun has finished off the world
and I imported goods like through this alley's doors
am still the very meagre room that emigrated

I in my life who am pen like to the lines of this meagre page
am mother

The cat's paws are still prancing
to scare the mouse
running for the hole they filled in

In pursuit of the lesson I did at school
I'm no longer Jack the lover to my Jill
I'm doing my new homework
You cross it out
And in the girl who will tumble at this poem's end

Three O'clock

Two in the afternoon.

It was bang on two
I dusted and tidied the house.
2:00pm I showered and shaved.

It was exactly half past
two wine glasses ready placed
I switched off Lorca's voice.

Now thirty minutes left to three
Maria's coming first time over
I should have a pick-me-up to take a sip to get me going.

Now the clock hands aren't inclined to three
I should water the flowers
before Maria arrives.

Twenty five minutes are left
I should call my friend Michael
tell him my loneliness I'm now done with.

I'm exactly twenty minutes away from Maria
she must have come out of the station up the road and flirting
with the florist near my house to wrap a more scarlet bouquet.

In fifteen minutes my world will change
with glee. I should wear some aftershave
to entice her.

Ten minutes to three. Hey
like a red bull on the beach inside my chest
my heart's beating such Bandari beat.

She has only five minutes left to show
up I should get moving What if she has
matched her bra with her white slip?
I should go get into my black boxers now.

Only three short minutes left to her knock on my door
I know she will.

Maria's brought up at her father's table
she's always on time
she should be anytime
now that only two ticks
left to appointed time
this phone keeps ringing. Bugger.
I'm sure it's the girl I left like a skunk.

I should pull the plug
but why the buzzer won't let me go
she's chasing my mobile now.

Ma mamia! It's Maria's number
she must be at the door. Hello.
Bang on three and I'm rolling the floor.

Why what savage time was three
o'clock third class to all o'clocks
three o'clock in a dark guardian age

No savior at work
I lose my faith in second coming
Sushiant, Jesus Mary and Mahdi.

I was the fool of the fields otherwise
Maria wouldn't have rung bang at three
to say she's not coming.

انار

این درخت خشک
چگونه خود را برگزار کرده که این قدر
این قدر زیر باران برقرار مانده؟
اناری را که بر دار مانده
چرا یکی بچلاند که نمی داند؟
دیگر نمی آید
بارانی که در این شعر باید بیاید
و زندگی این لالائی کوتاه بالاخره خوابم می کند

بر صفحه ای که عمری در نمی دانم گشت
چقدر بنویسم
شعری را که هرگز نخواهم نوشت؟
قطعن گروه خونی لندن
که حتمن باید ا باشد یا
به من نمی خورد
که هی می روم زیر باران و آب می خورم

عجب سماعی دارد این فکر که در سر دارم
یکی بیاید
باز دارد این صوفی را که هی چرخ می خورد در سرم

بارانی که دارد می آید
دیگر به شعرم نمی آید
این ملعون
اشک همه را درآورده ست
این باز پرس
اینکه از ابرهای بالای سر لندن
اینهمه حرف می کشد بیرون

آیا کسی آن بالا بیکار است
یا حقیقت دارد
که باران دارد هنوز می بارد؟

Pomegranate

This dry tree
how has it arranged itself so well
so well ... under the rain.... to stand up?
The pomegranate that's hanging
why should someone squeeze who knows nothing?

Why the rain that should rain down in this poem doesn't rain?

And life.... this short lullaby.... finally puts me to sleep
on a page that spent a life in 'I don't know'

How many times should I write
the poem ... that I'll never write?
I'm sure....London's blood group
which most likely is O or
doesn't match mine
because I keep hitting the rain...keep getting wet

What ecstasy revolves round this
thought that's in my mind
I wish someone came
to stop this Dervish that keeps twirling in my head
the rain that keeps raining no longer comes to my poem

This cursed beast
has brought tears to all eyes

This Grand Inquisitor
who drags so much out of the clouds over London

Is someone idling up there
or is it true
that it's still raining?

We all die
so nothing ends
what a shame

Tehran

This café is fine Right!
Has great coffee Agree
Blue sky above fine

Not blind darling
I can see beautiful chairs round such a table
I don't deny the seaside music
and after this coffee these fulsome lips delectably waiting
and I know well how to swim in the air of this unknowing
I know how to see through this I know not what

I know!
Sitting so comfortably in your eyes
whichever side I reach
I can take a bit of you even more delectable
I'm not stupid

 I understand
you're right
OK!
But if all this
and everything
was under the blackened sky of Tehran
we'd have been so much more in place

Album

This is my Mum Isn't she beautiful?
This is my brother and this, my father
If only he knew how door to door I am now
 Poor innocent thing
This one is Sara the youngest
this smiley face also...can't remember the
name!

Exile, exile what havoc it wreaks on the memory
She's my eldest sister
She used to pass out laughing
when shooting pictures

I'm at a loss how these pictures of lips that have smiled
are movies of eyes that have cried
Leave it!
But how mixed up I am
Poor dear my peasant Mum
If freedom ever pays Iran a visit
You'll become my father's new bride
and after breakfast my sister
will burn frankincense
to smudge around my head and dispel the Devil's eye
on my having a Leila in the night most
and my Mum while boasting
will be throwing confetti and ululating in the paddy at
 the bottom of the garden
so her son may eye up the lap of this lass and be
 turned on - I'm turned on
Now that we're enthralled shoulder to shoulder in the
 hall of this house
why not make believe we're wrapped in the bliss of rice
 paddies? Let go

تبعید

این طرف دنیا پسری هم اگر داشته باشی
پسری در این طرف دنیاست
به سمت های آبی که پشت سر اشک ریختی رفت بی خیال!
بیهوده از خیال من می‌گذری
اگر این جا باشی
دیگر آن نیستی که آن جا هستی
مثل منی می‌شوی که اینجایم
من اگر برگردم
دیگر آن نیستم که این جا هستم
مثل تویی می‌شوم که آنجایی
دیگر نمی‌خندم
حتی نمی‌کنم
تنها تنهایی خودم را انجام می‌دهم
مثل همین حالا که حال خوب است
و خیال می‌کنم با خیال راحت تنهام
بی خیال!
آن طرف دنیا مادری هم اگر داشته باشم
مادری در آن طرف دنیاست

Banished

On this side of the world even if you had a living son
it would be a son on this side of the world
who went in the direction of the water that you spilt
behind the tears

¹ A ritual in Iran where relatives, usually females such as mother or sister, see off the travelling family member by spilling water behind them.

Never mind!

Pointlessly, you walk across my mind

If you were here

you would no longer be the one over there

you would be like me over here

If I returned

I would no longer be the one over here

I would be like you over there

I no longer laugh

nor even go off

I only exercise my own loneliness

like now that I feel fine

and I imagine I am imaginatively alone

Never mind!

On that side of the world even if I had a living mother

it would be a mother on that side of the world

خانه

من دارم مثل شمع آب می شوم
و بر قلب در حال آتشم می پاشم
تو هم با تیر تازه ای که پرتاب می کنی
آتش بیار معرکه ای
نگو جایی نداریم
راهی نداریم
ما شاعریم
به صفحه که می شود راه پیدا کرد
در انتهای سطر یکی از شعرهای خوش ساختم
کوچه ای برایت کنار می گذارم
کسی چه می داند
شاید هم ته این کوچه خانه ای ساختم

House

I am melting like a candle
sputtering on my flaming heart
You too darting fresh arrows about
an incendiary of this drama
don't say we have nowhere, we have no way
we are poets
can find our way through the page
at the end of a line of one well built poem
I'll put aside an alley for you
And who knows

May be at the end of this alley, we'll build a house one day

Bridge

I'm in love with a bridge
that's in love with the sea
and each night a few times
I recline on its old cobblestones
to read poetry

It is as if the river under its feet has a mirror
and doesn't show any favours to the many languages I cry

The little boy wrote good poems

He thought that I have fallen in love with the sea

Me!... even-though the mad boy went by mistake?

*Me!... I only wanted
even to the extent of a few odd claps for no one to hear
who took a stone slab off my chest*

*Me!... I had fallen in love with the one
who from some place of these nights
so threw himself over me
that from any place down these days
they recovered his swollen corpse
like the river under my feet
and they all said
Mad boy!
How much in love was he with the sea
Me! I had fallen in love with him*

زلزله

اجازه آقا!

گاو اگر سر می خورد

شیروانی اگر می افتاد

زیر آن همه تیر آهن همیشه آیا می مُردیم؟

آموزگار تکانی بر چهره اش ریخت

دست هایش را از ته جیبش کند

و آسمان روی سقف کلاس چندم نشست

نیمکت های له شده!

درس هایی که از دست بچه ها افتاد

و دیوارها چه خواب هایی برای مردم که نمی دیدند

تنها روی دستی که از زیر آوار بیرون آمد

صدای انگشتی برخاست!

اجازه آقا!

می توانم برخیزم!؟

Earthquake

She raises a finger

Excuse me teacher!

If the holy cow² slips

tin roofs falling over

under lots of iron beams would we always die?

the teacher a tremour slipping down his face

pulled the pocket bottoms off his hands

and heavens fell down on the Nth class

crushed benches

lessons fallen from children's hands

2 According to an ancient Persian Myth of Creation, the earth rotates on the horn of a bull. Legend had it that if the bull coughed, the earth would slip off its horn, causing an earthquake.

and the walls what dreams they harboured for the inhabitants
except for a hand that appeared out of the rubble
rose the sound of a finger!

Excuse me Sir!

May I rise up!?

Last Line

A forehead is popping up and down behind the window
and doesn't take eyes off the girl returning home

The wind blows off a corner of her scarf
and wraps it round her shoulders. look!

The bunch of flowers sticking out of her hand is pretty can you see?
Mind she doesn't see you from this angle

She's spiralling up the staircase, can you hear it?
On the stairs one two three and ringingnggg

Damn this stairway
if only it were longer
it wouldn't spoil the last line of this poem

ع ش ق

عینِ شما که شعر مرا می خوانید
شین دشمن من است
قاف شکم دارد
آریب می رود عاشق نیست
من عاشق تو آم
نه دیواری که پشتِ خودم با یستم و در بز نم
از طریق تو من شکر می کنم
پا از گلیم خودت کوتاهتر نکن!
فردا سلطان من دارد
جفتِ خودم زیر این چتر تو می توانی آنقدر بمانی
که جایی برای مردن بخواهی
از طریق تو او ذکر می کند
اگر من بمیرم
چه کسی به تو فکر می کند
دوستِ عزیز آقای عبدالرضایی!

L. O. V. E.

Like you who read my poem

O has a big belly

V opening sideways is not in love

E is your enemy.

I am in love with you

Not the wall to stand behind me and to knock

I am grateful through you

don't shrink from overstepping your mat

tomorrow has my cancer

My mate under this umbrella you may linger

until you demand a place for dying

through you he is imploring

if I die

who will think of you Mr Abdolrezaei?

Rain

In the sky of a town that turned so decrepit
When I put up my umbrella
I arrive at those village days
To a girl bending under the rain
Planting rice
Who abruptly became a woman
A woman in the rain still standing tall
Who said time and again to a man
Whose name she did not know
'Why run away?
 Why the umbrella?
Only iron men rust in the rain.'

Sausage

Her hands that were in the photograph

I held with both hands

When she got up she didn't say thank you

May I walk with you?

Didn't say no

I held her hands
we walked a picture

The one they hid in your eyes
the more I look the less I find
by the way aren't you married?

She didn't say

won't you?

Didn't say no!

We did!

Days were passing as the wind
and nights were no longer than seconds
we were two lonely photos
that the world wanted to expel from the album
Expelled! Don't believe it?

Tonight when we're sleeping obverse in another photo
pay that album a visit
open the fridge door in that shot and help yourself
to whatever

Sorry! we only have sausages!

املاء

برادر تمام دیوارهای جهان بودم
و همسرم پنجره ای که در هایش غروب داشت
داشت پیاز پاره می کرد
و روی گریه می گریست

ایست!

بچه ها بیست را به املائی کسی می دهم که زندگی را درست و دروغ بنویسد

در چارراهی که روی سبز عابر نمی شود
نه پاسبان را به رانندگان عزیز التفاتی ست
نه آن چراغ جادو را که روی سبز و زرد...
به آن زنی که تنها شناسنامه ام را کتیف کرد
اصلاً چه مربوط
که همسرم از خانه در خیابان ریخت؟
ایست!

پسرم تو سعی کن بی دروغ بنویسی! فقط بیا سفید را خط خطی نکنی، همیشه در همه جایی که
بخواهی پاک کن پارک نمی شود

همیشه آنکه شعری می نویسد
شعرهای دیگری را پاک می کند
شاعران هیچ چیز ننویسید دست ها بالا!

Dictation

I was brother to all walls in the world
and my wife a window with dusk in its panes
was tearing onions
with tears upon tears

Full stop.

Children! One gets full marks for writing life in truth and lies...

At a juncture where neither the face of green becomes
pedestrian
nor the traffic warden has any act of kindness for
resident drivers
nor that magic lantern at the face of green and
amber...
to the woman who alone spoiled my married identity
Nevertheless what relevance
to the one indoors who went loose on the streets?
Stop!

*Try to write without lies my son! Except, be careful no strikethroughs, the rubber won't
always stop anywhere you want.*

The one who writes a poem
always rubs out other poems
Poets! Stop writing hands up

Picture Frame

I walk out of an old picture frame
step onto the paving
return to the other side of mud walls
to rid myself of the lethargy of a man standing in the shade

He walks out of an old picture frame
and runs away in himself
so the photo in the fold of my book
can return to the frame on the wall across

Painter

With the same fingers I made slender
take a sheet from your pile of paper
that might as well be A3
not to forget the same brush I gave you
and that box of paint I nicked for you
pin the sheet to your canvas
now take a seat on the chair from Poland
and I in the expanse of this park am sat
waiting on this half empty bench

Hurry up

Put a few somewhat yellow tips of branches by the grey sky you paint at the top of the sheet
a background of few naked trees with few leaves in the air will be excellent
now install a bench at the bottom of the sheet
and paint a man sat waiting love stricken
his lover has not come - so put more lines on his face
she's not coming - some more face lines please
won't come - so please some more still
just come inside the frame yourself and put my mind at ease

سیاهرگ

تو آنجا تیر می خوری
تا گل بدهد
گلبولهای قرمز در خیابان آزادی
می میری
که برف بیاید
با گلبولهای سفیدش
نرم نرمک
تو را کفن کند
مخفی ت می کند
تا باد شومی نیاید
تو را که از آنها نبود بدزد
تو از آنها نیستی
شریان یک شهر است سُرخرگهات
و اینکه می تپد در میدان انقلاب
هنوز قلب توست
که می کند راهی
یکی
یکی
تاکسی ها را
به هر خیابانی که منتهی شود
چون سیاهرگ
به قلب من
که میدان آزادی ست

ما هر دو در یک خیابان می جنگیم
تو آنجا تیر می خوری
من اینجا می میرم

Dark Veins

You are shot there
so your red cells flower ... in Freedom Avenue
you die
so snow

with its white cells
soft and softly
shroud you
hide you
so an ill wind won't blow
to steel you who were not one of them

You are not one of them
your arteries are arteries of a city
that which beats in Revolution Square
is still your heart
which sends off
one by one
all taxis down any street that leads
like a dark vein
toward my heart
that is in Freedom Square

We both fight in the same street
you are shot there
I die here

Always Afterwards

You no longer wish to look
like the one I liked
you've changed your shadows
shaved your hair
and sitting knees apart before me
thorns of the hidden rose sticking out
You come to my dreams always afterwards
after I wake
I think of you still
Like a rose that buds
under its thorns in late summer
no matter if I water it or not
my hair all fallen at my feet pre-autumn
the children have already denuded
the almond tree

Cumulus

Doubly naked
two white clouds
and a smoke passed from hand to hand
up to the roach
between hefty fingers and then
a deep puff
a mouthful
lips feeling the labia
puffing the smoke and
then penetrating
two cumulus clouds
A shrill thunder
through pursed lips
eyes struck by lightning - ouch!
and under the dear earlobe
sparrow kisses
lace the neck
sloping up
pause at the nipple
and then a downslope
lips slip down
to the navel
a kiss is closing in now
on the cumulus
to become nimbus
under tummy
between her lips
Phew... a seizure of sex
Hah
warm hail!

Sparrows

After a Thousand and One Nights
reading
sleeping
a couple leave the house

Sparrows

swarm the alley
with their twitter
up to the bus stop
by the tree - swarmed
by tweet in tweet

On the cheek
spot on a beauty spot
the man
lands a kiss

To hide a show of tears
the woman
suddenly turns her head
blots out the blackening tears
off her cheeks
and turns back
to find no more sparrows
on the branches

Publisher

However much he reads this open book
its wings don't close
I am still speed reading in the street
like the wind

However much I cry
I don't feel any lighter
Since I arrived
I am in chagrin to this Earth
which I made heavier
My house
is besieged by women
for me though these books are not enough
I am missing you
who the more I read the less I forget
with the new clothes I bought you
like a lovely book I put a cover on
to open your closed lips and your bed
to leave that forsaken book such that
in the library of my memories to archive you
a to-do I could not

When father died
I was a child
and mother who was the Epic of Kings
obliged to raise me
until I could pull out of the wardrobe
those father's trousers which fitted me by then
I have pulled them out
this is the same miniature
that completed the pain of Behzad the painter

The beautiful woman
whose pages were never turned
by an idiotic publisher
who archived it
and me not being a publisher
however much I looked for a page I never found in you to read
You were a book
whose covers
had given its thickness

هندسه

از ابرهای پاریس که ریختم بیرون
رفتم به کافه ای
درفرودگاهی
که با دو معنای سیاه
زیر دو ابرو
نشست
درست همین روبرو
فقط دوسطر پیشانی ش را خوانده بودم
که رسیدم
به سوتیتری سیاه
که سلمانی سرکوچه سانسورش کرده بود
دو پاره خط کوتاه
با فونتی نازک
بالای دو معنایی که چینی
زیرش عمود
نوشته ای بینی
دو تالاب داری خیلی
که می خواهد قورتم بدهد
از لنگرود
از تهران
از فرانسه که دیگر خوشگل تر نیستی
مثل زن هایی که من طلاقشان دادم
از تو هم جدا می شوم لندن!

Geometry

As I poured out of Paris clouds
and flew to an airport cafe
that sat face to face
with two black symbols
under two eyebrows

I had only read two lines on the forehead
when I arrived at a black subtitle
which the hair dresser up the road had censored
in two short line segments
in a fine font

above two symbols set in Chinese
vertical writing as one nose
you have two very lips
that want to swallow me

you're no prettier than
Lang-rude, Tehran or Paris
like other women I divorced
I'll separate from you too:
London

چنار

برای مرگ تو گریه کوچک است عزیزم
به من قول داده اند
قول داده اند چنارت کنند
چناری
کنار جوباریکه ای که رفته رفته خودش را گود می کند
عرض می گیرد
نهر می شود
نهری که آب می دهد
به آهوان جوانی که درسایه ات لم می دهند
اگر حسودی نکنی

دیر یا زود
رودی کنار تو خواهم بود

An Oak

To your death darling tears are too little

They promised me

 Promised me you'll rise as an oak

An oak

 by a little brook

 that gets deeper as it goes

as it widens to a stream

a stream that renders its rivery water

to the young deer resting in your shade

Promise me you won't be jealous

'cause sooner or later

I'll be a river right by your side.

Moonface

She so surrounded me and I so rounded her up in me
that she's no longer around.

Don't know where her bosoms gone
Tonight is flat chested
and in order to die I
need her eminence grace Miss Sentiment

I'm shaven

to have an eye with you why aren't you there!

Taxis no longer take my solitude

I stay behind

till some come to make me a quiet place

like a camel in the desert

an old tortoise on the plain

or like the plane in a London sky

in which I can fly but where?

Like yesterday's rain urged me to buy this umbrella

or this snow that came down after the rain

and sent me out of the house

Give me a ring do something

You're not snow so I can melt you

you're not rain so you can wet me

you're a brush fire

that turns to cinder and moves on

White Reading

Read this line white

A bit black this one I'm reading white

I am all dressed in black

Please return to the first line

Confess you heard something from Nothing Write!

When you return to the next line cross it out

In the notebook that ended last night

The rubber is on the last line

of the poem that composed the old readers pick it up

Rub out this whole page white

And the next few pages also oh I don't know!

If you could dress me in white

Rub out all my lines

Then you could white-read me

Alone, when you reach the dead end

of this notebook

Again write Nothing!

I'm all in black

Just rub out all the rubber

Only on my last remaining line please write me

No! cross me out No! I cross out

سقف

حتی اگر سقف باشد یا کوتاه
سگ باشد ولی پاکوتاه
اتاقی که دست و پا شده یک تخت دارد
که گاهی چهار نفر
و یا حتی چهار نفر
می توانند وسط استخرش شنا کنند

من یک نفرم
و حاضرم جای آن سه نفر را به دختری بدهم
که حاضر است

مرا به خوابی که او را می خوابد ببرد
خوابی که دخترش حاضر باشد
در خانه ای که ندارد
به دختری که می توانست داشته باشد
در خانه ای که دارد فکر کند

من آن خانه ام
و از دری گذشته ام
که در چشم تو باز می شود
بخواب چشم مرا
ببین خواب مرا
بعد از تو تصمیم گرفته ام
عاشقی کنم با تو !

Ceiling

Even if it were a ceiling or low
be it a dog or short legged
the room that's been arranged has one bed
where at times four people
or even four people could

swim in the middle of its pool
I am single
and I'm prepared to give three people for a girl
who would be prepared
to take me to the dream that sleeps her
a dream whose girl is prepared
in a house he hasn't got
to the girl he could have had
in the house he has, to think
I am that house
and I've passed through a door
that opens in your eyes
put to sleep my eyes
see my dream
after you I have decided
to be your lover!

شعر

شعر می گفتم که ناگهان در زد
از روی کاناپه و گلدان پریدم
و در سکوتی که روی آب ریخت
صدایی در قفل چرخید و در پا پس کشید
مرا مثل روزی که در آینه بودم پشت در می دیدم
هنوز زنگ می زد
بی آنکه چیزی گفته باشم
مثل روزی که در آینه بودم به خانه آمد و با من دست داد
دستی که در بست و از خانه بیرونم کرد

من این شعر بلند را نیامده ام که برگردم
پشت در ایستاده ام
و هی زنگ می زنم
می دانم! بیت آخر در همین کوچه ست

Poem

I was planting a poem when suddenly
a tapping on the door got me jumping
out of the sofa and my wife's flowerpot
and in the silence splashed on the water
I heard the key turn in the lock the door turn on the hinge
My own face behind the door I found facing me
like in the mirror the other day
He, still ringing the bell
unwelcome like the other day...

He came in, shook my hand and
with the same hand that shut the door threw me out the house.

I'm not one for turning back on this short poem
I am stuck outside the front door
and keep ringing
knowing the last line is waiting behind this threshold

قصه

این قصه را در غار هم کسی نشنید
هشدار می دهم
نکند! از زیر لب های در برود
حبس دارد این قصه هفت نسل
قصه ای دارم
که می گذارم از آستین دختری ته دنیا سر در بیاورد
فقط عجول نباشید
ما مهمات کم داریم
اسب ها را هی نکنید!

خوانندگان گرامی اتراق می کنیم
این قصه را کش نرفته ام تازه سر درآورده ست
کش نمی دهم
اگر تمایل دارید
می توانید کتاب های بعدی من را باز کنید
و این قصه را باز هم بخوانید

Tale

No one heard this tale even in the cave
I warn you
Don't ever let it out of your lips
this tale has a jail sentence for seven generations

I have a tale to tell
that I'll let out of the lips of a girl in the after world

Except don't rush it
we don't have enough ammunition
Don't scare the horses

Dear readers we'll set up camp here!

I haven't lifted the tale
It's just lifted its head out

I won't drag it out
If you're interested
you can open my upcoming books
and reread the tale