

Poetry Series

Asadollah Keshavarzi
- poems -

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Asadollah Keshavarzi()

I was born in 1964 in Iran. My poems, if they can be technically called poems, are the manifestation of my inward world, honestly and truly, and a means to connect to the people all over the world, to share our joys and griefs.

Blind Words

Like a fish in a crystalline glassy piece of ice
I'm dying of invisible chains
Misty haze of doubts and knowing nothings
Blur my eyes
And the arrow of my vision; what painfully collides endless dark nowhere
Like slaves in the mines of the City of Gold and Lead
Swimming in the most saline lake of my sweet and tears
I'm going to do something, not tomorrow, not next hour
My soul creeps from the depth of my flesh and shrill
"Do something on the edge of death cliff, do now
Before death engulf you, before pendulum of your heart points to the earth's
center
Walk again by bare feet on dewed grasses at dawn
Leave the flesh to the breeze brining the sea's odor
The world, either dream or nightmare, choose my lord..."
Oh, on the threshold of another dark night;
What's to be done?

Asadollah Keshavarzi

Delirium

On a polar snow-covered night
Glossy under silvery dust of stars
Love is fading away like splashes of light
In remoteness of the Milky Way
Life is dying in the bed of silence
And death is born in the cradle of agony

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Destiny

Croesus of Lydia and Diogenes of Sinope
All die and rest in a dark wet grave
Sweat and blood
Digging wrinkles on the face of history;
Hanging gardens of Babylon
Great Wall of China
German peasant cottages
Oriental roads through deserts to eastern seas
Metropolises sunk in the glitter of neon lights and flashes
All perish
When Andromeda sinks into the bosom of the Milky Way
Alas!
But, forget my funny words
Tomorrow begins after a boring weekend!

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Elegie D'Amour

We don't like to repeat a trodden path

But

It seems I lost the chance

Appeared to me as an enviable treasure*

Perhaps, too simple and sweet was your wine

You saw life a naive melody

When you talked of laying on back

On the snow-covered earth of a winter day

Or watching huge circle of the moon in the desert

And I tried to splash paints on your dreams

And to hang your hope from the swaying rope of doubts

Sitting together, looking each other, for hours

And I found myself miles away

Now,

Far away from you, you seem stuck to the wall of my heart

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Killing Machine

Grimaced at my bruises on my skin

'Oh, No! Too bad! ', said with broad grin

Stood sad of clumsy colleagues

'I show you what good lashing mean! '

Cold-blooded, adept at his job

Snored and sniffed, monster in plain robe

Adroit hands in cutting flesh

Every lash a dagger to stab

Simple dumb brutal creature

But smart to portray a death picture

'I'll come and give you a spade at dawn'

And I'd dig a grave! The worst torture

Asadollah Keshavarzi

Life In Dreams

Heartbeats heard from the pit of my being
Echo pendulum of mind swinging
Something vague just something
Creeps up on my soul as do roots in the earth
My long sleeps my dreams
Breaks as my nails scratch my chest
Endless thread of silence tailors the robe of darkness
I fall asleep again, alone and lonely
And find myself in your garden alive
Perhaps a piece of burning char resists to die

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Nameless Song

A man sips his cup of tea and asks himself what happiness is.
A woman squeezes a lemon in fist and seeks her joy.
A child gazes at a toy and longs for it.
Like a boat floating on waters
Stars glimpsing on the heaven
A lunar breezing spreads slivery powder in darkness
Late-night murmurs from dungeon of souls are heard and die
Blue blood in trees' vessels freezing
Lonely peace emperor's gala goes on in silence
On the anniversary of his thousand-year coronation
The man looks at image on the mirror to track time in wrinkles
The woman whispers gone is gone
And the child sinks in the pond of dreams

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Asadollah Keshavarzi

Oh Friends, Don'T Tell Me Farewell

The last time we met
Why did you press my hand so tightly?
Why did I see tears glittering in your eyes?
Why were you so silent when I opened the backdoor?
Don't tell me farewell
I will take the hue of night
When I disappear in darkness
But I will be back soon
Some night when you put cups on the table
On the verge of pouring strong coffee
I will be back
Don't tell me farewell.

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On The Verge Of Something

I see you everyday
With Curious eyes
With fleshy chicks
Curved lips
Thick hairs
I see you busy with papers
Shivering in cold room
Seeking fire and flames
Like a cool nasty kid
Frowning crying
But still beloved
Like a dark tunnel swallowing light
Like a forest with untrodden routes
Like a secret in backyards
Like a flower hidden behind a log
And you need a key to open locks!

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Retro Summer

This is not a body I hug
- A mixture of flesh and blood
This is not sigh and moan I hear
This is not a fine skin to touch
All these are, but not all
I embrace my story, my history
I find scattered sheets of my memory
And bind together with your smile
I dip myself in hot hazy days by tasting sweat on your cheek
And the odor of tropical flowers and the ink of leaflets
Golden youth returns
Summer returns
And we begin on the eve of autumn

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The Wrecked

On the shore of my solitude island
I'm sitting at rest
There is no rush, no haste
Oh, sea, don't rage up to me anymore

You needn't scare me of adventures
Of the yearning for sailing on dark waters
You needn't
I've lost my last boat.

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This Injured Soul

The sore in my soul!
I never let you dry
Leave alone being healed
I never let you be a mere scar
I rub salt in you
To make you ever fresh and blood dripping
I rose from this bed with a tired flesh
Drunk with a mixed cocktail of sweet dreams and nightmares
Am I doomed to this eternal grief?
Sour odor of sore smelled.

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Without Words

Let's not talk anymore
And watch and touch more
Let's not go through details
And find new kinds of words
My words are misunderstood
And yours too
Words are too void to create 'n to destroy
But they are
They are to be fierce, or to be tender
To blush me in shyness or in rage
Let's be kinder without words
Let's rummage through our old stuffs
And find our old letters
And read again
Let's smell the odor of apple
And sip our tea in silence
And tie our looks in a knot.

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