

Poetry Series

Sima Farshid
- poems -

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Sima Farshid()

A Water-Lily's Dream

All her life on a marsh,
a water-lily
dreamed of an ocean.

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Everlasting Giants

From the moment
you learn
to say Dad,
a lot of giants
stand against you.

How they're alive,
you're never told.
Thinking of them,
not your right;
merely obey
to the end of time.

Everlasting giants
are always there.
Unlike those of epics,
no hero defeats them;
fighting with them is futile.

But after some years,
a miracle happens;
old enemies
begin to speak
by your own tongue.

They never forsake you!

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The Ball

In this big ball
where people all
wear tinted masks,
I'm out of place
for my bare face.

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The Bird

Bird number thirty flew out,
while I stood numb.

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The Eternal Cross

How heavy is my cross,
put on my shoulders
long long before Christ.

By Eve's ears I heard
how Cain killed Abel.
By Mary's eyes I beheld
how Jesus was tortured.

On his way to Troy,
sacrificed me
my own father
for his victory.
Nero burnt in fire
all of us Romans;
When into ashes we turned,
he played his lyre!

My cousins murdered
my brothers in Crusades.
Then Mongols' horses
trampled upon
bodies of my sisters.

In African jungles,
trapped us white dealers,
and in their Eden,
witnessed I
lynching of fellow slaves.

My bones
turned into bars of soap
in Auschwitz' ovens.
Years later
my sons cheated
others to seize their land.

My soul and flesh,
have been beaten

over and over
by fathers,
brothers,
husbands.

There's no end,
it seems,
to beating, burning,
lynching and torturing
on this Earth.

Doomed by my own race,
with a crown of thorns
on the head,
I carry an eternal cross,
night and day.

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The Fair Breeze

On a hot July day,
when the sun burnt
every living soul,
like parched flowers,
pleading for rain,
I breathed hard.

Then all of a sudden
a fair breeze passed me by.

Cooled and thrilled,
wished I to dance
my fingers on it.

But in the twinkling of an eye,
all my ancestors
began to march before me,
yelling: 'How dare you?
That's a sin, a deadly one! '

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The Fleeting Youth

The fleeting youth
bids me farewell,
without turning its face;
its chariot vanishes
at my wider horizons.

Have I to enter
the blue hall of old age;
with swarming
weary whispers?
Murmur here, murmur there,
void of singing,
void of humming?

Hermes may not
come to earth this year.
No signs in the sky;
no wings in the sight;
no messages to be brought.

Will the sole remnant
of Pandora's box
come out and perish?

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The Folly Of Living In Dreams

Whenever I hear
the cry of his heart,
I wish some noble heart like his
cried in the same way
for a dreamer who's me!

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The Sky

Childhood sky is full of stars,
but when you get adult,
wherever you look,
you see just clouds.

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