

**A short poem by Yadollah Royaei (with his permission)**

With dirt's gloom  
sometimes my head stays with the moon  
and the broken vessel takes the shape of conclusion

One day with the dirt's gloom  
I'll stand up in the wind  
and I'll take a shore from you to the wheel.

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**Ass Poem, by Reza Baraheni, published in *The Forbidden*, edited by Sholeh Wolpe, Michigan State University Press, translated by David St. John and Reza Baraheni**

When a thick-necked agent rides your neck  
and your pants are pulled down to your knees  
When two rape-kings politely offer each other your ass  
saying, "You first"

One  
is not reminded of long ants with  
one leg broken and the other leg  
unable to carry the ant  
And one is not reminded of the words of his late grandmother to  
learn perseverance from the ants who  
run fearlessly on and on—  
even if they may have lost their heads and asses—  
One is not reminded of Mozaffaruddin Shah who died of a hernia  
or Reza Shah who died of syphilis  
One is not reminded of the blond girl  
whose womb the Shah recently inflated  
One is not reminded of his consumptive Aunt  
One is not reminded of anything at all  
Only  
he sees a beast bigger than himself  
piercing through the depths of his bones  
and the spell of degradation is nailed into his bloody ass hole  
as if the order "Wanted: Dead or Alive"  
was tacked on his ass  
And then one addresses his mother in his mind

saying

Why

don't you pull me up the way you put me down, why?

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**The poem, “Lip burning caused by history” from the book, *Perfume of Name* by Mohammad Azarm and Eve Lilith, translated to English by Mohammad Sharifi Nematabad (with the poets’ permission)**

I went to become more from myself to myself.

I went to the voice beyond the limit,

To the scratching caused by limitlessness.

I went to round up me from the world,

To shed myself totally out of throat.

I went to publish myself voicelessly,

To unstitch the lips sewn by history,

To rip up the fold of a woman's gown,

To make body out of the burnt out women,

To make breath out of the cut words,

To blow to the fingers not bewitched,

To turn back the blank lines of the books

Into the sleep of the dead,

To recite from memory

The lips within the formless,

To burrow from the childhood's wedding to school,

To draw nail every other

On the spells risen from under the gown,

On the chatters back the door,

On enthusiasm.



To flow, to become ruptured by Jooy-e-Moolian,

And the pieces of my soul be taken away from my eye by Karkheh,

To hit my head to Tagh-e-Kasra with more.

I went to turn over this page,

To read the shape of the lips beside me.

I went to be the head on the world from the lip,

But it happened not.

I went to be more than the gathering to my body,

But it happened not.

The limit was to the extent

That the Square didn't bestow me to the Revolution,

The limit was to the extent

Requiring no enchantment.

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**The poem, "The girl sleeping on top of oil" by Pegah Ahmadi (with her permission)**

The girl sleeping on top of oil

Will explode you

The girl sleeping on top of poetry

Will explode you on oil!

Brother! Sister! Father! Death!

Your mother will explode you like oil.

The door too low here

Has grabbed me by the throat!

# FAIR OBSERVER<sup>o</sup>

make sense of the world

Half a woman, half a naked Roman, half the bell they ring at the House of Strength will  
explode you!

I have spat so much, rain, that I cannot spit you anymore!

Yet I can still play hopscotch

in my sandals, too tight for life

and head to the hills all alone

so confused that the police officer should fall through the skies

and no matter what bosom I end up in

should plant a white angel on my shoulder!

Away, blindness, or I'll explode you like light!

Hear me well, prayer rug!

With my dust from Iraq and memories from the wet underbelly of Khorramshahr!

And you, camphor prayer!

As rain from my child reaches the heart of the bow

then it would be time to wash off the moon!

I will explode you

I am no windowpane, but I will bring about your death,

explosion!

Hear me well, prayer rug!

I can work magic

with my explosive prayer of submission

I can pull out a dove

live, breathing heavily

from the passageway in my throat

and with all my heart, all the explosion in my heart,

and my blood and body

let it loose over waters.

Croon on, rain, croon on!

And then, bent over my skirt

I sank my head into my downy pillow

And two blue bowls

Exploded in my palms.

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**The poem, "What?" by Alireza Behnam (With his permission)**

What a war it is when the earth looks at "what"

The trumpet is playing like the ashes remaining from the old wars

On the ruined magnificent chateaux

And it remains from the "it is war"

Like ever

Her ringlets rise from the petrol tubes from the rivers ruined by the colors of war

And fixes to a gaze from behind which gazes in to the labyrinth of tubes

It remains from the "it is war" and goes on towards falling

A big bomb stands above and doubts to fall

It is a doubting bomb, it slips from her ringlets falls between the petrol tubes

The world's violence rests coldly on her shoulders

From the tubes rising from her ringlets

Falls the "it is war", falls the missed legs

The eyes loosened from the skulls

The earth is like ever between her ringlets

# FAIR OBSERVER<sup>o</sup>

make sense of the world

What a war it is like ever!

And the falling is falling from her ringlets

It is falling to say "what?"

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**"Fire, take a step..." by Sepideh Jodeyri, published in "The Forbidden", edited by Sholeh Wolpe, Michigan State University Press, translated by Sholeh Wolpe**

Saturday:

The newspapers will read:

That day

you will put your letters

in front of a gun

and then,

fire; take a step.

Sunday:

It's hot,

the sun

shoves us away

and we know by heart

the farthest color in the rainbow.

Fire; then a step.

Wednesday:

(The newspapers will read:)

It's hot,

and God

shoves us away.

It's as if your letters

see double;

as if

fourteen colors?!

Saturday:

It's hot,

the letters

shove us away.

Fire; then a step

towards the war!

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**"A poem that is a cat" By Sepideh Jodeyri, translated by Dr. Fereshteh Vazirinasab**

I look for a mouse head

In all days of the world

I look for a poem to gnaw

In all guts of the world

You, who revolt

You, who revolt

And your graves disappear/your death is mortal

In all of your hearts/ I fear

Your voice marches on my head

Your death marches in my body

You turn to a mouse head for me

And a poem

For

gnawing.