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KHAZAR UNIVERSITY PHD WORLD LITERATURE IRAN, TABRÎZ

POEMS

SUFFERED

I think about suffering, To the dagger of flowing leaves, To the ambush that was once the ensign of hearts.

A spear that pierced the body, And ground the reeds, To the green roar of rain, To the look of a woman who made a dream pleasant.

A wave on the porch garden, Kisses silkily, Heard the sound. Laughed, ran And danced on the wings of dreams, Morning pottery with his eyes Woke up the earth. What happened to me? I can smell the desert. The smell of being alone, And the moments are full. From the voiceless voice of an alien, Up oysters empty of pearls, Filled with sand on the seashore. The water is out of breath, And the night is darkly depressed. Hands of doubt, The boat of waiting,

Drops along the vortex, To abandon The great soul of suffering poet.

LADY OF APRIL

A lady sitting On the marble carpet smiles, And from inside it, the goddess of affection

The scents of perfume mingled with the oxygen in the air,

By flying flames of candles, In orange, blue and green, Which are evident in the shapes on the

walls

The sound of the wind. How delicate blinks at her hair, And draws her to the garden of swallows. However, she coffee is hot, She flips through her book Is released. Free and light weight. The morning is blowing, Shed your hair. And put on your colorful scarf. Brush yourself And on the deck of your heart garden, Start charming. The shadow that follows you in the morning It will not arrive in the evening.

EASTERN GIRL

The breeze was hollow.

I was and a rose,

A journey of the tumult of the smell of man and the moon.

Broad, in the world of the code of presence, In which beautiful sparrows, The language of mysticism. They sang for a girl from the East, To the glory of butterflies, With the sound of horses, To be conquered. Silk Road, In the fountain of immortality, Endow with a thousand years of life. Durability of marble tent lights, With a body of mythical kisses, To cover the lines of the sun. A bee sought flowers, On a journey to love, Saw a girl with an aperture of light. The sun was the watching eye of God. Watched the connection of the lake with the waterfall

PRIVACY OF HEART

The most hidden stone
Was resting under the sea.
A small boat
Was floating on the blue bed.
Silence like sorrow
Watched me with concern.
A light of silent wave
Had lodged my smile to the sand of wind.
A larynx in the cold strange winter,
Whispered my name.
Branch of love and attachment,
Was infected me with the blade of

nostalgia.

Drunk with a sound in the wind groove,

Knotted me to the curvature in humility of

a look.

Sun shrubs

Had wet my cheeks with tears.
Night sky
Was gleaning the stars of my desires.
And I only, in my shirt cover,
Had put a bunch of grapes in the scarf of
my heart.

The birds sang in secret.
The ground was asleep,
And my hand was full of the cup of
loneliness.

And sleeping, with fascination,
Put white and red flowers on my skirt.
The solitudes came
I went,

SOLDIER

The eyes with thousands of wishes,
And staring at the sky.
But there is no hope for life.
There is time to say goodbye,
The voices of mothers and women,
And in a ray of the sky,
And heard.
The lament of mourning whispers in my

ear.

As if darkness and sin possess
The earth,
And the crow has spread its black wings
To evoke death.
And outcome of the war rang with bells,
This is the bell of death,
The candle lights are off,
The air is cloudy and dark,
The loves and sufferings that
Have been blown up and smothered.
Like flowers that
Have been withered for the color of silent
graves.

Soldiers who can not look back
Like animals slaughtered with their eyes
open,

They also with open eyes Say goodbye.