



Song of the Ground Jay

EXPANDED EDITION

Song of the Ground Jay

Poems by Iranian Women, 1960–2023

EXPANDED EDITION

Selected and Translated by

Mojdeh Bahar



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Gordyeh Press is an imprint of Mage Publishers Inc.
gordyehpress@gmail.com
www.gordyeh.com

PO Box 70881
5530 Wisconsin Avenue
Chevy Chase, MD 20813

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Available at the Library of Congress

ISBN: 978-1-949445-52-7 (hardcover)

978-1-949445-53-4 (ePDF)

To my grandmothers,

Tahereh and Zinat

to my mother,

Ezzat

and

to my daughter,

Tina

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INTRODUCTION

About the Selection

The past century has witnessed a marked increase in the number of Iranian women as literary critics, authors, playwrights and poets. Some recent anthologies include more than three hundred women poets born in the last century. This compilation includes over one hundred women poets born after September 1941, which spans the reign of Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi and the Islamic Republic, arguably the most progressive period for women's rights and the most regressive and restrictive period for Iranian women respectively.

This anthology includes one hundred and four poets. I started with a list of over three hundred poets. I read several poems by each. I chose those whose poetry I most appreciated and searched for additional poems by the selected poets. My choices of poets and their respective poems were guided primarily by my heart.

I needed a personal connection to the poem before I could take on its translation. As a result, you may find little known poets in this collection. Conversely, some poets that have appeared in other anthologies, may not appear here. This is not meant to be an exhaustive compilation including all contemporary Iranian women poets, but rather a collection of poems whose essence I related to and could convey through translation. A handful of these poems have been translated by others. Many of the poems in this selection have not appeared in a book before.

Once I chose the poets, I further limited my scope by considering accessibility, content and form. I eliminated those who had most of their poems already translated to English, as those poems were already accessible to anglophones.

Further narrowing the selection, I eliminated those poems that were heavily contextualized: poems whose themes lent themselves to great literary criticism for, among other things, their deep roots in social, historical, national or religious traditions. These elements, though valuable, may not be universally appreciated.

A handful of poets in this collection write ghazals (sonnets/odes), a form of classical Persian poetry of five to fourteen lines, the first line rhyming with the even lines. Another group writes in the classical form of *robai'i* or *do-beiti* (couplet or quatrains). Most of the poets in this collection, however, write in the free verse style that started to be used after 1920.

As to form, if a poet has both classical and modern poems, I have chosen the modern poems. In most cases, I have chosen the shorter poems.

In translating the poems, I have stayed as close as possible to the original text, both in word order and meaning. I have only taken liberties when the word order or a close translation would have hindered understanding the poem in English.

The Genesis & the Compulsion

Looking back at my notebooks, in every list since 2015 there is an entry about women and poetry ranging from: recite poetry by women and upload to social media, look into the poetry of women about being a woman to questions such as “I wonder how many contemporary Persian women poets we have?”

In 2020, I met two Iranian poets at a virtual class on contemporary Persian poetry by women. Their approach to poetry was delightful, their presence moving. Their poetry connected past literary traditions to current literary themes. As they recited their poems tears streamed down my face. They were not tears of sadness, but rather a re-establishment of a dormant connection. It's similar to reconnecting with a close relative or friend who lives far away and when you get the chance to reconnect you realize how many cherished memories you had but had since forgotten. It's an overwhelming feeling.

I had to do something with that experience. I was on a mission to introduce these poets to English speakers, especially to second generation Iranians who may not know Persian well enough to appreciate poetry. Through this project, I learned about what it means to be passionate and to feel you are on a mission in a way I had not experienced before. I spent nights and early mornings on it. I was perfectly fine forgoing social commitments and mostly sleep to complete this project. The book had permeated every aspect of my life. Every conversation with my daughter was peppered with progress on the project or asking her to choose between two words in a line. When I was searching for a title, I had responded to my partner's very kind greeting on a Sunday morning with "Do you know that there are only two birds endemic to Iran?" While I saw nothing wrong with this, he (and everyone who has heard the story) seemed to disagree!

Since I started this project and wrote these words much has happened. In September 2022, Iranian women, acutely aware of the dangers involved and the horrible circumstances they could face, took to the streets and started the first woman-led uprising in the country. Their voice has been heard across the globe as they fight for basic human rights. Though their struggle is now global and more visible, they have always fought for their rights. Simin Behbahani, one of the most famous Iranian poets of twentieth century, eloquently describes the women's predicament:

They forbade women
From dancing,
Singing,
Being in love,
Kissing,
Laughing.
Women retreated into their cocoons.
And because they were lonely,
many became poets
And in their poems
They danced wildly,
Sang,
Loved,
Kissed,
But they did not laugh,
They only cried.

The Poets seek refuge in their poetry. I, too, have always found comfort in poetry. What you are reading is the result of the poets' finding refuge in creating poetry and my finding refuge in their words. This collection includes 104 women poets representing those living in Iran as well as in the diaspora. About one third of the poets live in Iran, a third in North America, about a third in Europe and the remainder live in Australia. These women represent many different professions in addition to their poetic life: they are authors, artists, physicians, engineers, educators, activists, psychologists, translators, researchers, playwrights, rock

climbers, social workers, filmmakers and literary critics. I hope that the collection will showcase the diversity of these women: thematically, geographically, ideologically, and temporally. My hope is that the poems will resonate with you, that you will celebrate their voices, and that you will appreciate the situation of women in Iran and celebrate their strength and resilience.

About the Title

Iranian Ground Jay (*Podoces pleskei*) is a bird from the crow family endemic to Iran. It lives in the desert and its coloring is perfectly adapted to its habitat, allowing it to blend in. Though it is sand colored when on the ground, when in flight it has beautiful black and white wingtips. One of its distinguishing features is its strong and muscular legs, enabling it to walk and run long distances. Its beautiful song distinguishes it from other members of the crow family.

To me it is a powerful symbol of survival, the ability to at once adapt to one's environment and distinguish oneself through song and strength...in short it is a symbol of Iranian women. Interestingly, in 2021 a new postal stamp commemorated the Iranian ground jay.

About the Structure of this Anthology

In the short biographies of the poets, you will sometimes encounter an empty gray frame for the photo or [—]. These indicate that either the photo or information was not available to me, or that the poet has asked that some details not be included. I have also sometimes included photos that were not of very high quality because I think that even a somewhat pixelated photo is better than none.

For the books field, I have only included the poet's poetry collections published in Persian. If a poet has novels, books of literary criticism, etc., they have not been included.

At the end of each poem I have placed a branch 🌿 to indicate the end of the poem; and for the final poem of a poet's work in this collection I have indicated it with an acorn 🌰.

Acknowledgments

I am indebted to so many people who helped me complete this project. My daughter Tina who is my first reader, kindest critic, and a constant source of love and encouragement. She has enriched the translations through inquiry, attention to detail, thoughtful comments and her ability to address any and all linguistic and technological challenges. My friend Debbie Rusch, who read the manuscript and provided candid feedback and much needed humor. My aunt, Najmieh Batmanglij, who has taught me about passion and purpose in life and encouraged my pursuit of what is meaningful to me, including this project. My friend, Sayeh Eghtesadina, who has been a great resource; serving as a connector, trusted advisor, and cheerleader. My partner Arjang Assad, whose remarkable vocabulary, love, patience and sense of humor transformed each word choice into a delightful exchange.

I met Farideh Hassanzadeh, Kamyar Abedi and Soheila Mirzaei through this project. These new connections were some of the most unexpected and delightful parts of my work. Among other acts of kindness, they helped connect me to others.

I consider myself incredibly lucky when it comes to women role models. This book is dedicated to my mother Ezzat, to the memory of my grandmothers, Zinat and Tahereh, and to my daughter Tina, my hope for the future.

Song of the Ground Jay

Poems by Iranian Women, 1960–2023

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Rira Abbasi

Date of Birth: 1962

Place of Birth: Khorramabad

Place of Residence: England

Education: [—]

Profession: peace poet, author, founder and director of the
International Festival of Peace Poetry in Iran

Books: five poetry collections

به امیدواری سری می‌زنم
از هر کسی بیش‌تر صدا می‌زنم
ری‌را، ری‌را
فراموش می‌کنم جهان در ستیز است
دوباره از صلح می‌گویم
تا بیش‌تر فراموشم کنند



I drop in on hope
More than anyone, I call out
Rira, Rira*
I forget the world is at war
I speak of peace again
So they will forget me more



*The poet's first name

خودش یافته ام
بین
همیشه پیروزم
تاس می ریزم
که تاس بریزم
سفید، سیاه
تنهای تنها بازی می کنم



اشتباه می کنم
دوباره به صورتم اشتباه می پاشم
بینی ام قرمز
زیر چشم هایم شور
گم شده در اتاقی قرمز
نمک
طعم این اشتباه می دهد
دوباره عشق را به صورتم می کشم



I am a narcissist
Look
I always win
I roll the dice
to roll the dice
White, black
I play all by myself.



I make a mistake
Again, I splash mistakes on my face
My nose red
Under my eyes salty
Lost in a red room
Salt
tastes like this mistake
Again I pull love over my face





Neda Abkari

Date of Birth: 1964

Place of Birth: [—]

Place of Residence: Iran

Education: [—]

Profession: author, poet

Books: one poetry collection

کفش‌ها بسیار مهم‌اند
من از کفش آدم‌ها می‌فهمم
که هر کس از کجا آمده است
با چه کسی حرف زده است
به چه کسی نگاه کرده است
یقه‌ها بسیار مهم‌اند
من از یقه پیراهن‌ها می‌فهمم
که هر کس چقدر بغض کرده است
چقدر خودش را پنهان نگاه داشته است
و چقدر با کفش‌هایش بیگانه است.

Shoes are very important
I can tell by people's shoes
Where they've come from
Who they've spoken with
Who they've looked at
Collars are very important
I can tell by a shirt's collar
the intensity of the lump in a throat
How much they've hidden themselves
And how unfamiliar they are with their shoes



می خواهم
در آغوشم بگیری
تا امروز
نتواند
از میان ما بگذرد



گوش به فرمان تو نیستم؛
گوش به فرمان هیچ کس...
دست شعری کوتاه را گرفته ام
و از سکوت نسل ها بالا می روم



I want you
To hold me tight
So that today
Cannot
Pass between us



Your wish is not my command;
Nobody's wish is...
I am holding the hand of a short poem
Climbing the silence of generations!





Mana Aghaee

Date of Birth: 1973

Place of Birth: Bushehr

Place of Residence: Sweden

Education: MA Iranian Languages, Uppsala University

Profession: translator, researcher, poet

Books: five poetry collections

آگهی همسریابی

زنی هستم بیست و هشت ساله
با عادت‌هایی غریب
و اشتباهاتی هم‌قد خودم
که صبح تا صبح دندان‌هایم را مسواک می‌زنم
پشت میز اداره می‌نشینم
و غصه‌هایم را
با خواندن «نیازمندی‌ها»ی روزنامه فراموش می‌کنم

من از توفان‌های بسیاری گذشته‌ام
من به حقوق همه‌ی حیوانات – حتی بشر – احترام می‌گذارم

Personal Ad (seeking husband)

I am a twenty-eight-year-old woman
with strange habits
Mistakes as large as life
I brush my teeth every morning
I sit at my desk at work
And I drown my sorrows by reading the classifieds

I have survived many storms
I respect the rights of all animals, even humans

من زجر کشیدن در راه یک هدف را
به لذت‌های زودگذر ترجیح می‌دهم
سینما را تحریم کرده‌ام
دامن‌های تنگ و پاشنه‌های بلند
حق آزادانه فکر کردن را از آدم می‌گیرند

خدای من مهربان است
او جهنم را برای عذاب وجدانم
و وی‌اگرا را برای بقای نسلم آفریده
من آدم بودن را با همه‌ی مضراتش پذیرفته‌ام
در این دنیایی که از هر گوشه‌ی سقش
بمب شیمیایی چکه می‌کند
آدم باید احمق باشد که آرزوی فرشته شدن کند
و به زخم شانه‌هایش بال بدوزد

مردی که دنبالش می‌گردم
باید شریک اعتقاداتم باشد
او نباید در کتاب‌ها زندگی کند
و صورتش را برای هر ابرقدرتی جلو بیاورد
برای او دو شرط گذاشته‌ام:
اول اینکه هیچ وقت از رفتن خسته نشود
دوم اینکه فقط از کفش‌هایش اطاعت کند

and I favor suffering to achieve a goal
to the short-lived pleasures of life
I have boycotted the cinema
Tight skirts and high heels
As they rob me of my ability to think freely

My God is merciful
He has created hell to make me feel guilty
and Viagra for the survival of my species
I have accepted being human with all its perils
In a world where in its every corner a chemical
bomb leaks
One would be foolish to wish to become an angel
To sew wings to the wounds on one's shoulder

The man I am looking for
Must share my beliefs
Must not have his nose buried in books
Must not turn the other cheek to every superpower
I have two conditions for him:
First, he should never tire of moving
Second, he should obey only his shoes.



زمستان معشوق من است

زمستان معشوق من است
مردی که حافظه ای سفید دارد
و گردنِ بلندش را
با غرور بالا می گیرد
زیر برف ها به قویِ زیبایی می ماند
که روی دریاچه ی یخ زده ای می رقصد
در آغوشش می کشم
آب می شود
کم کم
کم کم آب می شود
و می ریزد
انگار هیچوقت نبوده
مردِ مهاجری که قرار بود گرم کند.



من و گنجشک‌ها

آوازی حزین خواند
بر شاخه های لاغر انگستانم
پرید و رفت
حتی گنجشک هم دل نمی بندد
به زنی که مَشتش پیش باد باز است



Winter Is My Beloved

Winter is my beloved
A man with a white memory
And a tall neck
held up high with pride
Under the snow, he resembles a beautiful swan
Dancing on a frozen lake
I embrace him
he melts
Slowly, slowly
Slowly slowly he melts
and flows
As if he never existed
An immigrant who was supposed to warm me up.



The Sparrows and I

It sang a sad song
On the thin branches of my fingers
It then flew away
Not even the sparrow
Will love
A woman
Whose secrets are open to the wind.



ردّ پا

دنیا سفره‌ی هفت سین بود
زندگی تنگ بلور

نشستم و زل زدم
به ردّ پای ماهی‌هایی
که تبخیر شده بودند



شاعر شدم

شبی که ماه
در چاه فراموشی افتاده بود
— خیلی آسان —
طناب نازک خیالم را پایین انداختم
و او را بیرونش کشیدم.



Trails

The world was a New Year Setting*
Life, a glass decanter

I sat and stared
At the fish trails
That had evaporated



Poet

I became a poet on a night
when the moon
Had fallen in the well of oblivion
– very easily –
I threw down the thin rope of my imagination
and pulled it out.



* *haft seen* -the poet uses *haft seen* which I have translated to a “New Year Setting,” a setting arranged for the Persian New Year. It contains seven (*haft*) symbols starting with the Persian letter which is the phonetic equivalent of “s” (*seen*). In addition, there is always a container with a live goldfish symbolizing life. Pisces is also the twelfth and last astrological sign – end of year.



Shahla Aghapour Benakohell

Date of Birth: 1966

Place of Birth: Tehran

Place of Residence: Germany

Education: MA Berlin University of the Arts

Profession: artist, sculptor, painter, poet

Books: six poetry collections

تانگو در فیلامونیکر

بر گستره خیال
جهانی از نور و رنگ
دستهای آبی شب
دایره ی زرین ماه
روی پیشانی ام نشانده ست
قطره ی ماه
روی صحنه می چکد

دختران ارکستر نارنج
در هاله ی رنج
نیلوفری می رویند

Tango in Philharmoniker

In the vast imagination
A world of light and color
Have imprinted
Blue hands of the night
Golden circle of the moon
On my forehead
A drop of the moon
Drips on the stage
Girls of the Narenj Orchestra
In a halo of pain
Grow a morning glory plant

پسران مخملی
باس و چه لومی نوازند
خورشید شب
از نوازش پیانو
خوابش نمی برد



بیست و هفت
خاطره
در جعبه ای
بسته بندی می کنم
هدیه ای برای تو...



کلافی می بافم
از واژه های
آبی و زرد
با پیراهنی
سبز به تن



Velveteen boys
Play bass and cello
The sun at night
Can't fall asleep
Due to the sound of the piano



I wrap
Twenty seven
Memories
In a box
A gift for you...



I knit
With words
Blue and yellow
Wearing
A green dress



تولد پاییز آبان ست
قطره ی باران
پنج شمع خیس را
فوت کرد



نفسِ های اندوهگین
رسوب کرده ست
قصه ی شاعر پیر
نا تمام



تصور می کردم هنر
در اسارت من است
قفس رنگ و واژه
را بشکن
کلیدم گم شده



چهره ات را
از نو
رسم نخواهم کرد
با رنگ می پوشانمش.



Autumn is born in October
A drop of rain
Blows out
Five wet candles



Sorrowful sighs
Have settled
Stories of the old poet
Unfinished



I imagined art
Is in my captivity
Break
The cage of color and word
My key is lost



I will not draw
Your face
Anew
I will cover it with color.





Pegah Ahmadi

Date of Birth: 1974

Place of Birth: Tehran

Place of Residence: United States

Education: BA Persian Literature, University of Tehran

Profession: translator, scholar, literary critic, poet

Books: four poetry collections

مردن به وقتِ تیرآهن

صورت‌م را به این مجسمه‌های سفید ببندم، کبوتران مرا بخورند
از سینه‌ام نفت بیرون می‌زند
و سینمایی که عاشقش بودم
تیرباران شده
زخمت را از گیج‌گاه من بیرون نکش!
ما انارهای منفجری بوده‌ایم
در مرزهای بی تسکین
از انگشت‌های مان
وقت نوشتن، اشک می‌آمد
نه! زخمت را از گیج‌گاه من بیرون نکش

Dying to the Time of Iron Beams

I tie my face to the white statues so the pigeons feed on me
Petroleum gushes out of my chest
And the cinema I loved
Has been executed
Don't pull your wound out of my temple!
We were exploded pomegranates
within inconsolable borders
Tears flowed from our fingers
as we wrote
No! Don't pull your wound out of my temple

هوا پُر از صفی ست که می رود رویاهایش را به جنگ ببازد
 کافه‌های سرخ‌اش را روشن کند
 و روی عرصه‌ی سیم‌رغ‌های آدم‌خوار
 بلند بنویسد: کرانه‌ی آواتار
 من به استعاره امید ندارم
 تنها دیوارم را با دیوانگی از این حروف، جدا کرده‌ام!
 مردن به وقت تیر آهن!
 به وقتِ من
 که اطراف این النگوهای زخم منفجر شده‌ام
 مردن به وقت جان
 به وقت "آفتابکاران"
 ای تابیده بر جدار خیابان
 زخمت را از گیج‌گاه من بیرون نکش
 هوا نبود، قصه نیست
 تنها سینه‌ی من است که سینما به سینما جر می‌خورد
 در این شراب، شاه‌رگم را می‌زنند.

The air is filled with a line of people on their way
to lose their dreams to war
to light their red cafes and
to write boldly
on the arena of cannibal Simorghs:^{*}
Avatar's coast
I have no faith in metaphors
Madly, I have separated my one and only wall from these
letters[†]
Dying to the beat of iron beams
To my beat
That I have exploded around these bracelets of wounds
Dying to the beat of the soul
In time of "Aftabkaran"[‡]
You who shine on street walls
Don't pull your wound out of my temple
There was no air, there is no story
It's only my chest that's ripped apart from cinema to cinema
They cut my aorta in this wine!



* Frequently depicted in Persian literature and mythology, the simorgh is a mythical bird.

† In the phrase *ba divanegi*, *divanegi* can be either a noun (madness, insanity) or an adverb (madly and insanely). I have taken it to be an adverb. In addition, *tanha*, can be translated to "just" or "only/one and only." If we were to take *ba divanegi* as a noun and *tanha* as "just" the line would be translated as:

I have just separated my wall with insanity from these letters.

‡ A reference to a revolutionary song. "Aftabkaran" became a popular song known as "Sar amad zemestan" (Winter Is Over)—it is a song of hope.

مثل زنی که از عبور و شیشه می ترسد
 می ترسم از جدا شدن ام
 و ترسم از اشیاء،
 ترس از زوالِ دهانی ست
 که در محاق تن ام ساختی
 عادت کرده ایم یا
 عادت کرده ایم؟
 که قطعه قطعه می افتم
 در آئینه ای که آب های زمین را
 وارونه کرده است
 آبشش را
 در لیوانی پُر آب، رها می کنم
 و ترسِ خواستن ات در سرزمین بی ماهی
 شعری را به گریه های مان متقاعد می کند.
 و مرد، توی تاریکی
 آهسته گفت: «نرو!»



نیمکتی در آسمان
 تنهایی ات
 را بر طنابی از هیچ می برد
 آسمان
 چند ضلعی غمگینی ست
 که آن را
 از گوشه های اتاقت بریده اند



Like a woman who is afraid of passing by and glass
I fear my coming undone
And my fear of objects
is the fear of the downfall of a mouth
That you built for my waning body
Have we become used to it or
Have we become used to it?
That I fall piece by piece
In a mirror that has tipped over
The waters of the earth
I free the gill
In a full glass of water
And the fear of desiring you in a land without fish
A poem that's convinced by our tears
And the man, in the dark
whispered: "Don't go!"



A bench in the sky
Takes away your loneliness on a rope of
nothingness
The Sky
Is a sad polygon
Cut
From the corners of your room





Elahe Alizade

Date of Birth: 1984

Place of Birth: Esfahan

Place of Residence: Germany

Education: Associate Degree

Profession: poet

Books: three poetry collections

چقدر اینجا زمین سُر است!

چه بی انگیزه دوستت دارم

چگونه تکیه کنم

که آنچه بر دوش دارم

تباه نشود؟

آنقدر گوشه گرفتی که ...؟

هیس!

بگذار به آنچه ندارند

فخر بفروشند

...

How slippery is the ground here!

How I love you without any motive
How should I lean back
So that what I carry on my shoulders
Does not perish?
You have isolated yourself so that...?
Shhhh!
Let them boast about
What they don't have
....

چقدر بر شانه هایم سنگینی می کنی!
چقدر اینجا زمین سُراست!
و من
به انتقام شکستی نا برابر
آواره ام...



گریه های زیر پوستی
گلوهای ورم کرده

دیوارها
گاهی نیاز دارند
به کسی تکیه کنند



باید تمام شوم
کی می پرد از خواب
کسی که مرا
دراین
کابوس می بیند



How you weigh down my shoulders!
How slippery is the ground here!
And
As a revenge of an unequal defeat
I am a vagabond.



Secret sobs
Swollen throats

Walls
Sometimes need to
Lean on someone



I must come to an end
When will he be startled awake
The one who sees me
In this
nightmare





Photo courtesy of Javad Montazeri

Asieh Amini

Date of Birth: 1973

Place of Birth: Ramsar

Place of Residence: Norway

Education: MA Cultural Studies (Diversity and Equality),
Norwegian University of Science and Technology; BA,
Communications with a journalism concentration,
Allameh Tabataba'i University

Profession: journalist, women's rights' activist, poet

Books: three collections of poetry

گیرم که خدا مردی باشد
و من زنی
اگر عاشقش شوم...
چگونه در آغوشش بگیرم؟
کجا ببوسمش؟
چگونه دست در دستش بگیرم؟

Suppose God is a man
and I am a woman
If I fall in love with him...
How do I embrace him?
Where do I kiss him?
How do our hands intertwine?

بازوان او ابر است یا صخره؟
و ساقدوش ما
کدام پیامبر اولی العزم خواهد بود؟

چه سقفی، کدام دیوار
عشقمان را در پناه می گیرد؟
بسترمان
در خونریز کدام شفق پهن می شود؟
وراستی
کودک ما
شکل کدام سرزمین جنگ زده خواهد بود؟



ای دکه های مطبوعاتی
از این پس
جای روزنامه، سیگار
بفروشید
سیگار
هم گران تر است
هم برگشتی ندارد
هم هرگز کسی شما را
به خاطر انتشار دود
مجازات نخواهد کرد



His arms, are they clouds or rocks?
And which prophet
Will be our best man?

Which ceiling, which wall
will shelter our love?
On which twilight
will our bed be spread?
Incidentally
which war-torn land
will our child resemble?



Newsstands!
From now on
Instead of newspapers,
Sell cigarettes

For cigarettes
are more expensive
they cannot be returned
and nobody will ever punish you
for spreading smoke!





Fariba Arabnia

Date of Birth: [—]

Place of Birth: [—]

Place of Residence: Iran

Education: [—]

Profession: illustrator, and poet

Books: three poetry collections

از روزهای رفته نگو،
روزهای مانده را تعریف کن
با چند ماه خدا حافظی کنم؟
به چند خورشید سلام؟
تا بیایی!



Don't speak of bygone days
Describe the remaining days
With how many months do I bid farewell?
How many suns do I salute?
until you return!



خوبم
درست مثل مزرعه ای که
محصولش را ملخ ها خورده اند.
دیگر نگران داس ها نیستم



فردا
ادامه ی امشب،
درد پشت درد
....



I am fine.
Just like a farm
Its crops razed by locusts
No longer worried about sickles.



Tomorrow
Continuation of tonight,
Pain after pain
....





Photo courtesy of Heidi de Gier

Farinaz Aryanfar

Date of Birth: 1984

Place of Birth: Tehran

Place of Residence: Sweden

Education: MS Global Conflict Studies, Gothenburg

University; BA Middle Eastern Studies, Leiden University

Profession: humanitarian project coordinator, socio-political analyst, poet

Books: one poetry collection

وجدان درد

دردناك بود
مردی که روی زمین نشسته بود
و به ستونی تکیه کرده بود
و با چشمان قهوه ای رنگش
به دوردستها مینگریست
دردناکتر بود
عابرابانی که از کنارش می گذشتند
کسی نمی پرسید:
آقا کاری از من ساخته است
آقا اتفاقی افتاده است

The Conscience of Pain

It was painful
The man seated on the floor
Leaning on a pillar
With his brown eyes
Staring at a distance.
It was more painful
That passersby would walk by him
Nobody would ask
Man, is there anything I can do?
Has something happened?

فقط از کنارش عبور می کردند
حتی نگاهش نمی کردند

...

با خودت فکر نکن که شاید
من به سراغش رفتم
و حالش را جويا شدم
دردناکترین این بود
که من نیز
چون تمامی عابران
فقط از کنارش گذشتم



نشانی

چه سوال عجیبی!
«نشانی قلبم!؟»
دستم را می برم به چانه ام
و میگویم:
نور نگاهم را که دنبال کردی
و به مهر لبخندم که رسیدی
دریچه ی احساساتم را می بوسی
و از پوست خاموشم عبور میکنی
با شیرین زبانی وارد رگهایم می شوی
همراه جریان خونم می روی
و می روی
و می روی
آنگاه

They would only walk by him
They would not even look at him

...

Don't believe that maybe I
Went to him
To ask how he was
It was most painful
That I
Like all other passersby
Just walked by him



Directions

What a strange question!
“Directions to my heart?”
I put my hand on my chin
And I say:
After following the light of my eyes
And after reaching my kind smile
You kiss the doorway to my feelings
And pass through my silent skin
With your sweet talk you enter my veins
You flow with my blood
And keep going
And going
Then

به مزرعه‌ی احساساتم
— قلبم —
می رسی
می رسی!
نقشه‌ی زخم‌هایم را می توانی مرور کنی
و پیاموزی:
بدون چتر نجات پریدن
لذتبار
و نیز دردناک است.
اکنون تو به مقصد رسیده‌ای
پس در کوچه‌های شلوغ عاطفه‌ام
می دوی.
ناگاه
بر میخوری به اثر انگشتانت
که بر دیواره‌های قلبم
خط انداخته...
و حال؟
حال... هیچ!
می توانی با اطمینان خاطر
نشانه‌ی قلب دیگری را
فتح کنی.

To the farm of my feelings
– My heart –
You will arrive
You will arrive!
You can review the map of my wounds
And learn:
Jumping without a parachute
Is joyful
And also painful.
Now that you have arrived at your destination
You run around
in the crowded alleys of my affection.
Suddenly
You will come across your fingerprints
imprinted...
On the walls of my heart
And Now?
Now...nothing!
Safely, you can master the directions
To another heart.





Tahere Asghary

Date of Birth: 1966

Place of Birth: Esfahan

Place of Residence: Germany

Education: MA Sociology of Dance; BA Social Work

Profession: social worker, body-mind therapist, dance instructor, poet

Books: one poetry collection

بیخس

بیخس

چشمی را

به دروازه های خیال

چشمی را به خواب

چشم سومی را

به صدا

نگاه نکن تا ببینی

بیخس تا ببینی