

4.9 Shemiran (for Fariborz) – 2000

Shemiran, my Shemiran
speak to me of innocence:
lost seasons, snakeless meadows, blessed gift of snow.
Let me race in spring your ribbling waters
down long down to where my heart resides.

Eyeless Esteghlal, gaunt sentinel
recount for me your terrors:
forsaken years, the foddered youth, the mindless war.
Can I assuage your fractured soul
with balm deep balm of history?

O Safi-Ali-Shah, dear mansions,
don't sing to me your memories,
they are too strong: the ghost of laughter, evenings gone,
your hearths unpeopled, attics lost, and through your halls
the flitting owl of Ha'fiz reigns.

Ageless Ashura, tonight
lend me your grief, re-mind me of your sufferings:
through darkened streets your new crusaders mourn,
the beaten breast, the deep processive drum – while I,
O thirst of my irreducible spirit, am calm.

Tehran – April 2000.