

There is a book hanging from my
clothesline
picks up
gray immigrant birds
of Iranian clichés
red leaders
in blue jeans.

What if
the pearls of his hands
are the very same prayer beads
not redeeming
the men of God, wrapped in the cloak
of hypocrisy?

and those piles and masses of
closed books
worn-out eyelids
rugs underneath
praisely mirror.
Executions tasting rhubarb
The gunshot sours all my tastes.

Now that
the finger
shakes a bit of my skin
the eye
shakes a bit of my skin
the lip
shakes a bit of my skin,
another bit is
forgetfulness cottages.

Sweet insanities
wooden scarecrows garden
hot sharp smiles
maroon violets of eyes
empty of a look
the yellow cherries of torture
livid
on my glasses,
and my velvet dress that never got to be my parachute
among all these green whispers.

There is a book
hanging on my clothesline
picks up
red immigrant birds
of the corpse of my laughters.

Poem by Robab Moheb

Translated by Katayoun Keshavarzi