

Roofs, thousands - yet still
houses do not meld to world reality
overarching to my most Nordic point of excess, under my feet
not even a lily would bloom
And I am aware ... there - the phantom on the high flight of stairs,
who conceives
my horizontal flights,
face to face is my death.

I am obsessed, however, by
the fervour of the seven mystical desires,
and still thy fairy forty ladders
overarching you to me
and *I to You*

You, who is unaware of the streaming routes of winds
hence,
the tender earth raises mountains beyond our stony wings
we rise in the dark of our own arrest, and see
our house,
our straying mouths along inked lines, passed out of mind

And

This is our rendez-vous, the ultimate, with our *fortune*
embodied with our shadows, here we are.

Poem by Robab Moheb

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