

GOD'S SMALL BEINGS

Robab Moheb

Translation: Sam Vaseghi

1

Alef

Lam

Mim.

in the Order of the Prophet
an invisible singer of my faith
in the Order of Love
but with
only the caprice of a gulp and
this tiny

2

Man, sinks in the mirror

woman,

grows up in the mirror.

3

Relation

a reverse beginning

on the way of lost voyagers of dreams.

4

Man,

a burnt stub

Woman,

her heart lost to

the powder compact.

5

When the grey curtain of the nights
from the verdant stature of panicles

fell

the Meteor of Lust

was also

dead.

6

Without shoes,
bare feet, his heart

man moved through life,

through sand,

smoke

and

fog

meanwhile

woman had already arrived.

7

Nothing but merchants, they were,
for two rings of copper
the marvellous stature of panicles, early love of youths, only once
sold.

8

Once
they set the sails of their
imagination
the seas
looked surprised
as they stared into the tender breeze of storms.

9

In strains and curves of caress
free from error
the lover
mistakenly
desired his damsel.

10

The Gods of desire are
the strays in the alleys in the ruins of the soul,
the maniacs
of the excitement of the body.

11

The horizon,

they mourn,

in the maze of their voicelessness, their sightless emotions

abhorrent, exiled

cast out

to the dark dungeon of the heart

still

chained, chained to the shackles of

love.

12

The infant wishes in its first steps

to be captive in a bundle

tied up in blind trust.

13

Like glass

not to withstand the stone

this victim of the firing squad in my line of sight.

14

Woman

says goodbye to her bed
gently
beginning the daily tragedy
man
deforms body
tangled in linen
and yawns
his befuddled gratitude
crying out.

* * *

Between rise and fall
were only a few minutes.

15

Before they were born into the world,
dead, they were,
bare to the bone
naked.

Translation: 2008

http://iran.poetryinternationalweb.org/piw/cms/cms/cms_module/index.php?obj_id=13940