

VINNIE IN THE WAR

(Letters to him)

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—

The paths are reaching into a destination

To hide and distance yourself from me and my loneliness

How I can forget you

See you from the distance

Tired and sleepy being pulled to your side and your journey will be started tonight

Without a farewell

I promise to write you letter every day without pouching

Oh, really my beloved

I was very happy when your face is changed in the concert that day

—

Walk

Walk as much as you can

When you walk on my behind

What do you think of?

Ah

I wish it could happen that

Alone, walking dreaming you and ordering stick

With red wine

To not be isolated from juggling the street when walking behind me

Your hand

Looks beautiful on back of your shoulders

A lot, even, if

All the pains are hidden under your shoulder

Still, you can evoke the flying

With the sound of the legs

My darling

What happened that you call me on my first name!

The opportunity is limited for relish from what is available

Move forward

The moment is streaming in you

Quietness

The stars in front of my eyes

Parading

When you are back

And look at me

The moment is steaming in you

The quietness

Your beards grow sloppy

And you happy because you were not able to trim them

In the changes of life, you experience yourself

With open eyes

I watch in the darkness

Stars are circling

The sound of music in my ears
And the only faded image of you

—

Let's walk to that my favorite intersection
To the Neauphle-le-Chateau
I watch the flowers
In the last winter, streets were covered by snow
And the whiteness under my legs were transforming into a big whole
The tips of my feet are frozen
The melted snow is sneaking to my fingers
I push the camera's shutter with my frozen fingers
I want to
Go to the old laboratory, and watch the printed photos
But the new and cold do not allow
I return to this moment
To you
I watch the bridges, the homes
Vinnie
I was not thinking that you would be a piece of this air
That I heard your voice before
You tell me

Last year the snow did not fall, and we did not have a cold winter

How it is possible!

I remember the frost and snowflake under the light of the streets

My visual memory works well

The only thing we human being has a portion

Don't you remember

Bark of the dog in the cold

Running in the yard

What would happen to these, so!

When

You follow me to reach to our everyday intersection

To the Neauphle-le-Chateau

In salience

Slowly I remember the snow and the winter of previous years

—

Where do you go

Talk to me of yourself

Of your distance

Of my sleep and the yellow lights like the sparkle lights of the sun in the water

—

Ah, how much pity is of being close to you
Your feet from the weeks and mornings
Are putted on my dreams
But you talking of leaving
Until count of your return, I should write of everything happening to you
In noon, when I was looking at your picture, the sun was sliding under my hands
I'm flocking to the pillow to lose your image in white
How would be your trip tonight!
With a big black baggage and an old brown British suitcase
You kept your clothes tidy, from bright to gray
My beloved, the diplomats look beautiful in white shirts
In the entrance of the garden, you are not walking with no man
You wait a moment and then continue the hosting
But me
Alone
In a crowd garden with so many strangers' voices walk
Grab cheese
Pouring wine
Do you know my loneliness?
I walk to the side of the lake
Look at the black water
The cloth full of net that covered my body

To my shadow in the water

To you

That

In the back of the fences, you are busy talking to your tall mates

—

In the morning the light of the sun to see your illustration

Dance behind my eyelids

And from that you are shining from the window of the room to my pupils

I become happy

I wish you above my head that sprout until your return

Dear Vinnie

Is there anybody to be upset if I sing your name for myself

—

In every waking time from the bed

In every time looking in the blur window, Pearls around my neck torn

In every time running towards your forehead veins

A new word is born in me

Ah, my darling

It is not a good sign!

If the windows will be broken and the pearls torn
If the word's beds are collected and inflamed in fire
And in every time running toward your forehead veins, I won't see you
There won't be any new word be born in me
Ask the bridges!
Birds look at the sky before singing
The bridges see all the flying before a kill
The bridges sing all the loved songs memorized
The bridges know everything

—

Dear Vinnie
Look at the lonely man beside you
Bite your ham sandwich
Today September 18
Until arrival of the cold, you would be back
With the fall of snowflakes, my photos get black and white
Until your arrival
I spend the days with the sun and the shadow

—

September 19th

—

September 20th

—

September 21st

From the distance ways

From the country of 1990s slaves

From the gone kilometers

Dance around me

Come and hold me all in your arms

Reach yourself near my ears

To farewell for ever

Do not guide me to the lighten black holes

I've returned to the age of carrying rocks and the mining cliffs

Wait, wait

I am a girl as beautiful as the black stones

You iron it up to make statues

Come, come

Look at my back

As much as I can I walk in the railway stations

Rails, lines

That destroys

I become sad

Until I am returned do not return to the winter and darkness

Laugh with you

Shining

I wild, like a noble woman

No, no

Return

Return

—

September 22nd

—

September 23rd

—

September 24th

I promised myself to write to you everyday

It was not my accord to watch your everyday

Since you arrived, I grow up

I am not cutting my hair anymore

Now it is under my ears

Do you promise when you are back your attention is being to me

—

September 25th

—

September 26th

The United Nations organization

—

September 27th

Still, I have not brought the flowers to home

Vinnie, you have planned yesterday for the United Nations

I scare from here

When I sleep is like I have not slept

My direction

From the bed to the toilet

From the bed to the small bathroom

From the bed to the coffee

All of my country is summarized with the people's leave

Do you pay attention to me?

I want you to listen from the distance

From the concerns not of mine but my mother, I want to tell you

Of the concern of the people of my country

Of the Euro and Dollar

No, I am not talking of inflation

I want

I want

The seeds to spread out that the lie dry

You should not scare of gun when the United Nations fears nationalities

The New Zealand prime minister who changed her child's diaper

He thought that her child

That soaked herself in the biggest war of the countries

My dear

How the dangling photo on you neck look like

Can I find your name on the list?

When I heard yesterday that at the beginning of November the president is thinking of our losing

I doubt of your return

Since you only can

Save me from the thought of my country

Maybe I will go on the beginning of January to Paris and write to you from there

—

September 28th

Vinnie

I am not scared of darkness anymore

Today near the morning was cold, very cold

We reaching to the beginning of the month of October

I turned candles a light and thinking of my performance

Today in the dance of the innocent performance

I looked around to find you

But you were not

The mirror under my feed were showing all the galaxy

I demanded them to let

To write the world one by one to the mirror

My darling

Here, there are days that fear the words

When I entered the hall full people, only eyes were

My body and a hanging fetus on the air

The minutes passed by

The violence of the world in my body

The minutes passed by and

Children, country, peace, I wrote

In front of the vague eyes of the audience

My palms were of blood

Wrote in blood

Under the yellow light, there were fear and enjoy at the eyes of people

They were themselves

Seen the craziness of my body

Believe me, I scared and

No world is existed in my head except the obliviousness

My heart wants, in a faraway place covered of snow to be live

Innocent

Vinnie

There are days here fear of words but not blood!

—

September 29th

You are pouching a letter to me

I become full of happiness every moment

and

So, fast I feel the heaviness of the pain on my blanket

I want a hug

Without acknowledgment, without meaning my darling

Without you want me I translate this word to you

I won't down

I become cold

Return

Return fast

—

September 30th

No news of you

So, my letters are not reaching you

I write to you

I write to you

Everyone is leaving

In my head

Even you

To the wall of my room

I look at the Paris from my tied arms

My eyes move getting together

—

September

The last day of September

—

First October

I wake up in the morning

The sun, sharp, from behind the windows fences shining on my face

I watch the news

Charles Aznavour passed away

Ah, today

My pains, all my pains are for Charles

The letter is for him

Forgive me but, I will search you on his songs today

Dear Charles

I am sad because of losing you in the first day of the month of October

My depressions are coming one after another towards me

and

Your voice like the light of the moon

Calming my rogue soul

I am wild like your feelings

I am tired like of gone ways you to the love
Of the depressions of autumn seasons, I can pass successive
With your romance and
Eyes when surrendering you to the sing and song
You, only you
Love, my vogue spirit, you to remember

—

Second Octobe

Without you

—

Third October

I would become empty of all my loving
My heart missed the home
The autumn wet ruining
I hope you see the trees of our house during the raining
When the thunder beat and the power of the city is gone to the blackout

Dear Vinnie

I hope to that

My voice is being heart in your ears

Now I am thinking of going

My mother with an open hug

In this moment that I am writing to you, I hope I would be able to prevent tear of my eyes

I know your return is counting with the years of your leave

And there won't be any return

Reciting poetry is not difficult

But the poetry is the pure truth

The truths are written by my fingers

How sweet you

Met with your mother and

I set at back of the table in my dreams and pretend writing to you of your house's flowers

—

October 4th

I am lost, look of five year live

And am happy

Today one of my programs were reached to your hands

In the wagons

People are sleeping in the arms of their dogs

With close eyes

Continue you dialogue with the windows of the training

The streets

The winds

The things that are belong to you will bring to you

To go to the far away paths

To the republican men, to democrats

Don't go

Don't go

Now that my country is struggling to a symbolic return, you would be stack with
the suspension

I would be more fragile of the past

Dear Vinnie

Take warm cloths

This trip is the beginning of the cold season

I am far distanced of you

But the blond women's hair leaded to the head of their lover

Remember in the rail stations and the wagons

—

October 5th

—

October 6th

My heart missed your shoes

Tomorrow, for sure I will miss your leather suitcase

Christopher had sent me a letter to travel to Pennsylvania for education

Vinnie do you know when path will be ended to the begin of creation

I have no issues anymore with your white sleeve over your wrist

—

October 7th

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October 8th

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October 9th

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October 10th

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October 11th

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October 12th

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October 13th

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October 14th

—

October 15th

Dear

The autumn is dangerous for me

I am coming to you

But so, distanced from me, you reach your life

It's raining so fast and this weather

I told you it is deadly

Oh Vinnie

I am confused and exhausted

Under my cold feed, the flames are burning

look

Without you I am writing of myself

—

When I count the day for your return

I am thinking of myself if your trip is delayed and you come sooner before the winter, I become happy

About you

Telling lies to the human beings and myself, it, itself is one of the most enjoyable works of my every evening

With your return my lies will be drag to the reluctance

And you know people here

For escaping from the minds, other bodies

Make a new world for us from us

When the gets darks

To leave of all my works I move

Dear, I have never, like this season I have gotten the obliviousness

I hand the door key around my hands to be remained at the back of the door

You, in you believe to the Christianity, pointlessly move away

Like I

Suffer from inefficiency in my return

The President of the alien government is saying right

Even easy

Thrown of his love the world

But hard for the alien countries he defined borders

Like me

Even if easy

I have defined border for the all men in my life

But hard thrown from love, to the world

Vinnie

The President is equal with me?

—

October 16th

—

October 17th

—

October 18th

—

October 19th

—

October 20th

—

October 21st

—

October 22nd

—

October 23rd

Yesterday, the 22th of October, I run all the graveyard of the British embassy

I thought all day

It is not deadly

Never is

To think of you that why I can be in love with you

Or when I wake up tomorrow, and my eyes are still closed

I see you

That styling you hear

—

Still, I have not received a letter from Pennsylvania

I have wait until 15th of November

Until that day, every day I imagine that when I am not here

You, searching yourself roaming in the streets and

Gaze to the rocks and lattice cuts on the wooden doors!

—

October 24th

—

October 25th

Last night I tried

To sleep with me, who I had no feeling with

Vinnie, the fear of losing you

My letters

Causing that I would not trust to arm of no man

Men cannot have any attraction to me

—

October 26th

I am not of ashamed of vain thoughts in my head

Please come closer

—

October 27th

Dear Vinnie

My letters are completed

You have returned sooner than ten weeks

And

I am gone sooner

like

From Autumn to the winter

We thrown from the civil war to the foreign war

To the unknown future

To be able to make

So, I want from you

My letters

Under the blurry light of the small luminaire next to the sofa

While you laid down in your home

To read aloud

To not remember the voice of any human being sadder than me

—

October 28th

—

October 29th

Today I move fast toward the train

My house air is much colder than before

I should connect the heater's pipe as soon as possible

In cabin, there is no space for setting

I look at the women, men who are in millimeter distance of me

A twenty- two years girl cries

Men set in line in front of her

I am telling her, do not cry

The girl beside her says, she will be ok

A child setting on the chair on the arm of his mother cries

A knitted red hat down his eyebrows

I try to, behind the men not leave my eyes of the child

Mother from her right-side handbag

Take a small pistol and give to child

The child's cry stopped, and he became quite

I look at the 22 years old girl, still drops of tears move down to her nose

I told myself, for sure she is fine

Maybe if there is gun should be much better

—

October 30th

—

October 31st

—

First November

—

Second November

I have to start from the area where no incident would be vague to you

My letters that had been reached you, are not reach you

But still it is not late to read

Only the distances hurting

Me

—

I do not care of forgetting myself and all I love in my country
but I am jealous of forgetting you in a place where more than me is belong to you
Do you think of putting your hand in the hand of someone else!?
Or even
When you are looking to my letters
Do you remember my hands?
Her hands
Your hands
Do you mind!?

—

My dear
I am upset today
My mother is coming to meet me
But I am very quiet and an alone
I do not know if she is satisfied with my transient life
Does she learned to pretend
She always with a small handbag in the morning move to my city
Always depressed
She feels hearty for her little girl that how it happened
That transformed into a crazy

Nothing prevent me from going to river and the art

A strong feeling with freedom

Everyday

Every night

Every second

I am telling myself maybe the world will finish, or my artificial world will be finished

I will die right that moment

Vinnie

The life's flow has a lot of power

—

This shoes near the door of my room

This bed with a garbled sheet

The photos under the glass of working desk

My analogue camera

All these painted bodies on the wall

Has a meaning of love

Beautiful and more attractive of any wanting during the night

I hope I could send you all the picture along my letters

That when I see you any place in the world

To remember me

My darling

In your photos also

Come up of the stairs with a leather coat

And

I hope I bought my camera sooner

—

November 5th

Christopher sent a new letter

From the university programs and talked to me of the student's trips

With a legal letter

Now I should be able to collect all my dreams and wishes

Leave her with myself

Our surrounding is crowd

I look at the power of your eyes

That much you are shining that I forget myself

Vinnie

I have never watched someone like you

Always with an open smile

Looks

Talks

And say goodbye

With your liner waist setting and watching

And I am for the first time see you with glasses

The glass

The glass can't prevent anything

I wish the truth was far from the life reality

I wish at least

you

Do not say the reality

I wish at least

you

Be away from me

—

The light of freedom selflessness me

And then think

Along the freedom, you and you hand also be

—

In which part of the crowd are you located

I turn my head and find you

You are not

I leave my mind

Between the people, in the crowd sat and screwed in you scarf

With your open smile

I look at you and

Move away fast

—

Third November

—

November 4th

—

November 5th

—

November 6th

—

November 7th

—

November 7th

—

November 9th

—

November 10th

—

November 11th

—

November 12th

—

November 13th

you

Return to your country

Just

For some days.

THE END