## **Pure Streets of Paris**

**Author: Zohreh Sadati** 

I look at your eyes calmly in the sea

To eternal love

I am beautiful

Put me in your tail

It is a question

This is how they shout

From the trees

Your roots

You will be ashamed

Put your hand on my waist and

Put your love on the moon

Look at my arms

You are in my arms

Without knowing it

Tell me about that night

How you are woven in your body

Come with me

Sea

Mountains

They will meet you tonight and

You are calm

You are asleep

Without knowing it

You are dreaming

The arms are open

The moon came

Roshana

Oaks

Their burns caress the mountains

Water the paths under the trees

Tears wash the roots and

Cool air clears my face from your breath

Fearless than ever

I open my hands

Flight is free these days

I saw a soldier on the side of the street

I read to you from him

Roahana

Unsparing

My hands will take your hands back

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I went to the street today

The trees turned green

Spring blooms alone

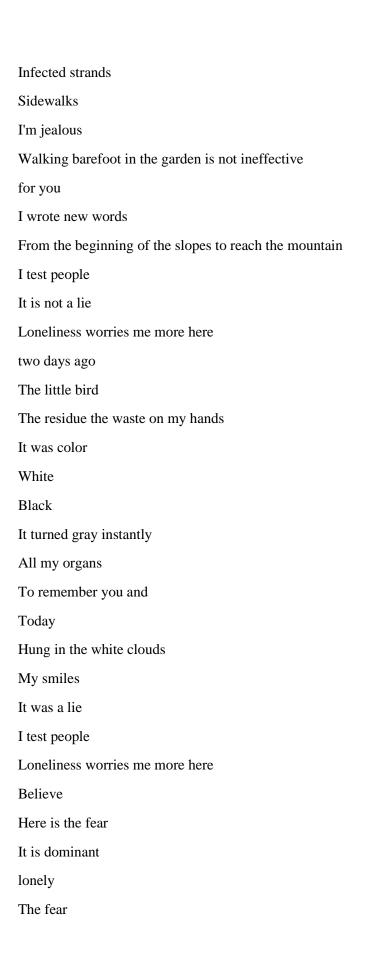
No one can tell me about your love

The place is far away

People

They believe their hum

Sometimes to passers-by full of irony



The song of the tree frog

Among the bushes

Is heard

On the highest small height

Hedges along a small river

Brings people together

I talked with you inside my body

The sounds are full of words

Like frogs

Forgotten

But

You will change every day and

I will write about you again

Roshana

What happened to your heat?

I wish

I knew

To answer the same

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Streets of heavy steps

Turn green;

The cold smile of passers-by on each other's faces and

Take a look at the latest hug

There was no hug to find you anywhere

То
Lean on the bodies
То
Beds with white bedspreads
Set aside hesitation with room curtains and
End your kisses from the beginning
He is coming this spring
_
The air here is damp
Duck song
Has flown
Roshana
Anniversary of our year
I hug the bastards
What lust, sadness does you see!
In the absence of the hottest season of predation
My hands are colder than
A green fire burns in my throat
The doors are bright
Hey!
Come to watch
You squeak from the breast of a mare like hot milk
Your marble eyes
Pure
It walks on my body
one day
Come to my sleep
from you

The whole earth is fertilized And your lost love in the forest Sometimes In between my hair They Reach together The fusion of our bodies The coexistence of two worlds You are even the smallest hole in the universe It brings me to the end of your position Someone on these sides Alleys Remembers Me empty of the man In the cold smile, my gaze freezes In water I fire Fragile I forgot your hands The color of your troubled eyes I got used to it Burning away from you sticks to my body

But it's too late

Mixed with my bone marrow  The cold
The cold
_
And your lost love
In the forest
Sometimes among my hair
They arrive together
_
Throng of our bodies
Coexistence in two places
There is even the smallest particle in the universe
It will lead me to the eternity of your position
Someone around me remembers me
Alley
solitude
Free of man
_
Your frozen look in the cold smile
In water
I fire
The hug was safe
Imagine
I forgot your hands
Disturbed eye color
I got used to it

The cold has penetrated to my bone marrow for a long time

I get cold even at a distance from you

## **Anvary Inn**

Writer: Zohreh Sadati

Roshana from the airport which is in the suburbs

The ground got wet until it reached the city

I went out to make my steps faster

As the sky became cloudy, my naked body showed

I was wearing a thin sleep shirt

This city has not changed yet

You have changed more than that

Roshana

This is how you feel about me

It scares me

As I hide the moon behind the hedges

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I love this touch Roshana

Oh you

I embrace you in the darkness of ambiguity

I don't know what I need

And it will not make any difference

When I have the arch of your back in mind

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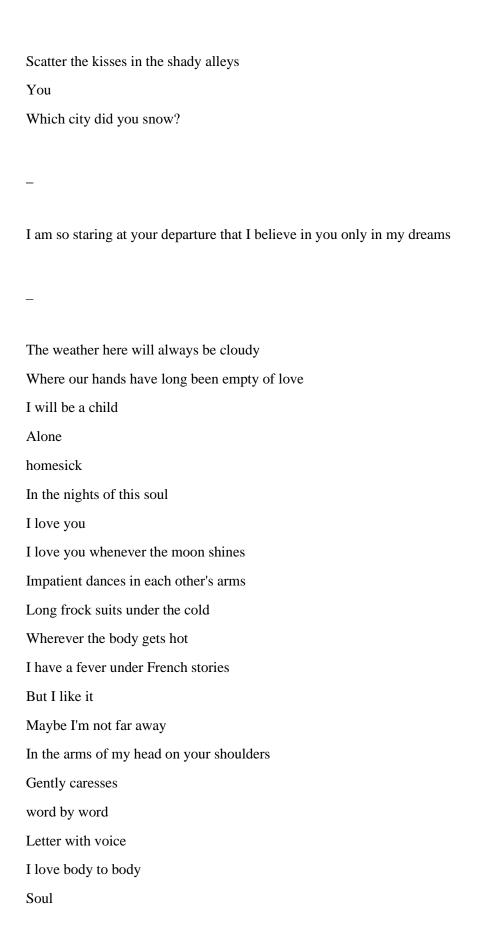
I'm afraid to talk to you

Because there is nothing to say

Roshana All around the city calms the onslaught you asked! Do you know?! How can fish live alone? The fish keep looking at the bed with the white sheets on it And the children's room with the same old desk Roshana. The sound of your embrace can be heard in the city You can relax, my darling The blonde girl's voice can be heard from a few rooms away a little slowly In another room, a woman is resting Although! I cannot kiss gently You hugged the whitey girl with your body Her hair stays like the strings of a vine That can be up to until the Gregorian years As long as birth and death Let's put some perennial wine The neck gives in to your kisses Roshana, It will be tempting when your head is hot to lose existence Whose every moment is eternal dream lifts her lips in the mouth of a child who has just been separated from a woman's breast The slender legs continue like a young tree that has just sprouted from the ground And but You will travel in the darkest shade of the day

You said you would come to see me At half past midnight let me count the grapes seeds for you to shorten the passage of time I do not know how the hour will pass Take just one bottle of wine to work Where you make gardens at night And You shouted for fatigue A long time has passed Cars, smoke moving forward clockwise I talked to myself several times Nobody even looks at me There is no news about Roshana Gets away I say to myself, this time I sit next to him when it rains I watch it rains Time should not be wasted I talk, I talk a lot at times like this, little by little the voices decrease Roads embrace silence I stare at the clock She He stares at me with a smile Roshana, you are late I stand by the hospitable counter

The old man dials the number nine You are behind the line, your voice has changed Again, the train did not reach its destination When will the railway lines be repaired? a year passed You go on a trip at six in the morning that day beloved Sadness is like a shirt worn by a white woman And puts on a hanger I I think of the lies of the rails that lead to the parallel line every day In the morning, I pull the sheets over my head. In front of the guest house, a modern building is being built The sound of the beams distracts me from your thoughts My beloved Your face is confused Today we will continue the journey with a distance of twelve hours Oh ... young man is enough It is better to continue our travels Each to the other side It Take the wine with you While the counting of grapes is not over yet Roshana How bitter it is when you realize that all life is summed up in leaving And that will be the whole story Being created in the sun every day



With
Soul
I love you
In the first embrace
I lean on your hands
Sleepy in bed through the distant paths
Lover

I

## A river in Mexico

Writer: Zohreh Sadati

I rebel in absurdity in another way

I sleep on the kitchen gardens

I live my dreams in constant repetition every day

And look at the turbulent birds of the seas

Washing windows that call the female limb beyond falsehood

The next nights without wiping the red faces from my clothes

Invasion of dreams

Those who say freedom

Hides in wet pillows

I say

One morning

Feathers send the night to dance like nothing

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In the corridor

The dark room of lies, our eyes were really worried of truth

Which betrayal belief in your home drives a beach across your body?

When our cherries are full,

They laugh at the joy of our bodies

And kiss us on the cheeks

The rotation of the eyes in our necks

At a distance!

Thank you, penetrating man

I'm going to the balcony, In cold weather Look at my body under the dark shade that I call the moon You call me Hug me, I will drown in you for long hours Until morning again in the trees Now The man walks alone, walks to freedom Along with the kiss he sends from behind the glass In that time Lies worry his eyes before they come to the truth As worried about freedom A penetrating man standing at the door Your gaze twists on my hair I am silent after the first greeting In an instant the empty seats are filled with shadows From afar I see eyes that do not drink Nothing else I do not see anyone! I fill the glass with the rest of my wine I laugh, I laugh out loud at the white sheets And my hair that sounds on the carpets The smell of the body that turns into a dance under the feet of our friends And a small green earring next to the table I see a penetrating man through the leaves

Hand around his neck

We drank a lot of happiness at the same time

You look My departure, my body that pushes you back in your laughter from now on Shake your hand My hands want freedom Wants to laugh at the end of the night When everyone laughs you will come And I still look at the footprints of the pines That got wet with your look before you left And again They will be red Penetrating man I will not greet you And I will not say I will leave your country soon My believe My country Leave it to me You have filled me with politics Policies to love your soul To the ruins of Afghanistan With all its beauties Which war Will wash the frightened eyes of the Afghan child from my dream

I will not even greet you Until the wars are over and I touch you between the shards of glass Between the bombings Thoughts of men and women on the pavements, streets I will not rest for a moment I will speak with your eyes in clear dust At that time Our eyes They will not greet each other anymore Tell me how to look at you When you walk in such a way that my eyes become feet To call me to myself Tell me how From which door should I enter so that I do not tremble for a moment Penetrating man I know, you know, everything is already clear Last night I slept in my arms My eyes are such that they do not see you Our bodies are sunk in the ground And I will never go through the door Other I wake up I do not remember anything Who whispered the last sentences in my ear? Morning Clears everything

I cannot tune in last night with last night

The sun is shining just above my head

I do not remember the correct image

Only numbers

I will stay the rest

You are finished

And the numbers extend

In which of my nights did I dream of you?

In Absolute Escape, in which nightmares am I scared?

And I stand at a distance

Of all that is tangible to me

Only one night,

The one night

Where I forget everything

And the morning begins

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## I am a land

Writer: Zohreh Sadati

My beautiful city will be pleasant and safe for you

When our flirtation between people is obvious

And our kisses are breezy for children

It is as if they see peace in our kisses

I have seen many lovers in Milan, a child resting in their arms and they kissed on each other's lips

A child so staring that he sought peace

Yes, Milan like this!

It is a tragic place

One of the most amazing places in the world

Airport

It is somewhere between freedom and you

I have always liked to drink when the checkpoint opens

Coffee

Or make my appointments at busy airports

Maybe even lie, sometimes

Say goodbye!

I missed the flight

Bring your neck closer

When making peace

Slowly, slowly get away from you

I shake your hand to walk away to send you a kiss

Then I sit in a cozy place

I drink my coffee

And I listen to the voices of hundreds of people

You know how I got my feet out of your dream

One day I was talking with your silence

Our conversation turned into a long discussion

And it took me somewhere beyond your love

I saw you face to face

I could not go back to your arms

Because your eyes were more open than your closed eyelids forcing me to stay

To stay

And

Only love you

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When do we set aside borders and embrace the invasion with the nature of our hands

I measure my country with you every day

With your nights

Your words

In the farthest place of my time

I read you

Somewhere between the crowded alleys

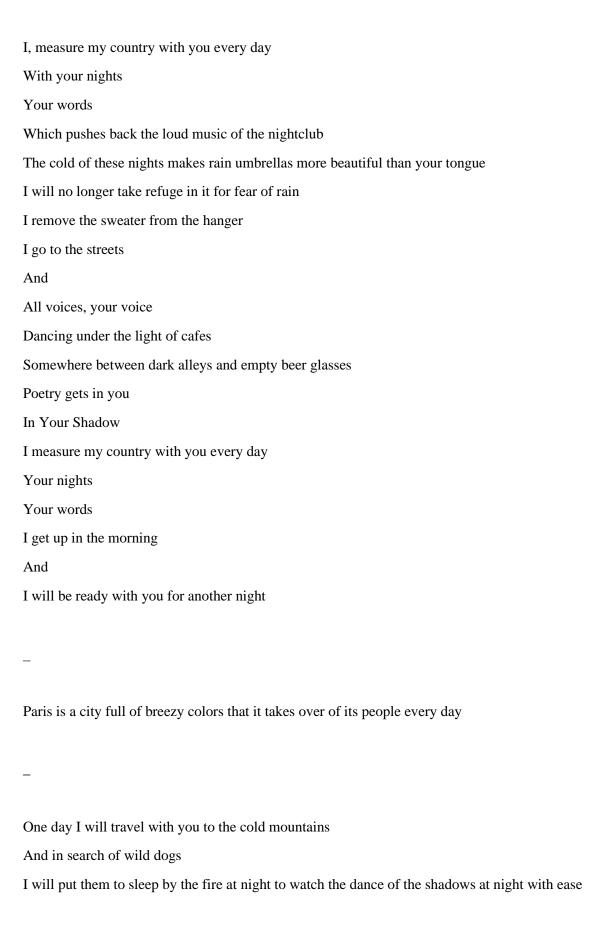
Without knowing where I am standing, the bar lights are filled with the shadows of men and women

They dance

And the glass is a strange reflection

On wet streets

I'm so scared that when I step on the street, the glass shatters under my feet



The cold air hugs me these days

I asked for this trip so that you can continue to breathe somewhere far away

I listen to the sound of drums, the voices of the people

I Forget the time

You

Just keep breathing

Children breathe in the air here naked

Their food is the sound of percussion instruments

If you know how much I love them

You will forget me

And

You will leave me among them

Somewhere between our loves

Naked bodies

Black skin that reddens under fire

I will not stand anymore

I dance Like predators

You don't know me anymore; you think you will forget

You just keep breathing because everything has been between us

There will be nothing in the laughter of the children of this land

My man

The moon will be colored by the darkness of their skin

The fire dances with their dance

Instruments play with their voices

The trees here whisper under their breath

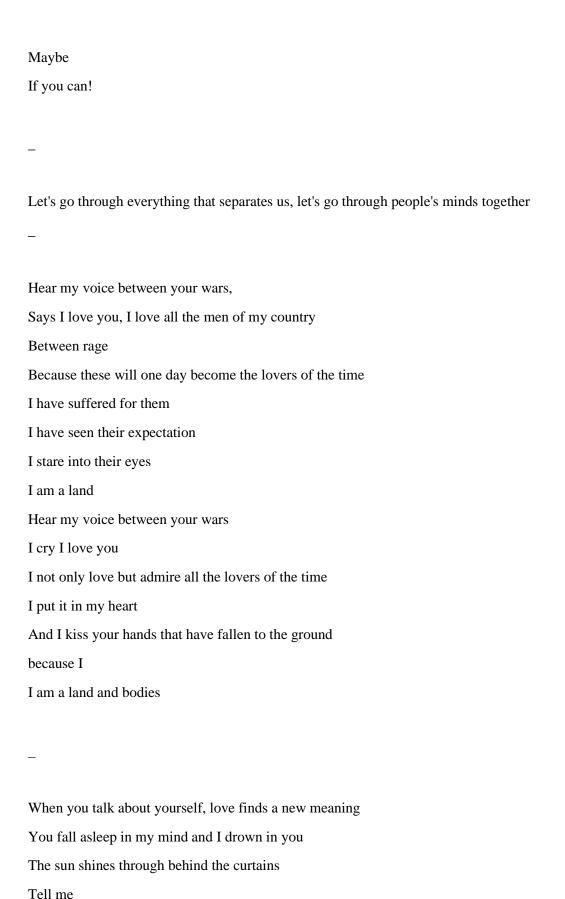
With their silence

Oh, if you only knew how much I loved them

You will leave me forever

And breathe

You just keep going, my love



Let me tell you about bright nights

When they envy a short sleep

Forget your dreams

One Night Your Imagination

I bought it for a man who was playing in the busy street

I called him

I handed her a rose,

Understands the music of love well

As the man looks at my tangled hair,

He realizes from my hair that

I lover

\_

Make me words, sentences

When hear yourself as I speak to you

My beloved

\_

Listen so I can sing to you

Listen

Listen between the words

Just listen to the empty space

I am silent

Repose by my side

Hold your hands to my hands to discover the world

These days, how late the future is in the present

Come closer

Tomorrow, when ran away from us, I will hide you from yesterday

Every day I tell my dreams to put you to sleep

Slowly, when you fall asleep, I get out of your mind

I look out the window

I want to drink coffee and think of you only

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Get me what you want

To find out I am a land with you

I will turn the fields of your limbs into mountains

My love, fall in

In the soaring palaces of the forests

Watch the kites How they dance

I think

Liberation wraps his arms around your waist next to a sycamore tree

And you kiss the dew that falls on the tree

I want to dance all the words with a song from your mouth

Whisper until the peak of your voice, until I feel the least time to reach you

You sing to me

Your songs

Freedom

Consonant with regime parades In tune with the sound of drums Like hitting a rock on a landmine And heads forward Yes! I remember well My songs always stood out in front of other children's eyes No song would flow as much as your eyes Look into my eyes No vocals will not be present in me as much as your hands Put your hands in my hands Beloved It is enough to know that it does not remain silent Put your head in my fists There will be no end to war now Trust the bodies lips! It is like liberation Leave me I want to walk in the forest together Watch my dreams As the cloud with the sky, the snow with the night becomes obvious I want to experience loss together Imagine my nightmares, slowly start caressing As

I remember countless songs from my childhood

That fear awakens with doubt, choice with thought I want us to forget the transition period together As That bullets with a gun I become of you I want turn death into poetry That the suffocation and darkness of the forest and the body become one Oh, yes Sit next to me Watch me in my body dreams Until our feet stopped moving one morning I will write to you again next month Middle of may I will call you beautiful again I love you until the end To violence To the streets empty of riots related to my city in that time Sidewalks are stagnant, giving way to your movements I do not want to be told what is going on Rebellion Your walk Your smile changes my world Laugh, My Beautiful

Sometimes I smile at your memory

I do not think about our acquaintance, but I have reviewed it many times in my mind

Really!

I wish you had passed my house sooner

And they

They watched our flirtation from afar

Whatever I poured seed for them today, they did not come forward

Birds know our old habit

We are lying in each other's arms

And as if we are watching them

That are eating their seeds

We pretend

We are flirting

You flow into me, my hands are far away from you,

Even children will not find it in the distant future,

But you know!

My arms are open to you forever

I look at my youth

In a clear pond, I will find

That coup is imminent

Dance

Kiss the cold iron glass with all you might

My love!

Nothing will be eternal

Except for your kisses

Stay stronger

We have seen more than this, my world has endured before
Kiss

I have rarely seen women behind train windows
They are waiting for their lover
That the number of each wagon one by one with the same speed as they pass
They can read to you
Three hundred and forty-three
Three hundred and forty-four
When they reach three hundred and forty-five,
Pause for a moment
Three hundred and forty-six
They continue

And you hear nothing anymore

They are so overwhelmed that they will find their beloved

That

You keep counting in your mind

Over four hundred

Woman in the distance

Somewhere between other people

Gets away

You will not be able to see anymore

You go there every day to find that woman

After four hundred and six days

You find her in the newspaper news

Has left the city for a destination

She killed himself in wagon number four hundred and six

Somewhere between his body and her lover

Many women are waiting

They stare at empty wagons for hours on end Until the day they implement their decision I have seen many women in war They have died barefoot on their beds I have seen many men They have fought on their beds with a naked mind I will reach you Somewhere between other men's guns Wagons full of your friends' khaki shirts Like the gray walls of our prisons that take on a new color every moment I will kiss you And all this I will said in a letter to you I will leave all my courage in your arms Somewhere between women's fears I stare into your eyes As That I embrace and imagine starting an endless kiss I will define everything for you from zero to one hundred As the train passes by the eyes that hold you my man You will be the lover of all women in all century Because really I see it in the eyes of all women That

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They will wait for their children every day