

# **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

—

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

Infected strands

Sidewalks

I'm jealous

Walking barefoot in the garden is not ineffective

for you

I wrote new words

From the beginning of the slopes to reach the mountain

I test people

It is not a lie

Loneliness worries me more here

two days ago

The little bird

The residue the waste on my hands

It was color

White

Black

It turned gray instantly

All my organs

To remember you and

Today

Hung in the white clouds

My smiles

It was a lie

I test people

Loneliness worries me more here

Believe

Here is the fear

It is dominant

lonely

The fear

—

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

—

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

To

Lean on the bodies

To

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

—

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

2013

—

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

—

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

—

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

Scatter the kisses in the shady alleys

You

Which city did you snow?

—

I am so staring at your departure that I believe in you only in my dreams

—

The weather here will always be cloudy

Where our hands have long been empty of love

I will be a child

Alone

homesick

In the nights of this soul

I love you

I love you whenever the moon shines

Impatient dances in each other's arms

Long frock suits under the cold

Wherever the body gets hot

I have a fever under French stories

But I like it

Maybe I'm not far away

In the arms of my head on your shoulders

Gently caresses

word by word

Letter with voice

I love body to body

Soul

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

—

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

—

# **I am a land**

Writer: Zohreh Sadati

2017

—

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

–

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



I, measure my country with you every day  
With your nights  
Your words  
Which pushes back the loud music of the nightclub  
The cold of these nights makes rain umbrellas more beautiful than your tongue  
I will no longer take refuge in it for fear of rain  
I remove the sweater from the hanger  
I go to the streets  
And  
All voices, your voice  
Dancing under the light of cafes  
Somewhere between dark alleys and empty beer glasses  
Poetry gets in you  
In Your Shadow  
I measure my country with you every day  
Your nights  
Your words  
I get up in the morning  
And  
I will be ready with you for another night

—

Paris is a city full of breezy colors that it takes over of its people every day

—

One day I will travel with you to the cold mountains  
And in search of wild dogs  
I will put them to sleep by the fire at night to watch the dance of the shadows at night with ease

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

Maybe

If you can!

—

Let's go through everything that separates us, let's go through people's minds together

—

Hear my voice between your wars,

Says I love you, I love all the men of my country

Between rage

Because these will one day become the lovers of the time

I have suffered for them

I have seen their expectation

I stare into their eyes

I am a land

Hear my voice between your wars

I cry I love you

I not only love but admire all the lovers of the time

I put it in my heart

And I kiss your hands that have fallen to the ground

because I

I am a land and bodies

—

When you talk about yourself, love finds a new meaning

You fall asleep in my mind and I drown in you

The sun shines through behind the curtains

Tell me

—

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

—

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

I remember countless songs from my childhood

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

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

as

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  
They will wait for their children every day

—

**THE END**

