

Our Cursed Share

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Mold gathers, days get lost.
Searching this cluttered room,
I look for missing parts.

Corner to corner,
each scrap of paper,
I sift through piles and piles;
Our fortress pile of books...

Crying to be read,
Too late to be read,
Read too many times,
Under a sickbed hiding lucky ones...

Could such words one day
redeem this heap of dung?
 rotting slowly
 joyful
 overripe...

Would they nourish our saps of new hope?
Imbuing this earth with laughter
 sugarcanes
 children and barley
Shaking, swirling, waltzing with the wind...