

# **Selection of Poems**

The Songs of Solitude



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# Choice

I did not choose my coming

I accept compulsorily my going

They have been taken from me

These two basic choices

But,

My life is full of minor choices

I protest

Why the mains are chosen

I am at a loss to

Choose the details.

It is said:

“You can not choose to choose neither.”

\*\*\*\*\*

I choose

Because of

The constant fire in me

The regret of the unchosen

The remorse of the ungone

The begrudging of the untasted.

\*\*\*\*\*

Life is full of minor choices

I am always on bifurcation and multiple ways.

Gothenburg September 1991

# Celebration

Happy Birthday to you!

This year, you are like the sea:

Peaceful and magnificent,

Tangible and limitless,

Sympathetic and glorious,

Kind and loving,

Charming and alluring.

A sea to which five rivers flow:

Wild youth,

Ripe beauty,

Infinite wisdom,

Feelings full to brim

And priceless experience.

You possess all a man needs.

Smile to the life!

Love the existence!

Happy Birthday to you!

Dublin, April 1996

# You I Need

I am a salt desert

Split by thirst.

You are a mercy rain.

Shower me!

You are a sea

Under a burning sun.

I am a river roaring to the sea.

Don't put dams in my way!

I need you,

You need me.

I kiss you.

Do kiss me!

Dublin, 14 March 1996

# This Running

My life is an endless running.

I am a river

Flowing down the mountain.

I clash against the rocks.

I fall from the

Waterfalls.

I become silvery spume

Dancing in the wind.

I gather again and again.

I run again and again

I fall again and again.

I am so tired.

A tired river

From a high mountain.

I want to rest on your breast

Open your arms, my sea.

Embrace your tired river!

Dublin, 15 March 96

# Dun Laoghaire Harbour

Wet, damp, and slimy,

Tired out and impatient,

Foggy and sad

In the gloomy evening tide,

Lore's harbor lays its flowered skirt

In the bosom of the sea

The sea time and time again

Licks the naked legs of the harbor.

The ship trembles in the water.

The sea is worried.

The ship and the sea remember

Thousands of people with knapsacks,

With undying love for beautiful Dublin,

Who left Dun Laoghaire

And moved all over the world.

The ship and the sea remember

The years of hunger,

The years of separation,

The nostalgic evenings.

The ship and the sea remember

The thousands of Dublin-lovers

Who never drink Guinness in the beautiful Dublin's pubs.

How does the ship not tremble?

How could the sea not be worried?

How?

Dublin, 11/4/96

# The Rivals of Gods

To: Poetry Plus in Dublin

The architects of love-skyscrapers,

The discoverers of virgin feeling-lands,

The devotees of deep kindness,

The bona fide purchasers of contagious smiles,

The goldsmiths of union-chains,

The weavers of communication velvets,

The gardeners of love forests,

The painters of affection paintings,

The composers of kiss symphonies,

The pledged amorous of penetrating looks,

The creators of human beings in feeling and affectionate planet,

The untiring rivals of God.

\*\*\*\*\*

May your imagination horses ever wilder gallop,

Your fellowship garden bloom ever more abundantly,

May your rival be defeated.

Dublin, May 1996

# Happy Birthday

We are climbing up life's peak

Birthdays are just the passes

We look back

The garden we planted, the roads we walked.

We are swimming in life's roaring river

Birthdays just mean we get stronger arms and wider views

So we swim more harmonically

And we smell future's fragrance better.

We are researching in life's laboratory

Birthdays are just a review time for our examining, feeling and thinking

So we know more

And we feel deeper.

In climbing, swimming and researching

We found each other

Another birthday just means

We feel each other more deeply

And our friendship has developed stronger.

Stockholm, April 1997

# The Bombardment of Spring

How beautiful are your small houses

in the heart of this tranquil forest!

How meaningless your great enmities

in this generous land!

How did break under the grant tents

the back of the young grass and flowers

in Brazde meadow.

How meekly did gaze in eyes of the of the world

the wet eyes of war children.

Behind which closed door

the bloody fratricide treaty is drawn up?

Ah, how helpless I am

in healing your bloody wounds

in wiping away your boiling tears.

Withhold from a why

a clenched fist

a peace-loving anger.

Roma, Spring 1999

# Roma

The workshop of Michelangelo

The ancient city

The modern city

The city of arts

The city of elegance

The city of the Pope

The city of Sophia Loren

The city of De André <sup>(1)</sup>

The city of haughty tourists

The city of variegated police

The city of runaway peddlers

The city of poverty

The city of fashion

The city of shelterless

The city of whores from all over the world

The city of traffic and dazzling

The city of dirty beautiful Tevere

The city of impure wavy sea

The city of San Giovanni <sup>(2)</sup> in fetters and chains, but free beggars

The city of naked David, but covered pillages.

Roma, 27-06-99

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(2) De André:

(1) San Giovanni in Laterano

# Your Voice

I say: "I love you so much."

She says: "I do not exist in menu."

Your voice is:

Mirthful as dawn

Fine as rain

Limpid as a fountain

Refreshing as wine

Colorful as a lawn

Truthful as the Sun

Smooth as water.

Talk to me honey!

Call me darling!

Sing for me sweetheart!

To wash off

The dust of tiredness

The rust of sadness of my mind.

Gothenburg, 24/2-2000

# Your Eyes

Your eyes are a sea,

love and life

ripple always together in them.

Your eyes are a sea

Always brimming with joy and happiness.

Your eyes are a sea

magnificent and deep.

Yes, your eyes are a sea,

I worship forever

this surprising wonderful sea.

26/2-2000

Gothenburg