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EXAMPLE I



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Saturday, July 12, 2008

Persian Language & Literature

Jalal Al Ahmad

Young Jalal Al Ahmad (photo)

Jalal Al Ahmad, Son of a Shi'ite clergyman, was born in 1923 in Tehran. His early education consisted of the normal Iranian curriculum in the 1930s as well as study of the French and English languages; he used both these languages extensively later in translating major western works into Persian and in carrying out research into the sociology, anthropology, and dialectology of some of the remote areas of Iran.

As a youth, Al Ahmad was actively involved in the Tudeh Party, especially between 1944 and 1948 before the Party was forced underground by the Pahlavi regime. Between 1951 and 1953, Al Ahmad supported the nationalist government of Mohammad Mosaddeq. After the fall of Mosaddeq, however, he served as the unofficial spokesperson for the 1950s and 1960s dissident intelligentsia. As such he wrote short stories, novels, and essays and in the strongest critical format possible criticized the regime of the Shah, who had been reinstalled in Iran by the America's Central Intelligence Agency. Al Ahmad's last years were devoted to the creation of a government in Iran that would return the country to true independence, self-sufficiency, and a long-awaited prosperity.

In 1950, Al-Ahmad married with Simin Daneshvar another young and enrgic writer. However, he did not live long enough to see the fruit of his endeavours. Al Ahmad died in 1969; according to his wife, Simin Daneshvar, poisoned by the agents of the regime. Between 1945 and 1962, Al Ahmad wrote five major collections of short stories, three novels, and an essay. The themes of the collections are diverse. Prominent among them, however, are the superstitious beliefs of the common people, recorded in their own language; excesses of the clergy in their

exploitation of the visible aspects of the religion instead of devotion to the teachings and the dogma; and intrusion of western ideas into Iran's predominantly Shi'ite ideology.

Al Ahmad's novella, *The Headmaster*, exposes the life of the Iranian educators of his time. It is not a portrait that one would want to present to the public but one that he, as a teacher, was fully familiar with and wanted his countrymen to become acquainted with. Only exposition of the ills of the system, he believed, can force people to seek a remedy for the malaise. At first glance, the works of Al Ahmad, especially his characters, do not dazzle the reader. But once familiar with his sarcasm, cynicism, and humor one can hardly put his collections of short stories down. He writes, as Kamshad Aptly says, with a conviction that is unique to him Ahmad Shamlou adores this very conviction in his "Anthem." Before being turned to ashes by the wrath of the thunderbolt, he had forced the steer of the tempest to kneel before his might. To test the faith of old he had worn out his teeth on the locks of ancient gates. On the most out-of-the way paths he struggled, an unexpected passer-by whose voice every thicket and bridge recognized.

Al Ahmad's 1962 essay called "Weststruckness" or "Fascination with the West" is even more critical of the regime. Addressing Iran's mounting social problems directly for the first time in Iranian literature, "Weststruckness" takes western intrusion into Iran's traditional Islamic educational system to task. Teaching about the various ways to serve a hot dog to students who have never seen a hot dog, Al Ahmad says, is a waste of time for both the teacher and his wards.

Jalal Al Ahmad

In addition to his literary activities, Al Ahmad contributed to the understanding of sociological and cultural aspects of far-off regions of Iran such as Awrazaan and the Khark Island. His research, even though he was neither a trained sociologist or a cultural studies expert, leads the way to a better understanding of those regions of Iran. Finally, Al Ahmad has translated a number of important works from French into Persian. These include Dostoevsky's *The Gambler*, Camus's *L'Etranger*, and Sartre's *Les Mains Sales*.

EXAMPLE II

Samad Behrangi

The best known Iranian writer of children's stories

Samad Behrangi was born in the Cherendab district of Tabriz in 1939, Azerbaijan province. He received his early education in Tabriz and graduated from high school in 1957. After that, for eleven years, he taught in the rural districts of Azerbaijan, familiarizing villagers, especially children and youth, to books and libraries.

Behrangi's native tongue was Azeri Turkish and, personally, preferred writing in Azeri over Farsi. He was not, however, allowed to publish in Azeri; he, therefore, made his writings available by translating them into Persian.

More than anything, Behrangi was a social critic whose major effort was concentrated on bringing about change in the educational system of the country. This is evident from the themes of his works that contrast the rich and the poor, the village and the town, and the educated and the illiterate.

He criticized both the methodology and the contents of the state-sponsored textbooks. He found the methodology to be outdated and the materials inappropriate. "'Postal service, congratulatory notes, telephone conversation, and sitting at the table,' although common place concepts in a western society, are alien to Iranian village children," he said. Rather than spending precious time explaining these concepts, he normally took the pen and replaced words and phrases that were inappropriate for village children.

Behrangi believed that children should be confronted with the realities of their own lives. Furthermore, he believed that the system which had served his generation must be abolished even at the expense of taking arms against its supporters and promoters.

Behrangi wrote for children. "The Little Black Fish" (1968) is his most well-known work. Two of his other works were published in 1969. They are "One Peach, A Thousand Peaches" and "24 Restless Hours." Some of his concerns regarding the Iranian system of education are outlined in an essay entitled, "Investigations into the Educational Problems of Iran." He also published "Tales of Azerbaijan," in two volumes. The "Tales" were translated from Azeri Turkish

into Farsi. Behrangi died in a swimming accident in a river in Azerbaijan in 1968.

Behrangi's works:

📖 **24 Restless Hours (24 Sa'at Dar Khab Va Bidary)**

📖 **In Search of Faith (Be Donbal-e Falak)**

📖 **Talkhun**

📖 **The Little Black Fish (Mahie Siahe Kochoulou)**

📖 **The Little Sugar Beet Vendor (Pesarak-e Laboo Froosh)**

📖 **The Tale of Love (Afsaneh-e Eshgh)**

EXAMPLE III

Sadeq Choubak

Sadeq Choubak

Sadeq Choubak was born in 1916, in the town of Bushehr on the Persian Gulf. His father was a bazari merchant. He grew up in Bushehr and Shiraz where he received his early education. Later on he went to Tehran and attended the Alborz College. After college, employed by the Ministry of Education as a teacher, he went to Khorramshahr. He also served a year in the army (1937) as a private and later on as a cadet working in the English translation section. Between 1945, when his writing career began, and 1974, when he went into early retirement, he worked as a librarian for the National Iranian Oil Company.

Choubak's first Collection of Short Stories is called Kheymeh Shab Bazi (The Puppet Show). When the collection appeared in 1945, it was received quite favorably by the critics. Kheymeh Shab Bazi is indicative of Choubak's keen insight into the inner motives of human behavior.

In 1949, Choubak published his second collection called, Antari Ke Lutiash Murdeh Bud (The Baboon Whose Buffoon Was Dead). Then there was a gap of some fifteen years before Ruze Avval-i Qabr (The First Day in the Grave) and Akhareen

Sadaqeh (The Last Alms) were published in 1965 and 1966, respectively.

Choubak's retirement coincided with the onset of the Islamic Revolution in Iran. An atheist since early childhood, he found living in the Islamic Republic difficult. In 1984, therefore, he moved to London, England, first and then to the United States where he picked up residence in California to write his memoirs. Sadeq Choubak died in July 1998 in a hospital at Berkeley, United States.

Choubak drew on his ethnic and linguistic background to create unforgettable scenes in both his major novels, *Tangsir* (1963) and *Sang-i Sabur* (1966). Similarly important for his creative spirit was the inspiration he received from the works of Sadeq Hedayat, Ernest Hemmingway, William Faulkner, and Henry James.

Choubak's writing style is unique in that he uses a minimum of words for the expression of major concepts. Furthermore, he combines originality with mastery in the use of the colloquial language, especially the speech of the natives of the southern provinces of Iran.

Choubak has translated Shakespear's *Othello*, Roland's *La Fin du Voyage*, and Balzac's *Le Pere Goriot* into Persian.

EXAMPLE IV

Mehdi Akhavan Sales

Mehdi Akhavan Sales (M. Omid) was born in 1928, in Mashhad, Khorasan Province, he finished secondary school there. He resided in Tehran in 1949.

In early 1950s, he became involved in anti-governmental riots, something common in Iran of those days, and was briefly imprisoned after the fall of the government of Dr. Mohammad Mosaddeq in 1953. His first book of poems "Organ" was published in 1951.

Between 1959 and 1965, he joined the governmental work force and served as a high-school teacher and a grade-

school principal. He also contributed to dubbing and/or narrating educational films, in addition to writing articles for newspapers and popular magazines.

In 1959, Sales published his "End of the Shahname," wherein he examined some of the contemporary socio-political problems of Iran in the context of the country's own ancient myths and legends as reported by Ferdowsi. And, a year later, he created a complementary view of the same in his "From This Avesta," again indirectly criticizing the government. Retaliating, the government persecuted him and his followers as anarchists. Similar activities in 1967 landed the poet in Qasr prison for a short period.

After his release, Akhavan joined the Ministry of Education as well the National Iranian Radio and Television Organization.

He died in 1990 in Tehran. His tomb is in Tous near Mashhad, near Ferdowsi's grave.

The critics consider Mehdi Akhavan Sales as one of the best contemporary Persian poets. He is one of the pioneers of Free Verse (New Style Poetry) in Persian literature, particularly of modern style epics. It was his ambition, for a long time, to introduce a fresh style in the Persian poetry.

A brief chronology of Akhavan Sales's works:

1. "Arghanun" (The Organ), 1951
2. "Zemestan" (Winter), 1955
3. "Akhar-i Shahname" (The Ending of the Shahname), 1959
4. "Az in Avesta" (From this Avesta), 1965
5. "Shekar" (The Hunt), 1966
6. "Pa'iz dar زندان" (Autumn in Prison), 1970
7. "Shush-rah Didam" (I Saw Susa), 1972
8. "Guyand Ki Ferdowsi" (It is Related that Ferdowsi), 1976
9. "Darakhti Pir va Jangal" (The Ancient Tree and the Forest), 1977
10. "Dar Hayati Kuchek-i Pa'iz dar Zendan" (In Autumn's Small Yard in Prison), 1977
11. "Inak Bahar-i Digar" (Now a New Spring), 1978
12. "Bejang, Ey Pahlavan" (Fight on, O Hero), 1978
13. "Bed'atha va Badaye'I Nima Yushij" (Nima Yushij's Innovations and Aesthetics), 1979
14. "Duzakh amma Sard" (Hell but Freezing), 1979
15. "Zendegi Miguyad Amma Boyad Zist" (Life Dictates, but Life Must Go On), 1979
16. "Ata va Laqa-i Nima Yushij" (Nima Yushij's Bequest), 1983

The moment of visiting

The moment of visiting is near
Again, I am crazy and drunk

My hands are shaking and so is my heart
Again, it seems I am in another world.

Razor, don't carelessly scratch my face
Wind, don't mess up my hair

My heart! don't embarrass me
The moment of visiting is near.

Translated by:
Mahvash Shahegh

Two Windows

Like two windows across from each other
We were aware of every quibbles of another
Everyday greetings, questions and laughters
Everyday an appointment for the next day.

It was not the act of the sun,
Or the magic of the moon
Curse the voyage which has done this:

Now I am heart-broken and silent
'Cause one of the windows is closed

Translated by:
Mahvash Shahegh

The Winter

Your greetings they'll ignore.
With their heads resting on their chests,
They seek warmth from their breasts,
None affords to lift a head to greet the guests.

Vision is limited,
The road's dark and slick.
Your extended friendly hand is refused,
Not because they are confused;
They rather keep their hands where they are warmed.
It is frightfully cold. Do not be alarmed.

Observe your breath,
Leaving the warmth of your breast;
Turns into a dark cloud
Before it rests

On the wall before your chest.

If your breath is this unkind,
What is amiss; if
Distant and near friends,
Were to keep you out of mind?

My manly Messiah,
Uncompromising man of faith!
Winter is cowardly and cold,
You keep the words warm,
Sustain that stance bold.

Accept my greetings.
Let me in.
Your nightly guest:
The pedestrian rock,
The curse of creation,
The uneven melody.

Allow this pest, a moment of rest.
I am not from Rome or Africa.
Allow the Africans the south,
North, the Romans.
Colorblind I am,
Enough for both.

Let me in!
Let my sorrow in!
Be a good host,
To your ever-present guest,
Who shivers behind your door.
Have mercy on the poor.

There is no hail.
You may have heard a tale,
There exists no death,
Only chattering teeth and a short breath.

Tonight I intend to pay back
The account for which I lack
It is not too late
It is not midnight
There is no morning
Don't be fooled by the dawn's false trap.

My frozen red ears
Bespeak winter's harsh slap.
And your universal sun

At the mercy of each breath,
Rather than your coffin
Brightens the hidden cave of death.

Dear friend, with wine,
Illumine the sight;
Night is day
Day is night.

They'll ignore your greeting
Amid this depressing weather
Doors are shut
Heads on chests
Hands hidden,
Hopes are cruelly cut.

Trees are but
Crystalline skeletons,
The sky's moved closer;
The land is devoid of life,
Dimmed are the sun and the moon
Winter is rife.

EXAMPLE V

Fereydoon Moshiri

Fereydoon Moshiri was born in August 1927 in the capital city of Tehran, Iran. From an early age, Moshiri was attracted to the arts, especially literature. By 1946, he lost both his parents. In the same year (1946), Moshiri joined the Ministry of Post and Telegraph, adding a new burden to his already full schedule of studies and creative work. "Farda-i Ma," a journal that dealt with the literature and politics of the time, not only promoted Moshiri's poetic works but allowed the young poet to shine at the side of such great literary personalities as Mohammad Hussein Shahriyar and Fereydoon Tavallali.

Before he was a poet, Fereydoon Moshiri was a journalist. This profession, which he entered at the age of fifteen, acquainted him with such influential figures as Dehkhoda, Pourdavoud, and Mo'in. In fact, it was interviewing these

major figures of Persian literature that enabled him to, by 1956, publish his first volume of poetry entitled "Teshnai Tufan" (Thirsting for the Storm).

The way Moshiri has taken is the final objective of the originators of the Free Style and poetry. It means that he has accepted to use Rhymes in a suitable and rational manner and combine it with a new look at Nature, Things and Persons around, along with a delicate feeling and sensation, to present his poems with a characterized feature.

Moshiri married Eghbal Akhavaan, a student of painting at the University of Tehran - Faculty of Fine Arts, in 1954. They have two children, Bahaar and Babak, both of them graduated respectively from Universities of Tehran and Shahid Beheshti in Architecture.

Moshiri started poetry with Love and Romance when he was only ten years old. He published his first book called "Teshneye Toofaan" in the spring of 1955 in Tehran. Two years later, this book revised with some new added poems under a new title: "Naayaaftteh". Moshiri's second book was titled "Gonaah-e daryaa" published in 1956. Poems of this book are mostly covered by the shadows of despair and darkness of Moshiri's youth.

In 1961, a collection of his poems published in "Abr" which was later reprinted for several times under the title "Abr va Koocheh" as a request of N.I.L Publishing Co. In 1967. Reflections of Man's feeling towards his life and death, love and destiny, social environment and the whole universe have been the main theme for the selected poems of "Bahaar ra baavar kon" published in 1968. "Az Khaamooshi" published in 1978, the book covers human's common pains and sufferings in the era of 20th century. Peace and friendship, love and serving mankind as a whole have been the foundation of Moshiri's poetry in his next book called "Aah Baraan (Oh, The Rain)" published in 1988, and his last published work, "Ta Sobh-e Tobnaki Ahura'i" (Until the Bright Ahuric Dawn, 2001).

In October 1997, Moshiri read many of his best poems at a gathering at the University of California, Berkeley. He was a true writer, a researcher, a great editor and columnist for the poetry pages of many magazines and newspapers.

Moshiri, had been suffering from Leukemia and Renal Failure for almost five years and finally passed away at the early

hours on Tuesday, October 24. 2000. in "Tehran-Clinic"
hospital.

The Secret
From the realm of sea
With maternal love
Rushed to sandy shores,
Water.

Round the sand she turned
Washed away the gloom
Off its dusty face,
Water.

Of the sand dwellers,
I am not aware,
What the sandy shore
Told the tender wave.
That to kill herself,
Time and time again
Hit her head against
Rock and stone and sand,
Water.

Translated by: Faranak Moshiri Summer 2001

Forever With You
Being with you,
Near, far,
Starving or well-fed,
Free, captive,
Full of sorrow or joy,
The essence of my existence.
A moment spent without you,
May there never be!

To die for your glory,
By your side,
The purpose of my death.
The purpose of my life.

Being with you,
Always with you,
Existing for you,
The meaning of love.
The pathway of my fate.

Translated by: Faranak Moshiri Summer 2001

Let us be humans
A dove was nipping seeds,
A weeping willow was dancing,
A sparrow was building a nest,
The Sun was watching.

From atop the aspen trees, dawn was returning.
With swallow's merriment, daytime was beginning.

Nature's musicians freely lay on this wide-open grass,
Making music in Dastan and Nava' modes.

The meadow was decorated like butterfly wings.
The colorful butterfly, flew here and there, Spring.

I've witnessed that in every particle of matter
There's indeed someone's loving soul, someone's bright breath!

This pure and caring soul is blown into all.
This bright breeze pours out of earth's heart

And blows on all.

If eyes are to both the visible and invisible keen,
They would see the commotion within this scene.

Sun, like a mother, full of kindness, gleams.
Down the sky's pure mirror, light streams.

Earth's heart beats to the same tune as Time.
Soundwaves of music of growth! O, what joyful chime!

Clouds arrive, full of giving and self-sacrifice.
Bestow their necklaces to the fields of rice!

So that grass may sing refreshed, river cries.
To turn sap into rosewater, water tries!

Soil toils to let seeds sprout!
Wind dances so buds may sing aloud!

Bird sings so that rock is not alone,
Sun strives to make amber from the stone!

From afar, grapevine steals kisses from the sun, in hundreds.
So that sheaves of grapes may grow, in hundreds!

Cedar helps the newly rising morning glory
Climb up her branches.

Blissful are those who worship sun and earth

For there's only love and kindness, no hostilities, no hatred.
Suddenly, tears well up in my eyes
I choke in my burning chest, ah!

But why then can we not be this way?
Come to our senses and wish to be humans.

Fereydoon Moshiri - "Ah, Rain"
Translated by: Faranak Moshiri Summer 2001

EXAMPLE VI

Nima Yoshij
The Father of modern Persian poetry

Nima Yoshij
(Portrait by: Hadi Shafaieh)
Nima Yoshij (1896 - 1960), his real name is Ali
Esfandiyari, the eldest son of Ebrahim Nouri of Yosh
(Mazandaran province of Iran), was born in November 1896.
He grew up in Yush, mostly helping his father with the farm
and taking care of the cattle. As a boy, he visited many
local summer and winter camps and mingled with shepherds
and itinerant workers. Life around the campfire, especially
images emerging from the shepherds' simple and entertaining

stories about village and tribal conflicts, impressed him greatly. These images, etched in the young poet's memory waited until his power of diction developed sufficiently to release them.

Nima's early education took place in a maktab. A truant student, the mullah had to seek him out in the streets, drag him to school, and punished him. At the age of twelve, Nima was taken to Tehran and registered at the St. Louis School. The atmosphere at the Roman Catholic school did not change Nima's ways, but the instruction of a thoughtful teacher did. Nizam Vafa, a major poet himself, took the budding poet under his wing and nurtured his poetic talent.

Instruction at the Catholic school was in direct contrast to instruction at the maktab. Similarly, living among the urban people was at variance with life among the tribal and rural peoples of the north. In addition, both these lifestyles differed greatly from the description of the lifestyle about which he read in his books or listened to in class. Although it did not change his attachment to tradition, the difference set fire to young Nima's imagination. In other words, even though Nima continued to write poetry in the tradition of Saadi and Hafez for quite some time his expression was being affected gradually and steadily. Until, eventually, a time came when the impact of the new became too overwhelming. It overpowered the tenacity of tradition and led Nima down a new path. Consequently, Nima began to replace the familiar devices that he felt were impeding the free flow of ideas with innovative, even though less familiar devices that enhanced a free flow of concepts. "Ay Shab" (O Night) and "Afsaneh" (Myth) belong to this transitional period in the poet's life (1922).

In general, Nima manipulated rhythm and rhyme and allowed the length of the line to be determined by the depth of the thought being expressed rather than by the conventional Arabic meters that had dictated the length of a bayt since the early days of Persian poetry. Furthermore, he emphasized current issues, especially nuances of oppression and suffering, at the expense of the beloved's moon face or the ever-growing conflict between the lovers, the beloved, and the rival. In other words, Nima realized that while some readers were enthused by the charms of the lover and the coquettish ways of the beloved, the majority preferred heroes with whom they could identify.

Furthermore, Nima enhanced his images with personifications that were very different from the "frozen" imagery of the moon, the rose garden, and the tavern. His unconventional poetic diction took poetry out of the rituals of the court and placed it squarely among the masses. The natural speech of the masses necessarily added local colour and flavour to his compositions. Lastly, and by far Nima's most dramatic element was the application of symbolism. His use of symbols was different from the masters in that he based the structural integrity of his creations on the steady development of the symbols incorporated. In this sense, Nima's poetry could be read as a dialog among two or three symbolic references building up into a cohesive semantic unit. In the past only Hafiz had attempted such creations in his Sufic ghazals. The basic device he employed, however, was thematic, rather than symbolic unity. Symbolism, although the avenue to the resolution of the most enigmatic of his ghazals, plays a secondary role in the structural makeup of the composition.

The venues in which Nima published his works are noteworthy. In the early years when the presses were controlled by the powers that be his poetry, deemed below the established norm, was not allowed publication. For this reason, many of Nima's early poems did not reach the public until the late 1930s. After the fall of Reza Shah, Nima became a member of the editorial board of the "Music" magazine. Working with Sadeq Hedayat, he published many of his poems in that magazine. Only on two occasions he published his works at his own expense: "The Pale Story" and "The Soldier's Family."

The closing of "Music" coincided with the formation of the Tudeh Party and the appearance of a number of leftist publications. Radical in nature, Nima was attracted to the new papers and published many of his groundbreaking compositions in them.

Ahmad Zia Hashtroudy and Abul Ghasem Janati Atayi are among the first scholars to have worked on Nima's life and works. The former included Nima's works in an anthology entitled "Contemporary Writers and Poets" (1923). The selections presented were: "Afsaneh," (Myth) "Ay Shab" (O Night), "Mahbass" (Prison), and four short stories.

My House Is Cloudy

My House is Cloudy
the entire earth is cloudy.

Above the narrow pass, the shattered and desolate and drunken

wind whirls downward.
The entire world is desolated by it
so are my senses!

Oh, piper who has lost the road entranced by the melody of the flute,
where are you?

My house is cloudy but
the cloud is on the verge of weeping.
In the memory of my bright days that slipped through my fingers,

I cast a look upon my sun on the threshold of the ocean
and the entire world is desolated and shattered by the wind
and on the road, the piper continues to play his flute,

in this cloud-filled world

his own path stretching out before him.

Moonlight

The moon beams
the glowworm glows
sleep is seldom ruined, but
worry over this heedless lot
ruins sleep in my tearful eyes.

Dawn stands worried at my side
morning urges me to announce
its arrival to the lot.
alas! a thorn inside,
stops me in my tracks.

A delicate rose stem
which I planted with my hands
and watered with my life
its thorns break inside me.

I fumble about to open a door
uselessly expecting someone to meet
a jumble of walls and doors
crumbles over my head.

The moon beams
the glow-worm glows
blisters marking a distant road

Standing before the village
a single man
knapsack on his back, hand on the knocker, murmurs
"Worry over this lot
ruins sleep in my tearful eyes."

Along the Riverbank

Along the riverbank wanders the old turtle
the day's a sunny day.
The rice-paddy scene is warm.

The old turtle basks in the warm lap of its sun,
sleep at ease
along the riverbank.

Along the riverbank there's only me
tired from the pain of desire,
awaiting my sun.
But my eyes
cannot see it for an instant.

My sun
has hidden its face from me in the distant waters.
For me everything is clear everywhere
in my standing,
in my hurrying,
only my sun is not clear
along the riverbank.

My House Is Cloudy

My House is Cloudy
the entire earth is cloudy.

Above the narrow pass, the shattered and desolate and drunken
wind whirls downward.
The entire world is desolated by it
so are my senses!

Oh, piper who has lost the road entranced by the melody of the flute,
where are you?

My house is cloudy but
the cloud is on the verge of weeping.
In the memory of my bright days that slipped through my fingers,

I cast a look upon my sun on the threshold of the ocean
and the entire world is desolated and shattered by the wind
and on the road, the piper continues to play his flute,

in this cloud-filled world

his own path stretching out before him.

It is Night

A night of deep darkness.
On a branch of the old fig tree
A frog croaks without cease,
Predicting a storm, a deluge,
and I am drowned in fear.

It is night,

And with night the world seems
like a corpse in the grave;
And in fear I say to myself:
"What if torrential rain falls everywhere?"
"What if the rain does not stop
until the earth sinks into the water
like a small boat?"

In this night of awful darkness

Who can say in what state we will be
when dawn breaks?
Will the morning light make
the frightening face of the storm
disappear?

Hey, People

Hey, you over there
who are sitting on the shore, happy and laughing,
someone is dying in the water,
someone is constantly struggling
on this angry, heavy, dark, familiar sea.
When you are drunk
with the thought of getting your hands on your enemy,
when you think in vain
that you've given a hand to a weak person
to produce a better weak person,
when you tighten your belts, when,
when shall I tell you
that someone in the water
is sacrificing in vain?

Hey, you over there
who are sitting pleasantly on the shore,
bread on your tablecloths, clothes on your bodies,
someone is calling you from the water.
He beats the heavy wave with his tired hand,
his mouth agape, eyes torn wide with terror,
he has seen your shadows from afar,
has swallowed water in the dark blue deep,
each moment his impatience grows.
He raises from these waters
a foot, at times,
at times, his head...

Hey you there,
he still has his eyes on this old world from afar,
he's shouting and hopes for help.
Hey you there
who are calmly watching from the shore,
the wave beats on the silent shore, spreads
like a drunk fallen on his bed unconscious,
recedes with a roar, and this call comes from afar again:
Hey, you over there...

And the sound of the wind
more heart-rending by the moment,
and his voice weaker in the sound of the wind;
from waters near and far
again this call is heard:
Hey, you over there...

Snow

Yellow hasn't become red for no reason
the red hasn't cast its colour
upon the wall for no reason.

Morning has come from that side of the Azakoo mountains but
Vazna Mountain is not clear.
The power of the dimly-lit snow works all its chaos
on every window-pane it settles.

Vazna is not clear
from this, I have a heavy heart;
the guest-killing guesthouse's day is dark
every soul jumbled together aimlessly:
some sleepy people
some uncouth people
some simple people.