

1997

Nothing

I saw that there was nothing....
Not a thing beyond all that passion

The passion that had lit up all those horizons
in the midst of darkness across my vision.

The twitch of nothingness and everything got
intertwined in my soul as life let.

blew away the ashes of my youthful heart
to get scattered.

I succeeded to scratch them away as a metaphor

I go to visit its tomb at the cemetery within my
heart where desires lost faith.

To accept the designs of fate
Perhaps upon a subconscious demand.

Dec/25th/1997

A prayer among all those dashing faces,
I appear
Navigating through a dream stream
Storms silhouettes rise over
My eyelashes, wet with tears

I try to grab for a focal point,
Maybe, flickering among a haystack,
that is sliding over a mirage island.

I laugh at my struggle
To break out of a subjective entanglement.
Hauntingly familiar
Remains from the emotional shipwrecks,
at the seabed of my life
Supposedly, hiding me away
In protest
To the unfairness!
Just the same,
In adoration of complete creations
Emanating perfection of the creator
I remain alert

Tragedies suspend, sneering at wisdom
The wisdom that bejeweled my wits

I hear the cadence of children's laughter's at
The over ended desires,
Of the empty shells

Paris 30/Oct/1974

A dashing face

A dashing face stares at me, puzzled behind
the window.

I have a question! he announces

How do you love him the way you do?
He is very young and joyful,
But he did not wait for my reply
He melted away like a drop of snow, running
Down the window.

So I sing my song to the world posed to me through
the
window that opened by his question
Oh, I love the one through him
That seems unknowable to him
The one who is capable to love eternity
He who can love infinitely
directs me through my loneliness
and cries through love and hatred
by a twinkle at the corner of his eyes
taking me to intense extremities I had never known.

He has taken me to the land of the Unlimited.
He has shown me the fascinations with beautiful
mirages.

He has accompanied me in my dreams.

He has watched me grow
and, we cannot bear one another in presence.

Perhaps my love is a bore to him,
weighing like an intolerable burden on him
the same love that lightens my soul to the infinite
flights.

Perhaps he cannot understand me, and would hate it
until the end.

But my friend, this love or what ever,

It has not been willed by me.

wild and astray an untamable emotion
regardless of my awareness.

I just don't know where this horse is taking my
youthful heart of desires

Infinities are without directions

Love has taught me to love infinity

Or love the faith in love.

Geneva 1995

A lost tune

A lost tune from the stream of the mind returns me to
The whirlpool of disillusionment's
Readjusting perceptions inwardly and outwardly
The echo of the forceful river of life recalls
That starry head idealist
Who once arrived in Geneva's Human rights
commission
With the burning passion of serving my oath
To those who gave their will to me before their
executions
To remind human rights of their humanity
This time
I rub off the fog of idealism
That once totally engulfed me
So removed I have become
From those perceptions
That a heartbeat sheds tears and a heartfelt appreciates
the nailing
Of the truths that pulls me further

To see beyond this line of horizon
Upon the range of demeaning
Even nothingness is lost to the eternal

Summer 2002
A Marvel

Someone's good prayers for me has come true
Unbelievable it seems
Musically true it becomes
Goodness is reverberating trough my soul's window
pane
It sounds too good to be true
It can be experienced as the miracle of understanding
Happening in the midst of chaotic misunderstandings
Such simplicity is a marvel to me
Understandings through music
Dreaming through another's dreams
A romanticism maybe

Dec/1/1992 Noushar

A political dream

Waiting for the moment of destiny to be fall
Upon a structure higher than the passing experiences
A loving stronger than the odd realities
A birth beyond the event of deaths
A revival calling upon rolls of chance jingling in the
lottery
Of those who have subdued from the love of believing
the
possibility of free will
For a man on earth
Upon writing I realized that I could not see and that
was
merely due to a growing stress
How is it that we cannot see and perceive much more
than
we can think of words?
And translate the surrounding in tangible forms?

If unwritten it would remain as a delusive idealism
motivated by the up rises of unanswered desires.

**Washington D.C, George Washington University
Library, 1989**

A treasure of the soul

She reminded her of a youth dream

She used to cherish But had lost along the years

As a treasure of her soul.

She brought out a light, with reflection

A dance of lights guided through truths and fallacies

Forms and abstractions, Souls and restless bodies

To comprehensive pools of meanings.

A shadow felt light, then heavy

Passing through the memories of the passages

And yet,

When the observer pulls her out by the collar

It appears that she is my lost twin. !?

Whom her shadow is witnessing the crime

Of breaking her image,

Then Recklessly

As fallacious, as it is

A realization dawns upon the sharp edges of my

dualities:

Inversely she had gathered her dreams upon such weak

inclinations. That were her share of destiny.

Helpless in relation to her flights of desire

Which did not let her body quite with lust and desire,

Or the fear of suffocation.

The train of those thoughts was missed.

But was it a movie machine?

She could not edit her memories

Not as a reconstruction, There was pain and emotions

running through them

Just like blood in the vein

There was her pulse beating in the echoes of its poetic

tune

Her soul seeking the words realizing unharmony

meaningfully.

Tehran 1998

Arrest the wicked anxiety

Anxiety throws a blanket over memory's awareness,
Splitting consciousness into uncontrollable
convulsions

Remotely laying the paths, and paving the canals,
sloughing the bed

Of the streams of consciousness knotting or entangling
into compulsive obsessions

Reflecting the mind over the matters

Sketching out the forms of

The reverse psychological patterns

Facing the dilemmas of finding stimulus for superior
performance

Ordering and reordering the maps of the mind, or

The whims of the will

Appearing in half-naked desires

Surprising a moment of alerted awareness
One looks at oneself several times
Unable to recognize which one
Is the true self?
Or how is exactly
the becoming of The absolute self

Jan-1988- Tehran

Against excessive internalization

You should add up to your resources
Instead of drowning into the swamp of your problems
Those leading you to the bottomless holes of
Depressive patterns with illusive emotions oscillate,
Swinging or slipping into coloured whirlpools.
Innocently, they seem passively
ongoing through streams of subjective process
vanishing into the abyss of the infinity of times.
Not Your will power, nor your intended prayers
determine
the course of the results.

Oh! But why do the merits of external stimulants can
infiltrate upon

Your endeared layer of consciousness
Where your attention struggles hard
To keep its vulnerable china ware intact and protective
From being shattered,
Self consciousness alone cannot alter the types,
the essences , nor the temperaments
Although the echo has been one of the only ways to
breakaway
from its magnetism with external stimuli.

Tehran 1991

Core feelings

I see myself on a wave getting further and further away
From the center
The center I had arrived at
To join the excitement and interest
But now I am getting further and further away
Upon the wave of a splash from the core
Of the eye of the out
Striving to learn becoming interested in life.

Tehran Feb/2002

Bombardments

Here Alien and estranged
In circles I return to my own apartment in Tehran
I visited the viewpoints that have changed
Progressive or regressive
I have been destined to learn
Native truths and global truths challenging
Our common sense wisdom that
Have where abouts, and how abouts
Belonging to the Persian Gulf mean exclusion,
, or condemned to deaths
Innocent or guilty does not make any difference.
To the bombardments of the powerful jet owners
Who care less that we are human too!

Dec/25/1997

Children's laughter

Navigating through dream storm
silhouettes
Appear upon my eyelashes wet with tears.
I try to grab for a focal point amidst
The haystack sliding over a mirage island
The clumsy view makes me laugh at myself
Since I cannot feel serious
Breaking through emotional shipwrecks
I myself have had allowed to form

Tragedy tries to sneer at the wisdom
That has bejeweled my wits
In the cadence of the sound of liberties in children's
laughter.

21/March/1997

Be aware be awake

Feeling sorry for your soft side is a trap
Be aware, be awake
Feeling strangely is your strength not your weakness
Feeling hurt is an alarm not dispensability
Don't be afraid to feel softly
Don't be afraid to be come inwardly out
Feeling sorry for your soft side is a trap
You can be caught by its function.
Release your deeper levels of strength your subtle
energies
Feeling softly with yourself, or another
Is an intimate experience
Intimacy allows release of more qualitative energies

Washington D.C. 1994

Looking like a fool

Looking like a fool
Who has given love and goodness?
Has received much respect and reverence
Yet not enough truth
Looking like a faithful beautiful truth lover
Receiving more of a folly than honesty
Twisted in the dilemma of such a jeopardy
Could it be me too? Or you?
It was only she, or her lover singing in my inner ear:
I want to live beautiful truths
I want to compose beautiful stories to live through
But truths are not always beautiful
And it seems that I am appearing like the fool,
Once again for the sake of safeguarding friendships

Once again for the honor I hold for my words,
And feelings that could reflect the light only
when it would be mutual.

Deconstructive meanings

Deconstructive meanings rise from paradoxes
Intertwined dilemmas hanging over...
Or unbelievable deaths
At the brink of the rising star upon the horizons
That is just coming too close
Anxieties reach maximal
Minimalizing needs, cannot redefine ones existence
Regardless of how furor how close
One would be positioned
As the wheel of fortune turns around,
Or when it seems to be stuck
Some seem to be so close to their cores
Others ever so alienated ,lost from their destinations
Upon the road of our life time

Tehran

Dedication

This layer storming through the volcanoes of my soul
is

How they won over my struggle for humanity.

So I have come to believe in

The futility of all my efforts and hardship in vain

Left out and away

On home grounds

Alienated and estranged

The wheel of fortune continues to turn for others

Without giving me a turn

To find a lasting growth

In my belongings or identity

Naïve or aware

What a price for my dedication

If results count
Upon the rings of this whirlpool
How about the process?

Dec/18/2002 Tehran

Destiny's games

Throw away all those life times behind
That is the name of our destiny's game
I throw, you throw and we close ourselves to the real
world

To stay immune in a cocoon
Just by ourselves
Like sick personalities
Who are bound to develop sick relationships?
Like doomed souls
In the whirlpool of time

I look, and look again
Who is there? With my hands and feet?
Who is there? In my skin?

Who is there? Capturing my flick shadows?

The dream catcher or the destiny maker?
The all man, or the lesser one
Fleeting shadows of my earlier shades
Do more than to remind that
The melody is too familiar to be ignored,
are called as the excuse the fault of the memory
June/11/2002 Tehran

Dialogues with destiny

Two full bottles of milk swinging in my hand I walked
up leisurely towards the elevator to ascend to my 13-
floor view of life across the eastern mountains of
Tehran.

The sensation drew me back to six weeks ago when
that 30-degree slope made me short of breath, let alone
carrying the two full bottles of milk in my hand. I had
to ask the boys at the super market to bring them over
for me. The embarrassment of my weakness let my
subconscious to hide away from the spirit of death that
had been following me since I had managed to make
the great flight away from Tehran hoping to return to
New York to gamble

With destiny once again.

My failures to assess my capabilities for the
struggles I had challenged
Going to New York when I was 22 –23, 29-31, 39-40
blinked at me across the twisted path of life ignoring
the threats of death and addressing the peripheries of
not being or becoming.

My feminine selfhood preferred to walk the path of
warriors

rather than the Power struggles of materialistic
achievements.

Altruism veiled my scopes.

The queen of Desire ruling my heart I could not
believe that God has other purposes set across the
plans Of my destiny.

Reincarnation, karma, dharma and the little knowledge
I had gained about such philosophies

helped the tracing back of my recent disillusionment's
during a recent course of 6 weeks,

and the course of the past two summers that lead me
down to fall

very close to death once again.

While I was challenging my documentary film making
aims in this Islamic republic where

Women like myself are alienated by the ruling
mentality to give the chance to the rest to make our
type a prey to their petty ego trips, or a victim to their
insecurities of their personalities Etc.

Six weeks ago my heart pacemaker generator was
replaced. 15 months ago my erotic pig valve replaced
with a metallic one. Both operations clarified how my
sensations do mislead

Myself for the benefit of living up to a normal state,
and how the doctors can get puzzled or confused with
my physical ratings at the expense of false
expectations about my life.

As a psychologist I cannot help it but to become ever
so intrigued by these patterns that have pursued my life
since I was 7 years old. But as a literary artist the
experiences are worthy of weaving a new high
technology net for weighing the ongoing life
experiences

On to my stream of consciousness.

Death wish cannot wrestle with me as closely as it did
until six weeks ago. Once again I did not drop dead. It

has left vacuums and spaces of nothingness for me to
challenge and overcome.

The war threats of the American president George
Bush challenging our Russian neighbor president Putin
over the destiny of Iran after the Afghanistan's
bombardments

And the September 11th human tragedy of the political
giants triggers my scope lifting up and down on a
seesaw. I am marveled by all the contrasts and
contradictions that become perceptible briefly before
they get melted in the rigmarole of daily news forming
our worldviews.

Giants in destiny get the upper hand and rule out
Determining our being or not being.

Summer 2002

DON'T LET US GET WASTED

Don't get close to me
Over sensitive and over conscious
You don't want to become about yourself, about
becoming humanistic about being alive
You want to pass time, and I want to gain time

You want to conceal projections, to live with the
superficial appearances, by the interpretations of your
mind

I want to disclose, to see, to think together, and level
out the interpretations

With thinkers of my sort thirsty for truths

We might say that at each moment, the platoons are
appearing in fresh profiles urging for climatic
moments--- the sublimation of hunting

The perceptual realization of a project of conversation,
protecting our love

But my nature is courageous, the pulsation is different

Tehran 1998

Dream channel

Sleep took me to its familiar dream channel

Intending to break away from fixations.

The self challenged the

Channels policy makers!?

Evaluating the multiple layered assumptions and
presumptions

I watched the clown
I was going to become
While it was in it's making on the broad band.

Tehran 1999

Entrenched in a pattern

Entrenched in a pattern of escape from this loneliness
I ride upon the echo of the cycle dwindling through the
tunnel of a life time seeking my selfhood
And the hiding meaning
intertwined in undoing the entanglements

Of the process of growing inwardly
And finding expressions outwardly.
I have sought out dance partners
who could hear the eternal songs of my soul and spirit.
To see those faces tucked in my character,
Emotional stimulus impresses them to appear
I can hardly choose the unfolding of the subconscious.
Or the dualities of my heart and mind .
One side captivated by earthly needs
The other fixated on abstract goals.
,The heart of desire fails to ask for more,
I is one of the lost souls...
That took me a lifetime to discover!
“You” was a shadow of my shadows
“I ”had to recreate out of the ashes of my burnt out
heart

Nov/1988

For Ingrid

Woman! Be a creature! Not a creation of your mind
A creature woman finds her presence
By the existence of her emotional stance
Emotives have their own dance
Upon the fabric of emotional patterns
So different to brainy logic, or strategic warring

Assumptions don't hold on the layer of emotional
structural growths
Demands compete with dreams
Strength with weakness
Courage with passivity
Ashes of ones emotions remain
As the statue of ones previous existence
The transformation is growth, challenging the idealism
That had dominated your early dreams with such a
strong hold

Francois 1999 Tehran

A flame of hope flickers through the twisting paths of
life's passages
His love is pure, his flame consistent
his voice is sincere, his pace enchanting
his kindness is friendship
His friendship is empowering
His faith is lovely
His attitude is complex

His perception includes multiplicities
His compassion sets light upon troubles.
He has been with the spirit of the world
He is touched by the souls of the poor
He has find the grace of the beauties, that rise among
the ashes
Of the burnt out hearts of desires
He has heard the whistle of the birds
Birds depict the natural motives of the flights of the
spirit
His arm extends across the oceans
I let my destiny to be swayed in his embrace
His wisdom is somewhat impeccable
His melodies deep and light, bright and spike
He raises my withdrawn spirit, and makes me laugh
Happiness returns to me amidst the dark

Stone hearts

The beggar of love can never win!
Love and hate draw out beasts and fairies
Pride elevates wrestles
And breaks down inevitably
Egos and images get skinned out
Surfacing through unfolding
Finding one another's inner images
Upon the magic mirror of loving deeply

Love is a wealth pouring out of the fountain of life
If it is
If not
Begging from

not is!
Would be futile
But funny...

I was taught with love

Stumped over, pushed around, smashed here or there
I have to internalize in order to survive
I find shelter,
I recall attending the calm of the classes of
My Masters of knowledge, professors, tutors, and other
diners of knowledge
Where thinking was not such an oddity
Like it is treated by the terrorized people surrounding
me
They frighten me from my very own act of thinking
But my thoughts stem from those who taught me with
love

Because they loved knowing what they learnt
Brightened they enlightened
The darkness of ignorance belonged to nightmares
Not the living truths that had elevated them lightly and
enlightening

Verses of loneliness sing their hidden songs to the
palpitations of my heart.
A shadow of doubt has been carrying me afar
Once again the creeping paws of suspicions traced up
all my walls
I fell
Entrapped by them!

In that city

Tehran 2000

In that Vicinity

Everybody is fooling themselves with an ulterior truth

Commanding beyond the reality's reach, or at hand.

It could be certainly considered as one of the mass
sicknesses

That has been born into our Age/era

In the history of mankind

Imagination challenging the master of memory

And design at the realm of the human mind

Juxtaposed We can compare that city
Out of our collective memory...
By a draw out of the Milky Way
At clear nights when glimpses, or images of the
universe
Can fit into the pockets of our human minds
Looking at the bewitching abilities of the psyche
overriding the subjective horse
For the journey to that mental city.
To cross over the vicinities of nothingness, and the
vacuums of the universe
We wonder what could our awareness and self-
awareness do in this grand design?

March/2/1976
Belmont California

I see my journey

I see my journey as a trip on the lines of my reality, the
reality of moving on the lines of a sunflower. Each of
my golden petals reach out gracefully into the space ,
and each step is slightly at a different angle,
continuously composing a circle of wholesomeness,
on outer or inner edges .

I see myself as a bumbling bee, buzzing around my
own sunflower whenever the
I is reflecting, and contemplating on my unprecedented
ways of spending a day

I see my lines re-enacting a pedestal so rich, by the
seeds of my being.

They used to be ever so much softer, and yet
unprotected, when I was innocent and younger
As the I go by, my seed shells are hardening and my
essence is hidden although sacredly a hope promised
me they might taste better for others who can reach it.

I am so sensitive, my love turns me around as it plays
hide and seek with the clouds

I have a dream of becoming all golden

Likre my love the sun

But I know that I have to loose my seeds in order to
loose my dark protection.

The seeds are the seeds of love, which the sun has
given to my open heart

When I was dancing to his light

It's the game of loosing either way

I pray to die by the strength of my love rather than my
heart

And be a sunflower in someone's poem.

Feb/27/1987

Landscape of Desire

I found a desire as big as my wings
I found a land as formed as a kiss on the lips of the
ocean
I found a sailboat that knew the way to your heart as a
tame horse does
But,
It does not make any difference anymore

Because we are not the same people anymore
It should have been the illusive flutter of the wing
That flew me to such an angle
Even when the hearts are absent
The flights return to familiar zones left behind on the
landscapes of desires

Tehran 1991

Core feelings

I see myself on a wave getting further and further away
From the center
The center I had arrived at
To join the excitement and interest
But now I am getting further and further away
Upon the wave of a splash from the core
Of the eye of the out

Amsterdam/30th/Nov/2001

The Pupil of futility

Conceptually look into the pupil of futility

Nobodies we are

For the biggest environmental polluters

Some bodies for the pupil of futility

Watching the power of hidden cameras,

Safeguarding you

Watch out for your public standing
As a nobody, as a somebody, as a public figure

Feb/27/1987

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Washington D.C. 1994

Looking like a fool

Looking like a fool
Who has given love and goodness?
Has received much respect and reverence
Yet not enough truth
Looking like a faithful beautiful truth lover
Receiving more of a folly than honesty

Twisted in the dilemma of such a jeopardy
 Could it be me too? Or you?
It was only she, or her lover singing in my inner ear:
 I want to live beautiful truths
I want to compose beautiful stories to live through
 But truths are not always beautiful
And it seems that I am appearing like the fool,
Once again for the sake of safeguarding friendships
Once again for the honor I hold for my words,
 And feelings that could reflect the light only
 when it would be mutual.

Making distances

 The caravan of events,
 the passages sketch out a visual poetry
 across the outskirts of time
meaningfulness.. and meaninglessness side by side
 stare back
 into my pupil's introspective dances
 shadowing one another for existential kicks ,
Or swirling in the close circuit self realizations

Dreams consuming time slots in shortsighted
desperations for actualization

From this distance they appear the same
Irreversible....taking distances
Allows reordering for the sake of finding visions
Sameness covers all to strangle me up with apathy
Age has pleated invisible ladders for
Defying the boredom of apathy
Sliding over Time slot duration
With a hang over my string of awareness

Me Me, We We

Striving for becoming crystallized
Love is keeping me alive with reverence towards God
Suffering is the price I have to pay for my share of
light
A light that finds many shades, but never goes out
The strength from within makes me brave for further
steps
To smell the flowers again
I was too intense too brave earlier on

My wings broken
My heart burnt out, my respect stumped on
I find it my duty to collect myself and carry on
To hand on the torch I was given
To those who are striving to be crystallized like me
Or unlike me
It doesn't make any difference
"Me" "me" and "we" "We" are all arbitrary
Love is what is real
Yours or mine are only possessive nouns
Washington D.C. 23 July 1994 & Tehran 19

A rising star of hope

A promise between us gave him songs from Mercury
to sing for me for three years
The slouched lines of the horizons of Mercury's
perspectives he offered me as false
knowledge paved my way to my doom.
Tossing a coin of luck to leave the choice upon a
notion of destiny

He threw up a rising star of hope . over my horizon in
New York
I believed in its light when a scare of anger had split
me apart
I gave all my intent , all my purpose all my focus
It collapsed over me.
Showing me bare truths .
as naked as the ugly wretchedness of that soul
I couldn't bear the pain of destiny's game of collapse.
Defiance authored my own murder through his
fantasies of rage and hatred ,
To defy pessimism and serve my faith in love
Such a stupid experience to live out of his bag of
grotesques and arabesques.
I thought I was getting rid of myself
I saw how crushed, how humbled . how stuck I had
become
I could not let go
Separating from the cling onto a shadow that I had
drawn up as a giant
I became inevitable.
Drawing in his deadly darkness I died again.
without a straw to let me over to a surface
to ride over realities again
The ending or the beginning ? I could not tell
I just could not tolerate the weight of the collapse

Realizing the choice of no choice
born out of frustration
from the blindness that disabled me to see my
pathway

It seemed to be for ever....

The Friendship of my friends and family
put miraculous wings upon the ashes of me beneath
the collapse.

A year has passed

I am sparkling like a jewel
at the treasure of the peace true loves have
bestowed upon me.

The promise that became the nightmare of
a rising star from mercury that collapsed
over is all over .

It feels ever so much better.

New York 1986

My faith

Exploring those possibilities that I found at hand
Were experiments of my infinite faith.
Absolutely certain with love that
they would realize the promise of life
they would engender a purpose in life
even if it seemed to be humanly impossible for me
to understand here and now upon the earth

March/2/1976

My Poems

I see my journey
I see my journey as a trip on the lines of my reality, the
reality of moving on the lines of a sunflower. Each of

my golden petals reach out gracefully into the space,
and each step are slightly at a different angle,
continuously composing a circle of wholesomeness, on
outer or inner edges.

I see myself as a bumbling bee, buzzing around my
own sunflower whenever the
I is reflecting, and contemplating on my unprecedented
ways of spending a day

A Star

I was all wrapped up in a crystal ball yesterday when I
was thrown out afar.

Who saw me traveling in that bubble of hope across
the sky?

I was so happy sliding through the bubbles of hopes
beyond the surrendering misunderstandings.
Don't be surprised I was dreaming others thought they
were make beliefs!
Why didn't I have the right to stretch out for my star?

There are times pleated behind on the outskirts of my
life.
And there are times ahead of me to arrive and undo my
strivings
Meaningful bouts Or meaningless stupidities.

One can learn that it all depends on our viewpoints
rolling down the road of our lives
In time by day light or darkness
Viewpoints loose their power over meanings
Tell the trickster of time
It could be more fun
Beyond the wisdom of learning's
Still earning for universals

Washington D.C.

No Place!

I am saying goodbye
Your memories are non-memories
Anxieties less

But you are not in my place
Perhaps I do not have a place upon the earth
Yet I felt so much at home in Geneva at 1984 at 30
By 35 I have never felt at home or in place again

I Shall resolve this dilemmas
It is not dark
I am a tiger
I shall dance again
I shall sing again
I shall draw again
Trusting /mistrusting/
I felt powerfully in love with winning life time upon
this world
To learn that I am a Martian without a place upon this
globe

No more

Need not know any more about wretched people with
jealous natures
That which I cannot feel, how can I experience.
That which I cannot accept how could I comprehend?
That which I can forgive,

But she cannot receive while she does not perceive
 how could it be meaningful?
If I can share the highest treasures at my heart
 selflessly for honor and pride
 She inquires who do I think I am?
I don't understand how does my thinking about myself
 Could relate to the person that I have become
 As the result of much struggle and hardships
 Drawing the horizon lines upon my backgrounds
I cannot convey the perspectives in this probably
 process of self-realizations
 As the duty of making sense of the purpose or
 purposes of our living
I don't feel superior because of my lack of jealousies
I envied the man who has managed to pull together the
 funds for making more than four
 Bad movies during the past twenty years we have
 spent in Tehran on and off,
While I cannot raise such funds for any of my projects
 and I realize that probably I
 I am not good enough, even with my most
 concentrated peaks of efforts
Much is demeaned, more becomes meaningless
 It does not make sense

Washington D.C George Washington University
library 1989

Not Hopeless

She could be anyone or everyone
Yet she knew such an endless projection
 Looses its meaning
 As she is experiencing it
 Now in time, and
 Now in potential and
 Now in the idea of the past
 As it was a hope and the future
 As it was only a reflection
With all its components competing for
 Elements of truth
Or from becoming into being or
 Even not being any more
 Perhaps tired
 She was not hopeless

Sep/22/1994

Numb has graduated

Numb graduated from the school of beliefs

Released from believing beliefs and holding ideals
Dancing around corpses of wishes
Glowing the light of desires boom fires
Desensitized for lobotomies
Enacting spirits for catharsis
Facing diabolism hanging on a string of faith
Glowing in the light,
Or burning I the hells
Many have walked through the nights of the soul
There is no reaching, no preaching, and no
communication actual
The world of make beliefs carved out by pains
Smoothed with anguish
Blown by kisses in the air
Being is perfectly legitimate by its own reason
Not being is also is!
Love is irrelevant
While life goes on
Communications occurs when neither is there anymore
Emotions mummified
Nostalgia reappears on faraway horizon lines
Moving in circular motions
Still meaning, but no longer feeling

Open our hearts to loving more
Ferney Voltaire Jan/17/2021-12-10

We can look together
At those hate loves outpours
Discovered to the truth of my heart
As nightmares that have passed away.
I can ask for power to forgive selflessly.
I can lower my head towards Lord's giving ness
Instead of finding idiosyncratic
In the irreversible events of the past.
I can cover my susceptibilities
With a chiffon of modesty
To prevent insults to my emotional ties.
I can stroke my finger of kindness over
The bruises of my memory's circular functions
To leap away in quantum way
From levels of being stuck up
In the far fleeting passages of the fleeing past.
I can donate them to the costs they have already cost
me
When they happened and calculate
To abduct their power,
That has taxed upon my life force any further.

Courage is the only thing that loving hearts can want
For opening more love towards
Those deprived from the truths of loving.

Panic Ridden

the sound of the war drums ◦
Bam boom beam ba ba bam bam bam bam

They meant to attach us to strange ugly mind frames

Panic ridden poverty stricken needy beggars addicted
to hang on shadows of power without the
responsibility to carry the weight of it by our own
straight human back

e paradoxical mind trap of political engineers seems
appears as sparrows feet in elephant boots that over
step their own nests , all encompassing
environmentally, echologically , cosmicly or within the
fourth dimension of time all together , the life imes we

share together in the generational chains bound by
karmic laws or destinies we cannot know
in the merry go round of the return actions of laws
beyond our immediate human limitations
driving the masses into corners has not succeeded in
the making of any supermans
but this cannot convince their vye for power. They fail
instead of strongmen to see their ugly fits as monsters
who have won the lead chance.

It all shows as the waves of times unfold inevitably
regardless of us and them

At the end.

Helpless anger motivating powerless us to reflect them
with dwfinitive strenght to describe them better than
themselves is ironically a dilemma they cannot be
By our human ailaments withiut its resonance.

Paris 1974

Today the course of my conscious self awareness
awakened me a home
I forgot all as I remembered beautiful Mark writing his
love poem for him
I felt lazy, mellowing out since I missed his loving
presence
Felt hungry, I had to go out
Thinking non stop of Mark, when I met our sculpture
tutor in the restaurant
Went to places, and to see a film
Love did not get away scared like I was
Decided to act as a mad one to escape my longings
Looked at myself in the reflection of my brother's
remark:

You want to be crazy
You want not to use your intelligence, because you
need one thing very badly and that is to love madly
An unattainable love that you have found with your
full intelligence

I should find harmony
I should find a compromise
I should not be scared of my powers

Nov/3/2002

Our destroyers

It took me long to find where my destroyers had been
standing

Unbelievable to my youthful heart of desires
They would not play any set of games on equal terms
It cost us the decades of our youth
The ties of friendships were recognized to be attacked
Our destroyers divided the similar types
To win over us by those closest to us
Those they could touch upon
To simulate their behavioral patterns
They had become those
With the power brush at their hands
I had to learn that hatred inflames anger
And anger dooms me to the forgotten folly

Historicity points out the waves of ashes on the deserts
Where there were forests or seas
Once upon in time
It sounds funny as remedies for dysfunctional egos
The comedy was realized along with its tragedy
Eye in the eye
Horrible to the experience
Futile it became at the end
Could the destroyers be neglected?
March/2/1976
Belmont California

I see my journey

I see my journey as a trip on the lines of my reality, the
reality of moving on the lines of a sunflower. Each of
my golden petals reach out gracefully into the space ,
and each step is slightly at a different angle,
continuously composing a circle of wholesomeness,
on outer or inner edges .
I see myself as a bumbling bee, buzzing around my
own sunflower whenever the
I is reflecting, and contemplating on my unprecedented
ways of spending a day
I see my lines re-enacting a pedestal so rich, by the
seeds of my being.

They used to be ever so much softer, and yet
unprotected, when I was innocent and younger
As the I go by, my seed shells are hardening and my
essence is hidden although sacredly a hope promised
me they might taste better for others who can reach it.

I am so sensitive, my love turns me around as it plays
hide and seek with the clouds
I have a dream of becoming all golden
Like my love the sun
But I know that I have to loose my seeds in order to
loose my dark protection.
The seeds are the seeds of love, which the sun has
given to my open heart
When I was dancing to his light
It's the game of loosing either way
I pray to die by the strength of my love rather than my
heart
And be a sunflower in someone's poem.

Tehran 1998

Stone masks

Their favorite facades is stone for their house they
knew to be their own
Their favorite face is a stone one to show
A stone face with no emotions reflected
And no strings to ring a bell at their gateways
Nothing to compel, nor to oblige them to any thing
For exchanges and communications
Their initial intent is the making of an illusion
Of a great will power that obeys
The self directed objectives
Fully conscious, precisely aware of
Ones orientation

In perfect balance
With maximum stability
Possessing the feature at hand
For here and now, and ever
And that is the connotations
Of the symbolic masks
Which carries the carriage of desires
That which most often tumbles off
The pathways envisioned by
A pin pointed here and now
Excluding the perspective of a horizon line
To avoid the abstraction of infinities surrendering life.

Amsterdam/30th/Nov/2001

The Pupil of futility

Conceptually look into the pupil of futility

Nobodies we are
For the biggest environmental polluters

Some bodies for the pupil of futility
Watching the power of hidden cameras,
Safeguarding you
Watch out for your public standing

As a nobody, as a somebody, as a public figure

Tehran

Reassessments

I go through my rearrangements
Reassessments
Rounding my efforts
To draw conclusions
I imagine how the recipients of my work
That is so special to my soul
Can laugh at me
Or ridicule
By down grading me
To dirt and nothingness
To let themselves enjoy the benefits

Of a sense of superiority
To be released with passion and uplifting
While
They have not paid a price, nor the
For achieving out of the meaning
Too personal
Too self conscious
Delving with their ego games,
Or low level affairs of the human nature
Familiar to us
Yet undesirable to be bounded by them
Since the flights of our spirit are ever more compelling
and persuasive
They bound our attention

Searching for another self

Searching in another self in oneself or in others

In love or in animosity

To find an identity

To lose an identity

To regenerate

To prefabricate

To grow with life, or for life,

Or to make the artifact of progress the vehicle of
instrumentation

Or to make territories, securities, or wars

Or for wars?....

Washington D.C

Securities

Can't you see?

It is my being that is endangered

My very being itself

It is survival at the stake of security

A sense I have developed at 35

My peers who did not have to fight with death itself

From a very early age

Got their ideas of securities

Much earlier on in there lives

I was too busy struggling

To find the chance to grasp them
When they could mean much
To the future that I have won alive

Tehran 1999

Self pity

Self pity is a killer o selfhood
when awareness is to compete with selfishness
Happiness is the prize to be awarded
to the roundabout games o our psyche
direct, or indirect,
it appears to be the universal way
yet, it has little to do with transcendence of our
awareness

The beyond ourselves that we can reach

Washington D C Aug/27/94

Separate and leave

Separating hearts, separating minds, exerting souls

Separate and go,

Separate and leave, separate and look at he abyss

I opened my heart and he gave me poison

He has become toxic

I was filled with horrible feelings all disgusted all
disgusted by him
It does not change the fact that
He is what he is now, and cannot be different
Life is going on
I have to pick and choose my angles, my views

Feb/20/1997 Tehran

Ah! Look at all that from this distance in time and
place
It has been so good to be separated
I am so happy to be rid of
That sickening match with creative Greg

Tehran 1999

Shut down ones eyes

There are things in life that are inevitable
There are things that are unavoidable....

Even when one shuts down
Ones choice of seeing it as it is
It seems like the transparent energy of lovers

An invisible layer that engulfs loves and beholds
lovers
Despite realizing the impossibilities
Despite anticipating the unavoidable tear off
Emotions drive up to the climaxes to apexes
Until pierced by realities glowing inevitable
An unspoken sacred rule that beautifies its integrity
An unsung truism that clarifies its clouds
An untuned rawness that matures the melodies
An undressed pain that comes to burn the blind sights.
There are things that are recognized
As inevitable and unavoidable

May 17/1978 Belmont California

You know that I love you

You know that I love you
Not an ordinary love
A love moving in the deepest streams of my being
Away from lusting away from chaotic tricks and debut
Struggling with root forces beyond my vulnerable
humanity.

A love which is opening me to deeper understandings
And I wonder whether it's loving or knowing
Or a curious attraction
Or just being together and moving apart.
A stroke of remembrance of love
Is the essence, in love with love?
In its manifestation
A smile
Or an unavoidable dialogue between two pairs of eyes.
A love which lets every sunray be imbibed with every
cell of my being
And I, to swim fervently through this stream of energy
A love that allows my spirit loosen forms, and the
entanglements of mind/body
One of those stories which dervishes told one another
About infinity
One of those stories that shifted the tomb stones of my
universe
It is so petty to call it love
In one word
Although there are infinity variations in this
conglomerate oneness
My curiosity keeps triggering my mind trips
But a drop of being together sticks me to this breaking
point

Pregnant with exciting explosions.
Trembling with a divine satisfaction
 Bursting out of a thin Maya,
 Crystallizing in my being as
I allow abstract spaces to divide myself
With pictures of your mocking smile, caught up in
 your eyes
One of us must be a foreigner in that field of energy
 Indians say that voices let out the spirit
 Persians say eyes are the reflectors of the spirit
 Don't hide your star with structural thoughts
 I cannot see you sparkling in them
Keep sparkling through them; let shine your stars upon
 your pupils again and again
Keep rising their constructions and float right out of
 them

Nov/3/2002
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