

Maryam ALA ALMJADI
Poems

The Luny law

WARNING NO (1):

This is not a poem
 I'm just trying to ask you
 to hear what I'm not saying
 and I promise
 these tears are not mine
 The last time I cried
 I was seven
 I had lost my lollipop
 maybe I was too small to have it
 and now I am too grown up for an apple
 I'm not even Eve, I know
 for that you need three prerequisites:

One, there must be a clown—the very one people
 call Satan—to make us laugh loud enough to
 wake the dead
 Two, you must be very beautiful and preferably
 lusty, lusty enough to stupefy your own ribs
 Three, there must be a tree
 the very one that will become Moses's rod
 for the years to come
 to pluck
 smell
 and...
 at last three dots
 which end in an "alas!"

WARNING NO (2):

This is a NO PARKING area
 relevant or irrelevant
 that is not my question

on the wall sometimes
 or tear my little finger's skin into more little
 bits
 just to remind myself that
 "I AM"
 when I get a beating
 I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry,
 I cry
 all
 these
 three-four lines
 too
 and then
 Loves
 plays
 blossoms
 loses
 fades
 life begins

d i e s

and the nurse feels uneasy
 in her white uniform

WARNING NO (6):
 Forget all these warnings
 Or else you'll remember things
 you've got to remember to forget remembering them

WARNING NO (7):
 Forget warning no (6) too.

Tehran, Dec 2000

HIDE AND SEEK

I close my eyes on the world

One

He said he still loves me
Been married for five months
That kinda love I can't afford

Two

Life brews trouble
Then forgets to put off the kettle

Three

Baby, the past rises only to settle

Four

Fathers are sperm donators
Mothers are milk cows

Five

Death is leaking in every mental pause

Six

The cat is a herovictim
And so is the mouse
Satan is laughing with a divine mouth

Seven

To need is to desire
And desire is fire

Eight

Mom said never play with fire
 It over does its own heat
 It's a truthful liar

Nine

He said you are so good
 But I was just not in the mood
 And my silence put more wood
 Into his fire

Ten

Then I sank low
 Went deep

d
 o
 w
 n

Only to rise higher

I open my eyes
I am coming, I shout
 And everything is hiding
 This was all just a while ago
 But my heart
 Has long stopped minding!

Tehran, Feb 2007

Home, Bitter Home

From nowhere
 this house is three cigarettes away

They can always sniff it out
from the oil the fathers don't bring
and the combats of combs that never run

short of the sun,
the women's hair never grows long
And their wombs
are wrinkled balloons
that have never soared for sour grapes

So with all the eggs on our faces
We have deadpan omelets for breakfast
And eat our hearts out of our mouths

Then we creep in to lull our dreamful beds
Heads that sleep around don't mind wakeful tales

In this house
The windows are doors-
That push faith to fate

And the doors are windows-
As they close on ceilings that floor walls

when owls hoot
We hiss hello to hand down dreams

Dream-dying
we gamble goodbye with goats
that bleat escape to front doors

the women draped in curtains
that sift the suns of their faces
Always talk of here
That is heard as there

And these bricks have rats
that are never prey to ravens
But gnaw word by word
at our inhuman prayer
to humanize scarecrows

In this house
We hide what we seek
And try to find our loss
Tip-toeing on our hands
In our tongue- tied shoes

Until the telephone rings a bell
And we know that wireworms
Have fished another voice into sounds

And so we saw
What we see
 And the sea
See-saws
in the same boat with us

Yet we breathe in theirs
and brood on mines that explode
into minute seeds
 but never hatch into hours
for the second
one of us turns their back
first fingers read the last words
in Braille:

From nowhere
This house is three cigarettes away

Pune, May 2008

"Die! Just Die! You have no talent at all!!!"

Jiraiya in Naruto Fever (A Japanese flash game character)

DELIRIUM TOO

She thought: I should've been born in the Victorian Age where girls took pleasure in their physical virginity and mental rape by Heavy Metal ideas

She thought: I should've been born in the Victorian Age so I would feel delight in writing and receiving long tedious humorous letters

She thought of her thoughts and what if she had longer hair and she could ribbon it with flair? What if the white horses in her dreams were not just a bed of Jung and Freuds?

Who cares anyway? I'd rather be an ant in this world than a star! Because being an ant you can dream of being a star but what will you dream of were you a star?

You are writing nonsense my dear

It's what I and Lord Buckingham call sentimental Kant (euphemism for cant) wake up and write your dreams. Wake up before they wake you up in frenzy!

I got up to sit down high in fever of a touch I had known and never had. I remembered what I shouldn't have and then started writing as the words oozed out of my unbeing!

Mother said, *you are driveling!*

Roxy said, *don't you play Jesus!*

Omid said, *you look like you've never looked!* (But he forgot to say anywhere)

Father said...

Father didn't say anything.

He never does.

Father is the omitted part of my life.

It's him who wants a Jesus, not me.

He is the father and he is silent.

Father!

Father!

Why art thou silent?

Your lamb calls you.

Pick up the phone and don't hang up on me!

Pick up the phone before these people pick up

The weeping child in me!

Maryam!

Where's your Jesus? Sneered Roxy.

I want no Jesus!

I shouted at my shadow who was taller than me

If I have a Jesus then he must have a Judas and that ain't nice!

One Maryam gave birth to him

Another Maryam washed and perfumed his feet

John baptized him

Peter denied him

But who?

Ah tell me who, just who was it that got to kiss him?

The betrayer is the kisser!

The betrayer is the beloved!

The betrayer has kissed what I have lisped!

I'd rather be an ant.

Do you understand?

I'd rather be an ant.

I'd rather be wholly black

Than flickering black and white like a star!

I'd rather be a bread crust in a jam jar

That fell in when the kitchen woman went to answer the phone

Leaving her breakfast behind

I'd rather be

I'd rather be

I'd rather be...

Don't tell me

To be or not to be!

It ain't the question

It's the temptation!

That ain't the temptation

It's the only equation with God.

Tehran, Aug 2005

"O fie, Miss, you must not kiss and tell"

William Congreve

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Love is blind-they had told her that
but who could hold a candle to her?
And the way she sat
made every urchin chair churn into a tame throne
crowned with wild thorns
she had them take off their hats on their way up
and now they hide her hurt on their way down

They read her body in *Braille*
and breaded their beard with her stale
and now all that she wants is to get the chided child off her chest
but when she remembers
how they lit the withered wicks of her two *deeyas*
blazed with daze
with her look of haze she grazes on her gone games

Love is blind-they still say
I know, she says-but who needs a candle to see the Dark?

Pune, Nov 2007

GEOMETRY OF PAIN

And circles are the delinquent daughters of spheres
 And lozenges are the bipolar sons of triangles
 And squares are the prejudiced fathers of rectangles
 And lines are the strident mother of dots
 And angels are moral diversions of lines
 And horizontals are dead verticals
 And verticals are firm believers in the right
 But where does all this draw
 In a world where
 Sky scrapers are
 Closer to God
 Than the men who build them?

Tehran, May 2006

DEFINITION

The walls are pregnant
 with the windows
 The chairs yield their shape
 to the tables

The ceiling and the floor
 are far great bed mates
 and the elevators
 are an insult to the staircases

WHAT AM I TO YOU?

Tehran, Feb 2004

Genesis

And Mary didn't stay a virgin
And so didn't this paper
Now
Go get me a cross
And a crusade
For the
 Critics

Tehran, Feb 2005
