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Terror and Other Poems

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Terror
Death to the Dictator
So sermon of Society

so the hero so hidden in women's loins
 would manifest instantly
to send death
 that's ahead of the horse
 far from the house
At the foot of the bridge that so lacks a father
 as Jesus son of Merry
I was so walking in myself
 as to put my town to shame
Not so shamelessly as Juda
to unleash wolves to kill the father
I should keep quiet
 so the rabid dog won't wake
and bark and bark in the house
and the blood letter lurking in female loins
won't get the chance
 to cut a wound in the morning
now that the horse is the principle
and death the bailiff
with the sorry state of my eyes
that make a small sea for the frog to swim
what do I do if I don't risk
no longer will few extra throats harbour such a lump that makes a necklace to my
throat
death
 is sat squatting in my sorrow
the knife can no longer help my life
the bottle is so full
 that any longer has no wine
and the wound that has a depth of ruin
is so effective
that blood is random walking through my drunken veins

the one who was my pa
the big baba
the friend on road
the one seen

jamming with me
I was left alone
Am alone
by my J's
am alone
by my J's
more alone
by my J's
more than ever

This alley is more for the job than a knife
this house from the arm
this pain
will last another man
this man
will rise in another place
the road's father is from either side
and death that is life's destination
is the services café along the way
It has a lantern
but it's dark
has bitter tea in narrow waisted cup
but sweet
like a lament spilling off the call of lovers

A Ashura band of chest-beaters this side of the way
singing oh my Hosein oh my Hosein
A band of chest beaters that side of the alley
Oh my standard bearer's stature where art thou?

Like a nation bequeathed of Imam Hosein
a home town is left behind
from a little house
at the end of a road
in a remote place left behind
A nation that put to fire its country like a match
slayed the bedstead

and morphed the spouse to a sea
Long live the wind that was but late
Long live the desert that has no sea
and mother
 mother
 a mother who can no longer
 pin her lips onto my cheeks

The road has a journey on either side
and me a half torn hyman a half torn hymn of Sohrab on the wedding
night
I haven't shed the father's blood to come true
I'm whiling death's remit
like a shoe with laces untied
I'm such a lout
that could for the killer
who has a stocky stature
turn my thumb to a spade
you say Ouch!
And be careful
god is great hallelujah
father is not dead hallelujah
and love
like a recipe with water's flesh against the mince with the face of a cow is all
ready
Mary is not anti magdalin
Leila is not anti love
and La Elaha Ella Love
 is a hailing
 that has a son from tomorrow's
the alley in each house is the father
and for pa
 a nurse
 that is privately
and a rice paddy which can't be sold without my signature

I am heir to your wound father
what have I to do with your garden
give your assets to your brother
and your son in law who sleeps with the most sisterly god
 enjoying his time
I'm like a brigade who's lost a country
my base is lost, no longer to be found
I'm gone like a sunrise after sunset mother
at least sweep the clouds off the mountain of Karbala¹
plow the snow weighing down on my roof
don't cry
just your being there for me to look into your eyes
is still more than enough
the fact that you kept saying God is Great aloud as I misbehaved while you were
praying and now that God is Great keeps bugging your life

God is Great

Cradled in the sunset going down the slope of Thursday
Halva again
why don't you donate the dates again?
Oh my lord
The half finished painting of my wedding night
and I'm such a lout
that cannot help being a fathered child
I've even forced my Sunday to go to church
to sit next to Marge somewhere along the isle
and constantly
to wink at Mahsa who is a female Jesus
I'm no longer the person that I was
I have no time
and when ever I have no time is the (right) time
I am no longer a man who is no longer like Adam
if you are
just say Ouch!

¹ Karbala is a sacred city in Iraq where the shrine of Hosein a grandson of Mohammad and saint of Shiism is situated.

Death to the Dictator

Hey Mr, Master, Sir, Supreme Leader,
After the last comma Come on!
Put a full stop!

From the moment's roof top
Today's crying Death to the Ruthless
Tomorrow's its witness
Don't fire on unarmed loneliness
All folks have spilt to the street which leads to the sea
See!
The water that's flowed
Won't return to the river
Why fire on protesters?
Their bloody palms are waving to your hammer which is coming down
Watch!
Which is your mother? Brother? Sister?
Dear Mr, Sir, Supreme Leader
Hey whoremaster!
Facing you
The question mark that's whying
Is the comer!

So sermon of society

Should childhood be left to itself adulthood it won't become
mother's foot in the door and society becomes

Society's a road self contained could not
ride over the humps

On the waterfront a foetus alone ninth month expires
out through the door that appears in darkness comes
good and bad labels won't kiss his temple
cause he's both and neither

I'm good! How?! I'm bad?! I'm both
and both means one
one that neither is

Grew up on my own consciousness
a bridge on thoughts that surround all around me
come a witness to bear witness.....

Ma Ma on a way ma Pa the other
and each ma da[rling] who came said this way

Still the same junction you-less nowhere there
can ear each syllable and not 'ear

Eyeing the surround all around and seeing not
Me am not a train that on the rails keeps coming and going
Am river! riving my own womb society's there!

*Hate ma gooddeeds so bad I pretend others....
You plain door I'm looking for in darkness*

*that follows me in darkness till which noon? I've reached
ma black and stiff suite of life to me stark nakedness not a bad fit!*

*thirty years of this road end to end I rived to myself
I was the road, ungoable, and dying this unbelievable
that anywhere on earth is stalking where isn't stalking superb?*

*The Cowards! Opening like a door unearthing the tombstone
Disgusted by how much the cheerers
jeered the wind, in ecstasy wind, airing open!*

I wish I hadn't told them!

That is when someone dies they say
in foreign house in foreign land *them's innocence*
them Iraniene like me!

*life alone in stiff suites they put on well turned out! like me
come we down and this very now up in the same wings
our aimless flappings asleep and dreaming(s)
knowing everyone from each other
unknowing who we are Who?!*

People try but won't happen when they say Nay! Yes, they leave a bit for yeah
No's ill fitting suite they wear, some joined the décor some wuthering some
nothing!

wherein the heart something's passed by, thought says accept! World echoes
their nos

Butting god though!!! they split the two and don't know that both means one!

forget the one... which doesn't exist!?

like a wave visiting the shore to come back, mesmerised by greatness this sea!

Ebb and flow

of tide in the womb foetus swimming nine moons! The Moon's no human being!

riven mad the sea, mothers

pregnant craving salt, why's the beauty of the moon?

No one asks!!!

riding their plains, they think of little boats! A thought of what to do
they haven't got, how to be-have they do, they moan!

Should the road bend the cars hoot Hooooooooooooot!

Ask not?

I mean the wall which Hegel bore high, was of Hegel's straw

we don't live we toy disaster

Have no money!

Courage! When we ask someone in a taxi for town hall?! we have not!

Begotten Elders of a village in progress!!!

Oil!? As much as you wish! `People?! Little pilgrim!

This land knows a lot of no news?

Prophets suddenly ended man alone! And life's story, everyone writes the way
they want not. No map in hand! Mankind has no address!
No one reaches themselves coming towards them who is not! Consciousness is of un
knowing, who knows is a dust bin who doesn't, ha'swallowed the trash!
Wuthering outside of self locking doors
inside is under siege of a selfless nothing that means everything!

A hand opens its tombstone
that's caught in another's door
in yourselves this heaven must run! and see!
Heavy traffic cars in a rage fuuuuuuuumes!
Them's callin' Leili!

The earth's soiled, Leili's many! Wears love on his head mates her no
thought on his head not may be even love! The same paper crumpled tissues that
am throwing in the bin!

We don't kiss! Just bring close the lips don't fall in each others arms
all in our arms just holdings ...
practising this game life killings!

The fellow came to my house one night looked to find him so sly! Would say one
thing do another! So surreptitiously he arrived at himself that of his self was
hidden...

My girl! I introduce my boy!
My wedded wife this lady This is mine! and that...!

The newborn when he fell in the tray shrieked his cry drawn on high
up to teenage reached and continued his cry so it grew and grew

you're getting old won't give up?
you jump at each scream that passes by your alley where?
the foetal pose of 'g' in strings of thought any lower?!
Stop the alleys! No! They grow human beings

should I be born anew with no choice, before the midwife slaps my footholes
to cry and crying I won't let them put dot dot dot instead of what I'd love to tell
you!

I has one letter and you has three
why not break up?
Alley is not against alley
That which says That I am
The tongue has a quiet in the mouth if it's stretched its deft hand out
I say again torn up lots sewn little!
Enemies?! we mass produce friends few!
We've sold today so tomorrow's sahib suddenly arrives for what? chasing whom?
Always much later much later than later!
No good!

Lying on our back in the toes of our foes unconscious the thieves arrive
what's doing what here?

taken off on holiday perhaps a few centuries of solitude
to this life this alley this attic never knowingly coming or going

still not in the arena but
the arena called in on house visit
eye-gouging cutthroat disemboweller
so our corpse won't bloat and float

I'm bloated! My words are on the tip of every tongue! As they stuck out their tongue
at mine they became my wife! Verbs seduced my words, they don't know writing is a

Alone she was so alone that even a tramp wouldn't travel with her I did!
she was a support I was leaning on a vacuum!
us two ever so in love love we didn't understand means erect!
and be butchered
I didn't understand I was with you you not there"
just two bedraggled eyes endeavoured your picture
just two hands of nights have stretched to the skies
and yes good no bestowed me lot to good god
Getting old my boy where's your hair!?

I forgot it at the bazaar, Tehran-like people were dizzy like Tehran on a Saturday
whose Sunday was the disgusted reason of weekdays, in trance one night I transited
to the day when I saw you here, when I returned you weren't like pretty, and my
hands caught in your warm embrace I forgot to take off!
Into the other that hard slapped my ear I ran, and happened upon a girl arriving like
pretty

My fresh Leila
like a leech
on my right arm
is etched on my identity card
and whichever exam she passed marked F!
but for the ivy climbing ivy the house façade had no hand
wouldn't come up my street
We'd go to her house, the street and I!
A lit window up there fallen on high
that night tomorrow coughing in South West wouldn't come
scalping redskins tacked on carry attack a tack
My spouse was shut bathed and showered inside my heart she left!

A pair of hands knotted round my waist she badly forgot to take off she left!

she no longer came round even if the house went round a lot gone not gone!
There the sun had risen to the sky
Tuesday was on the table

in here from behind the window she was prodding their house!
Could hear the vacuum cleaner everywhere!
No show! and her mother showed up and cleaned our house!

Leaves on high tremblings roots in the deep creepings
Freud in depth shovings
Jung yin and yang renderings
motherings, not lovings but upbringings and spewings bringing the children up one
by one! Ach so roof tops baskings!

twice prostrate don't know shame, had taken Pa out of the house one day to
return a warm baker!
in through the window came an unbounded hand! lounged around, came to my
bedroom, let go she's not there! what a senseless grapple with myself have I to
become human? Is it compulsory? won't become one!

standing alone everywhere Pa has grown up Ma... Hey Mr! Have
you not seen our house!?

should look so I won't forget listen to this roundabout, the mortar bridge and the
fishmongers who sold a youth to Tehran. Should say hi to the motor rickshaw so ma
Ma won't lose ma Pa! to these people going home in their espadrilles looking askance
at me one should... How do I look?

in my apartment, myself! a tide of tourists promenading, I have to enter the No
Entry! visit the back market, ask the price of mackerel to price the price! So like, like
always one must be like everyone like tired I am like always of everyone. I have
to in a town that forbids offence offend!
I have to thigh into the Shrine of Ali!

Salaam to Ali resident La Elaha el Allah me resident La Elaha el Allah O residents of
La Elaha el Allah, Me La Elaha el Allah La...La!

My voice is warmed by your ear! Anyone who forgets me will abolish you! Me called after this and that! Am not! It's just to trick the world. These thoughts are all guests in me. The previous and the next poems live! They must go so I tend meself if you want I'll have nothing to do with you if not I'll follow you around, I've anchored in Anchorage so me Pa can finish this fake

When I arrived I told me Ma I had a dream last night she brought me tea my dream came true!

Had arrived at a simple door that I'm looking for in the dark that followed me in the dark till when...?!

I came back!

In the street the hooting was continuous. In my right pocket hearing was deaf.

Sudden screech of brakes, purchased a pedestrian, and shoved it in his trouser pocket and I'm conked drunk on the bar counter! On this same pound note put a plaster on my brow Blood won't stop!

I have drop by drop from me dripping and have not

My tomorrow's lost in the week Sunday bored Monday beat Tuesday Sun Moon

Mars wed on red nose day guide to underworld, fifth day Guru prostrates numbered days marching snails involuting in nothing!

NOTHING MEANS EVERYTHING

Dictionary Rewrite!