

I AM A FACE
S Y M P A T H I Z I N G
W I T H Y O U R G R I E F

Seven Younger Iranian Poets
Edited and Translated by Alireza Taheri Araghi

co•im•press
normal, illinois

ALI KARBASI

The Story of the Man Who Didn't Have Dirt to Bury His Lion

the lion who
looked after me
for years
looked after me in his free time
looked after me in the forest
slept by my head at night
the lion whose mane
I blow-dried
in the evening
the lion who
made me loveable by
and for ...

my lion
died of wounds
that would never heal

“Ah,” loudly he said
with a smile
narrow like an Indian’s,
“Goodbye my friend
Goodbye”¹
and then
died
and then I
tried to
throw some dirt
on my dead lion’s body
tried to

keep a fire alight
at his grave
for a little while
tried to plant a few flowers at least
but
there was no fire
there was no flower
and no dirt
there was nothing there
because my lion
was dead

MAHNAZ YOUSEFI

this is it
I am a face
 sympathizing with your grief

SHAHRAM SHAHIDI

Peace After Cigarette Butt Storm

it's good enough that a bullet
isn't coming
death is wounded and now
before it comes
I can sit in the trench
and light a cigarette