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2009

Chroniques iraniennes

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1064251ar>

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.7202/1064251ar>

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Publisher(s)

Département des littératures de langue française

ISSN

2104-3272 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

Cite this document

Abdolrezaei, A. (2009). Terror and Other Poems. *Sens public*.

<https://doi.org/10.7202/1064251ar>

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Revue électronique internationale  
*International Web Journal*  
[www.sens-public.org](http://www.sens-public.org)

## Terror and Other Poems

ALI ABDOLREZAEI

**Terror**  
**Death to the Dictator**  
**So sermon of Society**

# Terror

Ali Abdolrezaei

Translated by Abol Froushan

From far away                      you bury your father  
wipe your mother's tears      from far away  
in a café where you can ambush loneliness  
you chat with a weeping house  
video call from afar

Mother              three steps above everything like a moon              is up there  
kissing Mahsa (moonface)  
goes after Mahtab (moonlight)  
and yet her demeanour which carries a headache  
is the execution of my placeholder  
in the the arms of a few women

In a banned house  
they're all coming  
like I have left

I'm in deep sorrow  
this sorrow of my words  
in Langrude  
at the foot of a bridge that's more a stallion than running  
   they killed my father  
they killed my father  
   but  
   only in Langrude  
otherwise each year someone's  
   leaving, breaking away  
Friday is a bleak house that was massacred  
and the family, the Iran which was executed at home  
since we chanced out of the loins of Eve  
and Adam became man's exclusive pa  
we put Jesus in the Church

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 Karbala<sup>1</sup>  
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!

---

<sup>1</sup> 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...!*

No one is ours        they self belong  
for a moment Christian    a moment Muslim   Jewish   or Buddhist they are  
                                 'cause they're none of these  
A fugitive from the world selfishly  
hunkering in the temple   wrestling with fear  
fear means   dizzy again in giddy

Giddy am!  
Responsible for what I write am not, you reading this committed me are!  
I'm listening to you while eavesdropping on myself  
why do you call the guy walking in himself bad?  
The world has welcomed him!  
Who are you to say...?  
When a guy comes in, side doors say welcome  
Why you...?!

We've skimmed the cream of waves off the sea front    we're at war    with whom?!  
engaging the way at the heels        an if war ends  
we remake masses of if                from what?!  
ever-ready to defend                    scheming to attack  
each moment we are                    till when?!

the ones who hover self walk have no step  
the road is ambiguous                (Tathagata!)  
wish you to followed'em    don't ask where?    (Tao!)  
many are steps ahead    Them's not ahead    Them's lost?

They paid the guy pausing at the door of Paradise: Please come in!  
                                 He said: No, the children are coming  
                                 No they aren't!        They say where?  
Here    you outlaw wine  
They promise somewhere a fairy is serving wine    where?  
you won't open the door        they throw the fairy to some far....

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

fear! A fear of I know not what to do! I am the poet of grandissimo contradictions!  
Not for or against society just beyond the thing!  
I'm busy directing the girlhood of a poem that one day will disembark from house to house...

I'm in love with ruddy cheeks and .... slapped in the face-cum-no-one like pretty to take my hand for herself?

As many gods as many have this land has skies                      a have-not!  
And may the meaning of Lady be raising this up?  
Gentlemen! Never raised my hand for one on anyone!  
I'm one of those rare fickle types who prowls around the differences of questions!  
I'm the difference between the differences of the world!  
A bridge on thoughts that surround all around me  
and sometimes I think, thought is a stone that from a distance is thrown towards me  
become the landlord of homeless thoughts    director missing!  
director means the man whose recalls                      I have!  
Should I wish to die I must live I know, but should I die who will bear all this  
solitude, who?  
Tonight my bedroom light won't go on no one knows why!?  
looking at the picture of someone who wants to sneeze    they won't let  
it                      who?  
in reverse of me this picture is looking for the landlord    I wasn't there?  
Didn't want to withhold wanted to catch it AT CHEewW!

The other night had the air of getting kicked I had called her name it was the wind's fault! It threw my voice two three meters over till it got in the ear of the girl who came back instead:

Ha! I've changed a lot, no!?

was real crass!

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!