

چگونه سایهٔ سیاه سرکشم

اسیر دست آفتاب می شود

“Look how my rebellious shadow
becomes a captive in the hands of the sun”

- Forugh Farrokhzad

넌 왜 Soul과 발음이 비슷한 걸까

“Why would it be that your pronunciation is similar to *soul*”

- RM

i: Dido

caution: recipients of a two-nation heart transplant may experience changes in cellular memory

recipients of a two-nation heart may

bow out now,
cross your heart and hope
no medicine
cross your heart and hope
no anaesthesia
for underestimating the wit and worth
of your soul as here comes
the doomsday machine
decided to descend and dance with the little gods,
the plan laid on their backs and tongues
as if splattered with paint
remembers like Persian silk,
left to dry,
sailed down the immortal river
to catch a young-houred heart in the
mouth like a diver's pearl
finds itself in the silk road war to
alabaster-rubbed
Tehran
every two-storied
monstrosity yielding
to simple revolutions and
a one-dimensional roof—
a girl, the most expensive
alien veneer it'd ever seen
the massacre in my mouth,
language, fury of war
calves hanging
from the caverns beside
butcher's hatchets and knives
and it'd come to
test me out like a
monoprint
in the dark slip of heaven
advanced on me like an
angel with a sword
white as a bunny, ancient
as the Book of Kings
And
as if in hypertonic trance
when questioned
I answered,

"My pockets are empty,
my fingers sensitive,
my legs weak
and they are out for

blood.”

I'm now a molotov queen

black demo

demolition, damascus

steel

I'm not picky

I can eat anything and

nothing can get in my way

tall, solitary tower that I am against anti-lightning

envied oil puddle at my feet

kick it

cross my heart

and hope

Not A Girl

with the sweet influences
dolled with phantom pain,
circlets raked and netted around the ankle
deep, down into a nebulous suffering
blue like in pandora's jewel box
far, like the girls who ran away
born with pleas for names
and the boys down here with formyl chloride ears
hell on open wounds,

sore loser I want to spit
but that's me,
i, Dido,
that's me with the
sore knees

acroamatic and undefiled
is how the men whisper,
she has the most beautiful smile only
half the time
put on eyeshadow, and she's the crescent,
jaded like a peach
walls made of seashells
I can taste it
and chew it spit it back out like a cartridge of ink
gagging as my nail polish falls off
panting, emotional
at the wind and stars
I feel my blood boiling
i am in *love* and dripping emeraldine
sweat,
doing the easy thing
that had become so hard
with all this luna and trivia and
stars wheeling midway
i escape silent and marked
under the fantasy duvet of sound
not long before my eyes are rolling behind their eyelids
like distant planets in a
dream
not a girl
not anything anymore
not until a million girlhoods passed:

a lot of angels in my mail tonight.

Love or Absorb

Love me, don't fuck me don't leave me
should I just
eat me and my appetite for compromise

a plume snagged on your barbed
fingertips,

if hate & love are the same words, was it
you that gave me my wings?

angelicise me, if love & hate are the same
words.

thank god for all the sharp things in the
world,

i'd break & bend backwards for you,

and i'd say what pain?

private, unspeakable pain.

don't expect me to bend the light of my
gaze for you.

come cut yourself on my capillary waves

come bastardise us, if love & hate are the
same words

if love & hate are the same words, why do
i find my wings bound and tied?

plucking a silvery-white feather off your
sweater.

i don't actually believe that i'm porous

i think i'll go hungry

book IV

she passed on a saffron bed

stone effigy of kouros

funereal, her clothes bequeathed to me, flurry

over flat pine trees in kameido

ash trees marching, honeydew and sleeping poppies

armed with firebrands and black snakes

tough with the strength of melted years

starred with tawny jasper

not unmindful of the ending,

it's the last dream i ever want to have