

Conscious

By the word of the name of large capital gain

I wish I could deceive my intention

From a profitable compounding

And create a mirage at the end of the road of appetite

I wish I could teach emptiness            to the huge of my greed

That I could become the conscious master of myself

I wish I could free my expectations            from the shame of  
insatiability

So I could prostrate at the time of prostration on the dusty little  
kilim of my neighbor

I wish I could reach from nothing            to nothingness happily

The status of less and more and of the earthly and heavenly

I wish I could gift-wrap beautifully in the account of beingness

And in full awareness

I wish I could push aside the curtain

And open wide

Into light

And then      appropriately      or inappropriately  
I wouldn't perform

Any portion of a prayer

Any song of the worship of fate

In the hope of generosity

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*Manoucher Yektai*

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**translated from Farsi by Iraj Anvar and Darius Yektai**