

The Ancient Gift

I have endured

I have an unbreakable bond with your perfection

I don't feel alive with any of your laughter

You laugh for fickle reasons

In my sorrow I have not accumulated your weepings

I don't feel bad for you cry too easily

The sadness of the centuries weigh on my gaitful heralding

And this blister of suffering on my feet

Is the declaration of my presence

In order for two words to sit properly in the text

Could the words come out easily?

Could the illusion of inspiration be involved?

In this vernal newness

Respectable gift ancient affection

Am I that immature that I would sit with mania

One by one without your thousands - in the ornament of
fantasy -

I have songs of soft humming

Hollering and screaming I count the sufferings

My Gabriel has returned at the beginning of the year

Perfumed by Him

And he brought greetings and decree don't you believe?

In the voice of my scream in the joy of revelation

I have received the permission of blasphemy:

Of course you don't know about tomorrow

You know this

Of course I don't know what hasn't come

You know this

And

Of course you know God is all knowing you know blasphemies

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Manoucher Yektai

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translated from Farsi by Iraj Anvar and Darius Yektai