

The Whole Story

Nor tart nor bitter nor sweet nor sour

Search in the meadow and find the feather of a pheasant

In the woods seeing the footprint of a lion is enough

My lullaby is not a lesson for you

More or less tonight this is a story between us

Where the thrush make their nest

The wet python sheds its skin there

This story is neither reliable nor old

It's made up by me

Because I by myself have erected it

Let me talk about the walnut flower It's not your food
wise one

The mountain goat cannot get a load from a water buffalo
without help

Take Reza's hand and take him to school

The starling has flown away from the branch and gone

And

The stew has grown cold in the bowl

Perhaps these lessons could be useful to him

Don't be ignorant and flighty

The watermelon of Abu Jahl, the father of ignorance, is
bitter and tough Don't struggle to chew it

What do you gain from stubbornness

Sometimes seldom it's not demeaning to accept advice
from children

Beat the vain drum of greatness

Fill the belly of the bosses with kebab

Into their throats from the bottle pour booze

Two skewers of lamb kebabs A pint of medicine

Before arriving home your new title will already have
arrived

Don't stop Don't give up

If this is not the solution

A pair of interesting hookers will solve your problem

Because you will be there At the right moments

To put starch on the striped collar

To put on a colorful tie with white spots

To dress in a navy blue suit

With a straight crease on the trousers

If there is a hole in the pocket of your trousers it's not a
problem

Once in awhile you can hide under a sharp suit

You are not limp and withered

I told to tell to the bees

Not to suffer for the honey Who's the one who is skillful

Whatever residue of the stomach that exists in the honey
someone else won't realize

They have castrated the boys

Now they mourn that girls are old and a virgin

I the wishful thinker with no clue

Look at me Me the idiot

Penny by penny I fatten the belly of the piggy bank

So that perhaps one day I will bring you candy

What regrets for these push-pull struggles Spit on these
things

I will give up this nonsense

My mouth is foaming My story has reached its end

And still God bless you

Your eyes are wide open

I don't want anything to do with you anymore

If you want to go to sleep to hell with you

If you don't want to sleep To hell with you

Become green Become blue Rot

I am done with being your nanny

I'm going to ride I'll go out

I will fire up the hair of the sea horse so it will appear

Lightly I will jump on its back

Because I have seen all I had to Enough

I heard whatever I had to No more

Your mouth is still wide open

Your eyes staring at the ceiling

Whatever happens to you Let it happen

None of my business Let's go

Because oh ignorant one May God protect your corpse

May God protect you

Whether it's the hair on your head

The stiffness of your testicles

The color or texture of your clothing

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