

1976

# Cemetery

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well my lady my dear my love don't cry take it easy  
open your soul and mind and be naked  
and let us hope that my almighty penis  
can stand erect long and long and great  
like the flagpole of United Nations in New York City  
soaring and reaching peace to you  
amen

*Translated by the author and Harry Aveling*

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REZA BARAHENI / IRAN

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## Cemetery

The criminal prison autumn  
has arrived outside without  
us seeing its signs  
If we were  
in Darakeh now  
we could see  
the cemetery of yellow leaves  
And now that we are not there  
we had better put  
our heads on the cold tiles of the cell  
and sleep until  
the sound of shooting startles us  
and we rush  
to the hole in the cell's iron door  
and if the windowlet is open  
watch the silent caravan of the innocent  
like Ardaviraf who saw  
pre-Islamic hell dwellers  
like Mohammed  
who saw post-Islamic hell dwellers  
The identity of the caravan of the innocent  
will not be proven in the course of time  
Future archaeologists

will remove the firing squad's last bullet  
rattling in the empty skull like a peanut  
and send it to the laboratory  
so that at least  
the geological stage of the crime  
will be brought to light  
And the bald scholars of the future will write  
two or three dissertations connecting this peanut  
to a dark prehistoric time  
which is our present

*Translated by the author with David St. John*

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Y A H S I E N / T A I W A N

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## Abyss

Children are always losing themselves in his hair.  
Spring's first torrent lurks behind the overgrown pupil of his eyes.  
Part of the year is shouting. A nude is beginning its night's celebration.  
In the virulent moonlight, in the delta of blood;  
All the souls are coiled and swaying,  
They strike at a forehead wilted on a cross.

This is absurd; in Spain  
The people wouldn't even throw him a piece of bad wedding cake!  
Therefore we will mourn for everything, spend a whole morning waiting  
in line to touch the hem of his field coat.  
Then his name is written on the wind, on the flag.  
So he throws us  
His leftover livelihood.

Go and look, and act sad, and smell the decay of time.  
We are too lazy to know what we are anymore.  
Work, walk, pay respect to the crooks, smile and become immortal.  
He is a man who clutches maxims.  
This is the countenance of days: all the mouths of wounds moan, and germs