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Writing Sample

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Maryam ALA ALMJADI
Poems

The Luny law

WARNING NO (1):

This is not a poem
I’m just trying to ask you
to hear what I’m not saying
and I promise
these tears are not mine
The last time I cried
I was seven
I had lost my lollipop
maybe I was too small to have it
and now I am too grown up for an apple
I’m not even Eve, I know
for that you need three prerequisites:

One, there must be a clown—the very one people
call Satan—to make us laugh loud enough to
wake the dead
Two, you must be very beautiful and preferably
lusty, lusty enough to stupefy your own ribs
Three, there must be a tree
the very one that will become Moses’s rod
for the years to come
to pluck
   smell
and…
at last three dots
which end in an “alas!”

WARNING NO (2):
This is a NO PARKING area
relevant or irrelevant
that is not my question
anyway
last night two people got married inside me
and three lunatics
with three ugly mouths
offered me three times as a cigarette to one another
in this chaos
an old blind man
stole me from my solitude
and kissed me three times
for one of his three sweethearts
I still warn you
“NO PARKING”

WARNING NO (3):
People need shadows
shadows need people
not much difference, eh?
But every straight line is not a road
And every road is not straight
Still
Who needs whom?
You should never ask
think
or know that
particularly, when you think
you need to need someone
who thinks doesn’t need to need you much
no, you should never…

WARNING NO (4):
Beware of gravity
Men are born men or saints
saints are happy people
no matter how much an earthling
and from earth they are
gravity has no effect on them
but men live with their eternal pain:
Immortality

WARNING NO (5):
They say
I’m a luny
but I only knock my head
on the wall sometimes
or tear my little finger's skin into more little
bits
just to remind myself that
“ I AM”
when I get a beating
I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry,
all
these
three-four lines
too
and then

Loves
plays
blossoms

loses
fades

life begins
di e s

and the nurse feels uneasy
in her white uniform

WARNING NO (6):
Forget all these warnings
Or else you'll remember things
you've got to remember to forget remembering them

WARNING NO (7):
Forget warning no (6) too.

Tehran, Dec 2000
HIDE AND SEEK

I close my eyes on the world

One

He said he still loves me
Been married for five months
That kinda love I can’t afford

Two

Life brews trouble
Then forgets to put off the kettle

Three

Baby, the past rises only to settle

Four

Fathers are sperm donators
Mothers are milk cows

Five

Death is leaking in every mental pause

Six

The cat is a herovictim
And so is the mouse
Satan is laughing with a divine mouth

Seven

To need is to desire
And desire is fire

Eight
Mom said never play with fire
It over does its own heat
It’s a truthful liar

Nine

He said you are so good
But I was just not in the mood
And my silence put more wood
Into his fire

Ten

Then I sank low
Went deep

Only to rise higher

I open my eyes
I am coming, I shout
And everything is hiding
This was all just a while ago
But my heart
Has long stopped minding!

Tehran, Feb 2007

Home, Bitter Home

From nowhere
this house is three cigarettes away
They can always sniff it out
from the oil the fathers don’t bring
and the combats of combs that never run
short of the sun,
the women's hair never grows long
And their wombs
are wrinkled balloons
that have never soared for sour grapes
So with all the eggs on our faces
We have deadpan omelets for breakfast
And eat our hearts out of our mouths
Then we creep in to lull our dreamful beds
Heads that sleep around don’t mind wakeful tales
In this house
The windows are doors-
That push faith to fate
And the doors are windows-
As they close on ceilings that floor walls
when owls hoot
We hiss hello to hand down dreams
Dream-dying
we gamble goodbye with goats
that bleat escape to front doors
the women draped in curtains
that sift the suns of their faces
Always talk of here
That is heard as there
And these bricks have rats
that are never prey to ravens
But gnaw word by word
at our inhuman prayer
to humanize scarecrows
In this house
We hide what we seek
And try to find our loss
Tip-toeing on our hands
In our tongue- tied shoes

Until the telephone rings a bell
And we know that wireworms
Have fished another voice into sounds

And so we saw
What we see
    And the sea
See-saws
in the same boat with us

Yet we breathe in theirs
and brood on mines that explode
into minute seeds
    but never hatch into hours
for the second
one of us turns their back
first fingers read the last words
in Braille:

From nowhere
This house is three cigarettes away

Pune, May 2008
"Die! Just Die! You have no talent at all!!"

_Jiraiya in Naruto Fever (A Japanese flash game character)_

**DELIRIUM TOO**

She thought: I should’ve been born in the Victorian Age where girls took pleasure in their physical virginity and mental rape by Heavy Metal ideas

She thought: I should’ve been born in the Victorian Age so I would feel delight in writing and receiving long tedious humorous letters

She thought of her thoughts and what if she had longer hair and she could ribbon it with flair? What if the white horses in her dreams were not just a bed of Jungs and Freuds?

Who cares anyway? I’d rather be an ant in this world than a star! Because being an ant you can dream of being a star but what will you dream of were you a star?

_You are writing nonsense my dear_

_It’s what I and Lord Buckingham call sentimental Kant (euphemism for cant) wake up and write your dreams. Wake up before they wake you up in frenzy!_

I got up to sit down high in fever of a touch I had known and never had. I remembered what I shouldn’t have and then started writing as the words oozed out of my unbeing!

Mother said, _you are driveling!_

Roxy said, _don’t you play Jesus!_

Omid said, _you look like you’ve never looked!_ (But he forgot to say anywhere)

Father said…

Father didn’t say anything.

He never does.

Father is the omitted part of my life.

It’s him who wants a Jesus, not me.
He is the father and he is silent.

Father!

Father!

Why art thou silent?

Your lamb calls you.

Pick up the phone and don’t hang up on me!

Pick up the phone before these people pick up

The weeping child in me!

Maryam!

Where’s your Jesus? Sneered Roxy.

I want no Jesus!

I shouted at my shadow who was taller than me

If I have a Jesus then he must have a Judas and that ain’t nice!

One Maryam gave birth to him

Another Maryam washed and perfumed his feet

John baptized him

Peter denied him

But who?

Ah tell me who, just who was it that got to kiss him?
The betrayer is the kisser!
The betrayer is the beloved!
The betrayer has kissed what I have lisped!

I’d rather be an ant.
Do you understand?
I’d rather be an ant.
I’d rather be wholly black
Than flickering black and white like a star!
I’d rather be a bread crust in a jam jar
That fell in when the kitchen woman went to answer the phone
Leaving her breakfast behind

I’d rather be
I’d rather be
I’d rather be…

Don’t tell me
To be or not to be!
It ain’t the question
It’s the temptation!
That ain’t the temptation
It’s the only equation with God.

Tehran, Aug 2005

"O fie, Miss, you must not kiss and tell"

William Congreve

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Love is blind—they had told her that
but who could hold a candle to her?
And the way she sat
made every urchin chair churn into a tame throne
crowned with wild thorns
she had them take off their hats on their way up
and now they hide her hurt on their way down

They read her body in Braille
and breaded their beard with her stale
and now all that she wants is to get the chided child off her chest
but when she remembers
how they lit the withered wicks of her two deeyas
blazed with daze
with her look of haze she grazes on her gone games

Love is blind—they still say
I know, she says—but who needs a candle to see the Dark?

Pune, Nov 2007
GEOMETRY OF PAIN

And circles are the delinquent daughters of spheres
And lozenges are the bipolar sons of triangles
And squares are the prejudiced fathers of rectangles
And lines are the strident mother of dots
And angels are moral diversions of lines
And horizontals are dead verticals
And verticals are firm believers in the right
But where does all this draw
In a world where
Sky scrapers are
Closer to God
Than the men who build them?

Tehran, May 2006

DEFINITION

The walls are pregnant
with the windows
The chairs yield their shape
to the tables

The ceiling and the floor
are far great bed mates
and the elevators
are an insult to the staircases

WHAT AM I TO YOU?

Tehran, Feb 2004
Genesis

And Mary didn't stay a virgin
And so didn't this paper
Now
Go get me a cross
And a crusade
For the
    Critics

Tehran, Feb 2005

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