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# BLUE FLOWERS

by Czaleh  
for Niki  
London, 27 April 1999

Niki,  
young Niki,  
my faraway dreams,  
blossom within you,  
you devoted, passionate, wondering poet  
share with us, all you have seen and heard  
on your way,  
we who are newly awoken, yet still asleep.

Niki, tell us,  
the places you have been,  
was the sky always the same colour?  
Does the earth look like our Atlas?  
Are all the lands embraced by sea?

From the highest of the high,  
in the red glow of the dawn,  
can "Alborz" with its peak of green and white,  
be seen?  
So like our faithful flag.

Niki tell us,  
tell us about the people of the world.  
Are they kind and good to each other?  
Or is there fighting and war?

Niki,  
my heart is aching, (lonesome)  
where ~~how~~ is your new song?  
A song that brightens all sorrows,  
a song that brings with it joy.

Niki tell us,  
from the lands that you have seen,  
are dreams ~~as rare as~~ blue flowers?  
~~more or~~

→ ( In all the lands you have seen,  
what was more abandoned  
Blue flowers on dreams ? )