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NORWAY

To families:
Aase and Aghai

Heaven, Mountains, Seas.

Mountainous woods risen to horizons.

Navy coloured rocks bent down on valleys.

Yellow, Orange and dark red houses,

Brown houses, stepped up the mountains.

Where ever you turn, rivers and seas
woods, mountains and islands.

Scream of multi-coloured ships and wild waves.

Exploring / loving of the seamen / sailors.

Calm beaches and heavy anchors.

Endless sea and multi-coloured boats...

The sea in the morning - red and golden

The shadows of the mountains - trembling in the embrace of the sea

In the cracks of the stones, purple bushes of flowers.

In the midst of green grasses, perfumed red roses.

Groups of seals, like pieces of clouds.

Sweet songs of wild birds, on big trees.

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When the shining sun comes out of the clouds
The woods would brighten so much
That you can see your face in the mirror of the leaves.
When the smoky curtain of fog covers fields and seas
The nature's face becomes pale and dream-like.

In the melody of waterfalls,
In the silence of mountains,
In the heavenly music of "Grieg",
In the insperative life-giving poetry of "Ibsen",
The ever lasting secrets of nature are displayed.

In sunset, lonely trees,
upon the hills,
are the green-clad soldiers.
Alert and silent.

Maybe they are the statues of freedom-loving men
holding spears in their hands for centuries,
to defend the border of the homeland.
For that the ~~past~~ history of this land also,

* Mazandaran - A province in Northern Iran at the Caspian sea.

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عز و غم

has been full of miseries and captivities like mine.

Oh again here,
woods, mountains and seas,
bring the memories of "Mazandaran" * scenarios to my mind,
the tulip of the cheeks of its young girls,
in the rice fields with their painful jobs
and those trees illuminated by oranges ...

How do I do!
~~Condemn me!~~

I came here to rest a while from the pain of motherland.
to escape from myself
so that my heart would not burn from the memory of Iran ...

Praise this land and its patriotic people!
who have taken their fate proudly in their hands
Their loves - Their happiness.
Their dreams blossoming.
Our loves - hidden in our tears
Our desires - our entangled difficulties.
The difficulties which are ~~at~~ exploding

P.T.O.

in the baracades of the fight for freedom ...

Oh my friend,

You free born son of Norway!

doubtless, you are aware of our problems.

In these times of danger and insecurity,

in these times of unstable world,

whoever is without any care

being drunk in his own happiness, not aware of others

does not have the human feelings ...

If each of us alight the torch of life for a while

The endless ocean of life will be bright for ever.

Jaleh

Bergen - Oslo

August 1984.