

دوست بسیار بسیار عزیز دارم که آنقدر منور است باستانی. از این که تمام روز وقتش را در آنجا میگذراند و این هم نسخه شعر من که به دکتر کمالی ارسال کردم.

داود کرمی
تهران

To my family doctor - David wingfield who
is a painter and wanted to draw my
inside world!

How would you portray
I wonder,
My inner world
This labyrinthine ocean,
Purple, green, blue?
What colour would
Restlessness
Sleeplessness be,
As night after night
Butterflies of my eyelids
Flutter in apprehension?

You might be able to exhibit grief
With a charcoal,
Or happiness in a smile
Or the blossom of a flower.
Tell me,

How would you sketch
A frozen desire
Or a blossomed hope?
And how can a poem, or
A piece of music
Portray the soul of
Illuminating colors?

Look!
The golden moon
Beaming high
Above the green trees.
So astounding
So imaginative.
And me, yearning to
Float in colors.

Imagine!
A world of no light
And merry songs
And us disheartened.
Look at the distance.
The ocean
Blue, golden waves
Heaving, wailing
Climbing up
Pouring down
Scattering, rising
Again and again.
Swinging ocean
Sparkling moon
The glamour of eternity.
Come now,
And with the magic of colors
Stand a figure instead of me
Up on the ocean rock
Half human
Half bird with fluttering wings
Foot in the rock
Head to the stars.

Jaleh Isfahani, September 2000, London

Translated by: Rouhi Shafii