

“Aged”

I’m the one who’s fastidious of the earth misfortune
I’m the one who’s bedridden of the minimum commune

I’m breathing the mountains like a pshaw
I’m shouting at the sky with no flaw

I’m the one who’s imprisoned in its own flesh sheath
I’m the one who’s owned an arid flow on my lips heath

I’m opening the way for the absence wall
I’m creating my secrecy all in all

Me; that is free and weepy in the aged universe
Me; that is bored of satiation rehearse

My lips and body are getting old
Hand in hand of your sorrow

Like this young old
Stories; told in your tomorrow

“Hossein Bayat Pour”