

Poetry Series

Sina Sanjari
- poems -

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Sina Sanjari()

Born in Tehran-Tehran

Living in Vancouver-Canada

19

The shadow of alone eucalyptus
And we whom do not exist

???: ????

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45

tea cup
cube sugar
drawn into unknown

???: ???? ?????

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77

nothing to say
unless
one day, going to a long journey

???: ????

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Autumn Afternoon

Afternoon

sound of a dog who is interested only to syllabic rhythms

spins in the silence of Westwood

farther

in front of Stephen Cross' house

a squirrel- surrounded by crows - wants her oak

lazy sun has been with me since early morning

like a dreamless warrior

I stand at the door

waiting for a woman with a severe cough to announce the end of everything

should be her

I know

God has created dead ends only for bypass

nothing has been changed

there is nothing to change

Note: This poem is a part of my poetic work under title: ' West-wood-Annihilation News.

???: ???? ??????

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Essence

They watched the rain of life
They watched the form of words

They dug the hum of illusion
watching the silence of essence

???: ???? ??????

by: Sina Sanjari

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Eternal River

They are dancing in the eternal song
They are dancing immersed in the eternal vision

The words in fairy costumes
are dancing in the beach of eternal river

???: ????

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Falling Astroid

The message
falling astroid
the last sentence is incomplete
a sentence that never could be completed

???: ???? ??????

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Haiku

Autumn afternoon
abandoned house
stillness and silence

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Haiku-Journey

journey for truth
deep and deeper
in your eyes

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Haiku-Spring

spring rain
in empty backyard
soccer ball, alone

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Howard Fletcher

The backyard is connected to green belt
to the trails
sitting on the wooden bench staring at the rows of trees
but it is futile
cannot remember what year was
on Halloween day
when Mrs. Robinson brought Howard into darkness
Perhaps this is the reason that nobody says hello to Howard's wife
Nobody remembers what happened.

.....

Among the rows of trees
a gray shadow comes out
blood was flowing from his neck
coagulated on the grass
it must be Howard
son of Benjamin Fletcher
signs of the end of the world are evident in his face
I have not seen him for years
years of shadows and darkness
mixed of strange voices among us
a beautiful woman walks in sounds
should be Howard's wife
I recognized her because of her big breasts

....

no time
I must go back to the kitchen
to look at the street from the kitchen window
the stillness of Westwood street in autumn
the year when Howard disappeared
I want to focus my mind of something
but it is futile
Nobody remembers anything
words lost in darkness
Nobody remembers Howard's wife

...

Tomorrow morning
I should greet n
to see what reaction he shows
whether he says Hi to me or not

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Logos

Now I Know

What says the sea

...

Drawing aside the world

I did see a seashell

on seashore

Singing the secrets of the beginning-less beginning

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Lost

like lost, coming across something else
we and the world are here for another conversation

to escape after our conversation
to the other side of creation, other side of time

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Love Comes

washes her feather at the tightest opportunity
during an impossible moment
like a swan, white, love comes
washes her feather in a clear mind

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Memory Chip

Storm is coming, last moment has arrived
You're gone
spring wandering

Just one picture of all the beauty
is hidden in the memory chip

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Message

They said how did you come? I said: I've come
I've come free of wellness and evil

I've come with the free words, gamesome words
I've come with the eternal words

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Night Angels

Night Angels
When landed
Gave me a dream
So nice to hear
And unspeakable

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Once Upon A Time

You will remember untimely, easy
You will remember for the tone of voice

Once upon a time on the far away planet,
suddenly, you will remember my name, too

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One

I left
my bright dream
in the deepening fog

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One Day

One day, illusion and imagination will be lost
Uncertainty and finality will be lost
One day the Earth with the impossible form
will be lost in the impossible gravity

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Only

Quite normal

Years passed;

Off

And thousands of questions.

remained unanswered

...

I only knew the answer to one question

that you never asked me

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Outset Moment

as long as the wheel spins
our dream will remain eternal

every moment is the same as outset moment
everything still remains same

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Primeval Brine

you were only the amazing illusion
like a dream of sad birds

I was thirsty to start and you
- beyond the time-
were brine water of primeval ocean

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Samsara

you are tired down, there's still time
sit down there's still time until the collapse of Earth

in the last efflorescence of Aden
pick the apple like moon, there's still time

like a clock which it's Bronze handles
remained at the same time, for a very long time

don't think about relativity of time
look at my eyes to see there's still time

we have not the opportunity to grow out of soil
do not be sad, there is still time, the greenest time

it's time to talk about the great secret of love
is there any time left except this time?

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Scifaiku

at what time? he does not know
the creature is in front of him
with tint of humans

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Scifaiku-1

primitive huntsman
whittles a new spear
with debris of space ship

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Scifaiku-2

fades
millennium spaceship
in Helix nebula
the red eye of God

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Seven

No doubt nor fear
Wherever is possible
Flowers bloom and.... wither
this is truth,
O garden!

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Silent Rock

For years, I have stared at the silent rock which is staring at seasons
while they come, while they go
staring at the coloring of Spring and Fall
Long...long time...I have stared
So I think that I am a silent rock
on the desert
For years..

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Six

I'm not looking for lost word anymore
now you can drink your coffee safely
I don't exist anymore

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Sixteen

Stock market of morning paper
Little flower pot on the edge of balcony
I woke up
With this believe that something has collapsed

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Suspension

At the peak, storks and a vague crossing
On pond, shivery flight of dragonflies

We are also wondered among the water and blue sky
with a dream blown in whistles

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The Abandoned Pub

We arrived at night, at suspicious night
Night is the moment, immersed in the sound of frog

we arrived, tired, exhausted
and saw the world is the abandoned pub

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The End

you were gone
to bring cups of tea
to drink together and know
how does taste life
what time was it?
summer, Saturday evening?
or autumn Friday morning?
what is the difference?
because
you never returned
with tea tray in your hands

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The Hall Of Voices

This is a garden that lovers are singing in it
They intone the poem of sweethearts

The world is the hall of voices
where the most silent birds are singing there

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Thinking About Nought

no fear, no regret, no thirst
I'm ahead of fellow travelers

if they ask ' how are you doing? any thought? '
I say: thinking, thinking about nought

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This Is Me

This is me: thirsty, wanderer in passing through fountains
dark in the middle of suns

impatient, singing eternal question
wanderer in uproar of answers

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Time

I was there, TIME and me, it was a wonderful time
A beautiful girl with her dog walked together alone

I was sitting on a bench silently
A squirrel was climbing up the pine tree

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Time Flower (1)

flower has opened her eyes, looking at the garden
flower is looking for something

she looks at the garden lonely, and sad
to find out who's still looking at her

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Time Flower (2)

Its morning and the world looks like the dream of a flower,
a blossomed dream of smiling flower

its morning and the world as I see it
is like an old thought of watching a flower

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You Will Hear

we said: what is sound?

- you'll hear

who is whispering?

- you'll hear

the most silent passenger said:

song of storms is coming, you'll hear

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