

8 September 2018

The Wave

To me you are a wave;
never here, never there!
You are –still- nowhere!

Grabbing,
dragging, then fleeing away,
you swiftly spread- like a deadly plague,
on the run for the Other Soil, your destinations vague!

Watching you-
from far and wide,
in my seized eye,
you're a rebellious tide-
in an eternal glide.

Insistent, impatient, then a restless errant,
you must be calm in heart, fretful just in act!
And I now know, the sea of regret- is your native land.

Yes, you are an unruly tide!
So always on the ride,
in an eternal glide!

But one night,
I will wear a mask-
made of the thirst-
of the remotest shores,
and their desert islands.
And I'll capture you- in my absorbing sands,
forever far away- from your naval natal lands.

- Forough Farrokhzad