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## **Iranian Poetry Lady**

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The first time I saw your face, cosmetic images, dust, dirt, determination fell across your exiled face. Coal smoke lifted with your simple words and short poems. Your meaning drawn across a black board of past, rainbows, future

fragment, still in the shadows.

Muhammad, Jesus twins, only one forms a hallo alone.

One screams love, drips candle wax, lights life, shakes, love.

I encrust your history in the Ginkgo tree, deliverance.

I wrap in the branches the whispers in your ears a new beginning.

I am the landscape of your future walk soft peddle on green grass.

I will take you there. I am your poet, your lead, freedom clouds move over then on.

I review no spelling, grammar errors; I lick your envelope, finish, stamp place on.

Down with age I may go, but I offer this set of wings I purchased at a thrift store.

I release you in south wind, storms, and warm in spring, monarch butterflies.

Your name scribbles in gold script.

Night, mysteries, follow handle, your own.