Iranian Poetry Lady

Michael Lee Johnson

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.