

Poetry Series

Anahita Tahmasbi
- poems -

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Anahita Tahmasbi()

After Midnight

After midnight
The world seems to scorn me
The sky in its prime
Glitters
The soft moon charms
The coarse mountains
The wind through lonely trees
Whispers
Earth is at its best
Every creature is at rest
And the stars have more peace
Than me.

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Angels

Angels walk by you
when you stand
sing heavenly
when you smile
watching you
I know
existing has ended
livings just begun.

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Death Is A Classroom

Death is a classroom
A corpse, the teacher
The living, students
The lesson taught
Is written
In an ever quivering hand
On the edges of the soul
Till The bells ring
Class is dismissed
And the playground of life
Calls once more

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Happiness

Happiness is not a gift
It is bought and sold
Inconsistent
It may be taken
Stolen
Lost

Pain is yours
Loyally
You earn it
With feeling
You keep it
With heart
It will remain purely yours
Forever.

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Infinite

Shelter me
In your arms;
Like an injured bird
Let me live my hours there
By your heart
Till each breath is for you
Each heart beat for your smile
And eternity grows jealous

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Life

Life is a film
Produced by nature
Directed by fate
And you the star
Gradually learn the script
Tragedy, comedy, horror
You learn your part
the credits roll on
And death leaves the theatre
Satisfied

Anahita Tahmasbi

Misery

When misery attacks
Surrender your heart
Let the darkness
Invade your soul
And grayness
The world
Till your black in thought
And endless in depth
And the world
Is a horrific candy land
Shallow and meaningless

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The Fall Of The Autumn Leaf

The autumn leaf
falls so gracefully
happy to have been green once
glad now to be free
many storms it has known
many sunny days it has seen
but now its time to let it all go
and it does so, beautifully

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The Red Sunset

After the red sunset
An eerie darkness ensues
Blood is no longer
Red
Life no longer
A miracle
East and west unite
In pain
And the conscience whispers to each soul
Ego, is the enemy

Anahita Tahmasbi

You Are Most Beautiful When You Hurt

You are most beautiful
When you hurt
When your eyes fight back the tears
When your heart moans pathetically
When you cannot confront your fears

You are most beautiful
When you hurt
When you plunge in the infinite darkness of
Loneliness
And your existence is invaded by
Hopelessness
And you become a tormented dark thing

You are most beautiful
When you hurt
When you float in the grey depths of sadness
Like a lost creature
Rich in feeling
Beautiful!

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