

Poetry Series

Keivan ReisiPourashraf

- poems -



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Keivan ReisiPourashraf()

In the valley of the sky, there was an invitation from the earth to a star named Keivan, and the earth made me echo its steps, and I became a traveler of the earth. Here is a frame of unsaid and heartfelt notes that Keivan says to the cosmos.

I am from Keivan, from one of the most beautiful cities in the world, God blessed me to be born in a province called Isfahan, a country called Iran, but I look far and wide to all countries for the common season of all hearts, which is poetry, I love poetry. And the poetry of the chapter is shared by all hearts and all people, although I don't know English well and I translate from tools like Google, but my heart has something in common with the sound of your heart.

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He Stands And Looks In Silence

To the distance, to the distance between the time between being and not being,
to you who is silent, to you who do not know you, to you whose name is in the
heart and to tell you standing, and to look for you from afar and find you with my
eyes, where are you?

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And A Window Of Morning Sound

A trace of a look from Pal, a bird from the breeze from the sun from a beautiful flower that says your look and knows your voice and whispers your name Today the window is facing the sound, facing the sky, facing the cry, facing you, I am the same voice with me Be silent,

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The Poem Of Your Look

My heart longs for you
My heart is calling you again
Let's start a night here together
With you, I will read the lines of Shabat poetry
Stop, stop, your look for a moment is enough for me
My homework is to read the poem, look at you.

Keivan ReisiPourashraf



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Passerby, A Window

The poetry of the season is addressed to the heart, the language of shared looks, I come from afar, I see your gaze, I read your poetry, it is beautiful. Every day, passing high walls, crowded streets, frequent crowds, I wish I could see you from behind the window.

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