

SODEH NEGINTAJ

translated by Alireza Taheri Araghi

Have You Thanked Yourself

do you remember yourself?
Saturday Shahrivar the third with stiff knees
sprawled in patient clothing
with Nars
with Samira
with a few others who shone flashlights at the golden stall by the Hemmat
Highway
with your long-gone-dead suffering that passed you by on a motorbike
with your friend's dead head stuck in the hinge of the car
was laughing and was nothing
but a funny hand light in the hand of another dead
that made-happy
that defective miss
flung into the scraps of moon and visits and turkey stew
that lonesome sweetheart
with a treasure of grasses and glasses
that flashing signal light that was swollen in the bed and remembered you
you soared and remembered it
Ana Ana Ana
have you thanked yourself
and the house from the Saljuqi era that pissed in a chest
skinnier and skinnier and skinnier
and the trembling that flung you from terrace to terrace and from there to
another and from there to another
lavender and green and sometimes even white
and who the fuck do you think you really are
but the roar after a Barcelona game
but continual late payment notices
and an eye in which there was nothing but dusty metal

and nothing
and really nothing
do you even remember me
cute and dumbass, with a neck longer than the galaxy
standing in front of Sadi Hospital with legs and arms and shoulders and ass
smoking and laughing on the trunk of your car with seven sequins in my neck
saying, I'll crawl to Sadi in August and be back
what do you even remember except the tree and the sky and your pain
who do you even remember except the creaking of that door that opened and
closed opened and closed opened and closed
do you remember me, as if you were sunk in an ugly swivel chair barking orders
get my pills
get my dentures
get a handful of storks and stars
get the rope
get the lighter
get my keys
get my chocolate
get my bugle
get my glamor
get my wings
get my fighter
get my grave
go now go go go
go and leave the door ajar

— edited by Drew Kalbach
— originally published in *PARAGRAPHITI*

It's Nothing

should upside-down stand

should by-prior-appointment stand

should extraordinary, like a ballerina on tiptoe, stand in front of you

should ordinary, like misery, very ordinary, stand in front of you

should the crushing of thousands of workers' fingers in the wheels of industry
stand in front of you

should oppression stand in front of you

should the swinging of a woman's arms and legs every night with the intention
of throwing her on the asylum bed stand in front of you

should wrapped-in-the-sheets, wrapped-in-chocolate, with a bloody mouth
among washers of the dead and juice boxes and camphor stand in front
of you

should Bin Laden with a hole in his head in a six-bed bedroom stand in front
of you

should the Middle East casualties stand in front of you

should the sun in his new pajamas stand in front of you

should your empty account on the ATM screen stand in front of you

should three thousand shitty images of the houses you rented stand in front of
you

should all the landlords of the city stand in front of you

should the real estate brokers of Ma'ali Abad / Eram / Atlasi / Zerehi / even
Airport Square stand in front of you

should Shiraz stand in front of you

should missed calls from all the meat-eaters / plant-eaters / man-eaters /
angels / flying-things / crawling-things / predatory-things / jumping-
things / photos / dishes / dresses / even Prince of England stand in
front of you

should Nars's trembling voice at the end of the line stand in front of you

should

your forged documents

your forged poems

your forged this

your forged that

stand in front of you
should your vain migrations stand in front of you
should Café Jeanne d'Arc and the hasty smoking of your last friend stand in
front of you
should Peyman's math graphs in your every fall stand in front of you
should your unfinished tasks stand in front of you
should the mild earthquakes in your temples stand in front of you
should objects left from your last paycheck stand in front of you
should your lost states of mind stand in front of you
should the "colorful-eyed" people from the Soltaniyeh Complex who won't
pull it out of their family friends stand in front of you
should all of Sadra's loves stand, blossoms-in-hand and successful, in front of
you
should Irancell's welcome tune stand in front of you
should the Internet speed like an ancient, groomed horse stand in front of you
should the Lake's charlatans' shorts stand in front of you
should acting-freak, auteur-freak, canary-freak wusses stand in front of you
should the inscrutable brown sky
putrid staircases of all government organizations stand in front of you
even the friendship comedy
the friend with three lanterns on his head and three goat horns in his eye
the friend who leaps through a hoop into your arms—squeaking
who leaps from your arms onto Facebook—squeaking
who leaps from Facebook into the next hoop—squeaking
who leaps through the next hoop into your arms—squeaking
glorious, ripped, outrageous
squeaking and circular
should the repeating of friendships stand in front of you
should the pristine moments of befuddlement stand in front of you
should
the bullshitting fascist
the bullshitting ruler
the bullshitting boss
the bullshitting intellectual
the bullshitting citizen

the bullshitting doctor
stand in front of you
should the new symptoms of the cured disease and its unsubsidized costs stand
in front of you
should atrophied muscles of the clock hands stand in front of you
should fucked-up art, fucked-up mind, fucked-up dream, fucked-up act,
fucked-up homeland, fucked-up language, fucked-up poem, fucked-up
stomach, fucked-up body, fucked-up generation stand in front of you
should you stand in front of you
should you throw up between two fingers
two antlers
two teeth
two thighs
two breasts
two shooting stars asleep on a cloud
should you gush onto stars and carcasses
onto nervous signs
should you gush onto ooh-la-la things
ooh-la-la metamorphoses
ooh-la-la biographies
ooh-la-la speeches
ooh-la-la losses
ooh-la-la traumas
ooh-la-la censorship
ooh-la-la bras
ooh-la-la broodings
ooh-la-la falls
ooh-la-la fears
ooh-la-la laws
ooh-la-la brawls
ooh-la-la leopard dresses
ooh-la-la truths
ooh-la-la ass kissers
ooh-la-la hairstyles
ooh-la-la graves

