

## The Blue Café

He, afloat in the sea of her blue satin  
Skirts, sings in the direction  
Of her bare shoulder, while she bends,  
Fingering a leaflet of music, over him,  
Both of them deaf to the fiddle in the hands,  
Of the death's-head shadowing their song.

*Sylvia Plath, "Two Views of a Cadaver Room," 1959*

The Blue Café:  
There are so many run-down dream houses in me,  
Pile on pile,  
Brick on brick.  
I'm lost in a big deep blue sea,  
Drifting away on my days,  
And hard on my luck.

I should not have been a part of your story,  
Your vagabond heart,  
Your vagrant needs.  
I should have been aware of passions,  
But I learned too late that they always lead to something ugly.

My nose prickles,  
Two-million-year tears are at my door  
And my humanity cries.  
But I'm lame in this muck which is history,  
The concatenation of human imbecility  
And drink the cups of my soul's autumn.

I'm leafless now, without any shadows and am cold.  
My days have been stitched to a loose end of history  
And tremble in the wind of wars.  
They are lacerated and full of pus.  
The dawns are dark and crows hang themselves on my evenings.  
I had to build so many scarecrows to keep safe,  
And I'm all in tatters since.

My gaze at my comrades,  
— the Saint Strawmen—  
Filled with chaff;  
Minds dried,  
Hearts wrinkled,  
Souls winnowed.

I'm numb.

It rains heavy these days and my gazes are wet.  
There would be no fire, I know. . .

I have never sworn to the Styx,  
And gods have forgotten me so.  
— What was it that I should have done?—

The cost is always great,  
The price always high.  
One should always take all they know  
And say goodbye.

— I said goodbye and my innocence, inexperience means a lot now—

Coffees do not serve oblivion, but illusion,  
The illusion of two years and a half,  
A desert of dreams,  
Lying deep in the Cave of Swimmers.

— How many springs to push back a dark winter?—

Dancers on the barbed wires,  
And the ballad of a sad café,  
In the last rays of a flaming autumn,

A fading sun.  
The charm of love,  
Always suspending on its walls,  
Smelling of no-return chances,  
Ere it falls.

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

AZADEH FERIDOUNPOUR received her B.A. in English Language and Literature from Shahid Beheshti University in Tehran, Iran in 2005 and her M.A. from the University of Tehran in 2009.