

Theaters of the Mind

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The masks fell after the merry rings of the old New Year
 And happy faces faded away and tears melted down.
 "We cast our skins"
 And slid "[i]nto another time."¹
 But where do we stand in history?
 I have been born to the end of the world
 And I'm witnessing only deaths,
 The death of my man,
 My idol.
 It has been a tragic death
 And it will always be.
 The music of the past is loud in my ears
 And I do wonder where have I done wrong?
 Where have *we* done wrong?

I'm standing on the edge of a loss,
 And the threats are a near hit.
 They will crucify me
 And she's there to execute their command.

Yes, some people are playing God,
 And it only fills our frightened eyes with pain.
 There's nothing to be done,
 Except to watch Revolutions.
The Wild Duck flies in our eyes impatiently
 But it's only the Dead that Awaken in our hearts.
 We are the family of *Cenci*,
 Hopeless,
 Poor,
 And so tortured.
 The *Theaters of the Mind* are awful and cruel,
 Full of violence
 And we watch our own annihilation.
 This should be *The Death of Tragedy*,
 Where the absurd Comedy of Manners begins
 And it then becomes all chaos,
 All dust,
 And all corpses.

The ring of everyday is filled with new sufferings

¹ Sylvia Plath, "The Sleepers" (1959)



And my name is not *Arām* anymore.
My days are dying away
And I wonder why I am still alive.
Somewhere, in the far past, I had dreamed of an Eden
But the blazes of a hell reached for me.

Past is past,
But my present is always lost.
Its silence grows ever deafening
And I can't hear it anymore.
It has been a long time since I've last heard it,
A long time since I've touched it.

I'm a small ball,
Hurled from side to side in a deserted football field.
The player is a panther
And her claws have scratched my skin.
The grass is bitterly cold
And I got frostbite.
There is no rule
And she's the only rational animal who beats me hard in the mind and in the heart.

My days have been marked with number seventeen
And they bleed since then.
It was only you before that,
But now you are two
And I'm defeated.

It's been a long time now since I live in the shadows of a lunar eclipse
And the world is absolutely dark.
The lights are out
And the stars are falling.

I'm walking in narrow dead alleys with no windows around.
The lilacs are withered
And their brittle foliage lies with resignation on black walls.
They grow tighter around me
And tangle my days ever more.

I'm all there with my years at your feet,
But they have been trampled on.
I'm a broken prism,
A masterpiece of pieces,
Of unfinished pieces.

"Age wears the best black fabric



Rust-red or green as lichens"²
And her trained leeches are sucking the blood of my best days uninterrupted
And my anemic days are marching down to the funeral of another death,
An unwanted one.
So that's it:
I WON'T BE YOUR STUDENT ANY MORE
And God knows why.
The suspicions are great within me
And this is the result of being earnest.

It was only a tale of three women and a man,
A half man of course, if you want to know.
Was it meant to be ended so?
Oh, my dreams were totally different.
I was to be a perfect Form for an unformed life
But I lost all my form
And formlessness reigns my days now.
She chose me a victim
And slaughtered me wickedly.
Her hunters are still near
And their *panopticon* continues slyly.
But why was I meant to be chased like a poor prey?

You would never save me out of the doghouse which is my days, I know.

She was always at the center by being a shrew
And you could never tame the shrew!
Yet she is still the mad lover,
The amorous,
So let her chew your grandeur while we are watching another play. . .

² Sylvia Plath, "Old Ladies' Home" (1959)

