

**Spotlight on Women in Iranian Literature:
Two Poems by Soodabeh Saeidnia
Translated from the Persian by the Author**



Today we're happy to share two exquisite poems written in Farsi and translated in English by their author, Soodabeh Saeidnia. Soodabeh immigrated to the US in 2014, and is now living in Kew Gardens, New York. Immigration was a trigger to her poetry and after that her poems have been published in different American magazines and literary journals. She writes both in English and Farsi, sometimes mixing the languages in the same poem. Find out more about her in the insightful interview "Wake Up and Write Something, or You Will Be Eaten Soon" on the Great Weather for Media [web site](#). We hope you'll fall in love with her poetry as we did.

—Claudia Serea and Loren Kleinman

هجوم

ما همه سوال کرده ایم:
از چه آن فرشته
لغو اعتبار شد؟
پس چرا کسی نگفت
در کدام نا کجا
بالهای پرسشش شکست؟
زخمی از هجوم یک سوال شد

Invasion

We all have questioned,
“Why the angel's credit was canceled?”
Why wouldn't anyone ask,
“Where had he broken his wings?”
He, wounded in the invasion of a question!

تناقض

مردانی را می شناسم کلاه کج
بیوقفه حرف می زنند، خفاشانی خون آشام و آویخته
بر چرخ و فلکی سوار، در دام چرخه ای اسیر
نه بینشی و نه ماموریتی، غرقه در دارایی هایشان

زنایی را میشناسم که دستانشان کوتاهتر از آن است
که خرما را از نخلهای بلند سر بریده در نخلستانها بچینند
ولی پیراهن هایشان اشرافی و آستین بلند است
و سفره های خالی شان را با آیه هایی مقدس برکت می دهند

کودکانی را می شناسم که با سرعت رشد می کنند بی آنکه بالغ شوند
و جوانانی که در خیابان طولانی فقر روزگار می گذرانند
آنها طعم بوسه عاشقانه را نمی چشند
لذت آغوش عشق را از دست می دهند و رانده می شوند

من در میان آنان زیستم، متهم گردیدم و مجازات شدم
به نوک زدن به تمام درختان فلسفه و منطق
دارکوب بیچاره ای که هرگز در سوراخهای خود ساخته اش آشیان نمی گزیند

هنوز فکر میکنم که آنان چگونه اینهمه تناقض را بر می تابند
و چگونه در آشفتگی اتاق نشیمن ذهنشان زیسته اند
یک شب آنان را در آشفتگی رها کرده و گریختم!

Oxymoron

I know the men who wear lopsided hats
and talk without letup, upside down vampire bat
Riding the carousel, trapped in the cycle
No vision and no mission but lost in their possessions

I know the women whose hands are too short
to gather the dates of tall, beheaded palms on the grove
but they wear long sleeves, aristocratic dresses
and bless the empty tablecloths by whispering holly verses

I know the kids who grow up fast without puberty
and young ones living on the long street of poverty
They never know the taste of a French kiss,
Miss the pleasure of the love embrace, and dismiss

I lived among them accused and charged to peck
all the philosophy and logic trees, a poor woodpecker
that never accommodates in the holes it makes

Still I think how they bear with lots of paradoxes
In the hodgepodge, sloppy living room of their mind
I ran away one night and left them unorganized!

About the author/translator



Soodabeh Saeidnia lives in NYC but originally is Persian. She got her Pharm D and Ph.D. of Pharmacognosy and has worked as a researcher, assistant and associate professor in the Kyoto University (Japan), TUMS (Iran) and University of Saskatchewan (Canada). She is interested in English literature and poetry, and has published a collection of her poems, *Words for myself*, in Farsi. Her English poems have been published in different anthologies and literary

magazines including *Careless Embrace of the Boneshaker* (Great Weather for Media), *Squawk Back*, *Indiana Voice Journal*, *Scarlet Leaf Review*, *Sick Lit Magazine*, *Dying Dahlia Review*, *Sisyphus Quarterly*, *Poetry Life and Time*, *Paradox*, *TimBookTu*, *Babbling of the Irrational*, *SPINE*, *Tuck Magazine*, *La Libertad*, *Tiny Poetry*, *The Pen*, and *352 degrees*. The first collection of her poems, [Street of the Ginkgo Trees](#), and the new anthology she edited [Where are you from?](#) is now available on Amazon.

