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Iranian Poetry Lady

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Iranian Poetry Lady

The first time I saw your face, cosmetic images, dust, dirt, determination
fell across your exiled face. Coal smoke lifted with your simple words and
short poems.

Your meaning drawn across a black board of past, rainbows, future
fragment, still in the shadows.

Muhammad, Jesus twins, only one forms a halo alone.

One screams love, drips candle wax, lights life, shakes, love.

I encrust your history in the Ginkgo tree, deliverance.

I wrap in the branches the whispers in your ears a new beginning.

I am the landscape of your future walk soft peddle on green grass.

I will take you there. I am your poet, your lead, freedom clouds move
over then on.

I review no spelling, grammar errors; I lick your envelope, finish, stamp
place on.

Down with age I may go, but I offer this set of angel wings I purchased at
a thrift store.

I release you in south wind, storms, and warm in spring, monarch butter-
flies.

Your name scribbles in gold script.

Night, mysteries, follow handle, your own.

Michael Lee Johnson



Sydney Harbour Bridge, Sydney, Australia
Photography by William North