CARLA CRAWFORD

Soleil, 2014 Oil on Linen, 15 x 16 in



AHMAD SHAMLOU

Collective Love

I have wept in blazing solitude with you For the sake of the living And have sung the most beautiful of songs In the darkest of graveyards For the dead of this year Were the most loving of the living

Give me your hands Your hands know me You found-at-last I speak with you As the cloud with the storm The weed with the fields The rain with the sea The bird with spring And the tree that speaks with the woods For I have discovered your depths For my voice is Intimate with yours.

-Translated from the Persian by Niloufar Talebi

Tears are a mystery Smiles a mystery Love a mystery The tears of that night were the smile of my love

I am not a tale to be told Not a song to be sung Not a sound to be heard Or something that you can see Or something that you can know I am Common Pain Cry me out!

The tree speaks with the woods The weed with the fields The star with the galaxy And I speak with you Tell me your name Give me your hand Speak to me your words Give me your heart I have discovered your depths And spoken for all through your lips And your hands are familiar with mine

Ahmad Shamlou (1925-2000) was nominated for the Nobel Prize in 1984. Shamlou, also known under his pen name, A. Bamdad, is among the most influential Iranian literary voices of the twentieth century, and widely known as the father of modern Iranian poetry. He published more than seventy books, including poetry, fiction, short stories, children's books, essays, translations, and several volumes of his encyclopedia of Iranian folklore, Book of Alley. Shamlou.org

Niloufar Talebi is a writer, librettist, award-winning translator, and theater artist. She is the editor/translator of Belonging: New Poetry by Iranians Around the World (North Atlantic Books, 2008), and librettist of Atash Sorushan (Fire Angels) and Epiphany (BAM Next Wave Festival). She is a resident artist with the American Lyric Theater and with the Washington National Opera at the Kennedy Center. Ahmad Shamou visited her parents' literary salons at her childhood home in Tehran when she was coming of age; these salons shaped her life and work. NiloufarTalebi.com.