

Three Poems

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In the interest of time

Let us not dwell on the fact that you've been humiliated chronically, your language criminalized, your child a guest at the holding centre because such facts are inconsequential anyway. Let us instead discuss the effects of acute humiliation on your del-e bi'arezoo (wishless heart), treat life as a non-adversarial process, for argument's sake, and try our best to rebel in reverse for no apparent or noble cause. Let us focus on learned helplessness, on normal responses to abnormal events, and remember that absence is proof of nothing, that chance is damaged beyond repair, that your fear is billable, and your evidence sufficiently normalized. Let us be courteous but not nice. Let us have the last word, and demonstrate that reason was unlawful, not unreasonable.

Narrative answer to question 2(a)

I am a citizen of almost, and no other country. I appeared to be 24 in 1372. I take one pill a day for hyperthyroidism. I much prefer to be androgynous than undifferentiated. I have no distinguishing features; neither did the agent who assisted me cross over except for his bare shoulders polka-dotted from fire cupping—does that count as a tattoo? I have a life inside and a name you can change. I walk up the slide and not the ladder to slide back down—anyone who has read Latin-scripted books from right to left knows how much sense this makes. I cannot remain silent as a mainstream economist. I have had roommates who suffer from bad dreams because poisoned weapons were employed against them even though the Convention had prohibited the use of any material that causes unnecessary suffering (vs. necessary suffering? I wonder often).

I have not sought assistance from my country's authorities because according to your country's most trusted newspaper the authorities themselves are agents of persecution. This is an exact mathematical reality. Your country's prime minister recently lifted the visa requirement and to reciprocate the generosity my country's president announced he would fully reopen my country's market to your country's beef. Neither of these impacted me positively and I continue to live a precarious life, regardless of where I live.

I know that objects in mirror appear closer than they are. I know that time is not a friend of mine.

For all these reasons, I seek your protection.

*You may notice narrative incoherence in my answer, which I understand according to experts in the esteemed field of psychiatry, is sign of a life veering off course. But I beg to differ because I have yet to see one coherent life.

Designation

I have sometimes been described as a vexatious individual who would benefit from a “personalized directed interaction plan.” I never understood what that meant exactly. I was told my telephone calls were becoming excessive when all I did was call collect my lawyer’s office on my birthdays to hear a human voice on the special occasion. I suffered exudative retinal detachment, caused by trauma to the right eye. The guard beat me because I took a few extra minutes to pick a shirt that was less wrinkled, for proper court appearance. I forgave him because I realized he had a job to do, and I later found out he had many problems at home, marital issues, etc. I walk slowly and deliberately. I am unable to draw the hands of time and stare at the paper. I apologize in advance if parts of the text are illegible because I had to write in pencil—pen is considered a weapon here. I know you will most likely shred this without reading it too closely but I still appreciate the effort. Forever yours truly.