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Tara's hair is curly
long
in the vein of
It happened in a day; not even a day
It happened in the night; not even in the news
And I face it in the morning.
Lonsdale.
I can find every little Iranian trait there.
Lonsdale Street reminds me of
"Koocheyee Shahreza"
I can't remember what we called that street after the revolution
Revolution destroyed my memories
Cracked my dreams
I can find everything in this rain
But not
Those street traders
Those Labou venders
eating Hot Red Beets in snow
The cheapest sweet

Ava's hair is straight
long
Immediate into the tale
It happened in a day; not even a day
It happened in the night; not even in the news
And I had to face it the next morning
Duthie's
I can find rare books there
But not books in Farsi

there was just one bookstore in Tehran
Where I could find elegant books
like Madame Bovary
Overpriced, of course.
I cannot pronounce well. I cannot say "TH"
To me "The" is just a simple "Dah"
In Duthie's
I picked *Seniors*
I open it and ask Paul what is the meaning of "jacking off"?
he was shy
Paul was shy but the stranger behind us says "masturbating"
Refugee, Immigrant, Citizen
This is all a process
Exactly like BA, MA, and PhD
I am a citizen
I pronounce "3," "Tree."
was early in the morning
Just a simple morning
is always something about the early morning's call
it's something about them
frightened, beating heart and news I knew.
He is not here anymore and is not yet even 1994.
Zalzadeh was killed
At his house
In the middle of the night
My publisher is killed.
WHY, WHY, WHY!
These stupid WHYS, we know them evidently

My hair was long
in the vein of the morning
It happened in a day; not even a day

It happened in the night; not even in the news
I did not want to face it.
I did not cover my head.
I did not cover my hands.
I did not cover my legs.
I was 10, just 10
not even 10
I was stoned in the morning
with my red bike.
I pedaled fast, faster, too fast
I could not see anything
I had got home.
I was in the middle of the tree
I wish that I was a tree.
Trees never changed after revolution.
my girls are loud
We drive
I put them in my lap and I let them drive in the cul-de-sac
they laugh and scream
My mother says:
“Nazar har cari mighan bokonan
Bachee bayad harchy motharesh mige goosh bedeh.”
We have reasoning
And rules which are negotiable
before setting them up
Tara says:
“Don’t see what I am doing
Tell yourself not to see me.”
she cannot speak Farsi
It makes me sad sometimes
but all these are just kind talk
And we all don’t know what we are talking about

1987

they catch me in the street

Islamic Brothers

He wants to throw me into the van

They are four

Pull my hands

“Take your hands off of me”

He says, “Get into van

Or I put you in there.”

I say, “You need to have special gloves to be able to touch me, as God says.”

And I run

Fast, fast, too fast

I fall down stairs.

Stairs never changed after revolution.

Beautiful Vancouver in summer

I go to Kitsilano beach

To run

Run just for run

Seagulls are chasing me,

And I run fast.

With seagulls, wind, and my hair all over.

We do not have an “-ing” suffix in Farsi

Ava says:

“Start bebefing my hair now.”

I twist her hair with the morning.

We all get into the car,

Turn on the crazy song,

I rock the car.

Music was prohibited

I take 15 lashes with the whip

Instead of 50.

Lucky me.

My father pays.
Beautiful totems at the airport
Stairs
Lines and immigration
Nationality?
Passport
How many luggages?
"Quelle a votre raison de venire au canada
Quesque vous apportez avec vous?"
"Je suis Iranienne."
Mon passport
J'ai une valiz
Et un petit tapis
Je vien voir mon frère
S'il vous plait Monsieu
Laiser moi laiser moi passer.
D'accord allez-y.
Merci, merci beaucoup.
Et je pars.
Georgia Street.
My friend says this is the most important street in Vancouver.
Me with my luggage on Georgia Street.
My brother is up north still walking and planting trees.
Summer with my long hair
It happened in a day; not even in a day.
It happened in the night; not even in the news.
His picture was on the first page of the news paper
With the other 50
(mofsedeh fel arz)
Uncle Minister Executed
I grab it from the front of the door
I fold it and hide it in my bag

I hold in my tears and I walk into the house
Everybody knew it
My mother blends with the couch
Father cries
I take the newspaper out of my bag and throw it on the morning
Run into the yard and swing on the bottom branch of the berry tree.
Do I have a heart?
Do I still have a heart?
Windows are broken
Walls are broken
War and eighties
Tehran is empty
I take my poems with me
My brother
Takes his stamps
When the bombs come I want to stand beside his innocence
thank God for sparing his virtue
But the cats live their regular lives throughout
Cats never change after revolution
Istanbul
seeing my brother
After years with no permission to leave the country
We go out for breakfast
The first beer that I had
16
"You had to have it all."
I won't help
I had it all
Fainting on the morning
They knocked on the door
Look for him
To take him to the war

My mother says:
“I can not resist this anymore.”
we pushed him out the back door into the hands of a dealer
he walked through the war.
The fog is very thick here.
I stopped the car, leave the lights on.
And I show Ava and Tara their shadows in the fog
And then we drive through the trees
Mistake
Roads
Marriage goes wrong
Hong Kong
SARS
Iraq says
The Chinese women are much prettier with the mask
I say Chinese men too
Lan-Kwai-fong
Bars and wine
I sketch women at the Bars
I go home walk down the stairs
Morning
I step on the news
Turn the key quietly
He sits on the bed
“Where have you been?”
At the bar
we are not talking anymore
He is watching TV
I take the girls to the beach
Ava wakes me up
Night is wet

Moon is wet
Everywhere is wet
I changed her
I change the night
Affair an affair
How is it going to be to have an affair
I go to Bangkok
River
River was all over
I am lost in the river
Orange county
Poems
I lost them at the river
Dance
On the beach
I make love with the revolution
Monogamy
It happen in a day not even in a day
It happened in the night not even in the news
Communist cousin
Disappear
Stranger calls my aunt
Ask her to pick up his body from the morning
I cover my legs
Cover my hands
Cover my head
I pass through
From what
What happened in a day
Not even a day
What happened in the night, no longer in the news.