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# **Five Poems**

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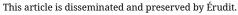
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#### **Five Poems**

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# Woman, Life, Freedom

You may write me down in history With your bitter, twisted lies, You may trod me in the very dirt But still, like dust, I'll rise.

#### MAYA ANGELOU

An inky tress undone, slipping out from under silken scarf ... Gunshot.
Metallic tongue in cheek, should Your republic stay subservient and meek? Mahsa, Nika: not Iranians' martyrs of misery but sparks to light our fuse.
Relentless, restless—we fight and chant; cotton stuffed mouths no longer Your victory, You may write me down in history.

Her skin provokes You so should she flay it off—or will You do it under divine law? Her liberation usurps Your God. Her freedom, a libation unholy, makes crimson tides uprise. She's the little boy You shot amongst "deprogrammed defects". Go. Besmirch us in mothers' cynical eyes With your bitter, twisted lies.

But mother let me return to your dark gulfs, for once I'm cut, I'll taste gunpowder instead of milk.

Apples under Eve's impious tree: we're buttoned up, beaten, burnt.

Blades of sharp minds; razors for tongues—ceaseless weapons against Your arms. We'll sing through the terror and hurt; You may trod me in the very dirt.

Open wombs, closed minds— Shall we bear You sons? My daughter, swaddled against Your chest, You'll make an obedient wife.

Fruits bearing Your—Regime's—

recruits will rot with curious eyes. Wipe us out—by accident, of course You will cover us in our soil before our newborn cries. But still, like dust, I'll rise.

# **History Records:**

Courtly trial:
glib guillotine.
She prepared
Molotov cocktails,
(so You say) thrown at
police parading
under patriotic
pretenses
of protection.
Confessions
uttered upon
—questioning—
Torture.

Leaders have already cut the cloth and sewn the fabric for the rope with which she will —repent her sins—erase herself.

Any last requests?
Silence
half-hearted
mumbled
prayers,
said supposed delinquent,
from the
Book used
to —detain—
bury me.
Instead stomp
weathered feet
merrily
over the earth
covering me.

Innocent adolescent through polycarbonate panels pleading mother for birth control pills on her weary weekly visits.

Iron traces
on calloused
palms
from bars
she was detained
behind,
being
bare-headed
in her
school's court-yard.

Remember to turn Your Book face down when Your filthy lecherous paws roam over her covered clean skin.

Pride of Nation; once youthful apple now occidental olympian made public enemy when she outspoke, dancing dizzily through futile fumes from Your tear gas.

## A Father's Dance

Feet traipse in a heavy rhythm, move to festal chorus booming through a speaker above his son's grave.

Mourners clap lead hands with hearts of

### osmium.

Obeys
his son's
final
request—
cauterizing
infectious
wounds You
inflicted—
with his
scorched
mighty will.

Paperless mourning made Holy through requested Celebration, a sickly honeyed cake gifted at his son's shrine.

## **Modern Ruins**

Kill a child.
Mother left
without a map
to her baby's
corpse.
Throw pesticide
at these pesky roots
to de-weed
Your lands where
unripened boys
pass—ordered—
faceless men's
executions.

Continue Your reign of terror until You rule an empty empire:

Executioners imbibing from crimson goblets

in abodes above citizenless cities under the command of their companionless menial messiah.

#### Resistance

Arthritic bones hardened. Smog smothered lungs lightened. Parched lips quenched with songs damp with sweat of the fight under sweltering heat. Feet carrying walking corpses past petrol-less cars and dry rivers that You traded for seats in Your depraved palaces of debauchery.

Lips once pacified by published propaganda now unstitched as parents bear banners of their dead grandchildren.

March for -missingslaughtered offspring whose rebellious zealous petals scattered across archaic arid land will one day bloom anew an Eden marked by ruby Mulberry trees: victorious boughs from which we'll drink. Open wombs, closed minds—
Shall we bear You sons? My
daughter, swaddled against Your chest,
You'll make an obedient wife.
Fruits bearing Your—Regime's—
recruits will rot with curious eyes.
Wipe us out—by accident, of
course You will cover us in
our soil before our newborn cries.
But still, like dust, I'll rise.