

## Five Poems

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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  
—*missing*—  
slaughtered  
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.  
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