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Censure / Censorship

Ali Abdolrezaei

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Censure / Censorship

ALI ABDOLREZAEI

Ali Abdolrezaei was born 10 April 1969 in Northern Iran. He completed his primary and secondary education at his city of birth and after receiving his Diploma in mathematics passed the nationwide university entrance exams. He graduated with a Masters degree in Mechanical Engineering from Tehran Technical and Engineering University. He started his professional poetic career in 1986 and became one of the most serious and contentious poets of the new generation of Persian poetry. Ali has had an undeniable effect on many poets of his generation by his artistic concepts of proposals through the medium of his poetry as well as speeches and interviews. And he is one of the few poets who succeeded to express his independent poetic individuality. Publication of eight varied books of poetry: "from Riskdom," "Shinema", "So Sermon of Society", "Improvisation", "This dear crying", "Paris in Renault", "You Name this Book", "Only Iron Men live in the rain", endorse his poetic creativity and power. Currently he has in publication a poetry collection "La Elaha Ella Love" and a multi-textual "Hermaphrodite" that have been followed by varied critical reviews. Nearly all well known poets and critics of Persian poetry have written about Abdolrezaei's poems. In September 2002 after his protest against heavy censorship of his latest books such as Society and Shinema, he was banned from teaching and public speaking. He left Iran and after a few months stay in Germany, and two years in France, he's been living in London for the last four years.

Censure

Ali Abdolrezaei

Traduit du persan par Parham Shahrjerdi

Au massacre de mes mots
On arracha la tête de la dernière ligne
Et le sang comme l'encre prit la feuille à la gorge
C'est la mort qui se couche sur la page
Et la vie une fenêtre restée ouverte une pierre la tua
Un nouveau fusil a tourmenté le monde
Et moi telle une marchandise je suis exporté aux portes de cette rue
Je suis toujours cette petite chambre qui quitta la maison
Dans ma vie comme mon stylo je suis la mère des lignes de cette page
Les mains du chat sont dansantes
Pour faire courir le rat
A la recherche d'un trou déjà pris
A la suite de la leçon d'école
Je ne suis plus Darâ de Sarah amoureuxment
Je suis en train de faire mon nouveau devoir
Barrez-le
Et dans la fille qui à la fin de ce poème tombe par terre
Bâtissez une maison
Pleine de portes avec des plaies ouvertes
Et entre les côtés de la mort
Comme une chambre qui s'en alla de cette maison devint heureuse
Une fille voulant m'approprier
Jetant des grains dans sa voix s'approchant m'attirant
Et au couvent de son corps
Se tournant tournant encore derviches mes yeux
Combien les yeux
Ces fosses vides
Au jeu de deux humains ont mille mains
Combien de ce côté de l'existence où je suis je suis de l'autre côté
Tout le monde est l'Iran

Maux – père maux – mère mon maux – frère
Pire que des maux je suis
Écrire est plus infertile que moi
Et Londres avec un temps bariolé encore
Attend sœurement
Pour que la mort s’allonge sur mon corps
Pour que la vie me tue encore.

Pour le poète dont les mots font la queue mon cœur se déchire
Pour le moineau dont les chants sont coincés dans la gorge
Pour le repos du corbeau n’ayant pas de fil aérien
Pour moi-même
Quittant la maison comme l’électricité

J’étais quelqu’un
J’ai fait l’idiot je suis devenu poète !

Censorship

Ali Abdolrezaei

Translator: Abol Foushran

In the massacre of my words
they've beheaded my last line
and blood ink like is hitting on paper
there's death stretched over the page
and life like a window ajar shattered by a rock
a new gun has finished off the world
and I imported goods like through this alley's doors
am still the very meagre room that emigrated
I in my life who am pen like to the lines of this meagre page am mother
The cat's paws are still prancing
to scare the mouse
running for the hole they filled

In pursuit of the lesson I did at school
I'm no longer Jack the lover to my Jill
I'm doing my new homework
You cross it out
And in the girl who will tumble at this poem's end
build a house
filled with a door open like a wound
and from in-between the edges of death
like a room gone from this house lived happily
a girl who wanting to make me her own
would throw morsels in her voice to tease me over
to the temple of her body
for my eyes to keep whirling and whirling to make a Dervish of me again

How the eyes
these empty sockets
in between the love making of two are thousand handed

How this side of being where I am is all the more other-sided in Iran
Fathurt mothurt my brothurt!
My condition is more critical than hurt
writing's more emasculated than me
and London with its hair highlights of a weather is still
sisterly awaiting
Death to stretch over my body
for life to kill me again

My heart is bleeding for the poet whose queue of words is getting longer
for the branch less sparrow who's swallowed its twitter
for the restitution of a crow with no overhead wire
for myself
gone from the house like electricity
I was somebody
Did the foolish thing became a poet!