Futile Magic
By Fereydoon Moshiri

Fill this cup!
For it’s been a long time since this fiery water,
Has remedied my miserable mood!

These goblets, emptied one after the other,
Are oceans of fire that I pour down my throat,
While whirlpools lure me, currents don’t take me away.

Riding on this magical nectar’s wild bay,
I’ve traveled the vast realm of the mind.

I’ve gone to the starry field of sincere thoughts,
To the unknown line between life and death,
To the tree-covered alleyways of fleeting memories,
To the city of remembrances…

Even wine no longer takes me beyond my bedside!

O, eagle of love!
From above the faraway misty mountaintops,
Fly here to the gloomy grassland of my life!
Come and deliver me where this wine no longer takes me.

I’m that ill-starred man whom even the eagle won’t carry away!

In the road of life,
With all its struggles, pleadings and thirst,
Even when I moan from deep in my heart:
   “…water! …water!”

Even deceit no longer takes me to a mirage!

Fill this cup!