

The Most Passionate

By Fereydoon Moshiri

With me, I carry the memory of a most inspiring day.
I'll bestow it upon you:

Early dawn, it was.
The jewel that is moon,
Still dangled from night's hair.
What jasmine had poured into the soul of the air,
Was love!
Our breaths, jasmine's and mine, had become one.
I was going to visit the dawn!

□

With wide-open wings, I was striding along,
Saying to myself:

“Ahoy!
“Compose, you yearning heart, compose!
Witness this most inspiring day in the world!
Compose the most passionate poem in the word!”

“Dawn, moon, jasmine, breeze, and sky,
Have poured a soul into the world's body,
Have kindled ardor and fervor in you,
You, too, lonely little bird, compose!”

“All the doors are shut,
There's no way out.
To open a window to flowing words, compose!
Compose...”

I was in search of the most passionate poem in the world!

□

On the horizon, behind light's inner sanctum,
Gardens of red roses were spreading,
Their branches towards the tender sun,
Their charming buds were blooming.
With each breath of the new dawn,
The buds were blooming.

The buds were blooming,
Gardens of red roses,
Gardens of red roses,
Then like that sweet moment,
When your smile blooms like a flower,
From the heart of the sea,
A great red rose, arose;

The sun!

O what glow it was bestowing upon the world!
O what glory...!
The whole world woke up to watch!

I was in search of the most passionate poem in the world!

□

Side by side, up in the sky,
Two doves were flying by.

In a garden, two spruce trees,
Their heads bent towards one another,
Were whispering ballads in each other's ears.

From a distant shore,
A seagull and his mate,
Were heading towards the light's gate.

In my mind's meadow, too,
From a kernel of love,
Deep in the inner sanctum of my heart,
A bud was blooming,
-- Like a gift-offering --
The petals were gradually opening!

The petals opened:

“I’ve found it!
I’ve found what I had been seeking!”
I’ve adorned it with the blossoming of the sun,
I’ve adorned it with the flowering of your smile!”

“I’ve woven it better than a fabric of jasmine and dawn!
The wrap and weft of mine are goodness and love,
I’ve found the most passionate poem in the word:”

“I LOVE YOU!”

□

“This is my red rose!
Fill your apron with these roses,
So that you may offer them as gifts to people,
Take one to the house of a foe,
Bestow one upon a friend!”

“The secret of happiness is to spread them!”

“People’s hearts, all over the world, I swear,
Will be filled with light,
Will be filled with soul.”

You, too, my dear one!
Must repeat this time after time!
Not just once, not even ten,
Must repeat it one hundred times!

“*Do you love me?*”
Ask this of me, many a time!

“*I love you!*”
Tell this to me, many a time!

Translated by Franak Moshiri
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