

## **To Have a Mother**

*By Fereydoon Moshiri*

Removing the sky's crown from its summit,  
Wearing that crown for eternity.

Gaining entry to the paradise of desire,  
Raising nectar-filled goblets with each breath.

Days spent in plenty and pleasure,  
Nights spent embracing a beauty.

At dawn, from atop the world, like sunlight,  
Illuminating the face of the universe.

At dusk, like the dream-maker, moon,  
Charming heavens and stars.

Like *Saba*<sup>1</sup> in "the sky's green meadow"<sup>2</sup>,  
Fluttering wings alongside the doves.

Attaining the nobility and splendor of Solomon,  
Gaining the glory and grandeur of Alexander.

Forever living at the height of power,  
Seizing the realm of existence.

I'll bestow all upon you,  
For what delights me more, if for a mere moment,  
Is the pleasure of having a mother.

Translated by Franak Moshiri  
January 2015

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<sup>1</sup> *Saba* is the name of a morning breeze or wind that comes from the east. There are numerous references to this wind in Persian poetry. In poetry of Hafez, for example, *Saba* brings the scent of the beloved, or carries messages between the lovers.

<sup>2</sup> Reference to the following qazal by *Hafez*, the great Persian mystic poet of the 14<sup>th</sup> Century. "*mazra'-e sabz-e falak didam o das-e mah-e now*," which translates to, "I saw the sky's green meadow and the new moon's sickle."