A Sonnet at the Zenith
By Fereydoon Moshiri

Sitting beside me, conversing,
Was an image of you,
When once more, an enchanting pleasant perfume,
Like the rising of the sun,
Announced your arrival at my quiet abode.
As your crystalline scent filled the room,
It made my soul, and the entire world,
Float in floral fragrance.

At the door,
You resembled the spirit of rain,
O, you, pure freshness.

Your face glowed with the glory of absolute compassion,
You said, playfully:
    “I don’t want to see you all alone.”
I said:
    “Am I not left with your sorrow and endless nights?”

Suddenly a star,
Blazed the night with a flash of a light,
And vanished in the fluid blackness of the sky.

You gazed at this failed sunrise,
In your eyes, a thousand questions growing.
I said, ironically:
    “There’s a secret in this sunset:
     Stars are not kind to me,
     For I only have eyes for you.”

You sat down, then,
Sweetly and kindly, you said:
    “Why can’t this uncaring Earth see,
     That the sky has let you be with me for a day?!“
O, how many moments passed in that strange state,
It was the shining of the sun and the offering of the moon!
It was the shimmering of a rainbow and the singing of the soul,
It was music, flight, ecstasy and song,
With each breath, my heart in my chest would scream:
“O, you wild dove!
Stay with me…Stay!”

There were stars falling from the sky,
There were blossoms breaking off from branches,
There were violets coming out of rocks!
From atop morning’s tower, dawn was shining,
There was your crystalline scent.

You were gone and the night was gone,
And, I was melancholy.
In sky’s first light,
I watched how everlasting they are;
Earth, wind, fire and water.

A dry, bare branch of ivy from the wall,
Had been tossed on the window by the breeze,
To play the sad story of autumn to me,
Without you.
Not the sky, nor the trees,
Not the night, nor the window,
Ah! No one knew,
That the fire and blood of love,
Is an eternal flower,
Forever with me.