

Poems by Abbas Kiarostami

BILINGUAL EDITION

Translated from the Persian by Ahrond Karini Falkak and Michael Beard

Walking with the Wind

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INTRODUCTION

Ahmad Karimi-Hakkak and Michael Beard

It is easy to believe that the Abbas Kiarostami who wrote this volume of poetry is the same Kiarostami who has created such extraordinary films as *Close-Up* and *Taste of Cherry*; it is harder to place the artist within his native aesthetic tradition. The cinematic moments in *Walking with the Wind* are what we notice first. At times the vignettes it contains recall the camera shots in his films that last just long enough to establish our identification before moving on. At times there is a complex interplay between points of view, established so quickly that our impulse is to reach for the pause button. One of the building blocks of Kiarostami's films, a scene in which two characters see themselves differently, is depicted in the poem on page 44. Here, three vantage points, each emerging naturally, are expressed in such a nonchalant way that the presentation belies the poem's complexity:

How merciful that the turtle doesn't see the little bird's effortless flight. The three vantage points—turtle's, bird's, human observer's (or camera's)—may leave us wondering where we stand, both literally and metaphorically. Somewhere beyond the three viewpoints (ours as well as theirs) we sense a vision that lights the flame of an impossible desire.

The preface to the Persian edition of these poems compares them to flashes of lightning between stretches of darkness. We like the image not so much for its grandeur or magnificence but for its speed. The illumination cast by these poems manifests itself suddenly, and the subjects are in constant motion. A collection of Japanese haiku, which in some ways *Walking with the Wind* resembles, may meander from one vignette to another, but rarely with the same feeling of restlessness and acceleration.

And yet even a restless eye can observe closely. These poems are deliberate and gradual enough to present lessons in how to perceive nuances. Take the opening poem. If we read it against the backdrop of the contrasting opposites that create the struts and beams of classical Persian poetry, the comparison makes us aware of more delicate shades:

A white foal emerges through the fog and disappears in the fog.

At first the poem may seem to privilege a contrast between black and white. In the end we find ourselves faced with subtler distinctions. The poem alerts us that we will be shown a world of slight differences. Or, consider the poem on page 98:

Snow descends from the black clouds with the whiteness of snow.

The reiterated whiteness seems to make it necessary to compare the snow to itself.

Even when the poems shift, careen, and slide subtly from one scene to the next—presenting images in motion, like the horse in the opening poem, alerting us to a world in which things will show up briefly and disappear, or the snow in the next, or the clouds a few poems later—the glimpse is in sharp focus. Although the scenes themselves may elude us—the footprints in snow in the poem on page 19, the pigeon three poems later, or the various animals and passersby whose motives, habits, and trajectories extend outside the frame—the elusive can also be exact.

The aesthetic of close observation is akin to the aesthetic of familiar objects: the imperative to pause and look more closely at daily experience. And yet it is not necessarily Kiarostami's cinematic instincts that we experience in these poems. Film celebrates the specific landscape—and this may be eminently true of Kiarostami's filmmaking, where the layout of a village, the landscape of the abrasive and irregular or textured and grainy, take precedence over the expected

or the generic. Language, without the resources of detail allowed by the camera, can rarely achieve the same visual density. The poems of *Walking with the Wind* don't even seem to evoke particular landscapes. There are poems here in which the act of perception can be the whole point, as in the poem on page 57:

Autumn afternoon: a sycamore leaf falls softly and rests on its own shadow.

Strictly speaking, it is obvious that a leaf falls on its shadow. It is a process so logical it should bear no comment, except, of course, that the observer can forget the logical conclusion that shadow and leaf are connected. Observation corrects consciousness. It is our unscientific selves who are capable of surprise at how exactly the two match up.

Where does Kiarostami's leaf fall in relation to the long and imposing shadow of Persian poetry? Stylistically, no poet in the last half century or so has gone as far as Kiarostami to signal a break with the formal features of poetry in that glorious, millennium-old aesthetic tradition. Even Nima Yushij (1897–1960), the poet most often cited as the modernizer of Persian poetry, did not break entirely free of rhyme and meter. In that sense, at least, Kiarostami may be called the most radical Iranian poet of his generation, perhaps of the century. Thematically, Kiarostami the poet relies more substantively on the conventions that define poetry in his culture. He certainly uses the basic conceptual

elements of the Persian lyrical tradition, often with philosophical or meditative underpinnings. The technique of developing poetic discourse through pairs of corresponding or oppositional images, concepts, or modes of existence informs both the ghazals of Rumi (1207–73) and Hafez (1320–88) and shapes a great number of the poems in this volume. Thus the white of snow, while it contrasts with the color of coal or of the raven's wings, coincides aesthetically with the white of the pigeon or the cloud.

This play of correspondences and contrasts—of age and youth or of smooth surfaces versus craggy ones—appears more stark in those compositions, like the poem on page 69, that simply record observations without explicitly or implicitly commenting upon them:

An old villager on the mountain path — a young man's call from afar.

Or the poem on page 74, where the contrast between the moon and the mountain peak generates a mood of buoyancy and escape:

The round moon rises gingerly above the volcanic peak.

At times, the principle of contrasts turns into a transformative power that stretches from the observed scene to the desire within the poem. The contrast between the roaring train and the butterfly sleeping on the rail, and the halting of one before the other in the poem on page 167, conveys not just an observed event but a colossal will to change the way of the world. Similarly, the visible correspondence and conceptual opposition between the crescent "new" moon and the "worn-out" sickles on page 192, a direct borrowing from Hafez, the greatest Persian lyricist of all, opens a conceptual space far beyond the image at hand. In a famous poem by Hafez, the crescent "blade" of the new moon against the backdrop of the blue-green evening sky calls the speaker inward to regret how little he has cultivated, how little he can expect to reap at harvest time. Kiarostami's variation makes the pale moon seem to overpower the emblems of physical work.

There is something in the scope of our poet's project that resembles another tradition of Persian aesthetics. Like Rumi, the poet of the largest questions in all of Persian poetry, he reaches out to the world rather than focusing on any local topic. His thinking is cosmopolitan, humane, and global. This may explain the simultaneous presence of the nun, the soldier, the villager, and the many other characters that populate these poems. The simplest classification would include humans and animals; but there are objects impersonating them as well, as with the gullible bee fooled by the floral pattern on a Persian rug in the poem on page 87. Then there is the strong sense of seasonal change, of the falling of the leaves or the snow, or of the enveloping fog—a constant reminder of a fundamental mystery.

The most central personage of all is the wind. Doubtless there are traditions in every culture that relate the imagination directly to the elements, and the idea could easily extend to modern Persian poetry, where poets often inhabit one or another of the four elements. The great nature poet Sohrab Sepehri (1930–80), for example, is by and large a poet of earth and soil. Forugh Farrokhzad (1935–67), the voice best known abroad, who takes in the view outside her window with an eye to the skyline or the space between buildings, strikes us as a poet of air. There is a poem by Farrokhzad, "The Wind Will Carry Us," which opens with a memorably personalized landscape:

Alas, in this small night of mine the wind keeps its appointment with the leaves of the trees. In this small night of mine is the fear of ruin.

Kiarostami, whose use of this poem's title for a recent film suggests his appreciation for it, evokes the wind to a comparable effect. Even though he is unlikely to evince a mood so personally—with an "alas" or with a trope that absorbs the scene into self, as we see in the phrase "this small night of mine"—he, too, is primarily and ultimately a first-person observer who frequently personifies the forces of nature. While Kiarostami rarely expresses or induces feelings of anguish or melancholy, in both poets personal perception works to justify the figurative language as the figurative language defines the poetic voice. In other words, the similarities, though considerable, are thematic, not emotive.

At the same time, in Farrokhzad awareness of the spaces between characters—both the emotional distance and the physical space, the air between images that gives her vignettes their shape—colors the mood of the lyric vision. Kiarostami's sensibility, too, makes us aware of the space between things, the texture of the air, the space in which invisible forces play around us. Yet his is ultimately a more serene and benevolent, perhaps a more ennobling, space. This subtle difference is made concrete in Kiarostami's more rural and less citified variation of Farrokhzad's "air." Nevertheless, his vision, too, is largely philosophical or at least meditative, as distinct from social. In some of these poems, the consciousness contemplating an ordinary scene comes away with the kernel of a thought, distilled from the scene, that seems to stand above it ever so tentatively yet in a genuine philosophical relation to it. Such, for example, is the thought of release that arises from the contemplation of a pair of trembling hands tightly drawing the arrow in the poem on page 38; the momentary hesitation thus concretized leads to a final question: "for the bird . . .?" It is as if the human eye, simply by observing, bestows a meaning on the workings of the world that the mind quickly questions. Conversely, the absence of the human agent is cause not just for regret but for angst. Kiarostami's poems, always placing the human inside the natural, often pointing to hints of a grand design just outside the human reach, share the heritage of Persian mysticism as it is manifested in much modernist poetry, where nature is not only animate but animating.

There is a question that emerges from time to time in the study of the great innovative voices who developed contemporary writing in Persian throughout the twentieth century: did that movement signal a break with tradition or was it a continuation and extension of that tradition? The two translators of this collection have argued on opposite sides of this issue, but we both agree that Kiarostami has developed a unique personal voice capable of synthesizing

the two. To say, for instance, that speed is his dominant style is merely to say that Kiarostami has attended to the classical ghazal with its leaps from one image to another, but only to the extent that images and motifs contribute to a coherent mood. The thematics of the Persian ghazal—the parrot in love with sugar, harvests set ablaze, breezes that carry news of the beloved, weeping narcissuses—provide not only a characteristic zigzag motion but a lexicon. While the image of the waxing moon makes sense floating there alone, the reader familiar with Persian may well hear in it a passing echo of the Hafezian ghazal. A close reader of these poems, that is, may see not only the image on the screen but a distinct color in the light passing through the film.

Habitually, nonchalantly, Kiarostami combines the supple lexicon of the Persian language with the vast aesthetic potential of Persian poetry to make that august tradition new. Characteristically, he throws the spotlight on the object of observation rather than on the perceiving mind to keep our attention fixed on the poetic nature of our world. In this way, his poetry embodies and exhibits the most abiding concerns of the entire tradition: the structure of the ineffable, those relations that cannot be reduced to human logic—like the enigma of a dog's fidelity, the bitterness of truth, the puzzle of poverty in the midst of plenty. The poems in this book often acknowledge and celebrate the presence of mystery in our midst. Whether explicitly, such as in the cycle of poems that open with the phrase "the more I think," or more subtly, as in many other instances in the following pages, they place the human within a world of nature, but nature widened to emphasize the mundane and the quotidian as well as the supernatural. Kiarostami has thus grafted the most abiding aspirations of the best of Persian poets, both classical and modern, to contemporary concerns. If he can be said as a filmmaker to have led the art form of the twentieth century to new aesthetic heights, these restless, airy walks with the wind may guide us step by step to a new verbal kinetic.

Walking with the Wind

Poems by Abbas Kiarostami

A white foal از مه می آید emerges through the fog

and disappears

in the fog.

Snow falls

snow falls برف مىبارد snow falls.

The day ends.

Snow falls.

شب Night.

A passerby's footprints in the snow —

gone on an errand?

!Is he coming back

از همین راه؟ This way?

The graveyard قورستان is covered over with snow.

Only on three tombstones

is the snow melting —

all three young.

برفها برفها به سرعت آب میشوند melts so rapidly — soon those footprints will be gone, از کوچک و بزرگ large and small.

White of a pigeon سپیدی کبوتر erased in white clouds — می شود در ابرهای سپید، a snowy day.

The beating of drums

صدای طبل هراسان میکند

frightens

شقایقهای اطراف جاده را.

the roadside poppies.

آیا باز خواهند گشت؟

Will they show themselves again?

صد سرباز گوش به فرمان به خوابگاه میروند در آغاز شبی مهتابی One hundred obedient soldiers enter the barracks early on a moonlit night.

رۇياھاى نافرمان

Rebellious dreams!

تکه برفی کوچک ـیادگار زمستانی طولانی ـ او ایل بهار...

A little patch of snow — souvenir of a long winter in early spring . . .

بنفشههای زرد بنفشههای زرد violet violets بنفش violet violets باهم together و جدا از هم and apart.

~ 26 ~

زن سپیدموی

به شکوفههای گیلاس می نگرد؛ آیا بهار پیری ام فرا رسیده است؟

eyeing the cherry blossoms:

White-haired woman

"Has the spring of my old age arrived?"

راهبهی پیر اندرز میدهد راهبههای جوان را در میان درختان گیلاس The old nun dispenses advice to the young nuns amid cherry trees. جوجههای یک روزه تجربه کردند نخستین باران بهاری را Day-old chicks
experiencing
their first spring shower.

پروانه به دور خود میچرخد بیهدف

در آفتاب ملایم بهاری

Aimlessly
in mild spring sunshine

the butterfly circling round itself.

In the spring wind

در باد بهاری

a school notebook's pages turn over —

a child sleeping

on his little hands . . .

راهبهی پیر صبحانه میخور د به تنهایی صدای کتریِ جوشان

Whistle of the boiling kettle: the old nun is having breakfast alone. تاج خروس وحشی بردباری میکند در جمع منظم بنفشههای بهاری The wild cockscomb bides his time in the cultivated company of spring pansies. میپردو مینشیند مینشیندو میپرد

به سمتی که فقط خود میداند

It flies and settles

settles and flies away again —

the grasshopper

in the direction it alone knows.

Six short nuns

stroll قدم مىزنند

amid tall sycamores.

بانگ کلاغان The shriek of crows.

یک قطر*ہ* نور From a crack in the ashen sky

فرو مىافتد a drop of light

از شکاف آسمان خاکستری بر اولین شکوفهی بهاری falls

onto the spring's first blossom.

زنبور عسل مردد میماند در میان هزاران شکوفهی گیلاس

Amid thousands of cherry blossoms

the honeybee

hesitates.

دستانی لرزان یک کمان کشیده لحظهی رهایی برای پرنده... ؟ Trembling hands, an arrow drawn tight: moment of release for the bird . . .? رویای کشتار هزار پرندهی کوچک بریک بالش پر

The dream of a thousand little birds slaughtered on a downy pillow.

يک سيب سرخ A red apple

makes a thousand turns

in the air در هوا

and falls و مىافتد

into the hands of a playful child.

Among hundreds of rocks

small and large

dawdles

a single turtle.

در میان صدها

سنگ کو چک و بزرگ میجنبد، تنها یکی سنگپشت

عنکبوت کار خود را آغاز کرده است قبل از طلوع آفتاب Before sunrise — the spider already gone to work.

Wellsprings چشمههایی in the heart

کسی آب نمی نو شد، حتا پر ندهای in the heart of faraway mountains.

Nobody to drink the water,

not even a bird.

~ 43 ~

چه خوب شد که نمیبیند سنگپشت پیر پرواز سبکبار پرند*هی* کوچک را

How merciful that the turtle doesn't see the little bird's effortless flight.

It sprouted

شكفت blossomed

withered پژمرد

and fell to the ground.

Not a soul to see it.

The spider

stops دست از کار میکشد

and takes a moment's break

to watch the sun rise.

زنبورهای کارگر کمکاری میکنند در نیمروز بهاری

Spring noon: the worker bees slow down.

 چگونه میتواند زیست سنگپشت پیر سیصد سال

بیخبر از آسمان

How can the old turtle live three hundred years unaware of the sky? ستارهی دنباله دار فرو می افتد در شبی سیاه

در دل برکهی آرام

صدای آهن گداخته در آب One black night

a comet

pierces the pond's heart —

the hiss of hot steel in the water.

It grew large and still larger. بزرگ شدو بزرگتر

کامل شد It grew full

کوچک شدو کوچکتر and turned small and smaller.

Tonight

امشب، شبی بی ماه a moonless night. دریاتاریک Sea all black

shore black —

should I expect the sun

?or the moon

Moonlight

thaws

نور مهتاب ذوب می کند یخ نازک رود کهن را thin ice on the old river. زنی بیدار دلکنده از نوازش در کنار مردی خفته Woman lying awake
beside a sleeping man—
no hope of a caressing hand.

پنج زن آبستن در سکوت اتاق انتظار عصر پنجشنیه Five pregnant women
in the silence of the waiting room —
last day before the weekend.

The wild rhubarb and the mountain clover

converse

and bask

in the mild sunshine of autumn.

ریواس و شبدر کوهی گفت و گو میکنند، با هم و گرامی میدارند

تابش ملایم آفتاب پاییزی را

برگ چنار فرو میافتد آرام و قرار میگیرد بر سایهی خویش در نیمروز پاییزی Autumn afternoon: a sycamore leaf falls softly and rests on its own shadow. یک قطره باران میغلتد از برگ شمشاد میافتد بر آبی گلآلود

A drop of rain rolls off the box-tree leaf and falls into the muddy water.

صد درخت تناور شکست، در باد از نهالی کوچک تنها دو برگ بر باد رفت A hundred stout trees
have broken in the wind —
from the little sapling
only two leaves
blown away.

با باد بعدی نوبت کدام برگ است که فرو افتد؟ As the wind rises which leaf's turn is it to fall down?

غازهای وحشی فرود میآیند این بار، بر نیهای بریده

This time the wild geese land on cut reeds. زنی آبستن میگرید بیصدا در بستر مردی خفته

A pregnant woman

weeps silently

in a sleeping man's bed.

The wind

در کهنه را opens

باز میکند و میبندد the old door

and closes it

با صدا noisily

ده بار ten times. مردی خسته در راه تنها یک فرسنگ An exhausted traveler

on his way alone —

one parasang

تا مقصد from his destination. ماه به شمشادهای خیسمی تابد لحظه ای پس از بار ان A moment after the rain the moon shines on wet box trees. مهتاب به درخت کاج میتابد زیر برف سنگین Moonlight
shines on the pine tree
under heavy snow.

یک گلِ کوچکِ بینام روییده به تنهایی در شکاف کوهی عظیم

A little nameless flower blossoming alone in the crack of a huge mountain. The roar of thunder over the village

interrupts عوعو سگرا

برفراز ده the dog's bark.

در کوره راه کوهستانی پیرمرد روستایی در راه آوای جوانی از دور An old villager
on the mountain path —
a young man's call from afar.

The sagging bridge

پل شکسته

scratches the water's surface

warping

warping

the moonlight.

از دست هیچ کس Nobody

can do anything

when the sky

means to shed rain.

سگسیاه Starless night:

black dog عوعو مىكند

برای تازه و اردی ناشناس barking

at the newcomer.

باد بهاری کلاه از سر مترسک می رباید اولین روز سال نو... Spring breeze
steals the hat off the scarecrow's head —
first day of spring . . .

قرص ما*ه* با احتياط بالا مي آيد از قلهي آتشفشان

The round moon

rises gingerly

above the volcanic peak.

The sun's disk مه که فرو نشست pale قرص خورشید in the east as fog settles.

The key hanging

بیصدا

from a woman's neck

in a rice paddy

- falls off without a sound —

a kettle boils on the kitchen stove.

شصت و شش گام بلند تا انتهای باغ با گامهای راهبهای کوتاه Sixty-six long steps to the orchard's other end in short nuns' steps.

گاوی آبستن در دست مردی در گذرگاه

A pregnant cow — دو سطل بیشیر two empty milk pails in the hands of a passerby. قرص نانی A loaf of bread gets distributed among five hungry boys —

a woman in labor.

زنبورهای کارگر کار را رها میکنند برای گفت و گویی لذت بخش در اطراف زنبور ملکه Worker bees
leave work
for a pleasant chat
around the queen bee.

The milk cow

walks چنان راه می رود

just like the villager behind her

with two pails of milk.

زنی پا به ماه A woman in labor

awake

surrounded by five girls and a sleeping man.

دو راهبه سرسنگین از کنار هم میگذرند میان درختان چنار

Two nuns
heavy-headed
cross paths
among the sycamores.

مهتاب تابیده ازپشت شیشه بر چهرهی مهتابی راهبهی جوان در خواب Moonlight
shining through the glass
on the pale face
of the young nun asleep.

آفتاب پاییزی بر چینهی گلین مارمولکی هوشیار Autumn sunshine — a lizard alert on the mud-brick wall.

مترسک عرق میریزد زیرِ کلاه پشمی در نیمروزِگرمِ تابستان

At summer noon

the scarecrow

sweats under its woolen hat.

آفتاب پاییزی از پشت شیشه میتابد بر گُل های قالی

بر دن های دادی زنبوری خود را به شیشه می کوبد The autumn sun

shines through the window

on the flowers of a carpet.

A bee beats its head against the glass.

Pine cones

فرو مىافتند fall

one by one

in strong autumn winds.

مگس ها Sunset — مگس ها میچرخند به دور سریابوی مرده flies circling around the dead nag's head.

This time

عنکبوت پیوند میزند این بار the spider

brings together

شاخههای توت و گیلاس را the branches of the cherry and the mulberry. بارش باران The pouring rain

on dried-up trees —

from afar the shriek of a crow.

باد باد slices a little cloud slices a little cloud into two halves:
میکند into two halves:
میکند one for the west, one for the east at noon on a day of drought.

بچههای روستایی نشانه میروند بیمهابا سر حلبین مترسک را Fearlessly
the village kids target
the scarecrow's tin head.

مه غلیظ صبحگاهی بر غوز درار پنبه صدای رعد از دور The thick fog of dawn
over a cotton field —
the sound of thunder from afar.

گلهای آفتابگردان سرافکنده نجوا میکنند در پنجمین روز ابری On the fifth day of clouds sunflowers whisper with lowered heads. عنکبوت بارضایت به حاصل کار خویش مینگرد بین توت و گیلاس The spider

eyes its handiwork with satisfaction

between the cherry and the mulberry tree.

خورشید می تاباند نخستین انوار طلایی خود را بر پردهی پرشکوه تار عنکبوت The sun beams
its first golden rays
on the majestic mantle that is the spider's web.

برف میبارد Snow descends از ابری سیاه from the black clouds with the whiteness of snow. در زیارتگاه به هزار چیز اندیشیدم بیرون که آمدم برف نشسته بود

Inside the shrine
I thought a thousand thoughts
and when I left
it had snowed.

قاصدک از راه دور به دیدار برکه آمد آب از آب تکان نخورد From far away a dandelion deigned to settle on the pond without rippling the water.

Gently

عنکبوت رانده میشود به نرمی the spider

is shooed away

از کلاه راهبهی پیر from the old nun's hat. The nuns' discussion گفت و گوی راهبهها concludes nothing.

Eventually

it is time to sleep.

برفها برفها shoveled right off the roof فروریخته میشوند از بام with a snow shovel — how undignified.

روی طناب رخت برف پهن کردهاند در این هوای سرد به این زودیها خشک نخواهد شد برف On the clothesline snowflake linen hangs. In this cold air snow doesn't dry up so fast.

کلاغ سیاه با حیرت به خود مینگرد در دشت پوشیده از برف In a snow-covered field the black-hooded crow looks at itself dazed.

 سگ ولگرد تن میشوید در باران بهاری The stray dog washes its body in spring rain.

The nun

caresses the silk fabric:

would it do

دست میکشد بر پارچهی ابریشم: مناسب است برای روپوش؟ for a gown? سگ در کمین نشسته در انتهای کوچه برای گدای تازه و ارد The dog lies in ambush at the end of the alley for the new beggar.

سگ خفته یک چشم باز میکند و میبندد برای دیدن پشهی مزاحم The sleeping dog keeps opening an eye and closing it again to watch the pesky mosquito. بارش تگرگ بر تخم گنجشکی خُرد؛ پرواز پرندهای کوچک Hail lands
on the sparrow's egg —
the flight of a tiny bird.

کبوتر نخستین شعر حماسی را سرود هنگام پرواز بر فراز قلهی آتشفشان Flying over a volcanic peak the dove composed its first epic song. باران لاجوردی بر شکوفههای گیلاس شکوفههای رنگین در غروب بهاری Azure rain
on cherry blossoms.
Tinted blossoms
at spring sunset.

Soot from the candle

blackens

دو د*هی شمع* سیاه میکند بالِ رنگینِ پروانه را the butterfly's colorful wing. به جوانه نمینشیند تنها یک درخت در جمع درختان گیلاس

In the community of cherry trees one does not blossom by itself, alone. گلهای آفتابگردان سردرکنار هم هنگام ریزشِ تندِ باران As the rain comes down sunflowers put their heads together.

The scarecrow

getting irrigated

in the middle of the field.

یکی از راهبهها چیزی گفت

بقیه خندیدند با صدای بلند

One of the nuns

said something.

The rest broke

into loud laughter.

دو سنجاقک ماده و نر از کنار هم میگذرند در میان درختان بلوط Two dragonflies, one male one female pass in the air among the oak trees.

برخورد قهرآمیز دو فاحشه هنگام خروج از کلیسا عصر یکشنبه Angry confrontation between two prostitutes leaving the church on Sunday afternoon.

زمین لرزه ویران کرد حتا انبار غلهی مورچگان را

The earthquake

even the ants' grain silo.

destroyed

Out of a hundred apples

ten have worms —

ten apples

ten apples

to a worm.

سیب کوچک به دورخود میچرخد از فرو ریختن آبشاری کوچک The little apple floats spinning at the base of a little waterfall.

The stray dog

wags its tail

wags its tail

for the blind passerby.

میوههای رنگین درسکوت سوگواران سیاهپوش Colorful fruits in the silence of black-clad mourners.

In the assembly of black-clad mourners کودک the child عیرہ به خرمالو مینگرد gazes boldly at a persimmon.

The grave digger عوركن stops work to take a bite of bread and cheese.

The spider's harvest

of two days

is left in ruins ویران می شود

by the old housekeeper's broom.

This time

the spider

begins این بار

to weave

on the silk drape.

ماه میشکند در قاب پنجره

The moon breaks

against the window frame —

صدای گریهی کودکی نوزاد

sound of a newborn crying.

چند کو دک دبستانی گوش سپر دهاند بر خط آهنی متروک A few schoolchildren have put their ears on the deserted train track.

مترسکی تنها در زمینی بیخوشه اوایل زمستان

A lone scarecrow in an idle field as winter sets in. پرندگان Birds

are playing

on the scarecrow's hands and face.

Work must be over.

دو دفتر صد برگ یک مداد نوک تیز کولهباری اندرز کودکی در راه Two hundred-sheet notebooks one sharpened pencil one backpack full of advice — a child well on his way.

کودک دبستانی راه میرود بر ریل کهنه و تقلید میکند ناشیانه صدای قطار را The schoolchild walks on the old rail clumsily mimicking the sound of the train.

The wind

به رقص وا می دارد moves the scarecrow's tath to dance — first day of the new year. moves the scarecrow's tattered robe

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in the dim light of the switchman's lamp

the child کودک

is drawing نقاشی میکشد

while the father sleeps.

کودک تب دار نگاه میکند از پشت شیشه با حسرت بر آدمک برفی The child with a fever looks longingly through the windowpane at the snowman.

The child کودک on her best behavior با عروسک with the doll.

The mother, well . . .

یک قطره باران سُر میخورد بر روی شیشه دست کوچک جوهری پاک میکند بخار را از روی شیشه A drop of rain slides over the windowpane.
A little ink-stained hand wipes the dew off the window's face.

صدها گردوی تازه در اطراف کودکی خُرد با دستان کوچک و سیاه Hundreds of fresh walnuts around a small child with little stained hands.

In a temple

one thousand three hundred years old

the clock ساء

در معبدی متعلق به

هزار و سیصد سال پیش

reads seven minutes to seven.

The watch
از کار میافتد

on the blind man's wrist

has stopped.

مرد نابینا ساعت میپرسد از کودک دبستانی

The blind man

asks the schoolchild

for the time.

The villager

به زمین خود بازمی گردد returns to his land

روستايي

for spring seeding —

برای کشت بهاری بدون نیم نگاهی به مترسک not even a half-glance at the scarecrow. Coal miners:

not one has seen

the first winter snow.

هیچ کدام ندیدند بارش نخستین برف زمستانی را ریزش معدن زغالسنگ پرواز صدها پروانهی سفید Collapse of the coal mine — flight of hundreds of white butterflies.

سپیدی برف چشم کارگران زغالسنگ رازد هنگام خروج از معدن The snow's whiteness strikes the eyes of the coal miners emerging from the mine. The more I think

the less I understand

خوب که فکر میکنم نمیفهمم دلیل این همه سپیدی برف را the reason for all the whiteness of the snow.

In the end راهبهها

the nuns به توافق نمی رسند could not agree

بر سررنگ اتاق غذاخوری on the color of their dining room. The more I think

خوب که فکر میکنم نمیفهمم دلیل این همه the less I understand

the reason

نظم و شكوه را for all this order and majesty

در کار عنکبوت in the spider's work. خوب که فکر میکنم نمیفهمم دلیل این همه مهر مادران را به فرزندان

The more I think the less I understand the reason for a mother's love for her children. خوب که فکر میکنم نمیفهمم

دلیل این همه و فاداری سگ را

The more I think

the less I understand

the reason for the dog to be so faithful.

خوب که فکر میکنم نمیفهمم دلیل پینهی دستانِ تهیدستان را The more I think the less I understand the reason

for calluses on the hands of the empty handed.

خوب که فکر میکنم نمیفهمم دلیل تلخی حقیقت را The more I think the less I understand

why the truth should be so bitter.

خوب که فکر میکنم نمیفهمم دلیل این همه بلندی کهکشان را

The more I think the less I understand why the Milky Way is so distant. خوب که فکر میکنم نمیفهمم دلیل این همه ترس از مرگ را

The more I think
the less I understand
the reason
to fear death so much.

آیا گوشهایم خواهد شنید باز صدای طغیان رودخانهی مجاور را هنگام آب شدن برفها؟ Will my ears ever hear again the sound of the nearby river's rebellious tide as the snows thaw? آخرین برگی که به شاخه چسبیده به خود نوید می دهد تماشای جو انه های بهاری را The last leaf stuck to the branch clings to the promise of glimpsing spring buds.

When I started up out of sleep
it was just the beginning of spring
no more
no less.

خط کشیده است جت بر آسمانِ آبی در اولین روز سال نو

The jet has sketched a line across the blue sky on the first day of the new year.

زنبور عسل نبور عسل مدهوش می is amazed از عطرِ گلی ناشناخته by the frag The honeybee

by the fragrance of an unknown flower.

باران بهاری Spring rain
پُر آب میکند fills the pigeon's nest
with water.

The pigeon is out watching the spring.

پرستوها امسال باز نمیگردند به جای نخستین؟ Won't the swallows ever come back this year? مار میپیماید عرض خیابان را بی نگاهی به چپ و راست The snake crosses the street without a glance to left or right.

The train shrieks و میکشد and comes to a halt.

پروانهای خفته بر ریل آهن A butterfly sleeps on the rail.

گریهی کودک را آواز پرنده همراهی میکند تارسیدن مادر The cry of the child — a bird song accompanies it until the mother returns.

هلال ماه یک شبه مراقبت میشود با تکه ابر پنبهای

A crescent moon of the first night is being pampered by a cottony piece of cloud.

خیش زمین را میشکافد و هیچ نمیداند گاو دلیل دردِ دست و پایش را

The plowshare digs the earth and the ox has no idea what caused the pain in his limbs.

در نسیم بهار پرواز چند برگ خشک پاییزی

The scattering of a few withered autumn leaves in the spring breeze.

As the moon's disk rises

in the east

in the east

my feelings of love

wax just a little.

My shoes get soaked میشوند as I cross از کشتزار شبدر the clover field.

Sheaves of wheat

خوشههای گندم به خود میپیچند از تندباد بهاری twist

in the spring thunderstorm.

صدای زوزه ی شغال ماده را سگ پاسخ میدهد از راه دور در شبی مهتاب

A dog responds from afar to a she-jackal's howls in the moonlit night. آینه میشکند در دست زنی نازیبا صد چشمه روان میشود در دل شبی سیاه The mirror breaks
in a plain woman's hand —
a hundred streams welling up
in the dead of a dark night.

سايهام سايهام My shadow با من همراهی میکند keeps me company در شب مهتاب this moonlit evening.

As the sun rises وقتى خورشيد بالا مىآيد،

> از خاوران in the east

احساس عاشقانهام کاسته میشود اندکی my feelings of love

wane

just a little.

جراغ برمیافروزد چراغ برمیافروزد in the night of storm.

The lover's pleas

راه به جایی نمیبرد come to naught.

جوانهی کوچک فریاد می زند خود را از میانِ غلافِ سختِ چوبِ گیلاس The little bud
announces itself loudly
from inside its hard sheath of cherry wood.

The bowl of the bignonia پُر میشود fills up از باران بهاری with spring rain.

باران بهاری فرو میریزد با شتاب بر بشقابهای چرب. نودختری خشک میکند دستانش را با دامنی پر گُل Spring rain
pours in a rush
onto dirty dishes.
A young girl
dries her hands
with her floral skirt.

شبدرها پنهان کردهاند در خود شبنمهای صبحگاهی را Within their folds, the clover buds have hidden many morning dewdrops.

ھیچ کس نمیداند جویبار کوچکی

که جاری می شود از دل چشمهای خرد

قصد دريا دارد

Nobody knows

that the little stream

gushing from the heart of a small fountain

is headed for the sea.

بلبلِ آوازخوان رانده میشود از فریاد مردی خواب آلود در سیبده دم بهاری The singing nightingale
is driven away
by the shrill cry of a man half asleep
at spring dawn.

The broken soda-pop bottle شیشهی نوشابه شکسته fills up with spring rain.

اسب سم می کوبد بر گلی ناشناس در جمع هزاران گل و گیاه The horse stamps his hoof
on an unknown flower
among thousands of flowers and weeds.

باران بر علوفهی خشک به مشام گاو شیرده میرساند بوی بهار را

The rain on dried fodder brings the scent of spring to the milk cow's nostrils.

The fully loaded nag

پاسست میکند slows down as it passes

by the clover field.

گاو شیرده ماغ میکشد و میپراند خواب را از چشمان مرد خسته در بعدازظهر تابستان The milk cow moos and shoos sleep away from the weary laborer's eyes in the summer afternoon.

The wind howls
in deserted alleys —
not a passerby,
not even a single dog.

هلال نازک ماه می افشاند نور اندک خود را بر صدها داس خسته در یک شب تابستان The slender crescent scatters its pale light on hundreds of worn-out sickles on a midsummer night. تمامی محصول یک سال یک روزه جمع می شود بر گرده ی چارپایی رنجور روستایی خسته

A whole year's harvest is gathered in one day and loaded on the back of a tottering beast in a tired village. ابر تیره به استقبال قرص ماه می رو د در شب مهتابی The dark cloud moves forth to welcome the moon's disk on a moonlit night.

سنبلههای نورس سر در آغوش هم. از ترس باد یا داس؟ Ripening stalks in each other's arms is it the wind they fear or the sickle? داس خسته به دیوار انبار تاریک آویخته میشود برای مدتی طولانی The tired sickle hangs on the wall of a dark storehouse for a long rest.

شش صندلی بامبو با هم مرور میکنند خاطرهی آخرین تندباد پاییزی را در دشت خنزران Gathered together
in a field of rattan
six bamboo chairs review
the memory of the last autumnal storm.

بید مجنون سرو بلند همسایهای غمگین غروب خزانی Weeping willow, towering cypress, a dejected neighbor autumn sunset. The first autumn of solitude,

a moonless sky,

a hundred strands of song

in the heart.

زاغ تشنه منقار میمالد بر خاک ابری در راه

The thirsty raven rubs its beak in the dust — a cloud on its way.

چشمان کلاغ تشنه به خرمن دور ماه غروب تابستان The eyes of the thirsty crow fixed on the moon's distant harvest — summer sunset.

The wind

lifts the dandelion ball

to the height of a pine tree —

a pigeon's nest, dismantled by the wind.

باران بر دریا میبارد کشتزاری خشک

Rain falling on the sea — the fields parched.

هلال ماه نو سریعتر می پیماید گسترهی آسمان را در تندباد زمستانی The new crescent moon travels the sky's expanse faster on the wings of a winter storm. هزار کودک عریان در برف. A thousand naked children in the snow.

كابوس شب زمستاني

Midwinter nightmare.

تندبادی که از شرق میوزد تند میکند پرواز کلاغان را به سوی غرب

A blast sweeping from the east speeds along the ravens' flight westward.

The trout

The trout

have no idea where the river leads them —

they accompany it

to salty waters.

شامگاهان ماهی کوچک

of the fishermen's net

onto the shore.

By night

the little fish wiggles out

Wind

زوزه میکشد گرگ roaring

wolf

زوز*ه* میکشد roaring —

moon

نهان میشود hides

در پس ابری تیره behind a dark cloud. به چشم ماه The question in the moon's eye:

بنان که امروز مینگرندش هم آنند که هزاران سال پیش؟ are those who watch her today

the same ones

who watched her thousands of years ago?

پل عظیم For a moment

the great bridge

stops the moonlight تابش نور ماه را

بر رود سیمگون from shining on the silver river.

روستایی رنجور پا به پا همراه چارپایی مجروح با باری از غوزههای پنبه The limping villager in step with a wounded beast under its bulging load of cotton bolls.

ترانه های شالیکاران شاد و غمگین آهنگ هردو یکسان Songs of the rice farmers: some happy, some sad their melodies exactly alike. در زیارتگاه به هزار چیز اندیشیدم بیرون که آمدم یکی در خاطرم نماند Inside the shrine

I thought a thousand thoughts.

When I stepped outside

not one was left in my mind.

She said:

"I just can't."

I wish she had said:

וֹנ נאם "My heart won't let me."

کرم رها میکند سیب کرم خورده را برای سیبی تازه The worm exits the worm-eaten apple for a fresh one. قرص ماه قرص ماه The moon's disk shines its light unconditionally مركب مثب تاب on the glowworm.

کرم شب تاب نور میافشاند بیدریغ در شب بی ماه

The glowworm shines its light unconditionally on the moonless night.

در بازیهای کودک و مادربزرگ آن که همیشه میبازد مادربزرگ است In games between the child and her grandmother the grandmother keeps losing.

The child

inside a crib

in a three-by-four room

does not know the dimensions of the bed.

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در اتاق سه در چهار

I stroll عام برمی دارم عدم عدم عدم عدم عدم الله عدم الل I don't trust anything

هیچ چیز

as much as the end

of the night

and of the day.

اکنون کجاست؟ چه میکند؟ Where is he now,

doing what,

کسی که فراموشش کردهام. the one I have forgotten already? همراه باد آمدهام در نخستین روز تابستان باد مرا با خود خواهد برد در آخرین روز پاییز I have come, along with the wind, on the first day of summer.

The wind will carry me along on the last day of the fall.

I arrive alone

I drink alone

I drink alone

I laugh alone

I cry alone

I cry alone

I m leaving alone.

Not east

not west

not north

not south نه جنوب

only this spot I am standing on now.

فریاد میکشم بر فراز در *های* عمیق در انتظار پژواک

I cry out
across a deep valley
expecting the echo of my voice.

I can't stop crying گریه امانم نمی دهد when there's no room جایی برای گریستن نیست for crying any more.

I always seem to have an appointment همیشه با کسی

قرار ملاقات دارم که نمیآید... with someone

who will not come . . .

نام او در خاطرم نیست can't remember the name. سالهاست For years now مثل پر کا*ہ* I have been suspended

در میان فصول سرگردانم between the seasons

like a blade of straw.

شش کرت جالیز را میگذرم در شب مهتاب پا در گل میگذارم تا غوزک

I cross a six-furlong field on the moonlit night — my feet sink into the mud up to my ankles.

به دنبال سراب به آب رسیدم بی احساس تشنگی

Following the mirage here I am at the water's edge without the feeling of thirst. یک عمر را پشت سر میگذار م در یک لحظه بر خویشتن میگریم

I leave behind a whole lifetime in a single moment and I cry for myself. Out of a hundred passersby

یکی میایستد مقابل بساط من one stops

از صدعابر

in front of my stall.

همیشه ناتمام میماند حرفهای من با خودم... My words

to myself

never seem quite finished.

ببخشيد و فراموس كنيد Forgive my sins.

گناهانم را Forget them —

but not so much

اما نه آن گونه که بهکلی فراموششان کنم that I forget them completely. © 2001 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College VOICES AND VISIONS IN FILM

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