

A Strange Rose

hanging it's head
on its stem
down is up
dark petals ripple
like starlet eyes
reflecting the heart
to invisible thorns
there is moisture
in the air
waiting for one
tear to drop —
kiss my glabella,
stretch the night
a little longer
I'm looking up
as you fall
to cup me
with callous hands
that prick mine
I still reach
for your skies,
grasping for thorns
for a chance
to be touched

When the Light Turns On

they hear the blaze beaming — senses erect,
antennas point towards the lover, the path
aglow below the veiled moon, soul fleeting
wings flutter with hope and soon they forget
their warmth within, they catch a sliver of
light and replace their eyes, wagering what
little minds they own, still, they trail alone —
is love lunacy?

the moth knows — they know
once they're touched, they burn
the burning won't end
by the flame alone
their kiss severs them
anew, and they go

Noor's Plan

The Blue Girl was last seen burning by stadium *Azadi* —
The mourning haze grows thick around *Zan, Zendegi, Azadi*.

Neda falls alone with a green hole in her chest, her voice far-reaching
her last words were “I’m burning!” for *Zan, Zendegi, Azadi*.

Mahsa bleeds from her crown, her baby hairs curl until holy
like a sunflower’s neck, stretching for *Jin, Jiyan, Azadi*.

Narges waits in a cold chamber, her fate held by shaking hands
that tie a noose ‘round the heads of *Zan, Zendegi, Azadi*.

The *Sunnah* is blood-stained, severing the bruised veins of freedom.
The *Azan* drowned out by the wailings for Woman, Life, Freedom.

The *Mullah* adds a 100th name for God, signing his own name —
as he strokes his long beard while gazing at Woman, Life, Freedom.

For every time a woman’s head is draped, a baby girl screams —
her scorched scalp peels away — the remnants of Woman, Life, Freedom.

When you enlist in blindness, you offer your girls as martyrs
They will soon hear that call above their graves, “Woman, Life, Freedom!”