

*Rain dance – 1*

The clinging filaments of her voice  
permeate all things blue  
as hearts fall and other shades are lost  
before the horizon –

فرش آب در دامنه آسمان انداختند،  
تارهای آبی در ابریشم افق موج میزنند –

silken threads rise  
and rise again, the earth a loom with no back  
and no front, an invisible frame.  
A sprig of bluebells floats in her hair,

woven in the night  
the weaving was accompanied by song  
and dance – at one end of the bridge

یکی بود، یکی نبود

at the other end of the bridge

یکی بود، یکی نبود –

چشمهای دیروز در آبی دریا،  
باران فردا در آبی هوا –

and today is lost in the air between.  
The moon flutes a winding breeze,  
disrupts the many shades of blue,  
and the rain swings around the loom –

*Farshe aab dar damaneyeye aseman  
andakhtand, tarhayeye aaby dar abrishame  
ofogh moj meezanand* – they have laid a  
carpet of water at the skirt of the  
mountain, webs of blue wave within the  
silk of the horizon

*Yeky bood, yeky nabood* – there was  
one, and there was none (traditional  
Persian introduction to oral fairy-tales)

*Chashmhaye deerooz dar aabiye darya,  
barane farda dar aabiye havaa* – the eyes  
of yesterday are in the blue of the sea,  
the rain of tomorrow is in the blue of  
the sky

باران میرقصد و میپرسد:  
کدام آب است و کدام هوا،  
کدام زمین است و کدام فضا؟

*Baran meeraghsad va meeporsad: kodam  
aab ast va kodam havaa, kodam zameen  
ast va kodam fazaa – the rain dances and  
asks: which is water and which is air,  
which is earth and which is space?*

Water and air whisper against the skin  
of her hand, her feet, her face.

She hums and whirls,  
sky and sea,  
she is blue.