

Some poems of Rohangiz Karachi

Woman

Robed in doubt,
It was cold
Dark had rained
Sorrow-land was turning to ashes
Men were dead
In the world's bewildered lines
I got lost barer than silence
And my throat weary of love
A vain nagging I was,
An old dove's bore some cooing ;
What scares by stone words of wrath
The decaying memory chamber .
And everywhere a snake-lair!

Still wandering ...

The trees resume (recur) every year
The birds too ...
The bird on the fragile limb of the tree
And I thinking of the years,

Tomorrow
the sun recurs anew
The crows are always in black
And the moths still wandering;
I wish to stop
The tree, the bird, the sun, and me!
The star and nights
Have bored me.

The world ended

Whom should I be after ...?
I looked at my watch
The world ended
And moon
Still flees in the bareness of the sky.
It is the color of wrath,
The sun
Which scares.

The being ... still [rides]
On the back of the deer's
restlessness;
But I ...
Looked at my watch
The world ...
En ...

Death

When I touch the season
It crumbles ...
Suddenly I experience ...

A new form of death ...
I am

The blood of memories

When you turn the pages of
your heart
The blood of your memories
flows on
I get drowned
You're left alone

The love song!

In the desert
You're not the only stallion
Who Unmanly lands me
on the whirlwind of wrath .

As a monster
Humiliating me,
On my goblet,
With no quest
For the zenith of my identity
You're a nightmare
Lingering heavily and hard .

And me
A mare standing in silence .

The endless loot

Who are you ...?
She asked herself
The woman, with the shut mouth
of recurrence
Who are you....?
A feminine feeling yet not dead
Searching for a flower in the dust
The broken soul of a forlorn wind
On the walls of presence
Asking and lost among the graves
Looking for hers
A woman's despair in the
memories of shame
With the blind children .
The woman in the four shut window
Asked herself
O the endless loot
Who are you ...?