

UN-PERSONIFICATION

It was a day of the fall  
And the trees were crying for the gray Land  
The Land was burning with a cold fireball  
And the Vultures were the Waiting Band  
My pen was looking through the sash  
At the ashen people as the dolls  
Spiritless like the ash  
Without a movement as the walls  
He was whispering:  
The new style of writing  
Un-personification; human is a lifeless thing  
Then on his face, tears were streaming...

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