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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Moustafa Rahmani, Iran