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"You write in order to change the world, knowing perfectly well that you probably can't."

- James Baldwin

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1. In the subject line of your email include the category of your work (e.g., story, poem, suggestions, etc.) and your [pen]name.

2. Attach your work in a Word Document only.

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4. With your translation, please send the original text as well and include the permission of the other if possible.

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Hello

Chief Editor

WRITE STH APPROPRIATE. A war that isn't. transmogrification. The fall of Faroud, Bijan being Bijan, importance of good name. Does history truly matter? Long history and noble name and nothing else. Farud or Foroud? Corruption and calamity do not linger, the good does. Siavash does. Does he though? Dose honesty? Youth and naivety. Hope. Looking up to the death-mongering leaders who are supposed to know better and care for your life. A meadow covered in red to ease the pride of Tous son of Nowzar. The legacy built up on ashes. All for nothing. All for nothing.

Apologize for the format, untimeliness, living where we do? Sorry we got bombed and almost missed the deadline, haven't heard from my art team in so long they might genuinely have kicked the bucket. RIP to all ig. How fast is too fast? Are swamps really that bad? Can we not just get under the covers and never come out again? Even beds are not safe anymore. Monsters running amok, free space under it to take shelter. What shelter. Beds. beds beds beds. Pink and bloody and under the rubble. World not on your shoulders, its ruins weighing your duvet down. Hairs, hairs everywhere, causing problems no more. FOR THE LOVE OF GOD WRITE STH APPROPRIATE BEFORE PUBLISHING WHAT EVEN IS THIS. Run a spelling check, make sure the tabs are aligned properly, buy some milk if u found any. Respond to the messages. What should be done about the title pages? What of art?

Verses

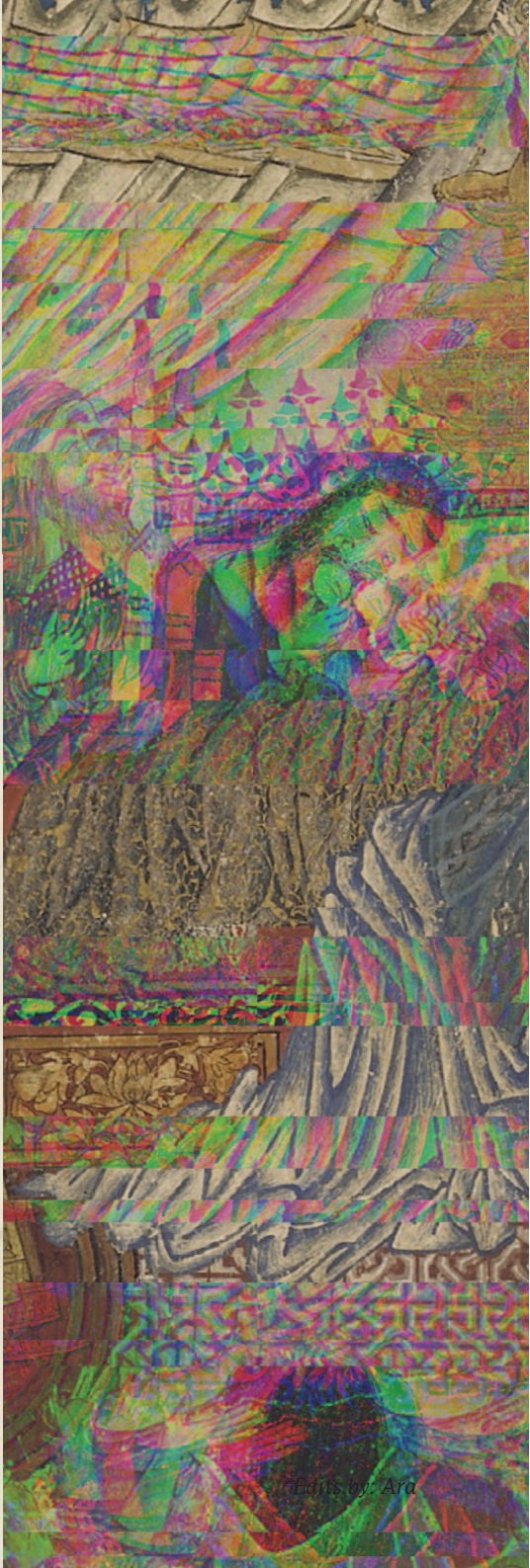
At the Horizon Agape

Doesitmatter

Remind me not! Remind me not!
That those friends by my side on this shore
Shall, like others, who sheered away,
No longer be often in my view
When I must set anchor elsewhere

But now you have, you plotting mind,
Put aside the calendar,
The maps, and be not blind
On our present shore
To the prints that with them we here make
—And we can make still more
Afore the golden sands
The sea takes from my hands

And when it's time this anchorage
To depart on the next voyage
On the vessel of my lot
Bound for new waters to leave
And for lands on the sea of life
With mysteries and wonders rife
That though unknown, allure present

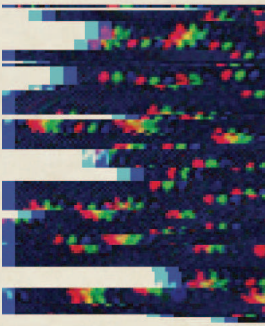




To me, to whom friends' love's faith lent
Whom before I knew not
And when them I knew
I learned friendship anew
And the unknown openly to view,
Let the day I sail off be
As bright and shiny
As the smiles left me

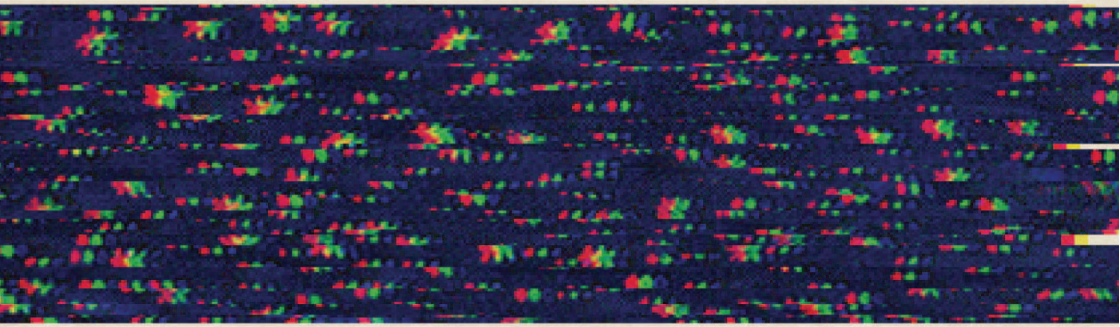
Now that fortune calls me out
Onto my ship and the sea of what
Lies ahead in life to sail on out,
Now that anchor I must hoist,
And fate on me movement must foist
Knowing, the vessel let us board,
That treasures now we have stored
Of friendships prized
And sails so sized
That without fellows they'd have been scant

Let us then its sails spread
(Which more secure now are lined
For all the bonds here I did find)
To the wind as I could not
Ere the time and all the lot
I with them did share and spend
—With many lovely a friend—
And savor the air's thrust
For my heart's now stronger come
And has in it more love and trust
Awoken by them in me
By their lovely company



And, in the sorrow of absence,
Let us not forget to chant
In weather or water calm or rough
As my shanties' now richer stuff
Their talk and laughter as a song
When sails, to the wind of fortune spread,
Now firmer set for bonds so strong,
By fate let me drift with much less dread,
But with boldness inspired by them instead
And as I across life advance
Let me make a joyful dance
On the vessel with their memory decked
For which it won't be too soundly wrecked

Let us not make the mistake
Of trying to come back to find
What here once was
Back to a past rift in the water we made
We will only see
The waters have gone
And shifted has the sea
And that never at the same place can we be
Making the same shear in the same water
At the same time and place over



But with gladness let me raise
My eyes to the ranging, worldwide arch
Let me bask more merrily in the sun—
My loved ones are warmed by its rays,
Who but below it lie or march—
Then forth on a forging prow
Wearing a blessed smile—
We may once more meet

And let in knowing it be glee
When I do regard the sky
Now also as it o'er them lies
Expanseless, timeless,
And to the heart as nigh
As friends of old, no matter their place
Whatever be now their new dyes
Will forever be



The Vegetable Love

S. Hashemzadeh

Night engulfed us in her somber silence,
As I gazed on your bare window panes
And freezing fireplace defied you with no penance—
These empty Hollows mocked and Darkness craned
His neck to watch the Frost—the holiness of your hearth profaned

And I could do nothing but sentry stand,
Hide away the crumbling walls of your home,
Veil these naked eyes whose lids coldness spanned,
Pace each brick with verdant track and roam
The labyrinth, slay the beast with swordless hand

But now sun-drenched beams dangle in your trees,
Shadows of crimson flames dance briskly away
On your hearth-and away the bleakness flees,
Yet these frail tendrils guard you night and day,
Though sometimes in their worry—brightness blare—
Your poison ivy—would you not spare?

Portent

I cut my wrist for a drop of blood
And wash my body if touched by a muddy hand.
I won't open my mouth if I lie
And perhaps my tongue I will brand.

Will the ocean suffice if I'm thirsty?
Ere you utter, I'll obey that command.
I tread on the edge of extremity—
This halfness of my time I can't stand.

Too much, tragic, or dramatic I am,
But isn't this what a human should demand?
Less than this you must scorn and stamp:
There are too many of us dull and bland.

I'll offer you on a tray my beating heart—
Would you take it to peck, to peek, or strand?
'Tis not my doing, just fruit of your Art,
That troops cannot defeat, if all armed and manned.

A sea's in the channel of my veins, and
Cobweb threads for the fiber of my being.
But we'll make an Eden out of this barren land
With my extremity and your Art, so grand.



Change

Some Body

The sun did rise
And the breeze did dance
The trees in sways carefree and wild
And a child's moans around it bore
The earth did turn
The world moved on

The sky's black sheet came on

The sun did rise
And the breeze did dance
The trees in sways carefree and wild
And came a moan no more
The earth did turn
The world moved on

Let the Sun Inside

Hasti T.

Open the window, let the sun inside,
Another dark night passed, your heart still rides.
Aren't you amazed your eyes still see,
Your ears still hear, your fingers roam free?

Two feet that wander wherever they will,
Still dancing, still moving, still chasing the thrill.

Have you watched the bunnies, soft and spry,
Leaping through fields beneath the bright sky?
And horses wild with windswept grace, Running unchained, no fear to erase.
Dolphins smiling as they leap and dive,
In joy and motion, so vividly alive.

Centuries pass, yet the sun still climbs,
Never asking why through endless times.
Rivers hum softly, greeting the wings
Of butterflies fluttering, whispering things.
Bluebirds telling squirrels of lands far away
And still you hesitate, though your hands hold the day.

Stars burn bright then disappear.
Life's too short to drown in tears,
Laugh out loud for the joy that appears.

Close your eyes, recall the child,
Under the cherry tree, so sweet and mild,
Holding a kitten, its soft fur near.

Creatures fleeting, their lives so brief,
Yet still you say you're running out of belief.
One day, your eyes will close to rest,
And time will stretch, your soul be blessed.
See how the earth turns, just for you,
To rise anew, to start life true.

Don't let them say you were born under a bad sign,
Or that your light is too dim to shine.
Few can see what you hold within
So dance wildly to songs the world's never seen.
Be one with the wind, whisper to trees,
Winter is gone, here comes the warm breeze!


Retold and
Reimagined

I Become Love...

Bigan Jalali
Sadra

A crusted mass surviving a daily crucible
That from the concoction
Of parts by earth bestowed and plucked up from the motherly ground
And parts through lines unreachable by record
Down generations of earth's ancient dwellers come
Over fate's immemorial days and nights
Of unspoken history
Of galactic dust,
Danced, grown, slid, and united through eras' time
That, but for a thing verging on
Nothing and pressing itself against it,
Declaring being in timeless explosion,
Wouldn't be there
In a body is born
Heated in a vessel of earth's gifts
And inventive genius



In a medium that life has sustained
Over the torrid trove
Of early forefathers
That brought us
As well as the rest
To this moment
And is glorified as a mythical gift
Reached to us by a defiant god
Tonight is for dinner

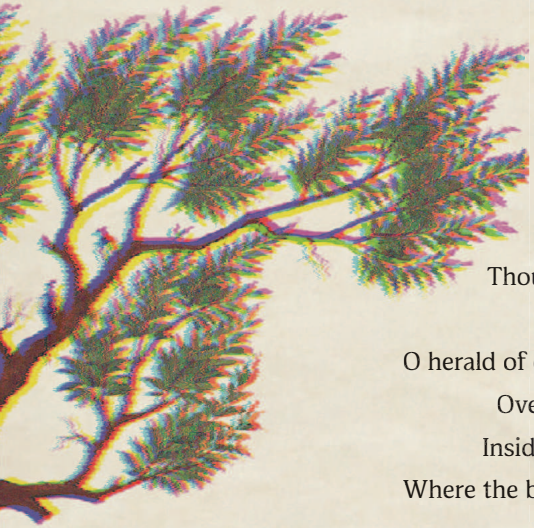
Directions

Sohrab Sepehri

Sana

"Where is the friend's house?"
Asked the rider at dawn
The sky paused
The passerby gifted the bough of light from lips
To the darkness of the sands,
Pointed to a white poplar and said:
"Before you reach the tree
There is an orchard aisle greener than a dream of God
Where love is as blue as the wings of honesty;
Walk to the end of the alley, emerging from beyond puberty,
Turn towards the flower of solitude, two steps to the flower,
Pause by the eternal fountain of the earth's myths
Then a lucid fear will embrace you
In the fluid sincerity of space, you'll hear a rustle
You'll see a child on a tall pine tree
Picking a hatchling from the nest of light
And *then* ask: 'Where is the friend's house?'"





Darvag

Nima Youshij

Asma Nakhjavani

My field lies parched
Beside my neighbor's thriving green.
Though they say, "On the neighboring shore weep
Grievers among other grievers."
O herald of cloudy days, Darvag! When will the rain arrive
Over this desolate ground—this barren waste—
Inside my dim hut, where no flicker of joy remains,
Where the brittle reeds on my walls splinter from drought
—Like lovers' hearts in their loves' absence—
O herald of cloudy days, Darvag! When will the rain arrive?

O Water

Meymanat Mirsadeghi
Olka

I will go with you, O water
I will go with you
Wherever you wander
I will go with you, O water
Raise this splintered driftwood
On your shoulders
Dance it on wrathful waves
Dash it against the rocks of death
Let this restless pursuit
Shatter me into a thousand pieces
Scattered, forgotten
I will go with you, O water
For I descend from the line of green life

I know the secret to becoming
Take my restless pieces and once again
Sow them in the cracks of the earth
Let me become soil, oh, soil
A wellspring for plants to dawn
I will go with you, O water
Carry this driftwood
Away from here
It is a dark, crushing sorrow
To remain whole and unweathered, an untouched table
In the hush of a quiet, darkened room

Tales

Familiar

Ali Adalatdoust

His third alarm went off, he was irritated. He grabbed the phone to turn it off. He wanted to dive in the sweet embrace of sleep again, but it was already 6:30 and he had to get up. He rose, putting his feet on the ground, he felt the cold carpet assaulting his calm and peace and biting his toes. The routine was familiar, all too familiar: get up, wash your face, drink coffee, get dressed and get out. It was simple and easy. It required no innovation, nor creativity, so he went on with it. He did all the exact things that he did every morning with the same exact order, but all the while something felt wrong. It felt absurd and almost laughable. He had no time to entertain these thoughts anymore. He put on his clothes, combed his hair, put on his jacket, made sure to turn off all the lights, double tapped his pocket to see if the keys were there and got out.

It was a familiar winter morning. The sun was still asleep behind the dense and grey clouds. Were they clouds? He wasn't sure. It might have been the polluted mist covering the city sky. The pollution had such an inescapable presence that if you looked at the city from the mountains, you would see it suffocating the city. The clear sky tried to penetrate the mist, but was unable to. Again he knew exactly what he had to do: buy your pack of cigarettes for the day and head to the station and wait for your train. Simple, easy and most importantly familiar. In familiarity lay safety. Without disturbing the order, he performed the formerly stated actions. He bought the pack, lit up a cigarette and walked to the station. During his walk he saw many people with their heads down, walking hurriedly, each having their own jobs, occupations, worries or goals. How different were they from each other, how unique each and every one of them, but were they really different? All of them were at the different checkpoints of life. Everyone treaded the same path with slight variations. They all inhaled the same nicotine that numbed and murdered their creativity and

intellect. They all ate the same foods, they all produced the same trash and pollution which was destroying the planet. They weren't different. All of them, himself included, were the useless, consumerist, depressed and ever-rotting amalgamations of disgusting flesh. Some believed in a higher life, in a creator or a grand meaning, and so wasted their life in that absurd chase for redemption or salvation, but there was none. The fact was that they were sorry creatures who amounted to nothing. They clouded their conscience, diluted their intellect with meaningless actions and goals. They had no other choice. The thought that there was nothing more to this, to life, to this agonizingly familiar routine, was unbearable, so they believed in things, things that didn't make sense. He reached the station. His steps harmonized with his fellow citizens as he climbed the flight of stairs. Like all his fellow beings he made sure to stand behind the red line not to endanger his fragile flesh and to protect it from turning into minced meat. Shoulder to shoulder, they all waited for the train. They all waited for the next step in their familiar journey.

The train arrived. All of them, like ants, rushed in and filled each corner and void that was available. He was pushed to stand near a window. At least he could see something else, something less terrifying than the colony that was boiling around him. The view outside wasn't much different: cars beeping and screaming in traffic, people rushing around to reach their destinations, buildings covered in grime and pollution. The city was grey, joyless and without life. Again, it all seemed familiar. He heard unusual sounds, some silent moans and cries. He paid them no mind, but a loud shrill frightened him and he turned his head in terror. His gaze fell unto the face of a woman, or rather he thought that it was the face of a woman, because it barely had any resemblance to a human.

The woman's head was connected to a pulsating blob of meat. There were broken

bones protruding out of the abomination. The being was dragging itself around on its broken bones and limbs, creating a bloody mess. It started absorbing all the passengers. One by one, bodies were being crushed and added to the abomination. The process continued, everyone was consumed by the monster. There was no one left on the train except the abhorrent being. The being pulsated, groaned and cried. Moving its collection of heads to look around, it saw him. He was shaken and frozen. He couldn't move or speak. The being threw itself unto him with all its power. He felt his bones crack. His organs exploded and ripped themselves apart. He wanted to scream because of the pain, but he couldn't. His face was pushed against the pulsating flesh. He slowly lost himself in the monster until he was no more.

When he came to himself, he felt no pain. His body was completely intact. The void around him was warm, almost cozy. He saw all the passengers floating in the same void alongside him. All of them in a serene state with slight smiles on their faces. He wasn't afraid or concerned. He felt at ease, because it felt familiar.



The Cranberries

Aida Atalou

There is something I have been keeping from you. I saw the China tea set you were talking about the other day, the one with the cranberries. It was the day I had gone to town early in the morning and came back home so late you were waiting for me with your eyes the red of the cranberries. That day I walked aimlessly for so long that the ache in my soles became almost unbearable and I was practically dragging myself on.

It was the hours near sunset and I had turned to a street with trees lined closely at each side. The branches embraced each other above my head and formed a tunnel. Thin rays of light that managed to stream through illuminated patches of leaves here and there and washed over specks of dust dancing to an airy tune. As I was walking along the street, feeling a little dazed, I came across a narrow gap between two buildings. It was going to be late and I should've hurried home but I couldn't help myself squeezing through to enter an opening of land. It was the back yard of a one-story building made of red bricks. The yard seemed like it hadn't been attended to for some time. There was an abundance of wild flowers growing out in bright pinks, purples and yellows. The grass was a lush green and reached almost knee high. Crickets chirped alongside birds to create a cheerful harmony that settled lazily in the ears. The ghoul-like tree was unmarred by metal hands and reached high up to the warmth of the sun. I went up to it, careful to dodge the branches reaching to claw into my flesh. I touched the trunk and felt its coarse surface prick into my hand. There was a particularly homely twist of the wood right where the branch met the trunk. I stood there a long time staring at it, waiting. At last, a little flutter of air thin wings and a quick rustle of leaves warned me to leave and I heeded.

It must've been the heat combined with my exhaustion. The world blurred at the periphery of my vision. I could hear my heart beat, feel my flesh cling on to my bones. I looked at my hands and the skin that stretched across the delicate bones seemed not to belong to me. The back door was ajar. I pushed it and went in. You're shaking your head, I am sure. But perhaps it will ease your worry to know that no one was there to catch me. Silence welcomed me instead. All at once every sound that nestled in my ears took flight and left me in all absence. It was an antique shop with everything you could imagine; silver compasses, Dutch clocks, jeweled daggers, gilded chests and mirrors. Everything I looked on had been finely crafted. I moved from one object to the other taking a moment longer to inspect this and that. And there it was, the tea set you were talking about. I knew the moment I saw them. Cranberries wreathed around.

I must've been bewitched. How else do I explain what happened?

I had grown wings the thinness of a silk thread and had what seemed to me the beak of a hummingbird. I was not quite a bird really. I still had the hands and legs of a human. The wings though thin were heavy nonetheless, so much so I struggled to beat them and by the time I was perched on the handle of the teapot I was limp from the effort. I started pecking at the cranberries and no matter how many times my beak clinked against the material I couldn't realize that it was just the design on the China.

It's been almost a month since. I still wake up in cold sweat at night to the feeling of the wings weighing me down. Then I try to go back to sleep but keep touching my shoulder blades. Sometimes my hands feel like they glaze over a bump of skin that might be the trace of a severed wing. It's only for a moment and I know it is perhaps a trick of my mind. But it keeps me up trying to find it again until the first lights of dawn creep in and my hands, weary from their nightly investigation, fall on the pillow and only then am I able to close my eyes again.

The Last Show

Shaghayegh Taherian

The hands of the clock had been past twelve for a couple of hours. All lights were out, all doors locked, children tucked in beds, no sign of life. Except for one bar down St. Peter. Laughter still buzzed from The Poison Apple, the air filled with the smell of alcohol and cheap cigarettes. There were mostly actors, celebrating after the opening night of their new play. Simon decided to head out before the others, choosing the shorter, darker route. As he walked down the narrow alley, the sound of people faded, the shadows became longer, and the night fully took over. An eerie feeling washed over him. Simon stood 5'10 tall, but he couldn't help looking over his shoulder every ten steps. He wasn't sure if he was seeing elongated shapes in the shadows or if it was his imagination betraying him. His heart dropped at the sound coming from behind him.

He reached for the knife in his right pocket as he turned around as fast as he could. He watched the giant trash can move in its place. "Just some stray cat, ha!" He tried to stay optimistic. "Meow!" A human voice behind him froze his legs in their



place as his world went dark in a millisecond. He started to feel the cold in the air. His hands felt numb, almost forgetting about the knife. He knew the voice very well, though he tried to deny for a second. What he wasn't sure about was his next move. He looked at the knife.

"What are you thinking?" The voice mumbled. "Go on, do it!" The voice heightened.

That was impossible. The faceless voice coming out of the dark sounded exactly like his own. A bit raspier perhaps — like how he sounds when he has just woken up — with a tinge of a smirk. His body was frozen in its place. He didn't dare move a muscle, but he had to know. He slowly turned around, trying his hardest not to make any sound for some reason. Nothing. The narrow, dark alley continued straight, ominously empty. He would have blamed the alcohol in his system, had he not known better. Simon had only had a couple of beers, just enough to take the edge off, not enough to lose his grip on reality. The voice, the movement, the feeling of being watched — it all felt too real. He exhaled slowly, his breath fogging in the chill night air.

A faint sound echoed from the end of the alley — a shuffle, a scrape. Simon's fingers twitched around the knife handle. He squinted his eyes, but the shadows were thick and murky. The laughter from The Poison Apple was a distant memory now, replaced by the pounding of his own heart.

“Wh- who are you?” He whispered, his voice barely audible.

Silence.

Then, from the corner of his eye, he caught a shift in the darkness. At first, Simon thought it was a trick of the light. A silhouette emerged, impossibly tall and thin, its features hidden beneath the shadows. Simon’s pulse quickened as the figure lifted its head, and for a moment, he thought he saw himself; but the features were slightly off — the face a little longer, the skin a little paler, and then there were the eyes. Pitch black, endless, reflecting nothing.

The uncanny figure spoke, its voice a perfect mimicry of his own, but with a hollow, echoing quality. “You know who I am,” it said. “You’ve always known.”

Simon’s grip on the knife tightened, but his arm felt heavy. The figure stepped closer, its movements unnaturally smooth, as if gliding rather than walking.

“What do you want?” Simon asked, his voice trembling.

The figure smiled — Simon’s smile, but twisted, wrong. “I want what you want,” it replied. “I want to be free. I want to be you.”

His mind raced. He remembered the stories actors told



backstage — tales of doppelgangers, of people seeing themselves in the shadows, only to disappear soon after. They had always laughed them off as superstition. But now, here he was.

The figure reached out, its hand hovering inches from his face. Simon tried to step back, but his feet wouldn't move. He was stuck in place, his breath coming in short, panicked gasps.

"Don't be afraid," the figure whispered. "I won't hurt you. I am you."

Simon closed his eyes, trying to block out the nightmare. When he opened them, the figure was gone. The alley was empty once more, the only sound the distant hum of the city. He let out a shaky breath and turned to leave, but as he did, he caught a glimpse of his reflection in a puddle. The face staring back at him was not his own. It was the figure's, smirking at him.

Simon screamed, but no sound came out. The world around him blurred, the shadows swallowing him whole.

When morning came, the alley was empty. The only sign that Simon had ever been there was a single knife, lying in the middle of the path, its blade clean and cold.

And at The Poison Apple, the actors gathered for their next performance. Among them was a new face — a man who looked just like Simon, but with eyes that seemed a little too dark, and a smile that lingered just a little too long.


S+U+S

Skeptical Sketches

Dido

Humans indeed are sympathetic creatures. At least Saduj was. Saduj's case seems to attest to that. After what had felt a long time of desensitized dormancy of emotion, he was struck with what deep within he found to have been buried of his sorrows. He remembered his family, who lived in grim misery, or what to him now more than ever seemed a miserable state, whom, incidentally, he had left to avoid the turmoil of the mass. A stream, a long-dammed river, of tearful grief burst forth. The situation was grievous! He might have shaken and pierced all the world's ears had he the throat—so deeply in stagnation, so tightly enclosed within walls of unfeeling had remained his feeling, now to rise and overflow. Humanity only warranted woeful wailing at that, of course! Yes, emotions are essential to humans. He himself, too, had realized how much he needed to feel all of that. His resolution that he must come in with his aid was realest at that moment.

Loss is a universal human experience, and reconciling oneself, one's mind, with it, which can of course be as difficult as reviving a dried lake with bottles of water, may be attempted by recovery, acceptance, or perhaps other ways. Maharba had lost his son as if to such an abrupt swoop of fate that nothing could have prepared him mentally for it other than, perhaps, having swooped away also the part of his mind that treasured his son, if that can be said of it. He had lost a part of himself. He now gave calls to his sons' friends often, and gave them as the reason why he called them that he hadn't his son to talk with. It was as if they now were like his sons, and he filled his fatherly role in these talks as there had come suddenly to be a hollow in his life with no son to direct these parental instincts to, that the lifelong institution hardened into his life of being the paternal in a conversation between an older man and a filial younger one should not be abandoned.

Haon's friends had convivial gatherings for benders. Every time when Haon was taken by the influence, his woeful wailing, which I must admit waxed somewhat poetic, began on his repining an ardent and unrequited love. The spirit and his love were like spark and fuel to his elevation to fiery rhapsodies. This was a staple of the gatherings when he was present—and a staple of his life, as the benders were—and it struck profoundly poignant sentiment in his company, who joined him, each either imaging up an unrequited love of their own, or mourning an actual; a cordial, fraternal feel could be sensed pervading the air in the community of

sensation and emotion. They knew him by this, as the lovelorn man of the company. He had come to call himself that and things like that as well.

On a maudlin whim one day he went forth and again declared himself to the object of this burning love: "Oh this humble wretch's affection / Will you not give actual direction?" She took him up. Her assent was succulent, but when she expressed it, he was dumbstruck, face blank, as in shock from a bucket of icy water. It was as if he had been totally blown out of essence and spirit.

No spark came over him afterward at the gatherings that didn't puff into smoke soon, and he dropped off early on.

From some time later on he was not seen at the benders again.



Walking.

Sina Zolfaghari

I am not alone, but I don't know who is with me. Footsteps beside mine, but no legs, no shadow, no shape. Just the scrape of sand where nothing stirs. Sun beating down like a curse. My throat is dry. I am in a desert that never ends.

Then...

A voice. Behind me. Familiar. I turn. No one.

Again: "Sina."

The wind carries it, drawing it across the dunes like a whisper stitched to the air.

My name.

I freeze.

This can't be. It's not possible. A dream. A nightmare.

But something's wrong. I'm seeing myself, walking. From behind. Observing myself.

Wait—who's watching whom?

I have no body. No weight. Only sight. I scream my name, Sina!

He hears me. He turns.

And for a moment, we gaze at each other, me and not-me, both fearful.

Something serious

Recognizing the Human

Fatima Golzar

Yevgeny Yevtushenko's prose poem "When One Person Reaches Out with Love" offers a quietly shattering account of a post-war moment in Russia, where grief, bitterness, and memory collide in a single act of compassion. Set during the public march of captured German soldiers, the scene opens with tension and righteous anger. The women watching—"hands roughened by hard work," shoulders marked by war—are prepared to hate. Their losses are immeasurable; every clenched fist seems to carry a buried grave, but Yevtushenko is not interested in revenge. He is interested in transformation. This moment in history—when Russian civilians encountered German prisoners just after the devastation of World War II—was charged with raw pain. The collective trauma was still fresh, and the temptation for revenge must have been overwhelming. That is what makes the change Yevtushenko describes so striking: it unfolds not in the absence of hatred, but in its very presence.

That transformation commences when the soldiers appear—not as symbols of evil, but as men: "thin, unshaven... hobbling on crutches...with their heads down." The enemy becomes human. The prose pauses here, slowed by quietude: "The street became dead silent." It is within this pause that the poem finds its power. One elderly woman steps forward, presses a crust of black bread into the hands of a staggering prisoner. That single act—so modest, so startling— unleashes

a wave of empathy. Others follow. Cigarettes, food, kindness. “The soldiers were no longer enemies. They were people.” What begins as a march of faceless enemies becomes a procession of suffering individuals. Their injuries, silence, and lowered heads disrupt the simplest image of “the enemy”, challenging the crowd—and the reader—to recognize the complexity of war’s consequences on all sides. The transformation is not just individual but communal. One woman’s decision becomes a catalyst for the entire crowd. This collective shift suggests that compassion, like hatred, can be contagious—but its effects are redemptive instead of destructive.

The crust of bread is the poem’s central symbol. Humble and hard-earned, it becomes an offering of peace—a sacrament of shared suffering. In this moment, love is not abstract or sentimental; it is physical, material, and profoundly brave. Yevtushenko’s style, spare and unadorned, echoes the starkness of the scene. His prose seems journalistic in form but poetic in spirit. What emerges is not a lecture on forgiveness but a lived reminder: hatred, even when justified by loss, is not inevitable. The poem suggests that love, when chosen deliberately, is capable of disarming not just the enemy, but grief itself.

This is not a grand reconciliation. It is something rarer: a glimpse of what it means to see—and to be seen—as human. In an age still marked by division and retaliation, Yevtushenko’s vision feels both urgent and timeless. He reminds us that true change is not always loud or sweeping—it can begin with something as small, as brave, and as human as offering bread to someone who was once your enemy.

Once Upon a 19th-Century: From Moonlight Dreams to Truths

Zahra Zohdi

Literature in 19th-century America was dominated by gloomy heroes, tragic maidens, haunted forests, and dramatic ghosts. Imagine mysterious diseases and soliloquies and swoons accompanied by declarations of love. Sure, life was messy, but fiction? Fiction was staged with enough melodrama to make even the boldest soap opera blush, polished with poetic melancholy, and dripping with emotion.

The age of Romanticism in American literature was a time when writers saw the world not just as it was, but as it could be glorified, idealized, and swaddled in the beauty of nature and the depth of the human spirit. Gothic landscapes and portraits of enigmatic heroes were painted by authors such as Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe. There were stories of tragedies so great they resounded through the trees, and of love so pure it almost hurt. In lengthy, poetic monologues, characters reflected on the most important questions in life. Heroes pondered a single sunset for pages. Heroines gracefully passed out. Every glance was profoundly symbolic, every forest held a secret, and every conclusion whether happy or tragic felt predetermined by the stars; But then, like an unexpected visitor in muddy boots, reality stepped in. With the arrival of the Industrial Revolution, the country saw advancement and steam. America started to change at an alarming rate. New faces filled the cities. Machines came roaring to life. Factories were everywhere, noisy, filthy, and grown like mushrooms after a rainstorm. Tycoons created wealth. Workers coughed in the shadows of coal dust. Children were working twelve-hour shifts instead of reading poetry. All of that sighing and fainting seemed suddenly a little out of touch.

When actual people were struggling to make ends meet in confined tenements, aching from labor, and hoping for a warm meal and a shorter workday rather than

eternal love, what good was a tragic lover crying in a rose garden?

Literature received a wake-up call.

The ghostly metaphors and moonlit soliloquies were banished. Plotlines rooted in the grim realities of everyday life, gritted streets, and flawed characters arrived. The literary world put on some useful reading glasses and removed its rose-colored ones. Welcome to Realism, where the drama was caused by unsolved marriages, unfulfilled dreams, and rent obligations rather than puzzling curses or long-forgotten secrets. The main characters were no longer Byronic heroes with flawless cheekbones and sinister secrets. They were social climbers with spinach in their teeth, struggling families, shopkeepers, and teachers. They lived in noisy, smoke-filled cities where morality and ambition clashed and success wasn't always present to the righteous.

These new realities were brought to life by authors such as Henry James, William Dean Howells, and later, Edith Wharton. American writers started looking both inward and outward simultaneously, influenced by European realists such as Tolstoy, Flaubert, and Ibsen, who were essentially experts at "let's talk about our feelings and inequality over strong tea." They used a sharp, frequently critical lens to study the harsh realities of society and the inner workings of the mind.

The result was Realism. Wages and all, with warts.

The goal of Realist literature was more than mere amusement. It contained opinions. Large ones. Regarding class. Regarding race. Regarding gender. Regarding money, etiquette, and the ridiculousness of acting as though everything is fine when it isn't.

"Isn't the human spirit beautiful and tragic?" asked Romanticism.

"Yeah, but also did you see what the landlord did last week?" said Realism.

This change wasn't a betrayal of creativity or beauty. It was a change—a metamorphosis brought about by necessity. Literature was evolving along with the world. The awe and wonder of a young country with lofty dreams had been captured by Romanticism, which had fulfilled its purpose. However, readers wanted something different as America grew older, its cities expanded, and its disparities widened.

Something truthful.

Instead of meandering through moonlit gardens, characters now staggered through uncomfortable dinner parties. They were concerned about their finances, their reputation, and whether they would ever truly be content. Not all of the stories and endings were quixotic and imaginative ones. However, they sounded accurate. And there was something surprisingly lovely in that truth. As it turns out, observing someone attempt and occasionally fail to live a moral life, make sense of their mess, and find meaning in the midst of it all can be just as captivating as any tragic love story or ghost story. Realism was careful to draw dust as dust, while Romanticism painted it no less glittery than golden sand. Realism listened while Romanticism sang. One grabbed for the stars.

The language itself changed. Clear, simple writing replaced flowery prose. The dialogue sounded authentic. The descriptions were realistic rather than lofty. Beauty was still important to writers, but it now came from insight and accuracy rather than poetic flourish. This change was the literary equivalent of maturing, in a sense. Romanticism was the fervent adolescent who longed for poetic justice and ideal love. The adult version that was Realism was able to comprehend and empathize on a deeper level while coping with disappointment, taxes, and complex relationships.

This does not imply that one is superior to the other. Both have a function. Though in different ways, both convey significant truths. Romanticism inspires awe, hope, and the idea that there is more to the world. Understanding, empathy, and the guts to accept reality are all gifts of Realism.

Thus, the 19th century brought about this significant change. You could call it a literary transmogrification. From the spiritual to the physical. From sighs under the stars to silent struggles in smoky rooms to sighs under the stars. Literature began observing people instead of daydreaming. And it kept its soul in the process. It located it. Not in castles or clouds, but in courtrooms and kitchens, on factory floors, and in the ordinary moments where life truly happens. Because it is always worthwhile to speak the truth, no matter how commonplace or awkward it may be.

Something interesting

Ferēdūn Had Three Sons

Negar Khorasani

Disclaimer: The sources are 'iranicaonline.org' with a bit of alternation

In Iran's mythology the world had been imagined as consisting of three parts. Jamšid was first given sovereignty over one-third, then over two-thirds, and finally over the entire world. Accordingly, his successors ruled over the whole world until Ferēdun divided it again into three realms. A cluster of legends in the Avesta, Pahlavi books, Sasanian-based Arabic and Persian sources, and particularly in the Šāh-nāma of Ferdowsi have summoned the three children of Ferēdūn—Salm, Tūr (Tōz) and Īraj (Ēriz, Ērič)—to be descendants of the thrones of his empire, giving Rūm to Salm, Turkestan to Tūr, and Iran and India to Īraj.

The oldest trace of the story of Īraj and his brothers is found in the Fravardin Yašt, where the fravaši of Manu-ščiθra (Manučehr) son of Airiya (Īraj) is venerated, as are those of the pious men and women of the groups of lands of Airyana, Tūiriyana, Sairima, Dāhi, and Sāinu. Three of these nations derive their names from the three sons of Ferēdun. That two other nations are also mentioned in the same context should not be seen as an obstacle to the tripartite division, since the descendants of Ērič/Īraj were destined to rule over other countries, and in later accounts Ferēdun apportions five (or seven) lands among his three sons.

The most developed form of the story of Īraj is given by Ferdowsi in an episode remarkable for its eloquence and picturesque language. In his version the tale goes:

Fifty years into his reign as the king of the world, Ferēdun begot three sons. As they came of age, he searched out three royal sisters for them as wives, finding them in the daughters of Sarv, king of Yemen. Sarv invited the princes to Yemen to appraise their worth; satisfied, he gave them his daughters in marriage. On their

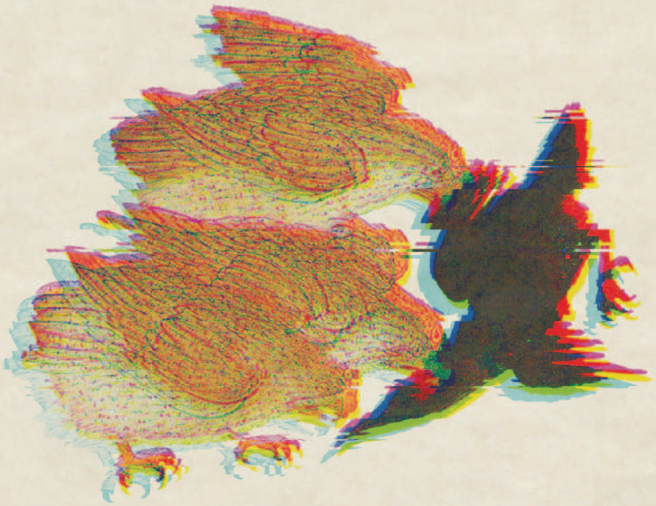
way back, Ferēdun decided to test his sons' characters by assuming the form of a fire-belching dragon and rushing towards them furiously. The oldest fled to safety, saying that only a fool would fight a dragon. The second accepted the challenge with reckless courage. The youngest went forward gallantly and cried out that they were sons of Ferēdun and feared no monster. Reappearing in person, Ferēdun welcomed them to his palace and, "seating them upon the thrones of majesty," revealed the truth; he added: "I have chosen fit [throne] names for you". The eldest, who wisely sought "safety" (salāmat), he called Salm; the second, who showed unrestrained daring, he named Tūr (reckless, brave); and to the youngest, who exhibited the right character of prudent bravery and was thus "alone worthy of praise," he gave the name "Īraj". Then Ferēdun "divided the world" into three realms. He created one kingdom for Salm by joining Rum and the West (k̲āvar); China and Turān he assigned to Tūr, who became known as Turānšāh; and on Īraj he bestowed Iran and Arabia as well as the golden throne, the crown of chiefs, and the royal seal.

The three ruled over their respective kingdoms "for a long time"; but in Ferēdun's old age Salm revealed the extreme envy he felt towards Īraj for having received the choicest share, and he incited Tūr to rebellion. The two met and sent an envoy to Ferēdun ordering him to assign a remote region to Īraj or else prepare to fight his two sons. Hoping to reconcile his brothers with their father, even if it meant himself renouncing the throne, Īraj went to them. They received him wrathfully, their envy increased by hearing their own troops murmuring "none but Īraj deserves the imperial rule and the hat of nobility". Ignited by Salm, Tūr slew Īraj and sent his head to Ferēdun. The grief-stricken king prayed for a descendant of Īraj to avenge his murder, and his prayers were answered. One of Īraj's ladies called Māhāfarid bore a daughter, whom Ferēdun later gave in marriage to his own nephew Pešang. The couple engendered a son, whom Ferēdun named Manučehr and raised as his own heir. After coming of age, Manučehr slew Salm and Tūr, whereupon Ferēdun abdicated in his favor and died soon after.

Many read this story as a nice legend of origin, and many look at it as a heart-

wrenching familial strife. Although no reading is wrong, this is also a tale about the transition of a father into a patient, blood-thirsty creature looking for revenge. A loyal protector who was swallowed by rage, becoming an unrecognizable creature filled with resentment and melancholy, unraveling the monster within. A metamorphosis that unwrapped from love and dignity to hatred and ignominy.

Ferēdun took the longest path, the most brutal longing, to redeem the guilt within him perhaps, and passed every day and night with only one wish. To take revenge, to bring justice to his shattered heart and soul—yet at what cost? Tortuously, he witnessed the end of his children. After the incident, he lost everything. He lost it all and that change of heart within him, that caress of evil upon his soul was the end. Ferēdūn, consumed by rage and grief, is now out of Ahura Mazdā's grace. No longer protected by The Benevolent One, and treading the kingdom of Ahriman in his acerbity, Ferēdūn falls. Childless and purposeless, so far deep in sorrow he couldn't bear to continue living, some believe that he commits suicide after losing what he sought out the most: a just, peaceful eternity.



Something from the Graphevine

Those Who Care

A single question was asked of all faculty members.
Some answered. Some didn't. Here's the result:

"Do you believe that change is an inherent good or can it be disruptive? If you could transfigure one aspect of society through your work, what would it be?»

Please note that: some interviews in this section were transcribed from oral conversations. While we have strived for accuracy, any discrepancy is attributable to the editors.



Dr. Firouzeh Ameri:

I believe that we can have change for the good and change for the bad, so I don't think that change is inherently good or bad. Still, I believe that changes in human societies and in a person's life are inevitable. We change whether we want it or not due to the different experiences that we have throughout our lives. Societies will also inevitably change due to different internal or external trends and events that befall them or happen. Sometimes people or societies are open about the changes and acknowledge them; sometimes they take the conservative pose and prefer to wear the mask of the fixity of values and ideas. I also believe that we are not or should not be like leaves in the wind, being blown away by every current or storm. We human beings and even societies have some agency and can resist the other agents of change or can use them to improve on ourselves in unforeseeable ways. I do hope that the changes in the world can be for the good and in the direction of having



happier people and better human societies.

As to the second part of the question, I would say that I wish I could write works that could affect the moral status of the society. I wish I could create more awareness about the importance of our observance of the moral rules in human communities. Our world is extremely suffering from unethical attitudes and behaviors which induce suffering in the lives of many people in the world, and as technology is advancing, the unethical patterns get newer shapes. It is so unfortunate, and I wish the scholars in humanities could work toward altering this trend, even slowly but surely.

Dr. Elmira Bazregarzadeh:

Nothing is inherently good or bad. How you approach and analyze it can determine whether you can categorize it as good or disruptive. Thus, it is subjective and arbitrary. Change can also not be ruled out as harmful or admired as thoroughly flawless. It is bad if it ends in harmful outcomes and it is useful if it leads to fruitful results. As for societal issues, this discussion gains even more importance, considering the fact that it can affect all individuals more or less. If I could transfigure one aspect of society through my work, I'd choose to transform the detrimental application of technological tools in classrooms to a more effective one, enabling students to do more critical thinking and careful reasoning. This very example is solid evidence for the uncertainty lying at the heart of the point of the question and helps back my idea that how change is viewed and put to use can show if it passes for good or bad. Probably, Graham Greene had it right when he claimed, "Destruction is a form of creation," albeit at the right time and in the right situation; leaving it to the reader to decide in the end!

Dr. Lale Massiha:

Change is inherent. It is *within* humans. Even if we don't talk about it, these abstract changes will occur within us and our souls. It is the definition of the human body. Every moment and every second, things are changing within us. Our cells are gradually dying so new ones can come in. We are biologically changing as well as mentally, so, considering our mind also, everything is a matter of change, but there might be some kind of resistance in humans against this concept. When humans enter into decision making and impose their own agency, everything starts to go wrong. We cannot decide for our bodies. As a human being, one cannot stop the change in one's body because it is happening regardless, but when it comes to decisions concerning one's mental status, then one might resist this change. And that's why some people never change and why some people tend to have a stagnating way of thinking. Meeting the same person again, for example, twenty years after you once before met them, you may say he has not changed at all. This stagnation may create a kind of rift in a person, in my opinion, because if we let our mind free, change is always there, exactly like with our body. So, yes, absolutely my answer is a positive one; change is innate within us, and for sure it's good.

In class one day, we talked about the variety of understandings of abstract concepts, and the concept in question was beauty. One student asked me what is beautiful to me, and believe it or not, I said change. That's why your question is very interesting to me. Change is extremely beautiful, like growing older for example. That is a change and it's wonderful. When I see students growing—meeting them for the first time in their sixth semester, and then seeing them when they are graduating—I notice this growth: in ways of thinking, in faces; things change about our students, which is beautiful. Like plants growing, people getting old, children growing up, or our mental state changing, we move from ignorance to knowledge, and that is beautiful. Change without allowing it into one's life is nothing. If one doesn't change, one will do the same things, will think in the same way, will see people in the same way all the time. That's so boring. And the dynamicity of life, which is the meaning

of life and makes it exciting, is all because of change. As for the second part of your question:

I think your question should be written more positively. As it is phrased now, it's like you take it for granted that people cannot make a change. That's why you use the second form of the conditional sentence in saying "if you could". Of course I can. Of course everyone can make a change within themselves and society as well. You know why we may not hold conviction about that? Because when we are young, we think that change or doing something means something huge. But no, that is not so. When we age, we understand that all the big changes start from small transfigurations of very tiny things, and these from within, and then it will be contagious. I will give you a very small example. When students enter my office, they always say that they like this place because of the plants. This is the smallest change that I can make. Maybe a student feels hopeless, but this greenery is going to appear as something good. I consider it a change. To a student that might be feeling hopeless, this greenery is going to appear as something good and gleaming and make a change in their life, as a smile would, or when I enter my class with a smile, that's going to have a positive effect on one of the young people of this country or city or university. I consider it as a change, the smallest that I can make. If all officers are like that, it will amount to a big change, but my share is this only.

I see things on a very small scale all the time, I believe that it is very useful, and I have seen the results. A smile or listening to that student when he or she comes to me is helpful and is going to make a change in his or her life. One of my students wrote a small piece for their final class, their last one ever before graduating, and referred to the fact that "Some of us wanted to commit suicide, but didn't, because of the class presentation we had tomorrow". It's very meaningful. It means the tiniest stroke of hope is going to save others. Responsibility—class presentation means responsibility, and for it, they plan. They have a purpose for tomorrow. And that's a big change in itself. So I'm not thinking of huge idealistic changes. I am thinking of

planting hope for the young people in the current condition. They want to develop themselves.

Self-development is very important, as I always emphasize, and it's my role as a teacher and part of the university system to motivate them, make them see with certainty that they are precious and meaningful, important adults capable of doing many things if they have the plan to do them. You may know, and I don't have any doubt about it, that if more young people believe in this, our country will be saved. And that's my share in any change they want to decide for their future. Hope and happiness is the change that I can bring.

Dr. Nava Nourdad:

I don't see change as inherently good or bad—it really depends on how it's handled. It can open doors and move things forward, but it can also unsettle what feels familiar or safe. If I could reshape one aspect of society through my work, it would be the way education encourages critical thinking. I'd like to help build a culture where people are not just informed, but also confident in asking questions, thinking independently, and actively engaging with the world around them.

Dr. Mohammad Zohrabi:

Change is good, and we as teachers need to encourage the students as much as possible. Change builds up the character. Within change children discover themselves, their potentials, and their weaknesses. No good comes out of a dreary swamp, it's the river that rushes and goes on. I encourage my students to learn as much as possible, and if I could, I would give them access to all the knowledge that has ever existed. I would like for them to travel all around the world, read all the books ever written, browse every website ever created, and then come back to their hometown, better than they have ever been.

Astounding Ameri

The finals were approaching, and with many difficulties, we were able to appoint an office hour with one of the most beloved professors of our faculty. She was ready to answer any questions we had about the upcoming exams, and as you can guess, we asked of almost anything but what we were supposed to. She didn't even walk out on us, and that's why we adore her so. Putting up with our quirky antics and encouraging us at all times to be better humans first and better scholars second, she has paved the way for many an existential crisis amongst the youngsters. Why are we pursuing this life? What's the point of literature, when the world is the way it is? Interestingly enough, that is a main concern of this treasured professor as well: The effect of literature on ethics and vice versa. In one of her papers, she has shed light on some extremely enlightening factors. In her article, she discusses the complex issue of representing "others", especially in literature. Although the absolute authenticity or truthfulness of any representation is questionable, especially after Poststructuralist theories challenged fixed meanings, it is still possible to question the ethicality of a representation. She explains that representation is crucial to the creation and dissemination of meaning within culture. One can consider meaning in representation in a variety of ways:

the reflexive approach suggests that language reflects the true meaning already existing in the real world;

the intentional approach emphasizes the author's intention;

the constructionist approach argues that meaning is created by representational systems, such as concepts and signs, rather than being inherent in things or individuals;

and discursive approach focuses on how meaning is constructed within discourse.

Representing people from different social locations (cultural, ethnic, religious and any other backgrounds), can be problematic because social locations influence our understanding of the world. Even self-representations can be affected by hidden discourses and ideologies. Focusing solely on the source or perceived authenticity of a representation is less productive than examining the discourses and power relations embedded within it and the effects the representation has. The primary concern should be the impact of the representation, especially if it perpetuates stereotypes or dehumanizes the subjects. Awareness of power relations and discursive effects can make representation less harmful.

Since achieving true authenticity might be difficult, striving for ethical representation is presented as a more attainable goal. Dr Ameri's article proposes three main factors for evaluating the ethicality of a representation, particularly in Realist fiction:

Firstly, the intention of the writer: This relates to the author›s moral effort to be fair and responsible in their writing.

Secondly, the conditions of production: This involves how the representation was created. For realist fiction, accuracy is crucial, meaning the information should be based on measurable truths in the real world.

Lastly, the conditions of reception: This considers how the representation affects the people being represented and the conceptions it creates in the minds of readers. Representations should ideally not denigrate or create negative images of the subjects.

This article exemplifies Camilla Gibb's novel Sweetness in the Belly as an ethical representation of the Muslim people of Harar, Ethiopia, despite the author being a

Canadian non-Muslim. This claim is based on evidence related to the three factors of ethicality: Gibb stated that a significant motivation for writing the novel was to do justice to the Harari people after feeling her academic PhD thesis had not adequately captured their humanity, culture, and stories. This suggests a conscious effort towards being ethical and fair. She holds a PhD in anthropology and conducted extensive field research, spending a year living with a local family in Ethiopia. She also integrates her knowledge of discourses of power and representation into her fiction, bringing to critical light the degrading depictions of Ethiopians in historical texts, within her story. Her academic background and knowledge combined with research contribute to the novel›s accuracy and ethical production. The novel presents a complex and nuanced picture of Harari culture, depicting both positive aspects and possible flaws. This avoids romanticizing or exoticizing the culture, resisting the pitfalls of some colonial texts. Another element contributing to the complexity of representation is the «hybridity» of the main character, who is a white Muslim woman raised in Africa and living in London. Her «in-between» position challenges static, stereotypical images of the East and West. The novel has been received by many reviewers as offering a more complex and less negative representation of Islam and Muslims compared to dominant Western portrayals. The novel takes a stance «against the popular current,» which is seen as a mark of ethicality and success in combatting reductionist stereotypes.

The article notes that some critics, like Lisa Grekul, argue that the novel still exhibits signs of colonial discourse, subtly reinforcing hierarchies where the white protagonist is often portrayed as superior or more versatile than the African characters. However, the article counters that, arguing that while such discourses might be implicitly present, the novel›s focus on the character's hybrid identity and the conscious strategies used by Gibb to challenge orientalist views form into a successful, though perhaps not total, resistance against these embedded power structures, and now you know why we were so restless for this groundbreaking interview.

- Could you please introduce yourself and explain a bit about your academic journey?

My name is Firouzeh Ameri. I am an assistant professor at the English Department of the University of Tabriz, and I have been teaching in this university for more than 12 years. I received my BA in English Language and Literature from Shahid Beheshti University and my MA in English Literature from the University of Tehran. I did my PhD in Australia at Murdoch University of Perth and graduated in English and Comparative Literature in 2012.

- Your article explores how representation can evolve from a colonial gaze into a more ethical form. How does Sweetness in the Belly reflect a metamorphosis in the tradition of Western representations of the "Other"?

As I explained in the article, Camilla Gibb, the author, is a Western non-Muslim writer, who in this novel represents the Muslim people of Ethiopia. The complex image of these people, which is affectionately created, is devoid of many stereotypes and is different from many Western representations of non-Western people both in literary and non-literary texts that keep on stereotyping and vilifying the "Other".

- Your article delves into the ethical dimensions of representation, particularly in Camilla Gibb's novel. What inspired you to focus on the ethicality of representation rather than just its authenticity, and why do you think this distinction is important in literary studies?

First of all, I noticed that ethicality in literary representation is rather a less investigated subject in comparison with the other aspects of representation, including authenticity. Also, I believe that there are so many distorted representations of "Others" in the world that scholarly intervention should be made into defining ethical representations and the possibility of representing others ethically.

- You acknowledge that Gibb's novel "does not totally escape the embodiment of some colonial discourses." How does the novel balance its ethical intentions with these unavoidable traces of colonial influence, and what implications does this have for the broader discussion of ethical representation?

That is true. We still might detect the discourse of the superiority of Europeans, in subtle ways, in this novel. However, since Lilly, the Western protagonist, having become a Muslim and taking up Harari ways of living, is in fact a hybrid or liminal character, then her being Western has become diluted to a great extent. Also, so many positive images of these people have been created that the narrative moves toward the formation of a balanced, and resultantly ethical representation, in which colonial discourses are not foregrounded.

- The reception of a work plays a significant role in your assessment of its ethicality. How did the critical and reader reception of Sweetness in the Belly influence your argument, and what does this suggest about the role of the audience in determining whether a representation is ethical?

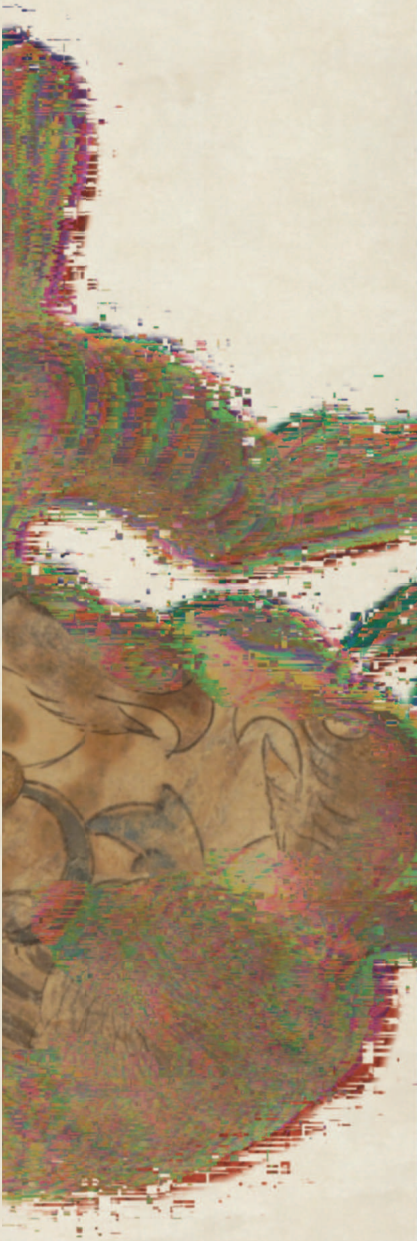
As a number of scholars have argued, the effects of representation on the represented ones are quite essential in our judgments about the ethicality of the representation. A negative image of a group of people can affect their lives in bad ways and can lead toward their being othered and to their humiliation and oppression. This fact indicates what great responsibility the ones who represent have. The reviewers of this novel had consensus on the point that this novel shows the people of Harar and their religion in such a way that the readers do not face the usual stereotypes about these people; rather, the readers are presented with a nuanced picture of Harari Muslims. Therefore, I tried to highlight this evidence in my argument of the ethicality of this novel. This very evidence further supports the idea of the scholars that the reception context can significantly determine the ethicality of a representation.

- You highlight certain narrative strategies Gibb employs to create ethical representations. Could you expand on how these strategies reflect in literary form or reader engagement?

Gibb, in her novel, presented points that are normally absent from the images of the people of Africa we are used to. She attempted to show that the lives of these people have beauties and many humane sides that many other representations are silent about. As a novelist, she created plot lines, characters and imageries that had the capacity to show all these varied aspects of the lives of these people. I insist that she included even not very positive facts in this representation as well, again through plot lines, characters and imageries. Still, it was ethical since a complex and balanced picture was provided.

- You argue that the author's intention matters. In a post-structuralist world often skeptical of authorial authority, how can intention still act as an ethical force?

After the intervention of poststructuralism in literary theory, perhaps we can no longer claim that the intention of the author determines or controls all the meaning. Still, we can argue that intention has a significant role in creating the meaning. In other words, we cannot deny that intention is an important participant in a meaning-making network, if not the sole determinant of it.





- Representing another culture always carries risk. Do you think ethical representation, as you define it, involves a kind of personal change for the author or the reader?

Yes, I do. Engagement in ethical representation can change both the writer and the reader, as it involves a reevaluation of the ideas one holds about the others.

- You argue that while absolute authenticity is impossible, ethical representation is still achievable. How do you define the boundary between ethical and inauthentic representation?

Authentic means truthful, and achieving the absolute truth is almost not possible. Still, one can try at least not to distort the truth and strive for as much authenticity as possible. Therefore, an inauthentic representation can still be ethical if it is coupled with the right intention, right strategies and right effects.

- How do poststructuralist ideas about discourse and power complicate or clarify the ethical responsibilities of a writer representing others?

A writer representing others can align his/her work with the discourses of power or can resist them. This writer or scholar can add up to the force of a counter-discourse. Dominant discourses are not generally the ethical ones, and this should be able to make the intellectuals of any society feel more responsible about countering these discourses through their literary or scholarly works.

- Given the novel's realist form, what particular challenges or opportunities does realism offer for ethically representing cultural others?

I suppose it mostly offers opportunities as realism has the claim of giving the semblance of reality; therefore, a realist work has all the potential to get as close as possible to the truth of the lives of the represented people and create either one-sided or complex images about them. The more truthful and complex the image is, the more ethical the representation will be.

- You place significant emphasis on the reception of the novel by readers and critics. How do you balance subjective reader response with critical analysis in assessing ethicality?

I cannot have access to subjective reader response of every reader of this novel. Therefore, when it comes to that, my argument falls short of that data, and the weight of it falls on the condition of production of the novel and literary strategies that can possibly make it ethical.

- What advice would you give to students or early-career researchers who are trying to find their voice in academia?

My first advice to students of literature is to read widely and deeply as many works of literature as they can, and then think about them. Then, they can write down their ideas about those texts in a personal journal that they can keep for themselves. This helps them articulate their ideas without worrying about the judgment of the others. Then, it is important to read critical articles and books on literary topics so as to see how more experienced scholars have treated various literary subjects. Also, learning about research methodology in literature plays a significant role in developing research skills. Having gone through those steps, gradually the students can present themselves in literary events such as conferences and seminars, and start writing articles and sending them to scholarly journals.

Something Persian


چیزی انگلیسی

یکی از خاطرات دل‌چسبی که ثمین برای‌مان گفت، مربوط به استادی نابینا است که در دانشگاه داشت. تسلط بی‌رغیب این استاد بر کلاس و توانایی خارق‌العاده‌اش در تشخیص صداها مثال‌زدنی بود. وقتی متوجه شد ثمین در حال تقلب است، بدون آن که ببیند، تنها با شنیدن و تشخیص جهت صدا، به او تذکر داد. خاطره بعدی از کودکی نابینا بود که صدای افتادن وسیله‌ای از جیبش را، پیش از آن که خودش متوجه شود چیزی افتاده، تنها با لمس و شنوایی تشخیص داد. نمی‌شود از ماهی بخواهیم از درخت بالا برود. هر کس، در جایگاه خود می‌درخشد.

یک معضل بزرگ دیگر ما، نپذیرفتن توانمندی متفاوت این کودکان است. «خانواده‌ها هنوز انتظار دارند فرزندشان مانند سایر کودکان شعر حفظ کند، بنویسد و حساب کند. اما اگر کودک، استعدادش در مجسمه‌سازی است، چرا نباید آن را پرورش داد؟ چه اشکالی دارد کودکی که نمی‌تواند بنویسد، یک قالیباف ماهر شود؟ در کلینیک‌ها اما اوضاع فرق دارد. خانواده‌هایی که داوطلبانه فرزندشان را می‌آورند، آگاه‌ترند و همکاری بیشتری دارند. رؤیای من این است که روزی بتوانم در یک کلینیک تخصصی با این بچه‌ها کار کنم؛ محیطی شخصی‌سازی‌شده، با امکانات کافی، که به من اجازه دهد تمام توانم را برای یک کودک صرف کنم. اگر کسی می‌خواهد وارد این حرفه شود، باید پیش از هر چیز تجربه حضوری کسب کند. این بچه‌ها را ببیند و بفهمد می‌تواند با آن‌ها ارتباط بگیرد یا نه. مانند دیگر شاخه‌های تدریس، اگر علاقه‌ای در کار نباشد، مسیر طاقت‌فرسا خواهد بود. نه‌تنها مفید نخواهی بود، بلکه شاید به آن‌ها آسیب بزنی. دلم می‌خواهد جامعه ما به جایی برسد که وقتی کودکی روی ویلچر در خیابان دیده می‌شود، مادرها فرزندشان را از او دور نکنند. کاش جامعه مشتاق ارتباط با این بچه‌ها باشد، نه گریزان از آن‌ها. کاش آغوش جامعه، مثل آغوش من معلم، همیشه برای‌شان باز باشد.»



دردناک است که بگوییم تلخ‌ترین بخش ماجرا این است: زیرساخت محیط و مدارس برای این بچه‌ها مهیا نیست. نه تشخیص و داروی دقیقی، نه وسایل مناسب. صندلی‌ها شکسته و خطرناک‌اند، زنگ تفریح برای افراد ناشنوا علامت بصری ندارد، و برای افراد ویلچرنشین، هیچ مسیر دسترسی مناسبی نه در مدارس و نه حتی در سطح شهر وجود ندارد. گاهی یک موزاییک راهنمای نابینایان با یک دکه‌ی روزنامه‌فروشی مسدود می‌شود، یا اتوبوس‌های بی‌آرتی رمپ ندارند. به مسخرگی اوضاع حتی نمی‌شود خندید. یکی از مهم‌ترین چالش‌های این آموزگاران، ناآگاهی و بی‌توجهی خانواده‌هاست. از یک‌سو والدینی هستند که با ناامیدی کامل فرزندشان را رها می‌کنند، و از سوی دیگر، کسانی که انتظارات غیر واقعی دارند. متأسفانه هر دو رویکرد آسیب‌زا هستند. «گاهی دانش‌آموزی با پیش‌فعالی، بدون مصرف دارو به مدرسه می‌آید و من تمام روزم را صرف آرام کردن او می‌کنم، بی‌آنکه بتوانم به بقیه بچه‌ها برسم.» در چنین شرایطی، حمایت خانواده و رعایت اصول پایه‌ی پزشکی ضروری است. در کلاس برای درک احساسات بچه‌ها، از تکنیک‌هایی ساده اما مؤثر استفاده می‌شود.

«مثلاً من دیوار کلاس را با صورتک‌هایی از حالت‌های چهره پوشانده‌ام. هر روز، بچه‌ها با نشان دادن یکی از این

شکلک‌ها، احساس خود را بیان می‌کنند. آن‌ها به‌مرور می‌آموزند احساسات خود را شناخته، به زبان بیاورند، و تدریس برای من هم راحت‌تر می‌شود.»

برای کودکان طیف اوتیسم، شعر و نمایش ابزارهایی حیاتی‌اند. آن‌ها به داستان‌ها، ریتم و حرکت واکنش خوبی نشان می‌دهند. مفاهیم درسی گاه با کمک شعر، نمایش، لمس اشیاء و حتی بوییدن آموزش داده می‌شود. آموزش باید واقعی و ملموس باشد. یکی از روش‌های مؤثر تدریس «داستان‌درمانی» است. بچه‌های کم‌توان ذهنی ممکن است خیلی چیزها را فراموش کنند، اما اگر داستانی را دوست داشته باشند، برای همیشه در ذهن‌شان می‌ماند. کودکان طیف اوتیسم، با وجود دشواری در ارتباط‌گیری، گاهی با داستان‌هایی که نمایش داده می‌شود ارتباط برقرار می‌کنند. بارها پیش آمده که با پرسیدن سؤالاتی از کودکی گریان، علت گریه کشف شده است. به‌محض این‌که خودش دلیل را درک می‌کند، آرام می‌شود.

یادگیری برای این بچه‌ها اغلب به معنای بازسازی کامل شیوه آموزش است. «مثلاً وقتی کودکی توانمند در خمیربازی، اثری شگفت انگیز ساخته دیگر اصراری به نوشتن و خواندن ندارم. مبنای ما برنامه درسی‌ای خشک و یکسان نیست. توانایی همه مردم متفاوت است، باید این تغییر ها را پیدا و شکوفا کرد.»

نه خیلی متفاوت

در فراسوی اینترنت، عزیزی یافتیم مشغول به شغل شریف معلمی. به کودکان استثنایی تدریس می‌کند و در کلاس‌هایش خبری از چهارچوب حوصله‌سربر دیگر مدارس نیست. اسمش ثمین محمدی‌زاده است و هر چه از دانش‌آموزانش می‌گفت، نه خودش سیر می‌شد و نه ما. فارغ‌التحصیل کارشناسی آموزش کودکان استثنایی از دانشگاه فرهنگیان است و حالا، در آستانه آغاز مقطع کارشناسی ارشد روان‌شناسی کودکان استثنایی قرار دارد. میان کلاس‌های خودش و کلاس‌های دانش‌آموزانش و کلاس‌های ما، برای‌مان از روزهایش گفت و چگونگی شروع کارش. این‌که چه‌طور از کودکی آرزو داشته روان‌شناس شود، اما نه یک روان‌شناس بالینی. او خود را در قامت معلم یا استاد دانشگاهی می‌دید، و این علاقه از همان دوران مدرسه و حضور دائم در کنار مادر فرهنگی‌اش شکل گرفت. ساعت‌هایی که مادرش برگه دانش‌آموزان را تصحیح می‌کرد، او مشتاقانه کنارش می‌نشست و کمک‌حالی بود بس علاقه‌مند. ثمین از همان‌جا عاشق تدریس شد.

معلم دانش‌دوست ما می‌گوید: «وقتی زمان انتخاب رشته رسید، خانواده مرا به‌سوی فرهنگیان هدایت کردند. در زیرمجموعه‌ی فرهنگیان، تنها دو رشته به روان‌شناسی نزدیک بودند: مشاوره و آموزش کودکان استثنایی. در نهایت، با وجود مخالفت خانواده و حتی مشاورهایی که مدام هشدار می‌دادند مسیر سختی در پیش دارم، با اصرار آموزش کودکان استثنایی را انتخاب کردم. از همان ابتدا این رشته برایم اولویت بود. امروزه بیش‌تر وقتم با کودکان کم‌توان ذهنی می‌گذرد؛ کودکانی با بهره هوشی زیر ۷۵ که انواع سندروم‌ها مانند داون، میکروسفالی یا هیدروسفالی در میان‌شان دیده می‌شود. برخی روزها، یکی دو کودک اوتیسم نیز به کلاس‌مان اضافه می‌شوند. برخلاف آن‌چه برخی تصور می‌کنند، این بچه ها به ترحم نیاز ندارند؛ آنها انسانهایی کاملاً منحصر به فردند که هرکدام دنیایی خاص دارند.

تدریس به این کودکان با آموزش در مدارس عادی تفاوتی بنیادین دارد. ما معلم‌ها موظفیم تفاوت‌های فردی را جدی بگیریم. در کلاس‌های ما، خبری از روش‌های گروهی نیست؛ هر دانش‌آموز برنامه و روش مخصوص به خودش را می‌طلبد. بعضی از آن‌ها دارو مصرف می‌کنند، برخی کنترل هیجان ندارند و گاهی کلاس به جای محیط آموزشی، به میدان مین شباهت پیدا می‌کند، اما در میان همین لحظه‌های دشوار، لحظه‌هایی عمیقاً دوست‌داشتنی و تأثیرگذار وجود دارد.»

کرونولوژی

یکی از معروف ترین خطوط داستانی تراژیک این بیماری روییدن گیاه در شش های فرد و ریشه دواندنشان در سیستم تنفسی است که موجع به مرگی دردناک در اثر خفگی در خون و گل است. در این خط داستانی عاشق عشقی یک طرفه، عمیق، دردناک و نافرجام تجربه می کند. هر روزی که می‌گذرد ریشه‌های گل که در این مورد اکثرا نرگس یا شکوفه های گیلاس هستند، بیشتر شش هایش را می درند. او خون و گل‌برگ سرفه می‌کند و تنفس برایش آن‌قدر سخت می‌شود که در فلاکتی زیبنده جانش را می‌گیرد. مرگ فرد اما، به معنای پایان رشد گیاهان نیست. در نهایت روز چیزی از کالبد عاشق باقی نمی‌ماند جز بستری برای گل‌های زیبایی که به سرخی خون در آمده‌اند.

در روایت‌هایی متفاوت، گاها بیماری فرد درمان می‌شود. یا عاشق احساسات متقابلی از معشوق دریافت می کند، یا جراحی موفق به در آوردن تمامی ریشه‌ها، تمامی عواطف، تمامی عشق و نجات جانش می‌شود. برای اکثر عاشقان اما مرگ درد کمتری دارد. برخی هیچ دست به انجام این جراحی نمی‌زنند، و برخی در حین عمل به علت عمق ریشه ها جان می‌سپارند.

داستان هاناهاکی یا بیماری گل‌ها در سال های اخیر دگردیسی‌هایی پیدا کرده و از شکل نوشته به نقش، آهنگ و فیلم نیز درآمده. این استعاره همیشه احساسی نامتقابل که در حین سوزناکی خود شیرین است را به شکل حزن‌آمیزی بسیار صیقل نیافته، ظریف و شاعرانه به تصویر می کشد.



هاناهاکی

نگار خراسانی

« باعث شدی در ریه هایم گل رشد کند. زیبا هستند و من نمی توانم نفس بکشم »

گل‌برک‌ها، شاخه های رونده و تیغ‌های برنده در درونش می‌رویند و او از عشق درد خواهد کشید. دردی کشنده، سوزناک و پایان ناپذیر. هر بوته خونین نماد یک نوع دوست داشتن است. گل‌ها از روی محبت جوانه می‌زنند و تیغ‌ها سرگردان بین احساسات شریان پاره می‌کنند. گیاه به رسم همیشگی خود رشد می‌کند و پس از چندی آدمی را از درون می‌بلعد. جنگلی از تمام احساسات نهان او شکل می‌گیرد و همه چیز، زیباتر می‌شود.

در پاره‌ای از داستان‌های معاصر و نوظهور در باب عشاق نافرجام، پدیده‌ای شکل گرفته به‌نام هاناهاکی. ترکیب لغوی دو واژه هانا به معنای گل و هاکی به معنای بالا آوردن، با نسب ژاپنی‌اش، اولین بار در مانگای بانو ناکائو ماتسودا در سال ۲۰۰۹ استفاده شد، اما این استعاره عاشقانه تدریجا به تمامی داستان‌های شرق آسیا رسوخ کرد و پس از مدتی به غرب رسید. شاید جالب باشد بدانید در لغت‌نامه دهخدا یکی از تعاریف ق کردن، اشکوفه فتادن کسی است، چه بسا این استعاره از زمان های دور رواج داشته و بالا آوردن و شکوفه کردن هم‌راستای یک‌دیگر قرار داشتند.

این پدیده مرضی نادری تلقی می‌شود که در آن فرد عاشق از زیبایی عشق خود شروع به گل‌برگ سرفه کردن می‌کند و به سبب نوع شکل گیری حس او، گیاهان متغیر می‌رویند. آفتابگردان از عشقی شاد و وفادار، سوسن از اهمیت و محبتی بی اندازه، ادریسی از میل شدید قلبی، ارکیده از بازگشت دوباره احساسات، داوودی و رز از عشقی پر اندوه و درخواست، میخک از پاکی و عشقی خالصانه، نرگس از آگاه و عذرخواه یک طرفه بودن عشق، و در نهایت شکوفه‌های گیلاس که از عمق زیاد احساسات شروع به رشد می کنند. در طی گذشت زمان گل‌برگ‌های زیبا تبدیل به بوته هایی پر از شاخه و برگ شده تمام بدن فرد را فرا می‌گیرند، و در صورت عدم دریافت متقابل عواطف، توسط احساساتت ریشه‌دوانده در جان خود به کام مرگ کشیده می شود.

دیمین هرست ما را وادار به تعمل و عمل می‌کند. او نمی‌خواهد که مردم تنها تماشاگر زیبایی باشند، بلکه واکنششان را در برابر مرگ و معنا می‌آزماید. در جهانی که زشتی اغلب پنهان می‌شود، شاید هنر او تلنگری باشد برای آن‌که دوباره ببینیم، دوباره بیندیشیم، و در نهایت درست زندگی کنیم.



این جمجمه که در عین خیره‌کننده بودن وحشت می‌آفریند، نمادی است از پیروزی انسان بر مرگ، یا تلاشی ناامیدانه برای پنهان کردن این حقیقت تلخ با زرق‌وبرق و ثروت. این تضاد درونی اثر، همان‌جایی است که مخاطب را به چالش می‌کشد: زیبایی و زشتی، جاذبه و دافعه، زندگی و مرگ، همه در یک قاب به هم آمیخته‌اند.

در آثار مربوط به پروانه‌ها نیز همین دوگانگی به وضوح دیده می‌شود. هرست با استفاده از هزاران پروانه‌ی واقعی، تابلوهایی می‌سازد که چشم‌نوازند و ناراحت‌کننده. زیبایی ظاهری این آثار نمی‌تواند ما را از این واقعیت غافل کند که موجوداتی زنده برای خلق آن‌ها جان داده‌اند. از یک‌سو ترکیب رنگ‌ها، الگوها و سطوح درخشان حس زندگی را القا می‌کند، اما از سوی دیگر، مرگ پنهانی که در پس این زرق‌وبرق نهفته است، سوالاتی اخلاقی درباره حدود و مسئولیت‌های هنر برمی‌انگیزد. در این میان تماشاگر ناگزیر است بین لذت زیبایی‌شناسانه و پذیرش مرگ موجودات بی‌گناه تردید کند، و همین کشمکش است که باعث می‌شود هنر هرست همچنان بحث‌برانگیز و تاثیرگذار باقی بماند.

یکی از نکات کلیدی در هنر هرست، استفاده حساب‌شده از عنصر شوک است. او به خوبی می‌داند که برای جلب توجه و برانگیختن تفکر عمیق، گاه لازم است از مرزهای متعارف عبور کند و مخاطب را در حالت ناباوری و حتی شاید انزجار قرار دهد. این شوک شاید در ابتدا به نظر عاملی منفی برسد، اما در واقعیت ابزاری برای بازکردن درهای پرسشگری است. شوک‌های بصری و مفهومی در آثار او نه تنها به واکنش فوری مخاطب می‌انجامد، بلکه زمینه‌ساز گفت‌وگوهایی طولانی و ژرف درباره مرگ، زندگی، ارزش و اخلاق می‌شود. شاید این توانایی در تکان دادن و تحریک حس مخاطب، مهم‌ترین عامل ماندگاری و تاثیرگذاری آثار هرست باشد.

با وجود نقدهای فراوان و جنجال‌هایی که پیرامون آثار این هنرمند خبره وجود دارد، مردم هنوز هم به ستایشش می‌پردازند. این مسأله نشان می‌دهد که آثار هرست بیش از آن‌که صرفاً ایجاد واکنش‌های زودگذر کنند، در عمق فرهنگ و ذهن مخاطب نفوذ کرده‌اند. شاید دلیل این بحث‌های مداوم، توانایی او در لمس زخم‌های انسانی و طرح سوالات بنیادین درباره مرگ و معنا باشد که هیچ هنرمند دیگری به این شکل جسورانه دنبال نکرده است. شاید نکته‌ی اصلی در هنر دیمین هرست همین باشد: او از شوک به عنوان ابزاری برای ایجاد یک تجربه‌ی تأمل‌برانگیز و گاه ناراحت‌کننده استفاده می‌کند که مخاطب را به تفکر و مواجهه‌ی واقعی با مرگ و زوال دعوت می‌کند، نه صرفاً به عنوان یک سرگرمی بصری یا نمایشی. همین موضوع آثارش را نه تنها بحث‌برانگیز، بلکه در نوع خود منحصر به فرد و تاثیرگذار کرده است.

وقتی هنر و مرگ دست می‌دهند

فاطیما گلزار

دیمین هرست (Damien Hirst) هنرمند جنجالی و تأثیرگذار بریتانیایی، با آثاری که زیبایی و مرگ را در هم می‌آمیزند، جایگاه منحصربه‌فردی در هنر معاصر یافته است. جهان او پر است از تضادهایی که در نگاه نخست ممکن است آزاردهنده یا شوکه‌کننده به‌نظر برسند، اما در لایه‌های زیرین خود پرسش‌هایی بنیادین درباره زندگی، ناپایداری، ارزش و ترس در ذهن مخاطب برمی‌انگیزند. آثار هرست معمولا به‌جای واژه، با ماده حرف می‌زنند. موادی که بسیاری‌شان در هنر متعارف جایی ندارند: کوسه‌ای در فرمالدهید، جمجمه‌ای پوشیده از الماس و پروانه‌هایی واقعی که در دل تابلو جان داده‌اند.

در اثری چون «The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living» هرست با قراردادن کوسه‌ای عظیم در مخزنی شیشه‌ای، ما را در برابر چهره بی‌واسطه و واقعی مرگ قرار می‌دهد. نه مرگی نمادین یا استعاری، بلکه مرگی که همچون آینه، ترس‌های سرکوب‌شده ما را منعکس می‌کند. این مواجهه بی‌رحمانه با مرگ در همان لحظه نخست، نوعی شوک ایجاد می‌کند که شاید برای بسیاری غیرقابل هضم باشد، اما در حقیقت همان ابزار اصلی هرست برای برانگیختن واکنش است. این شوک صرفاً ابزاری برای ایجاد حساسیت یا هیجان نیست؛ بلکه دعوتی‌ست برای توقف، تفکر و مواجهه عمیق با چیزی که معمولاً در زندگی روزمره‌مان از آن فرار می‌کنیم.

هرست از مرگ نمی‌گریزد، بلکه آن را به مرکز نگاه هنری خود تبدیل می‌کند. برای مثال او در اثری دیگر با نام «Mother and Child (Divided)»، با نمایش یک گاو و گوساله شکافته‌شده در محفظه‌هایی جدا، پیوند عاطفی مادر و فرزند را به قطعاتی سرد و علمی فروکاسته و از خلال این خشونت بصری، ما را به تأمل درباره شکنندگی روابط و ناتوانی‌شان در برابر مرگ و زوال وا می‌دارد. این دگردیسی صمیمیت در قاب علم و آزمایشگاه شاید خشونت‌آمیز باشد، اما دقیقا به همین دلیل بیننده نمی‌تواند از آن عبور کرده و چشم بپوشاند.

جمجمه الماس‌نشان «For the Love of God»، به‌نوعی تعادل مرموز میان زیبایی و نیستی را می‌رساند.


ارمغان

نبودم!

آفتاب از پس کوه‌ها نمایان شد، و تو نیز نبودی.

بخش پنجم

در پس سایه‌ها دیدم نور مهتابگونه‌ات را. درخشش یک ستاره آبی و درهم شکستن حقیقت وارانه سبز رنگ. ملالی نبود جز خورنقی که سنمار از آن افتاد.

بخش ششم

من فرهاد بودم، نه، آن دورگه ایرانی-رومی بودم، نه، همان جایی که ایستاده‌ای بایست! من آن مجنون به خاک و خون کشیده بودم نه آن مه‌لقای مه‌سان، نه! من آن گردآفرید بودم. چه سود که من چه‌کسی بودم؟ من، من بودم.

بخش هفتم

در کنج دیواری نم‌زده، رو به دژی قدیمی، مدفون به زیر گیاهان خودرو، منتظر. در انتظار دیدار سیه و سپید افسانه‌ها. گفته بودم در خیال پروازم؟

بخش آخر

گم‌شده، آواره، خانه‌به‌دوش در میان نهان این جهان حل می‌شوم و وجود تو شکل دیگری از حقیقت در دنیای من بود.

گرداو
ورف روژ

بخش اول

وجود تو شکل دیگری از حقیقت در دنیای من است. چیزی مانند رسوخ رنگ‌ها به بی‌رنگی‌ها، پراکنده میان نهان این جهان.

بخش دوم

وجه تو از آن توست و وجه من نیز؛ اما کمی پیش‌تر که قدم می‌نهم تصویر من از آن بی‌تصویری است. قالبی که در دسته‌ای تو شکل می‌گیرد.

بخش سوم

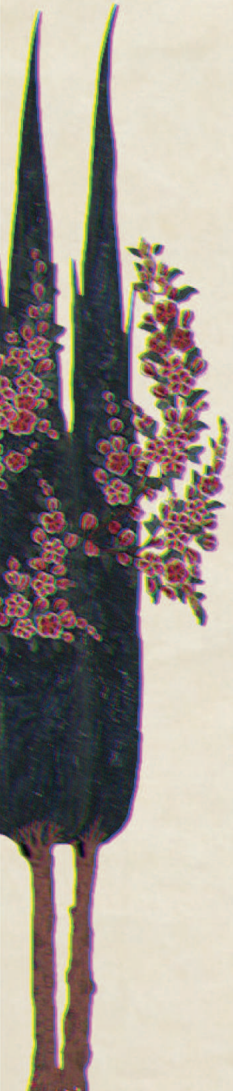
من هیچ آسوده نبودم. گستره‌ء عالم مثل بر شانه‌هایم سنگینی می‌کنند و من در خیال پروازم. روزی که مبدل به آن شاپرک عالم رویا شوم دور است.

بخش چهارم

بودی.

بودم.

بودی.



همان‌ها که شن‌هایت را گل کرده،

سفت کرده است

موجی دیگر از صدف به ساحل می‌پاشد

و این فرق من و تو با دریا و ساحل است؛

ما تمام می‌شویم.

دریا، ساحل، من و تو

یادگار عبدی

دریا برای ساحل

صدف سوغاتی می‌آورد

من نیز برای تو گوش‌ماهی‌های فسیل شده را می‌آورم که در بچگی به تو داده نشده

و تو با نرمی و لطافت شن‌ها

پذیرای امواجی

دریا صدف‌ها را پس می‌گیرد و به اعماق می‌خزد

چند صدف را جا می‌گذارد

من نیز توجه‌ام را ثانیه‌ای به ساعت‌ها بی‌حرفیت نشان می‌دهم

و می‌گذرم

هرآن‌چه را قرار بود بدهم

پس می‌گیرم

جز خاطراتی را که سخت چسبیده‌ای

لق

ژیوا

- بیا و شب شهابی را ببین که از تقدیر شومت برهاند، بیا و منتظر بمان.

کمی فکر کرد که انتظار چه چیز را می‌گوید! همانی که به گمانش از تاریکی روشنش می‌داشت، برقی که پیش از این به چشم نیافته و سپیده‌ای که همواره به جان هوایش می‌کرد!

+ راستش من همین را سال‌ها اندیشه به گردن انداخته‌ام و کار نمی‌کند که هیچ، در همه زمان‌های بی‌منتهی‌الیه تسلسلی سخت می‌آید و بیشتر دلم را درد و غم در پنجه بی‌رحم می‌فشارد.

- میخواهی سر خم کنی؟ نمانی؟

+ سر خم کنم؟ نمانم؟ من که دست افشان و عربده مستانه، تنم را به اصابت ضربات بلند پتک کاوه داده‌ام که سختم کند؟!

-نشد؟

+ نه، لق و لج مانده‌ام که اصلا چرا این بودن؟ آن‌گه این‌چنین بودن؟


شرح حال

هوا گرم بود. انگار سه بعدازظهر مرداد را بیندازی درون کوره، بعد بهش کنی زیر آفتاب. شرجی هم بود. دم داشت هوا.

می‌گفتم «رسیدیم بچه.» می‌داشتم زمین، می‌داشتم جاسوس‌بازی‌هایش را درآورد. کلید را از جیبم در می‌آورد، با تمرکز و سکوت کامل، می‌کرد توی قفل و آرام می‌چرخاند که مثلا دارد دزدکی وارد جایی می‌شود.

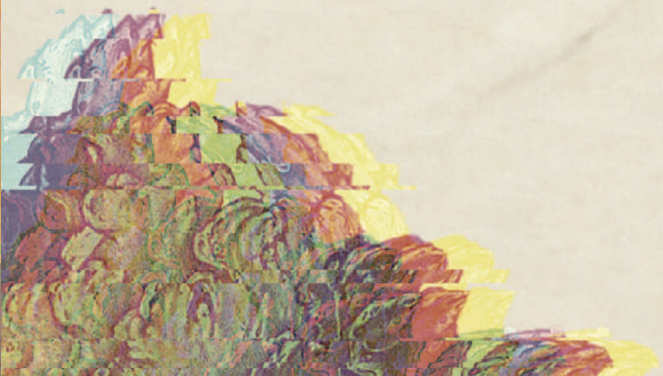
هر بار، بدون استثنا سعی می‌کرد دستگیره را با پا باز کند، هر بار بدون استثنا با ته زمین می‌خورد.

شربت خاکشیر یخ می‌انداختم می‌دادم دستش که گرمازده نشود سر ظهری. «بگیر بخور، حوصله مریض‌داری ندارم.»

هیوا اما زل می‌زد به عرق لیوان، به خاکشیرهای شربت، می‌گفت انگار داریم یک عالم مورچه می‌خوریم. دو تایی زل می‌زدیم به عرق لیوان، مورچه‌ها را گاهی هم می‌زدیم که یه‌وقت ته‌نشین نشن. گرم بود هوا. بوی ارغوان می‌پیچید.

می‌پرسید: «خدا می‌تونه یه سنگی درست کنه که خودش هم نتونه بلندش کنه؟»

سر تکان می‌دادم، آره و نه و نمی‌دانم.



«مگه من چیم از مخلوطکن کمتره»، و «سس کچاپم یه روزی گوجه بود لابد» و «اصلاً چه کاریه آدم انقدر کالباس حرام یک غذا کند. کالباسش رو بعد جدا می‌خوریم.» تصمیم می‌گرفتیم که جعفری جایگزین خوبی برای رزماری‌ست، و چاقو هم همان کار رنده را می‌کند.

نگاه می‌کردیم به آشپزخانهٔ به فنا رفته، هیوا می‌رفت لته می‌آورد، من می‌رفتم از فریزر نان بربری در می‌آوردم که رویش پنیر بریزیم بگذاریم در ماکروفر. کاچی به از هیچی‌ست بالاخره. چهار زانو می‌نشستیم روی میز غذاخوری، نان‌پنیر نیمه‌سوخته‌مان را سق می‌زدیم. بحث می‌گفت: از این به بعد آشپزی دو تایی بی‌آشپزی دو تایی. خودش را مشغول زل‌زدن به افق نشان می‌داد که «من سرم با تفکرات مهم فلسفی گرم است و وقتی برای مزخرفات تو ندارم.»

«اگه پام تو مریخ پیچ بخوره، به‌جای زمین مریخ می‌خورم؟»

«اگه من همهٔ حرفامو زده باشم، بقیه کی ساکت می‌شن؟»

نود درصد خریدمان را آنلاین می‌کردیم. برای آن ده درصد دیگر که نمی‌شد بچه را تنها خانه گذاشت، آن‌قدر با تابلوی مغازه‌ها جملات بی‌خود می‌ساختیم تا کارمان تمام شود. برمی‌گشتیم. هیوا تا طبقهٔ سوم را جیغ می‌زد، می‌خندید، خودش را به در و دیوار می‌کوبید، از آن به بعد آن‌قدر خسته بود که باید بغلش می‌کردم. دست‌هایش را پشت گردنم حلقه می‌زد، سرش را تکیه می‌داد به شانه‌ام، نفسش می‌خورد به گوشم، مورمورم می‌شد، دلم نمی‌آمد بیدارش کنم. پشت پلک‌هایش تندتند تکان می‌خورد. خواب می‌دید لابد.

وقتی می‌رسیدیم باد می‌آمد. بوی گلدان‌ها می‌پیچید. زیر لب، خواب و بیدار زمزمه می‌کرد «ارغوان‌ها رو کی رنگ کرده؟» می‌گفتم «کسی رنگ‌شان نکرده. خودشان همین‌جوری رشد می‌کنند.» اخم می‌کرد که «مگر داستان جن و پری‌ست؟ منطقی باش. چیزها خودشان همین‌طوری رشد نمی‌کنند. یک نفر باید رنگ‌شان کرده باشد بالاخره.»

«شکم تمساحا درد نمی‌گیره؟»

«آخرین روز بچه بودن چه حسی داره؟»

هیوا می‌گفت گشنه‌اش شده. می‌گفتم در یخچال غذا هست. می‌گفت نه، برای شیرینی پرتقالی گشنه‌اش شده. می‌گفتم من بلد نیستم شیرینی پرتقالی درست کنم. می‌گفتم تو تا به‌حال شیرینی پرتقالی نخورده‌ای. می‌گفتم حداقل سه روز طول می‌کشد تا سفارش‌مان برسد. هیوا لب برمی‌چید، و من کوتاه می‌آمدم، و جفتمان وانمود می‌کردیم که قیافه‌گرفتن‌هایش هیچ تأثیری در تغییر عقیدهٔ من ندارد.

می‌گشتیم در فروشگاهی آنلاین یک بسته شیرینی پرتقالی پیدا می‌کردیم. دلمان نمی‌آمد برای همان یک قلم جنس پول پیک بدهیم. می‌گشتیم و می‌گشتیم و خرید سی هزار تومنی‌مان را سیصد هزار تومان می‌کردیم که «سود» برده باشیم. کیک یزدی می‌خوردیم در انتظار کیک پرتقالی، می‌نشستیم پشت پنجره به انتظار بابایی که نمی‌آمد.

دعوا می‌کردیم.

دعواهای ما تمام نمی‌شد. دعواها از خستگی و گشنگی می‌خوابید.

دعوا که می‌خوابید، می‌نشستیم جلوی تلویزیون و زل می‌زدیم به برنامه رندومی که در حال پخش بود. آشپزی پخش می‌کرد اکثر اوقات. جفتمان از روی عادتی ترک‌نشده وقتی برنامه مورد علاقه‌مان تمام می‌شد، کانال را عوض می‌کردیم به این مسابقات آشپزی، که مامانی بیاید و بگوید «خب اینو منم می‌تونم درست کنم. هیوا هم می‌تونه درست کنه. جهنم و ضرر، حتی باباشم می‌تونه درست کنه. چه نیازیه به این همه شلوغ‌بازی؟» ولی بعد بنشیند تا آخر نگاهش کند در هر صورت. ولی مامان هیوا نبود، ما بودیم، عصبانی بودیم، خسته بودیم، گرسنه بودیم، و حوصله ادامه دادن دعوا را نداشتیم دیگر. زل می‌زدیم به برنامه آشپزی مامانی که نبود، و تصمیم می‌گرفتیم خودمان «پیتزای آلفردو با سس گوجه و رزماری» درست کنیم. دست می‌شستیم، می‌گشتیم دنبال وسایل، وسایل را پیدا نمی‌کردیم، تصمیم می‌گرفتیم که «این حدوداً یه پیمانه‌ست دیگه»، و

لج دوست‌هایش را می‌گرفت. زنگ می‌زدیم به یکیشان، بعد چند دقیقه دو تایی با هم لج بقیه را می‌گرفتند. تماس گروهی می‌گرفتیم و اینترنت یک نفر وصل نمی‌شد و قیافه‌اش وسط تعریف آخرین قسمت «دختر کفشدوزکی» گیر می‌کرد و همهٔ دلخوری‌ها، دلتنگی‌ها، کمانه‌ها، به نفع مسخره کردن آن بچهٔ بدبخت به دست فراموشی سپرده می‌شد.

پدر هیوا بستنی‌فروشی داشت. بعد تعطیلی همه‌جا، رفته بود پیک شده بود که بیکار نباشد و از ترس انتقال مریضی به بچه، اکثر شب‌ها آپارتمان من می‌خوابید. هیوا، از روز اول مشکل تنفسی داشت و چپ و راست ریه‌اش عفونی می‌شد و جوری سرفه می‌کرد که باور نمی‌کردی آدم کوچولویی دو وجبی توانایی تولید چنین صدایی داشته باشد. جای‌مان عوض شده بود انگار. او ساعت دوی شب خانه می‌آمد و من، برای بچه‌ای که قرار نبود داشته باشم غذا می‌پختم.

بعضی شب‌ها که ناآرام بود، پیشنهاد می‌دادم بیاید پیش من بخوابد. اخم می‌کرد که من بچه نیستم. که فقط بچه‌ها نمی‌توانند تنهایی بخوابند. مسواک که می‌زد، کتاب خواندنش را که تمام می‌کردم، دستم را می‌گرفت که حالا می‌توانم شاید، یکم، فقط برای یکم‌یکم بیشتر کنارش بمانم تا خوابش برود؟

آرام گریه می‌کرد و من گریه نمی‌کردم، چون قرار بود وانمود کنیم من می‌دانم اوضاع از چه قرار است. که من می‌دانم مامان کی برمی‌گردد خانه، که من می‌دانم بابا کی بستهٔ ما را تحویل می‌دهد، که من می‌دانم چرا خرچنگ‌ها ابرو ندارند. به نفع جفتمان بود به گمانم.

نصفه‌شب با گردن خشک بیدار می‌شدم و می‌دیدم که مچاله روی تختش خوابم برده. می‌آمدم کف زمین می‌خوابیدم. ده دقیقه بعد با صدای قژقژ تخت هیوا بلند می‌شدم که پتو به دست آمده کنار من پای تخت بخوابد. صبح که می‌شد، هیچ‌کدام از اتفاق شب قبل حرف نمی‌زدیم.

برایش نان‌پنیر لقمه می‌کردم. او می‌گفت می‌خواهد کادوی روز مادر یک شیشه عطر ارغوانی بخرد، می‌گفتم ارغوان بو ندارد. می‌گفت دروغ نگو. پس این بوی چیست.

چهل دقیقه بعد، وقتی آقای مجیدی در واحدش را باز کرد و من هیوا به بغل گربه به بغل را دید و تایید کرد که «بله، این سرکار خانم محترم گربه من تشریف دارند و مدتی بود که دنبالش می‌گشتم»، قضیه برای لحظاتی کوتاه نزدیک بود فیصله پیدا کند. آقای مجیدی می‌توانست به‌راحتی بگوید «ممنون هیوا جان. از این به بعد بیشتر حواسم را جمع می‌کنم در و پنجره را خوب بسته باشم»، ولی به‌جای این، بنا به دلایلی نامعلوم تصمیم گرفت بگوید «خدا را شکر که تو در این ساختمان حواست به همه چیز هست.»

و آن‌جا بود که داستان شروع شد.

مجبورم می‌کرد هفته‌ای سه‌بار زنگ بزنم احوال خانم فرخی را بگیرم. «کسی بهش زنگ نمی‌زنه خب. اگه هیچ‌کس هیچ‌وقت همین‌جور الکی به تو زنگ نزنه ناراحت نمی‌شی؟»

مجبورم می‌کرد خریدهای خانهٔ آقا فرید را انجام بدهم، مجبورم می‌کرد گل‌هایی که برای ما نبود را آب بدهم، تهدید می‌کرد که اگر ندهی خودم می‌دهم و جفتمان می‌دانیم که شیلنگ آب دست من دادن به کجا ختم می‌شود، مجبورم می‌کرد برای همسا خانم این‌ها کیک بپزم. می‌گفتم من که کیک پختن بلد نیستم. می‌گفتم همسا خانم این‌ها فشار خون دارند. می‌گفتم کسی به‌غیر از تو دوست ندارد کیک شکلاتیش طعم پرتقال بدهد. خودش را مشغول پنچرگیری از ماشین پلاستیکی پنجرناشدنی‌اش نشان می‌داد که «من سرم با کارهای مهم مکانیکی گرم است و وقتی برای مزخرفات تو ندارم.»

مادر هیوا هر شب زنگ می‌زد حال و احوال کند و تنها خبری که از کادر درمان به‌مان می‌داد، شامل جک‌های بی‌مزهٔ خانم مرتضوی و آن سگ ولگرده که نزدیک در اورژانس با توله‌هایش زندگی می‌کرد بود. هیوا منت می‌کرد که بهش نگویم اسباب‌بازی‌هایش را قبل از غذا جمع نکرده. نمی‌گفتم. مامان هیوا هم همهٔ خبر را به ما نمی‌گفت، پس این، به آن در.

«اون قدیم‌قدیما که همه چیز سیاه‌وسفید بود، چطور کسی از چراغ قرمز رد نمی‌شد؟»

«درخت برای بزرگ شدن آب و نور می‌خواد. رنگین‌کمونم آب و نور می‌خواد. رنگین‌کمون چه نوع درختیه؟»

پختم، هیچ کاری نکردم. که اگر به خاطر هیوا نبود، روزها و هفته‌ها از تخت بلند نمی‌شدم. که حرف زدن پشت تلفن از قبل هم سخت‌تر شده بود، که اتاقم را ماه‌ها بود تمیز نکرده بودم، که مدت‌ها بود کتاب جدیدی دستم نگرفته بودم.

هیوا دنبال گربه‌ها می‌دوید. وقتی نمی‌توانست دمشان را بکشد گریه می‌کرد. «من که کاری به کارشون ندارم. فقط دمشون رو می‌خوام.» می‌پرسیدم دوست داشتی یک نفر دم خودت را می‌کشید؟ اخم می‌کرد، می‌گفت من دم ندارم. می‌گفتم داری.

«ته آسمون کجاست؟»

«آسمون ته نداره.»

«دروغ نگو. همه چیز یه جا تموم میشه. فکر می‌کنی اگه یه عالمه چیز با گوشی سفارش بدیم، آخر یکیشو بابا میاره؟»

برمی‌گشتیم برگردیم سمت خانه. «پله‌نوردی» می‌کردیم و من خدا را شکر می‌کردم که همسایه‌ها زیاد به صدا اعتراض نمی‌کنند.

قبلاً ها پله‌نوردی شامل گزارشی دقیق و لحظه‌به‌لحظه از اتفاقات اطراف‌مان بود. با صدای گزارشگران راز بقا از زندگی شگفت‌انگیز پشه‌های خون‌خوار کنار پنجره، مورچه‌های زهرآگین پشت جاکفشی، و تار عنکبوتان مخوف پاگرد طبقه چهارم تعریف می‌کرد، ولی بعد از پیدا کردن گربه سرگردان آقای مجیدی، صفحه به‌کلی برگشت. هیوا در حال مصاحبه‌ای پرتنش با مگسی بال‌شکسته بود که صدای میوپی شنیدیم. با لحنی شرمنده و مودب از مگس نازنین خداحافظی کرد و جلسه پرسش و پاسخشان را به وقتی دیگر منتقل کرد، و سر در پی پیدا کردن منبع صدا گذاشت. «نه آخر می‌دانی این نوع میو میو مخصوص گربه‌های شمال آفریقاست. گربه‌های شمال آفریقا خیلی گربه‌های مخصوصی هستند. اگر نیم‌ساعت یک‌بار نازشان نکنی مریضی سختی می‌گیرند و می‌میرند. ما باید زود زود پیدایش کنیم و جانش را نجات دهیم، خدا می‌داند آخرین بار چه کسی نازش کرده.»



هیوا

راش

مسئولیت نگهداری از هیوا با من بود. یک جور قانون ثبت نشده، یک جور چیزی که وقتی فکر می‌کنی اولش را نمی‌بینی، شروعش را به یاد نداری، حس می‌کنی از آغاز جهان همین بوده لابد. هیوا، همین بود.

مادر هیوا زن خوبی بود. دوشنبه‌ها پیراهن زرد می‌پوشید، دوست داشت جوراب‌ها تا شده درون کمد باشند، سالادش را قبل غذا می‌خورد، حلقه ازدواجش را سه‌بار گم کرده بود، ارغوان می‌کاشت. حداقل این چیزی است که قبلاً بود. حالا، فقط ارغوان‌های باغچه‌اش به چشم می‌آمد.

هیوا را هفته‌ای دوبار می‌بردم حیاط. با پله می‌رفتیم که هم او زود خسته شود، هم تا جای ممکن به چیزی دست نزنیم. اسم روتین‌مان را گذاشته بود «جاسوس بازی» و با جدیت تمام شور همه را درمی‌آورد. اصرار داشت که وسط ظله گرما کت چرم بلندی بپوشد و روی ماسکش سبیل مصنوعی بچسباند که یک‌وقت کسی نشناسدش. می‌گفتم سبیل برای وقتی است که ماسک نداری. خودش را مشغول جاساز کردن عروسک‌ها و اسپری الکل در کمربندش نشان می‌داد که «من سرم با کارهای مهم جاسوسی گرم است و وقتی برای مزخرفات تو ندارم.»

در را می‌بستیم، پا روی پله اول نگذاشته بازی قبلی فراموش و سؤال‌هایش شروع می‌شد. «شن‌های ساحل چند تاست؟» «چرا هیچ کسی آفتاب‌پرست‌ها رو دوست نداره؟» «اگه یه نفر مرده دوباره زنده شه، دوزیست حساب می‌آد؟» و من فقط سر تکان می‌دادم، چیزی نامفهوم میان آره و نه و نمی‌دانم.

به ارائه‌ای فکر می‌کردم که باید دو روز پیش آماده می‌کردم، به خیال‌های واهیی که از بچگی داشتم، به اینکه «اگه منو به جرمی که نکردم متهم کنند و بیفتم زندان، تا روز آزادیم می‌رم کلی ورزش می‌کنم، مثل اون وکیله تو اون داستانه که سر یه شرط خودشو حبس کرد کلی کتاب می‌خونم و جامعه‌شناسی و فلسفه و دو تا زبون جدید یاد می‌گیرم.» به این فکر می‌کردم که غیر پنج جور نانی که در همان ماه اول قرنطینه

پس از مدتی، گنجشک آرام گرفت. به خود مختصر تکانی داد، از لای پرهای آذر جمید و ادامه مسیر پیش گرفت.

سبک
بی‌صدا
با هدف.

آذر نگاهش را به پرواز گنجشک دوخت، اما نه با غرور. نگاهش مملو از آرامش عمیق سرشار نجات دیگری، و بیش از آن، خودش بود. گرمایی از تنش ساطع می‌شد که از قلبش نشئت می‌گرفت. او متوجه شد شعله، آتشی نیست که دیگران فریادش می‌زنند. شعله همان چیزی است که باید از باور خودش برخاسته باشد. در دلش جرقه‌ای زده شد. شعله‌ای بی‌ادعا و زمزمه‌گر. آذر نیازی به سوختن همانند دیگران نداشت. او راهی دیگر به درون آتش یافته بود: تپش‌های آرام باور.

مدت‌ها گذشت، اما جرقه درونی از سو نیفتاد. ایستاده بر نوک صخره‌ای بلند، بدون حضور نگاه، صدا یا بشری در نزدیکی، آذر نه منتظر بود کسی به او شعله ببخشد و نه می‌ترسید در شعله‌ای گم شود. چشم‌هایش را بست و منتظر شنیدن صدای درونش شد. نه کلامی و نه فریادی، بلکه آوازی خاموش و صادق. آوازی که از دلش بپیچد، در بال‌هایش لرزید، و کم‌کم از نوک پرهایش شراره زد. آذر خودش را آتش زد. نه برای نابود شدن، برای رهایی. نه برای اثباتش به دیگران، بلکه برای حقیقتی که از باورش خود را محروم کرده بود. آذر از میان خاکستر گرم برخاست. آهسته آواز می‌خواند، آواز شعله بود و شعله صدایش. پرهایش رنگی به خود گرفت بی‌تا: ترکیبی از ترس گذشته و شهامتی برای بودن در آینده.

ققنوس، آتش خودش را خودش آفریده بود. هنگامی‌که آذر پر پرواز گشود، آسمان از رد شعله‌هایش روشن شد: نه از آتش، بلکه از ایمان.



فریاد

زهرا خوشحال

پرهایش به رنگ خاکستر گرم کویر بود، نه سرخ افسانه بسان ققنوس‌های پرشکوه. پرنده‌ای صادق، با چشمانی دوخته به گوشه امن افق‌های دوردست.

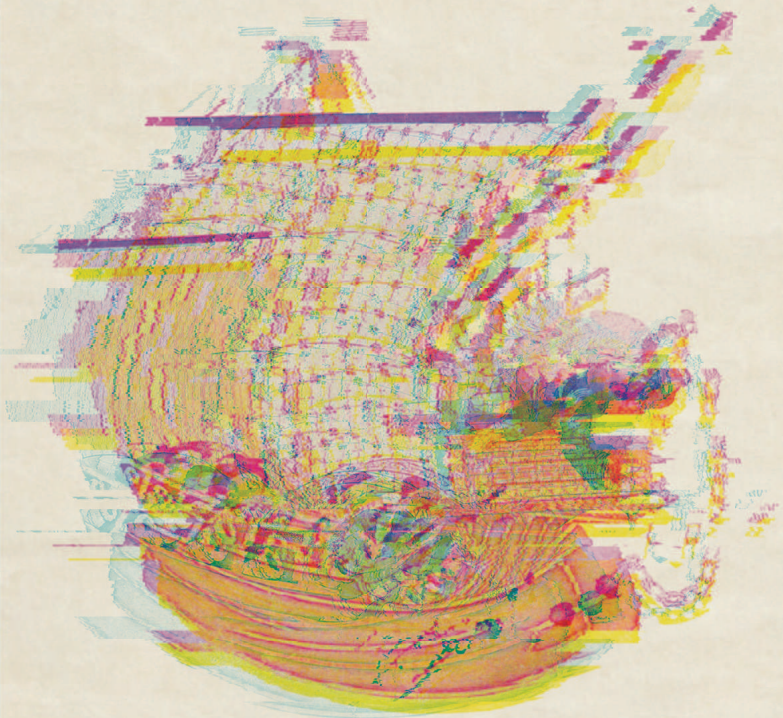
نامش آذر بود و باور نداشت آتشی نهفته در دل داشته باشد. از همان خردسالی میان پرندگان بلندآوازه شهر خود می‌زیست که هیبت‌شان همچون شعله فروزان در آسمان می‌رقصید و خاکستر تقدیر از جبین‌هاشان تکانده می‌شد. می‌گفتند «ققنوس واقعی در آتش زاده می‌شود»، اما آذر، هر بار بوی سوختگی به مشامش می‌رسید، پرهایش را می‌لرزاند و به گوشه ای امن پناه می‌برد. شب‌ها ولی، در کنج آشیان، هنگامی که همگی به خواب فرو می‌رفتند، پرسید: «اگر آتش پایان است چرا همه آن را آغاز می‌خوانند؟ اگر خاکستر مرگ است چرا باور دارند زندگی دوباره از آن می‌جوشد؟»

از کودکی در تمرین شعله‌ور شدن آخرین بود. نه این‌که نخواهد، می‌ترسید پرهایش شعله نداشته باشند. از این‌که آن لحظه بزرگ هرگز نیاید می‌ترسید. هنگامی که اطرافیان با غرور از سوختن و باززایی برای پروازی باشکوه آواز می‌سرودند، آذر در سکوت می‌ترسید و پشت چهره‌ای آرام پنهان می‌شد. این ترس همچون خاکستری سرد بر دلش می‌نشست، که نکند آتش من خیالی واهی باشد؟ نکند شعله‌ای از درونم جاری نیابد، نکند تا ابد چشم نیاز به دیگران بدوزم تا شعله‌ای برایم بیفروزند؟

بستش بود. از ترس تجربه دوباره این احساسات به دامنه کوه پناه برد. لابلای خارهای خشک و سرد دامنه، صدای گنجشکی لرزان و تنها به گوشش رسید، پرنده‌ای کوچک که می‌توانست با بی‌تفاوتی از کنارش بگذرد. ایستاد، بی‌آنکه بداند چرا. به آرامی نزدیک شد، پرنده‌ای بود خسته از مسیر سفر در سرمای سوزناک. آذر، هراسان، پرهای ساده‌اش را بر تن گنجشک پیچید. گرمایی بی‌نام از عمق وجودش بالا آمد، و سراسر لرزید. برای نخستین بار نه از ترس، بلکه احساسی ناشناخته. آذر از اعماق وجود خود چیزی را پذیرفت: او کافی است. می‌تواند حتی بدون داشتن شعله معروف هم به دیگری گرما ببخشد.


داستان

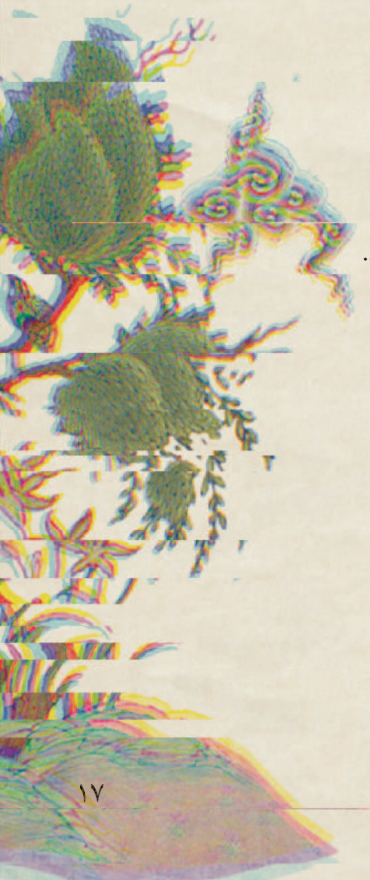
قایق خونگی



قایقی که ساختیم خیلی هم خوبه
حتی سعی نکن انکارش کنی
اطراف و پشتش شاهکاره
فقط زیرشه که فراموش کردیم

جست‌وجو

رفتم یه خمره طلا پیدا کنم
جایی که رنگین‌کمون میرسه به ته
گشتم و گشتم و گشتم و گشتم
گشتم و گشتم و گشتم و آخر-
همون‌جا بود! زیر علفا!
پشت تراکم کل شاخه‌ها
مال خودمه، مال خودمه، مال خودمه حالا...
ولی الان دنبال چی بگردم؟



امتحان

آلیس از بطری «مرا بنوش!» نوشید
و بزرگ و بزرگ و بزرگ شد
آلیس از بشقاب «مرا بخور!» بلعید
و کوچک و کوچک و کوچک شد
آلیس تغییر کرد، درحالی که مردم
هیچ‌چیز امتحان نکردند از همون بنیاد



این‌جا تاریکه

شل سیلوراستاین
آریانا قربانیان

این شعرها رو دارم
از دل یه شیر می‌نویسم
این‌جا کمی تاریکه
شرمنده که عالی نیستم
دست‌خطم رو ببخش
این بعدظهر یکم
زیادی به قفس نزدیک شدم
این‌هارو من دارم
از تو دل یه شیر می‌نویسم
و این‌جا... خب. کمی تاریکه.



به‌جای جفتمان

نصرت کسمنلی
محمد جلیلی

یک نغمه‌ای هست که دوستش داریم
ولی تو از این عشق در هراسی
عیبی ندارد،
من به‌جای جفتمان عاشقی می‌کنم

اگر به‌خاطر این عشق روزی
به دارمان بیاویزند
من به‌جای جفتمان می‌روم

هزار عذاب است هر روزی که بی تو می‌گذرد،
فرق خوب و بد را فراموش کرده‌ام
درد سوزان این عشق را
من به‌جای جفتمان تحمل می‌کنم

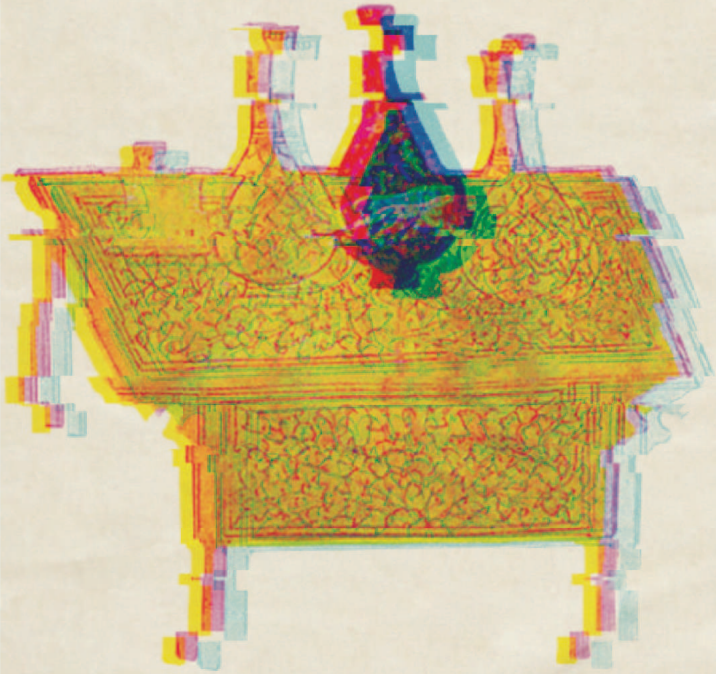
از زیبایی می‌گویم، به دل زیبای تو می‌گویم
من آن شعرم که خداوند برای تو سروده
می‌گویم که مبادا لب‌هایت برنجند
من به‌جای جفتمان می‌میرم

آخرین گلی هستی که در باغ سرنوشتم شکفتی
چشمان سیاهت را از من بدزد و لبخند بزن
اگر پایان این عشق مرگ باشد
من به‌جای جفتمان می‌میرم

بازگفته و بازاندیشیده

بهر خاموشی افکار

مصی



جام و می و مستی بر اغیار چه سود؟
مسفام قدح بی دل و دلدار چه سود؟
بهر خاموشی افکار شرابی نوشم
چو دگر کار نباشد به غم یار چه سود؟
هر بار به صد شکوه گوارا باشد
یک بار بی بیم دگر بار چه سود؟
در پیش مهان عرض نباشد چو مرا
تشویش و فراوانی اشعار چه سود؟
گویند که محبوب کند چاره کار
چون کند فاش همه اسرار، چه سود؟
گر که جانان شوم او را دلش آرام کنم
رسد همواره ز او بر دلم آزار، چه سود؟

توهم بهار
آرمان

نیامدی و به یادت هنوز چشم به راهم
در این سیاهی شب‌ها هنوز دل‌خوش ماهم

تویی درخت همیشه‌بهار و من به کنارت
مثال خار بیابان، خسی فتاده به راهم

تقاص عشق زمستانی‌ام چو بوده خمیدن
خیال سبز شدن در بهار گشته گناهم

شکسته‌ام ز خیالت غمی دگر چه بباید
جوانه‌ای زدنم هم خیال خام و تباهم

بدون واژه‌ات ای یار سپید مانده کتابم
به یاد روی تو شعر و غزل بگشته پناهم

مقابلت چه به ناگه سقوط کرده‌ام از تو
کنون بدون تو گویی درون وحشت چاهم

ببین که دلخوشی من چه غمگنانه به یادت
به یک غزل بشفکته بکرده روی‌سیاهم

به مرغان نالان نکردی تو فکر
که گر من نباشم نمانند بکر؟

ز باران و بوران و سیلاب هم
نمی‌مانی یک دم تو بی درد و غم

اگر تو بخواهی که مانی به خواب
دگر نه کمی خاک ماند، نه آب!

در آن دم جهان هم لبی تشنه است
سراسر غم‌انگیز و بس تنگدست

از این پس بدان و بیندیش، هان!
که ناگه نگردی تو بی فکر و جان



مین زمین

به من آب دادی و گشتم درخت
سپس گرم کردی تو با زخم سخت

رها کردی‌ام در میان دهت
تو آتش زدی بر من و برخودت!

گهی بر تن من تبر می‌زدی
بر این جان و رگ نیشتر می‌زدی

نگفتی اگر من نباشم بر این
زمین و زمان نیست دیگر طنین؟

نگفتی که بعد از تو هم آدمی‌ست
که بی من ندارد ره نور و زیست؟



بگیر
مدام

سیگارت را بده، دستانم را بگیر
امروزت را بده، فردایم را بگیر

بهتر شدم با تو، می‌دانی اما تو
خسته ز دنیایی، دمنوشم را بگیر

با این‌که غمگینم، با غصه درگیرم
هستم به یاد تو، آغوشم را بگیر

فرسنگ‌ها دوری از خانه و شهرم
اما به دل نزدیک، آوارم را بگیر

وقتی که شادی تو، همچون بهاری تو
پاییز گم گردد، بارانم را بگیر

مهتاب هر شب من، بی‌تاب روی تو
رویت نشانم ده، چشمانم را بگیر


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«تغییر جهان با قواعد نیست،
استثناء جهش ایجاد می کند.»
– غزاله علیزاده

راه های ارتباط با نشریه

اگر در مورد بخش های مختلف نشریه نظری دارید، میخواهید اثرتان چاپ شود و یا علاقه به هرگونه همکاری دارید، با ما تماس بگیرید:

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۱. هنگام ارسال پست الکترونیکی در قسمت موضوع، بخش مرتبط (داستان، شعر، بازتاب...) و نام [مستعار] نویسنده را بنویسید.
۲. اثر خود را فقط و فقط در قالب سند Word ضمیمه کنید.
۳. در صورتی که اثر شما قبلا جایی چاپ شده، در توضیحات ذکر کنید.
۴. به همراه ترجمه، متن اصلی و در صورت امکان اجازه کتبی نویسنده را هم برایمان بفرستید.

- حق ویرایش و اصلاح آثار برای نشریه محفوظ است
- نقل قول مطالب نشریه با ذکر منبع مانعی ندارد
- نشریه مسئولیتی نسبت به محتوای مطالب ندارد و هرگونه پاسخگویی به عهده نویسنده می‌باشد
- آثار رسیده بازگردانده نمی‌شوند

تحریریه

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فرشته سلطان پور

مشاوره حقوقی: مهتاب رحمانی

با تشکر از: درخت تقریبا سبز روبه‌روی دانشکده

فنی هنری

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