

THIS DISEASE IS KILLING ME—

By Bānoo Zan

this disease of
one-ness—

one step away
from my doorstep—

this fever
multiplied byearth—

We share the distance—
the death of us—

This disease is killing me
more than deaths
that kept me alive—

This disease is killing us—

The houses are destinies
we cannot escape—

It will use us against us
and we witness
and we witness

And all of us witness

the absence of us—
and welcome the void—

This disease is the world
but suicide is a sin
as life is a sin—

Not all waters of fear
will wash it away

The disease will be—

and health will be
a distant island
like friends

Bio :

Bānoo Zan is a poet, librettist, translator, teacher, editor and poetry curator, with more than 200 published poems and poetry-related pieces as well as three books. *Song of Phoenix: Life and Works of Sylvia Plath*, was reprinted in Iran in 2010. *Songs of Exile*, her first poetry collection, was released in 2016 in Canada by Guernica Editions. It was shortlisted for the Gerald Lampert Memorial Award by the League of Canadian Poets in 2017. *Letters to My Father*, her second poetry book, was published in 2017 by Piquant Press in Canada. She is the founder of Shab-e She'r (Poetry Night), Toronto's most diverse poetry reading and open mic series (inception: 2012). It is a brave space that bridges the gap between communities of poets from different ethnicities, nationalities, religions (or lack thereof), ages, genders, sexual orientations, disabilities, poetic styles, voices and visions.