

Ton of God

By Mahasty Eslay

I am hearing the voice of god,
Impressive rumbling in my heart,
An uncanny and wonderful love story,
Beyond my thoughts and views,
Afar from my conceptions,
Flight of fancy, journey of conjure,
A fleeing from certainty and conviction,
Other possibilities, further promises,
It is not called Utopia,
It is not called Arcadia,
No matronymic, no monogram.

I am seeing the silhouette of god,
Inspiring portrayal in my eyes,
A mysterious and magnificent colour,
Glowing in my spectacles and prospects,
Placing me in a magnificent terrain,
Bursting of adoration,
Fulfilled of reverence,
Unbroken devoted and adherent,
Continuous affectionate sentiments,
Unremitting; chronicle compassion.

I am feeling the sense of god,
No unusual reaction,

No bizarre sensitivity,
It is called temperate terra firma,
It is called cherishing territory,
No entity, no personality,
Just in divinity earth,
Just a special accent,
And tenor of god.

Somewhere and Wherever

I am looking for anywhere on the earth,
That would be empty of harmful views,
Anticipating for a nonviolent part and fraction,
A protected consign for my fingers to grow;
Growing that much getting to the heavens,
For being away of detrimental thoughts,
To be allowed to fly as a wingi being,
A wingi creature, a wingi woman!
Raising myself as a human . . .

As a soul through my essence,
My true meaning, my deep nature,
To where that envy, greed, and resentment,
Are existing, just in the old fashion myths,
So my fingers would just write love stories,
Contented tales, and joyful legends,
My human nature would be there with me,

So I am not alone, not alone, not alone.

Capture Me to Those special Moments

'Pedar', take me with you,
Father, hold me with you,
I still feel so missing you,
Seeing the reflection of
Absenting you,
Abandoning you,
And renouncing folks.

How picky you were,
How finicky I was,
How meticulous were
Our family, our people.

Just take me with you,
Just hold me with you,
Statically imagine I am
The little girl, who was
Counting the seconds
Having you at home
With my sisters,
Hearing your stories

Of your trips and
Your trials which were
All for us, for the material
Requirements, and desires.

Now I am calling you;
Taking me with you,
Holding me, cuddling me,
In no way putting me down.
Wishing just to be there,
In your arms,
The best place
Being secure, and
Feeling protected.
Being that little girl;
Nevertheless the oldest
Sister of my three sisters.

Bio

Mahasty Eslahy is an Iranian poet and writer, moving nine and a half years ago to and now living in Dublin. While in Iran, she studied Dramatic Literature and wrote a few plays, a collection of poetry, and a series of comic strips for teenagers and youth, but never published her works there. In Ireland, she studied Sociology and Anthropology and gained her MA in Community Education, Equality, and Social Activism. She is writing now in English and her works in English (poems and articles) have been recently published in anthologies, periodicals and journals. Her first collection of poetry in English, "Through Gateways and Walls: Refuge and Refugee" (Melinda Cochrane International), has just been published.