



Silent Sensuality

by
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Cover by Sheema Kalbasi

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To him.

I write what you can't write, my name: Sheema.

I am a woman.

Surface of attraction

I am all yours,
The little methodic, glance!
In my tender flesh,
I sink deeper
And a smile
The grounds of habit,
Melting the innocence!

I paint my lips red. I make them even more desirable. For a woman who is not fond of make up and is almost always naked from paints, this is a new way of pretext.

You bring me the expectations?

This seditious existence, this voluptuous consistence and
fascination, these hindrance thoughts that keep I from me...
I want to dismiss.

I know not how this unknown took place, this unchaste sin,
this persistence of lust, sprinkling my soul...
I am torn to pieces from seeking of sweet-blind desire of
your love. Distance lands of your unknown.

This awakening.

He said... he is the poem, he said... you are the poem, I said...

One day I will be standing in the crowd... hearing your voice, looking at your hands, your lips, your moves... performing for me, for us the lovers of your poetry. One day I will be standing tall at the back of that room where your words will fall into my heart from close... and I will be debating with the burning bush of my soul to come and shake your hand, or walk from you without a word so that you will never know I was standing in the crowd hearing your voice, seeing your hands, your lips... where your moves were performing for me.

A lightless dawn, if it never happens and he...never knowing me leave me without a word.

doubt.

What a scandal if he loved me as I, him!

I wrote to him

Dear one:

*Your poetry sits under my eyelashes and the heart is
drunken poor.*

sheema

He said: I feel as if I have a straw in your heart so that I may sip your blood.

I said: What is a straw in the heart? Where there comes this sudden blow of light? Silently a thousand ruby petals of words, Lift the blood...sipped from the poet to the mouth of god.

Sweet dreams and dream of me, he said.

I think to my self... dreams never come true

I never got the red shoes... I was 5.

The bombing didn't stop... I was 8.

Mother doesn't return from her grave... I am 31.

I want him not in writings, not in dreams. I want him as the
day aches night.

I breathe him so hard that my hair is on fire.

I don't care if you are you and I am I. I am not some exotic flower. Whatever coat you have on, I will put it on to warm me... and the shoes however small... I will walk in them to balance our height difference. You don't need to convert for me; I have already converted to you. You see I never had a religion to begin with. I was born naked from all religions but your love.

I know that was not the point. I know there is no conversion. There is no coat, no balance, no shoes but the naked truth of me finding you first, not you finding me. You, whom will never know who I was when I was sitting on the white sheets.

Y o u, n o t b e s i d e m e.

And the words that are already written. The words that are already said, are already felt, and are already gone.

And I try to take them back into my empty bowl of hands. To put my hands on the chest. The chest into rest. The rest in to the heart. The beat back to the soul. The soul, back to what it was before you.

Alas! I am 5.7

It is meaningless to write to you my beloved. I feel as if the day takes you from me and never returns. The pillar of smoke when I don't read you, hear you. Are you silently bading me goodbye? You, the spreading glory of existence that has become the strength in my bones. Sitting in the heart is the tireless child of my love that I was impregnated by your gentle presence.

Withhold me not.

I said:

I want to not have hands but my beloved's hands in hand.

I am not good in the game of heart. I am a simple girl...I said.

he said: Sheema.....

I said: words cut me hard.

Understanding: a cold word.

For you, I dropped the heavy gown covering my soul and now... naked I am standing here freezing cold.

Life is too long to live heartless... and cruelty is what we all have. Even earth is cruel to pull us by its gravity and not allow us to fly.

Sinful bursts of colored fire... from this heart... are shattering the escape to the scarlet kisses.

Handicapped world.

I.
faint from the pain

Not having you

You,
caressing me

in the morning

if.

II.
The smell of your hair under the rain... I said.

i like to walk in quiet rain... He said.

III.
I touch your lips

writing

hope.

My beloved,

I am dipped into believing that there is a greater pain within. Yes, I am soon to be a therapist but I am not psychoanalyzing this relationship! I have not asked you to give me the earth and I don't want understanding and appreciation. I have already slowed up to see where do you want to take us. The power you have over me with the illusions of truth. The sensuality that has aroused in me again is not madness. I have always been a sensual woman, always. I still like to walk with you under the rain. I love to make love to you in reality of the day but your frustration is hanging like curtains, offering nothing but grim images of drift.

Although we don't live together...you know I am here... and will be. My body and mind desire too much to escape you. Embrace me with all I am offering, my innocence.

I am here to heal?

We learn nothing new. We have the source of knowledge in our spirit, as I know now I have always loved you. I speak truthfully of my thoughts my beloved, of my desires, my sensuality and heart. The voice of life, I call it. My voice free at last. Nothing to hold me back. In simple words, I love your smile, your eyes, your hands, your mind, your words, and your thoughts. Simple words absorbing my inexperienced dependency on your attention.

However vivid!

for whatever reason that I can't make any sense of it... I
love you...want you...when i think of you something warm
and soothing rushes in my arms and chest
and at this moment that i write to you i want
to put my head on your lap and you caress my hair with
your long fingers...
making love passionately... having sex later... even if not in
reality...

resting shamefree.

i live two lives... now. one with you and one is the one i live.
both real
one is more real than the other
the other more than the other!

Strange! I read your words and my heart loses its sanity. I don't read your words and my soul loses its patience and peaceful pause. What possession have you on me that my misery is triggered by your inattentiveness. The minutes that pass my youth without the magnetic power of your words. Your appearance and disappearance. You once said you are the wind! I believe you now.

I don't want devotion. I don't want to inherit your love. I don't even want you to see my pale face after all. The spirit is dieing, as does the wealth of your dawn. How one word from you can guide me to reach my destination, you.

You should know, I would not sacrifice for you. I respect your silence but cannot stop bowing to the words that hover over my fingers and thoughts. I can't even pleasure myself with the lasting memories of you, pouring the dew on me... for it has not happened but in my writings. Your untouched touch.

You are cruel my love. You are heartless. I was wrong. I am not cruel. I desire to be but it is too salty. The wisdom I have does not respond to my heart. They each are intoxicated by you separately. I believe not that you are ignorant but I know not how to restore my devotion to the celebration of peace.

Confusion exists. I don't love you any less. I want to smell your hair under the rain, just.

I said: *goodbye? goodbye.*
He said: NO

Matina, my Greek artist friend gave me one of Athena's symbols as a gift. It is an Owl necklace presenting wisdom. Today however I don't think there is any wisdom left in me. I don't know what I am today. We had visitors for brunch in our garden, it supposedly is a good day but all I want is to pull my hair. You drive me crazy. I am supposed to know what is going on without really knowing what is going on. I am a Scorpio with some telepathic power, true... but this doesn't mean I am a fortuneteller or know what goes on in your mind and heart. I am here and will be here because you want me to be, as I want to but for god's sake let me in.

That I promise you my love. I Will sensualize with my voice
as you kiss down between my breasts...

I know I am an adulteress. I don't desire solitude but you.
You are my place of worship. Cursed by the gods I am but I
fear them not. I wish to pour my soul into your hands for
the morning to appear.

and... promises are meant to be broken when tomorrow
awakens the night...

unless.

The smell of your hair under the rain... I said.

i like to walk in quiet rain... He said.

My Beloved,

I wonder about the captivation of my heart. I wonder about the temptations. How the puzzle of my being is put together without your desirable hands. The content, the influence, the performance. A genuine love? And where are the morals to present their attentively to the heart! What matters more? The body or the spirit? I want to be inhaled. I need to pass the gates of spirituality and lust. I desire the struggle of mind and the wrestling of rationality with passion. It is a sweet and painful submission but my love and the disobedience to return I to me has led me to this suffering.

Yours.

Do you hear the whisperings? The sound of my exiled heart?
The sinful beats of my longing?

Tonight, I want the seasons to change.

The world of dreams and the world of reality. They collide and separate but never disconnect. They now embrace one another in sensuality. The warmth and profound feelings in admiration of each for the other. They no longer need to approach. They do not fear abundance or flammability. They are dance partners seeking possession.

loving you is no sin. it is what it is. we are alike...you are only wiser in the years and purified in words. we both wake up. we eat, we work, we live... only separate. there is no sin in loving you. Strange word: sin. used by the weak, like religion, to fear the true seekers. Sin!

surrender

dim light

your eyes open to mine
-black against the white-

blood through the main

stream of love.

The ocean air
is nesting on your cloths.
You smell of raw fish,
I brush
The night out of your hair,
The salt from the skin tune

And I still want to lick.

I will not fight it. I cannot fight it. I embrace my faith. You say it is Karma.

You are right. Relationships do change. As ours perhaps will over time. We may become friends or lovers.

Life goes on and we live and we die and perhaps no one will know this desire and longing that I so passionately feel for you, ever existed. The mystery of you happening to me, you not knowing I was.

Nothing is eternal except for what I feel for you at this moment in time.

then this moment shall last forever, he said.

do you want me to be
or want me to leave?
now that's before

Even when we laid stomach to stomach

- It was some time later

when we turned on our backs -

My heart in your hands - it was only some time later

when I shivered from the cold.

You had my heart in your hands

now that's after

such a cold word: understanding

No! Friendships are not eternal. Nothing is eternal. Not family, not friendships, not love, not lust. Nothing... not even the wandering eyes that will read these lines in wonder.

I am “too much” for your days, I will let you be. I don’t know you to know where to begin or not. I don’t know who you are or have been except for a few things that I have read. It is your words that have driven me to the unknown of your existence and knowing your existence is what I had sought all my life. These rich clouds of your absence is hovering me from the presence of my beloved’s silk-tender hands.

I hear the sounds of rattling snakes at your absence and the darkness falls on my soul. The cry of my heart behind the doors of expressions that I write and my lips that cannot lose their secret.

Allow me to have greater heaven.

Golden anything

My fragile nights bathed
in Wisteria
Freshened by Eucalyptus
Pools of anything but Sorrow

Thee my love, thee
Angels and wings of dreamy shadows
Kneeling

Waves of desire
Floating essences, flooding rivers

I am trembling, tremble
Oceans of passion, desire
My fragile nights.

Thundering anything
Waking from mirrors
In the corner of my eye
razors flooding to enter.

I ask my heart: Why?

I said: goodbye? goodbye.
He said: NO

My thoughts: His love is my story.

Confusion exists. I don't love him any less. I want to smell
his hair under the rain.

It is almost as if you have never existed. One day you are full of being and the other as if only my imagination had discovered you. One day you are the force of life and the next day darkness falls upon. Where this estrangement comes from? These portions of poisonous and destructive accounts?

Be direct.

Uncertainty is growing inside me. I wonder about those who have complimented you before and now at my nonexistence. I no longer can analyze. I am too weak. I am struggling to not write to you again.

I await you for so long that I want to stop this madness at once.

I am terrified of losing you, you are not.

Funny god you are, God! I ask for the seasons to change. I ask for the Summer to arrive and the spring dies!

Traditions

Like the memory of your eyes
my Troy trusting in your wooden horse
- fragile interferences,
absolution -

After all you always wanted to leave: Long walks
After all you always wanted to leave: years before
- dogs knew their owners -

Even when we laid stomach to stomach
- It was some time later
when we turned on our backs -
My heart in your hands - it was only some time later
when I shivered from the cold.

You had my heart in your hands

Warning,
before history,
I returned to my flesh
to shrink.

Have you ever seen him?

Have you ever met one
who seems not to see you?

He dines you every night
he wins you later
before he leaves to dine the next.

He dines you every night
and after the spring leaves are not so green
leaves you.

He loves you with all his heart and leaves you
with leaves on the red rose bed.

I want to sleep
to sleep through just enough to pass the chapel.

In the mirror I call myself
drifted
distanced
not reaching her - me.

Nowhere to go! - I said
Now Where To Go? - he asked.

Some things are not meant to be
my guess is
life is 99% made of painted faces
and just a flat piece of glass.

And the story ends.



The poet, Sheema Kalbasi writes in several languages and wrote her first poem at the age of eight. She is the Director of Dialogue of Nations Through Poetry in Translation, The Director of Iranian Women's Poetry: A Cyber Anthology and Co-Director of the Other Voices International Project.

She is the first Iranian poet who has joined together with an American poet to write a unique form of poetry that draws from the strengths of both the Iranian and Western traditions and yet is accessible to anyone who desires to read poetry. Kalbasi's works have been translated and published in various anthologies, literary journals, and online magazines.