

**The poem dedicated to
Imam Mahdi (p.b.u.h)***

An Inevitable Day

Dr. Gheysar Aminpour (1952-2007), is the famous contemporary Iranian poet who studied literature, and taught in the Al-zahra and Tehran Universities. In this poem, he is announcing that special "Day" in which Imam Mahdi will Reappear, with God's Will...!

* Translated by Dr. Farideh Mahdavi-Damghani

The Inevitable Day

Dr. Gheysar Aminpour

These days which go by,
And in each and every one of them,
I feel someone shouting in the wind,
I feel that someone familiar and far away
Calls me from the depth of these foggy paths;
The familiar tone of this voice,
Like the passage of the light,
Like the passage of "Nowrouz" [New Year day],
Is like the voice of that day's "Arrival";
The day when He shall arrive inevitably,
The day in which the bent double pedestrians,
For a brief instant,
Have the time to raise their heads
And see the sun in the sky;
The day in which this old train
In this parallel path of repetition
Stops for a moment, with no pretext at all,
So that tired sleepy eyes
From behind the window,
See the image of clouds in the frame
And the reverse drawing of the forest;
In that day, the flying of sincere hands
In search of the "Friend" shall begin;
The day in which the new day of flying begins;
The day in which all the letters are opened;
The day in which instead of the letter, the seal and the
stamp, One shall sign on the wing of a dove,
And send it like a simple letter;

50. *Safinah*

And in that day, the doves' nests
Will act as the postal boxes.
The day in which a pleading hand, shall not be hold out,
The day in which pleading and supplicating will be a sin;
And the Divine Essence,
Under the foot of the pedestrians who pass by,
Shall not sleep over some old newspapers anymore,
And dream about a hot bread...

The day in which a simple writing on the doors
Will say: "Forbidden solely to the humble!"
And the tired knees of the proud,
Except before the presence of Love,
Shall not get acquainted with the ground anymore,
And the true stories of today,
Shall be like old stories,
With a happy ending.
The day of the abundance of the smile,
A smile with no refusal,
A generous smile, with no abstinence from the eyes;
In that day,
Without any covetousness on the smile,
"Law" becomes "Goodness";
The day in which the poets
Shall not be forced to sell their smile
In the close, serried shops of the rhymes;
The day in which no one will argue
About the price of the feelings, like the price of the clothes;
The dried butterflies in that day,

Along with the pages of poetic anthologies
Shall fly over,
And sleep will yawn,
In the mouths of the machine-guns,
And the old boots, reminders of the days
In the military service,
In every nook and cranny of old museums,
shall be bounded with spiders' webs;
the day in which balloons,
shall be full of air
in the hands of the children.

The day in which green shall not be yellow,
And flowers may have the permission
To blossom where they wish to,
And hearts may have the wish to;
When the mirror shall not have the right
To tell lies with the eyes anymore,
And the wall, to grow without any windows;
In that day,
The garden's wall along with the school's wall
Will be short;
And appear as illusory walls only,
Which one raises around the enclosed space of the garden
From afar, and from which one could jump over;
The day in which the sun shall rise
In the pocket of the schoolboys;
The day in which the green garden of the alphabet,
And the exercises of the water,
Will go public;

52. *Safinah*

And the sea and the sun
Shall not be the exclusive monopoly
Of the eyes of a man.
The day in which the sky
Shall not be envious of the star anymore;
The day in which the wish for such a day,
Does not need a metaphor anymore.
O', beautiful days which are to be arrive!
O', lost roads in the fog!
O', difficult days of the continuation!
Appears from behind the instants!
O', sunny day!
O', blue days...!
O', Arrival Day!
O', you...!
Whose arrival is as very clear as the day!
These days which pass by, each and every one,
I am waiting for your "Coming" ...
But tell me:
Shall I be there too,
At the time of your "Coming" ...?