Yellow, azure, and purple,
Green, blue, and violet,
I have sat among violets,
Year upon year
Mornings, early.

By the fountain of dawn-
Their heads nestled on each other’s shoulders,
Their wet hair in the hands of the wind,
Their faces concealed in shadows of modesty,
Colors bloomed in the limpid warmth of perfumes.
There flows from their blissful silence
The best of songs,
The best of hymns!

On the velvet glances of the violets
I am borne, lighter than a breeze,
From the garden’s bed of violets
To the violet beds of your eyes
Where, side by side, have grown
Yellow and azure and purple,
Green and blue and violet,
In the same modest silence,
Among the same songs and scents.
The best of all that was and is,
The best of all that is and was.

In the violet garden of your eyes
I have trailed through paradise,
I have reached the best of springtimes.

O, your sorrow, the companion of my life’s best hours!
The moments of my being are filled with you
Ah!
All day,
All night,
All week,
All month,
In my chambers, in the alley, on the road,
In air, trees, grass, water, soil
In the entangled lines of a book
In the azure realm of sleep!

□

O, your departure, the best excuse for crying!
Without you, I have come to the summit of regret.

O, your caress, the best hope for living!
By your side, I have passed the summit of ineffable pleasure.

□

In the violet garden of your eyes,
Yellow and azure and purple leaves,
Green and blue and violet perfumes,
Compose unheard melodies,
Better than all songs and tunes.

On the delicate velvet of your cheeks,
The colorful buds of the humble-plant,
Open fresh leaf upon leaf
Better than all colors and secrets!

□

O, my darling, how good, how good you are!
How your sweet name intoxicates me,
Better far than wine,
Better than purest poetry!
Your name is the best hymn for living,
Yet, in the divine privacy of my imagination,
I call you by this name my best of best,
“My best of best”!

Translated by Franak Moshiri
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