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پاتزده شعر کوتاه از حمیدرضا شکارسري Short poems from Hamidresa Shekarsari پاتزده شعر کوتاه از

1	In the Dark	در تاریکي	
	In absolute darkness	در این تاریکي محض	
	Someone's laughing this side of me	اين طرفم يكي مي خندد	1
	Someone's crying the other side	آن طرفم يكي گريه مي كند	
	I	من	
	Like operator	مثل آپار ات چي	
	Have gone asleep	به خواب رفته ام	
		انسان هاي نخستين	
2	The first humans	براي گفتن دوستت دارم	
	To say I love you	فقط باید یکدیگر را می بوسیدند	2
	Only kissed each other	ما	2
	We were born 1000s of years late	هزاران سال	
		دیر به دنیا آمده ایم	

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The Eskimos		
Are the kindest and loveliest people	•	
Cause they find the warmness	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	3
Only in each other's hugs	چون گرما را	
	تنها در آغوش هم پیدا مي كنند	
I hada dha hia haadlinaa		
	از تیترها <i>یِ</i> بزرگ بیزارم	
The headlines which burns newspaper in your hands	تيترهايي كه روزنامه را در دست تو آتش مي زنند	
Read me a small news	برايم خبري كوچك بخوان	4
The news of a simple rain	خبر باران ساده اي كه خواهد باريد	
That makes our heart cool	و دل مان را خنك خواهدكرد	
I do not dare to hug you	جرات ندارم تو را در آغوش بگیرم	
I wish we were football players	كاش بازيكن فوتبال بوديم	5
You would make goal	تو گل مي زدي	3
And I would instantly hug you	و من بي محابا تو را در أغوش مي كشيدم!	
The protests in groups	تظاهر ات دسته جمعي	
The prisons in groups	زندان هاي دسته جمعي	
The executions in groups	اعدام هاي دسته جمعي	6
The graves in groups	گور ها <i>ي</i> دسته جمعي	
We never leave each other along	ما هرگز همدیگر را تنها نمی گذاریم	
An aimless shot in the air	با شليکي بي هدف به آسمان	
A blooded bird	پرنده اي خونين پيش پايم	
Threw at my feet	افتاد	7
Am I lucky?	خوش شانسم	
Or unlucky?	یا بد شانس ؟	
	Are the kindest and loveliest people Cause they find the warmness Only in each other's hugs I hate the big headlines The headlines which burns newspaper in your hands Read me a small news The news of a simple rain That makes our heart cool I do not dare to hug you I wish we were football players You would make goal And I would instantly hug you The protests in groups The prisons in groups The executions in groups The graves in groups We never leave each other along An aimless shot in the air A blooded bird Threw at my feet Am I lucky?	Are the kindest and loveliest people Cause they find the warmness Only in each other's hugs I hate the big headlines The headlines which burns newspaper in your hands Read me a small news The news of a simple rain That makes our heart cool I do not dare to hug you I wish we were football players You would make goal And I would instantly hug you The protests in groups The executions in groups The graves in groups We never leave each other along An aimless shot in the air A blooded bird Threw at my feet Am I lucky? A it is a in a still a can be fall and a still accompany a still accompany and in the air A blooded bird Tikin I is a still accompany and in the air A blooded bird The protests and I would instant with the still accompany and in the air A blooded bird Threw at my feet Am I lucky?

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	Fearless	بي ترس	
8	He had stared to the soldiers eyes	زل زده بود در چشم سربازان	
	As if he was smirking to their guns	انگار به تفنگ هاشان پوزخند مي زد	8
	Was braver than all the passers	از تمام عابران شجاع تر بود	
	The statue in the middle of the square	مجسمه ي وسط ميدان!	
	We pass by each other careless	بي تفاوت از كذار هم عبور مي كنيم	
	But 7000 years later	اما هفت هزار سال بعد	0
9	They will rum this soil	این خاك ر ا بر اي كشف اسكات هاي با ارزش ما	9
	For our valuable bones	زير و رو مي کنند	
		مي توان جاي شكلات	
		در جیب کودکي بمب ریخت	
		مي توان جاي نامه	
	Instead of chocolate in the packet of a child	به پاي کبوتري	
	You can plant a bomb	بمب بست	
	Instead of letters in the feet of a pigeon	مي توان جاي مرده	
	You can plant a bomb	در تابوت بمب گذاشت	
10	Instead of corpse in the coffins	من از کودکان	10
10	You can plant a bomb	از کبوتران	
	I am afraid of	حتي از مردگان مي ترسم	
	Children,		
	Pigeons		
	And also the dead		

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	The newspapers are in fire	روزنامه در آتش	
11	The terrorists	تروريست ها	
	The generals	ژنرال ها	
	The politicians	سیاست مدار ها	11
	Are all warming us the same	همان قدر گرم مان مي كنند	11
	As the dead	که مردگان	
	The athlete	ورزشكاران	
	And the poets do	و شاعران	
	The apple is a sign of good	سيب نشانه ي خوبي ست	
12	But you make a mistake	اما تو اشتباه کن	12
	And aim me!	و مرا هدف بگیر !	
	The birds arrive	پرندگان مي آيند	
13	The hunter comes	شکار چي مي رسد	13
	And the bird leaves	پرنده مي رود	
1.4	I shut only one bullet to the sky	فقط یك گلوله به قلب آسمان شلیك كردم	14
14	But thousands of birds flew for objection	هزار پرنده به اعتراض برخاستند	14
15	It is time to die	دیگر باید بمیرم	
		بر خودکارم	15
	As there is dust over my pen	غبار نشسته است	

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