[The Seventh Day]

_Translated from Farsi by Kaveh Bassiri_

Obadiah!
The air was fragrant
and the swish and swoosh of wheat
had bent the hills.
He who wasn’t alone was asleep
dreaming of impious children.

The air grew sullen
and darkness fell upon the waters
and upon the face of the waters darkness multiplied.

It was the end of the seventh day and my shins were red.

It was the end of the day and
a pain writhed up my back.

Blood was not at my command.