

SNOW MONKEY

#15-16, 2004

Taraneh Javanbakht The Charm of Spring

I passed in a garden
with the gaits of the wind.
I saw the owner of garden
with the art of love
in the look of a rose.
The branches of all the trees
were ornamented with
the blossom of the apple.
Bravo, the art of the charm
of the spring. The green
velvet of the grass has
spread its skirt for seeing
the munificence in the
hearts of my companions.
Flowing with the joy, a pond
in the garden took the fishes
that song the love melodies to
the abode of dream. Bravo, the
art of the charm of the spring.

I heard the joy of love
in the clamour of hundred
swallows. The I saw the
feast of the trees that had
the branches ornamented
with the blossoms of love.
They song together the
melody of unity: Bravo
the art of the charm of
the spring.