

POEMS

شعرها

Partaw Naderi

POEMS

پرتو نادری

شعرها



ENITHARMON PRESS

in association with

poetry
translation
centre

First published in 2008
by Enitharmon Press
26B Caversham Road
London NW5 2DU

www.enitharmon.co.uk

Distributed in the UK by
Central Books
99 Wallis Road
London E9 5LN

Distributed in the USA and Canada
by Dufour Editions Inc.
PO Box 7, Chester Springs
PA 19425, USA

Poems © Partaw Naderi 2008
Translations from the Dari © Sarah Maguire and Yama Yari
Introduction © Sarah Maguire

ISBN: 978-1-904634-81-2

Enitharmon Press gratefully acknowledges the financial support of
Arts Council England, London.

'The Mirror', 'Star Rise', 'Relative', 'I Still Have Time' and 'Desolation'
have been published in *Poetry Wales*.

British Library Cataloguing-in-Publication Data.
A catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library.

Designed in Albertina by Libanus Press
and printed in England by
Cambridge University Press

Contents

<i>Introduction</i>	6
The Mirror	9
Star Rise	11
Relative	13
The Bloody Epitaph	15
Earth	19
I Still Have Time	21
Desolation	23
My Voice	25
Beauty	27
On a Colourful Morning	31

Introduction

Born in 1953 in Badakhshan Province, a region bordering present-day Tajikistan, Partaw Naderi is widely regarded as one of the foremost modernist poets of Afghanistan. Like many of his educated, Dari-speaking compatriots, he is steeped in classical Persian literature, and the depth of this knowledge has had a marked impact on his poetry, notably his mastery of free verse, which remains comparatively unusual in contemporary Afghan poetry. Partaw has argued that it is this familiarity with classical poetry and its metres that has allowed him to risk writing free verse; and his metrical control, and the music of his poetry, is both daring and highly effective.

Outside observers of present-day Afghanistan, one of the most war-ravaged places on earth that is on the brink of becoming a 'failed state', can have little awareness of the country's extraordinary cultural heritage, since so little has been left intact. Universities, libraries, bookshops, publishers, magazines have all been systematically destroyed. Until the advent of the internet (to which very few Afghans have access since most remain without electricity) it was virtually impossible to read contemporary poetry – or indeed any poetry; for years, books could only be published and bought in Iran and Pakistan. Yet situated at the heart of the ancient Silk Road, Afghanistan is the place where, over centuries, major civilisations met, exchanged ideas and flourished. The 'most famous poet in America' (according to the BBC World Service), Mawlānā Jalāl-ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī, was born in Balkh, and it is Rūmī who has had the most profound influence on Partaw's development as a poet.

It is unsurprising that Partaw's life has partaken of the tragic events that have waylaid his country. His promising career as a poet was cut short when he was arrested and imprisoned in the notorious Pul-e-Charki prison outside Kabul by the Soviet-backed regime in 1975. Undeterred, he used his three years of imprisonment to read and write as much as he was able, and he emerged with a deepened

sense of the significance of poetry, especially during times of extreme conflict. Apart from a few years during the worst excesses of the Taliban regime when he was forced to seek refuge in Pakistan, Partaw doggedly remained in his country and he continues, today, to play an active part, especially online, in stimulating his people to strengthen their culture against all odds. As he writes in 'The Mirror', this determination to fight for his culture is hard won: 'I come from the unending conflicts of wisdom/I have grasped the meaning of nothingness'.

Those of us lucky enough to live in comfort in the West can often think that poetry is irrelevant and pointless, a minority pursuit for the educated elite. Yet in many parts of the world, including Afghanistan, poetry is the most important art form. Safe and cocooned in luxury, we forget how vital and essential the right to joy can be, how the first move of repressive regimes is to shut down its poets. Partaw once likened a poem to a spectrum formed by white light hitting a prism; the task of the poet being to fuse all the colours of the rainbow into a pure beam of light. Out of the darkness that is present-day Afghanistan, I hope that this small sample of Partaw's poems will reveal the precision and power of his imagery, and the clarity and startling colours of his prismatic poems.

SARAH MAGUIRE

آئینه

عمریست در آئینه های غربت
سرگرم تماشای خویشم
های
من از معرکه های دور معرفت می آیم
من مفهوم هیچ را دریافته ام

شهرکابل

۱۹۸۹

THE MIRROR

I have spent a lifetime in the mirrors of exile
busy absorbing my reflection
Listen –
I come from the unending conflicts of wisdom
I have grasped the meaning of nothingness

Kabul
1989

طلوع

من همزاد روشناييم
از تاريخ آفتاب خبر دارم
ستاره گان
از آبله دستان من طلوع کرده اند

شهر کابل
فوريه ۱۹۹۴

STAR RISE

I am the twin of light
I know the history of the sun
Stars
rise from the blisters on my hands

Kabul
February 1994

خویشاوند

من زبان آینه را می فهمم
حیرت من و حیرت آینه
از یک نژادند

و ریشه در قبیله دور حقیقت دارند

شهر کابل

فوریه ۱۹۹۴

RELATIVE

I know the language of the mirror –

its perplexities and mine
spring from one race

our roots can be traced
to the ancient tribe of truth

Kabul
February 1994

کتیبه خونین

این نخل را هوای بهاران نمانده است
این نخل را تمامی اندام
بشکفته از شگوفه صد زخم

زخم هزار فاجعه در روز
زخم هزار حادثه در شب

خونین کتیبه بیست
در چارسوی قرن

این جا کنار رود

رودی ز اشک و خون

این نخل ریشه هاش

در انجماد فاجعه، در انجماد خون

با ریشه های کور زمان می خورد گره

این جا که آسمان

از ابر های سرخ سترون

افکنده این قطیفه خونین

بر سینه شکسته تابوت

تابوت آبگینه باران

این نخل را هوای بهاران نمانده است

THE BLOODY EPITAPH

This palm tree has no hope of spring
This palm tree blossoms
with a hundred wounds
 – the daily wounds of a thousand tragedies
 – the nightly wounds of a thousand calamities
This palm tree is a bloody epitaph
at the crossroads of the century

*

Here, by the river,
 – a river of blood and tears –
the roots of this palm tree
are congealed with disaster
are knotted with the blind roots of time

*

Here, the sky
unwinds its bloody cloth
from barren red clouds
to shroud the shattered lid of a coffin
 – a broken mirror of rain
This palm tree has no hope of spring

*

این نخل را هوای بهاران نمانده است
این نخل را تمامی اندام
شلاق باد های شب از دشت های قطب
صد جا شکسته است

ای نخل من
یگانه من
ای بهار من
بس سالها گذشت
مرغ شگوفه ها
از شاخه های زرد تو پرواز کرده اند

ای خاک بر سرم
پروانه گان ز دور و برت کوچ می کنند

شهر کابل
قوس ۱۳۶۸

This palm tree has no hope of spring
This palm tree is starved
with a hundred bruises
 from the whip of the north wind
My palm!
 My only tree!
 My spring!
Many years have passed
since the bird of blossoms
flew away from your desiccated branches

Butterflies abandon you
My heart is broken

Kabul
November 1989

زمین

زمین آغوش گرم خویش را
به روی من گشوده است
زمین مادر من است
اندوه سرگردانی مرا می فهمد
سرگردانی من
کلاغ پیریست
که شاخه های بلند سپیدار هیچ را
روزی هزار بار فتح کرده است

زنده گی شاید کلاغیست
که هر بامداد
منقار سیاه خویش را
در زمزم مقدس آفتاب می شوید
زنده گی شاید کلاغیست
که با بال شیطان پرواز می کند
زنده گی شاید خود شیطان نیست
که معاویه را از خواب بیدار کرده است

زنده گی شاید
زمین زخم خورده غمناکیست
که آغوش خویش را به روی من گشوده است
و من در چند قدمی پیروزی بزرگ خویش
نماز شکرانه می گذارم

شهر پشاور
جولای ۲۰۰۲

EARTH

The earth opens her warm arms
to embrace me
The earth is my mother
She understands the sorrow
of my wandering

My wandering
is an old crow
that conquers
the very top of an aspen
a thousand times a day

Perhaps life is a crow
that each dawn
dips its blackened beak
in the holy well of the sun

Perhaps life is a crow
that takes flight with Satan's wings

Perhaps life is Satan himself
awakening a wicked man to murder

Perhaps life is the grief-stricken earth
who has opened up her bloodied arms to me

And here I give thanks
on the brink of 'victory'

*Peshawar City
July 2002*

هنوز فرصتی دارم

شب از نیمه گذشته است
باید بر خیزم
نمازی ادا کنم
روزگاریست که آینه های خلوص من
غبار گرفته است

باید برخیزم
هنوز فرصتی دارم
هنوز دستانم کوزه شراب را تا کوزه آب می شناسد
و لحظه ها با گردونه های شتابناکی
در سراسیم هستی من می تازند
شاید فردا
تیر های زهر آگینی که برای من آماده شده است
کبوتران ابلق چشمانم را
در نخستین لحظه های پرواز
شکار کنند

شاید فردا
کودکانم در انتظار برگشت من
پیر شوند

شهر پشاور
اگست ۲۰۰۰

I STILL HAVE TIME

It's well past midnight
I should get up to pray
The mirrors of my honesty
have long been filmed with dust

I should get up
I still have time
My hands can yet discern
a jug of water from a jug of wine

as time's wheeled chariot
hurtles down the slope of my life

Perhaps tomorrow
the poisonous arrows aimed at me
will hunt down my eyes –
two speckled birds startled into flight

Perhaps tomorrow
my children
will grow old
awaiting my return

*Peshawar City
August 2000*

دلتنگی

بر خطوط قرمز دستانت
سر نوشت آفتاب را نوشته اند
بر خیز
و دستی بر افشان
که حضور شب
نفسم را
تنگ کرده است

شهر کابل
ژوئن ۱۹۹۴

DESOLATION

In the lines on your palms
they have written the fate of the sun

Arise,
lift up your hand –

the long night is stifling me

Kabul
June 1994

صدا

من از سر زمین غریب می آیم
با کوله بار بیگانه گی ام بر دوش
و سرود خاموشی ام بر لب
من یونس صدایم را
آن گاه که از رودبار حادثه می گذشتم
دیدم
درکامی نهنگی فرورفت
و تمام هستی من
در صدایم بود

شهرکابل

دسامبر ۱۹۸۹

MY VOICE

I come from a distant land
with a foreign knapsack on my back
with a silenced song on my lips

As I travelled down the river of my life
I saw my voice
(like Jonah)
swallowed by a whale

And my very life lived in my voice

Kabul
December 1989

زیبایی

صدایت به دختری می ماند
درسبزترین دهکده دور
که آزادی قامتش را
تنها کاج های بلند کوه می دانند

صدایت به دختری می ماند
که شامگاهان
در زیر چتر ماه
در شفافترین چشمه بهشت
آبتنی می کند

و بامدادان
از دریاچه های فلق
کوزه یی از نور خلوص به خانه می آورد
و از زمزم آفتاب
جرعه جرعه می نوشد

صدایت به دختری می ماند
در سبزترین دهکده دور
که از ترانه جویبار
پای زیبایی به پا می کند
و از نجوای باران
گوشواره یی در گوش

BEAUTY

Your voice is like a girl
from the farthest green village

whose tall and graceful frame
is known to the pine trees on the mountains

Your voice is like a girl
who, at dusk,

will bathe in the clear springs of heaven
beneath the parasol of the moon

who, at dawn,
bears home a jar of pure light

who will drink sip by sip
from the river of the sun

Your voice is like a girl
from the farthest green village

who wears an anklet
forged from the songs of a brook

who wears an earring
spun from the whispering rain

و از رشته آبشار
گلوبندی برگردن
تا گلخانه خورشید را
با رنگینترین گلهای عشق بیاراید

و تو به اندازه صدی خویش
زیبایی

شهرکابل
سپتامبر ۱۹۹۴

who wears a necklace
woven from the silk of a waterfall

all of which grace the garden of the sun
with their many-coloured blossoms of love –

and you
are as beautiful as your voice

Kabul
September 1994

در یک بامداد رنگین

بوسیدمش
تمام اندامش لرزید
چنان شاخهٔ پرشگوفتهٔ بادام در باد
چون ماه چون ستاره
که می لرزد در آب

بوسیدمش
تمام اندامش لرزید
گونه هایش رنگ دیگر گرفتند
نگاه هایش رنگ دیگر گرفتند
و آفتاب از گریبان مهربانی او طلوع کرد
و هزار و یک شب انتظار
پایان یافت
و من در یک بامداد رنگین
باحقیقت عشق
همخوابه می شدم

جولای ۲۰۰۲

شهرپشاور

ON A COLOURFUL MORNING

I kissed her –
her whole body shivered
Like a branch of almond blossom in the wind
Like the moon, like a star
trembling on the water
I kissed her –
her whole body shivered
Her cheeks showed one colour
her gaze revealed another
And the sun rose from her tender heart
And the thousand-and-one nights of waiting
ended
And on a colourful morning
I shared a bed
with the meaning of love

Peshawar City
July 2002

