

White Ink

the unheard word

I am writing you

on white paper

with white ink

so only you can read it

I am writing you

about an evening in a city foreign for me

in a cold apartment with faint light

as an aroma from the past unexpectedly came alive

I am writing you

about a foggy day

as the city's aroma reminded me of Abadan

the Abadan of my childhood

the blooming, warm Abadan

its warm air

its warm people

I am writing you

from a distant, yet intimate fragrance and euphony

aroma became memory

sound became memory

poetry became memory

Nowruz became memory

remembrance became memory

I am writing you

about the days and nights of lonely tear

empty glances

empty words

I write everything to you

on white paper

with white ink

so only you can read it