

# Clouds

*Lynda Tavakoli*

A child's eye,  
clouds and wishes  
and dreams of what the wind  
might bring for your tomorrows.

But they are lost to me  
those days of simple hopes,  
blown away in the storms of growing,  
day by day, year by year.

And on the looking back  
only a cloudless sky remains -  
an empty blue, the residue  
of unrequited dreams.

# Unmade Bed

*Lynda Tavakoli*

Through the fraying ends of sleep  
I feel your absence  
seeping through the coldness  
of the sheets.

The smell of you  
still shelters in their folds  
while dented on the pillow  
your presence lingers like a bruise  
that aches of memory  
surrendering itself to time.



*Lynda Tavakoli from Lisburn, Northern Ireland, is a teacher of creative writing and author of the novels Attachment and Of Broken Things. Her poetry and prose have been broadcast on the BBC and Irish radio and been included in a wide variety of anthologies, newspapers and journals. She has been selected as The Irish Times Hennessy poet of the month for her poems about dementia, a recurring theme in much of her poetry. She is presently working towards her first poetry collection revolving around her early childhood and growing up during Northern Ireland's Troubles. Lynda has facilitated prose recitals commemorating the anniversary of the sinking of The Titanic and edited the prose and poetry anthology Linen for the Irish Linen Museum. Her debut short story collection Under a Cold White Moon was published in November 2016 to much critical acclaim.*

## ابرها

لیندا توکلی

چشم یک کودک،  
ابرها و آرزوها  
و رویای آنچه که  
فردا آبیستن آن خواهد بود

ولی من، همه ی اینها را گم کرده ام  
لحظه های امیدواری ام  
در رهگذر روزها و سال ها  
محو تند بادهای زندگی شده اند

به گذشته می نگرم  
چیزی نمی بینم مگر  
آسمانی بی ابر، اندوهی خالی  
و ته ماندن رویاهای تعبیر ناشده

## بستر دست ناخورده

لیندا توکلی

نبودنت را

از پایان آشفته خواب در می یابم

نبودنت از سرمای رواندازها می تراود

هنوز هم بوی تو

در چین خوردگیهای روانداز

جاییکه روی بالش تا خورده

پناه گرفته است

حضورت همانند کبودی زخمی جای خوش کرده

که با یاد آوری خاطراتی که خود را تسلیم زمان کرده اند

درد می گیرد