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MAJZOOB TABRIZI

FIRE IN THE REEDS

One night, fire fell into a reed bed
It burned like love falling onto a soul
As fire’s head warmed to its work
every reed turned into a candle at its own grave
Reed said to the fire, What is this tumult?
What do you mean by this burning?
Fire said, it was not without reason that I flared up
I burned down your meaningless claim
For you said, I am the reed, with a hundred displays
You were as bound to yourself as to being
Making this claim—you cheap alloy—
why do you sprout leaves every spring?
It is becoming to feel pain—
fire cures the pain of feeling no pain