

Dariush "Labe Darya"

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our era is the era of deceit era of strange names era of the death of vase and black umbrella in the rain

our city seems to be very busy with full of false promises and with the skies full of smokes and its lovers with dark hearts

i wish in the scarcity of tulips we sat in a boat and get the courage of sailing through the sea you and i, alone and alone

our houses are surrounded with railings and curtains are down behind every window cages are filled with bird the lips with no smile on

the eyes have become the house of questions becoming kind is kind of impossible there is no eager for love nobody cares about Leily

i wish in the scarcity of tulips we sat in a boat and get the courage of sailing through the sea you and i alone and alone

we sail up to the point that the seaside would disappear from you and i we sail the boat together and we live there to the end of our lives

where neither its sky nor its people's voice neither its sadness nor its activity nor its best-seller flowers are not made of iron just like here (2)

so listen and remember and no one be aware of this (secret)

"if tommorow we're alive we'll meet by the seaside" (4)

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