PERSEPOLIS

Reading #1 – Weds 01/17

Pages 1-32

Reading #2 – Thursday

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Reading #4 – Monday 01/22

Pages 118-153

"childhood is measured out by sounds and smells and sights, before the dark age of reason grows"

John Betjeman

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"childhood is measured out by sounds and smells and sights, before the dark age of reason grows"

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Persepolis by Takhte Jamishid
There is not much left of such glory, Hurts to see, it's lost daily,
It is our duty to preserve, And pass on to the next…

The Beginning by Ahmad Shamlu
My first journey/was a return.
The vast distance/taught no hope.

Someone Who Is Not Like Anyone by Forugh Farrokhzad
why am I so small/that I can get lost on the streets?
why doesn't my father/who isn't this small
and who doesn't get lost on the streets
do something so that the person
who has appeared in my dreams /will speed up his arrival?

from Housekeeping by Marilyn Robinson
every memory is turned over and over again, every
word, however chance, written in the heart in the
hope that memory will fulfill itself, and become
flesh, and that the wanderers will find a way
home, and the perished, whose lack we always feel,
will step through the door finally and stroke our hair

The Ballad of the Dead Ladies *by François Villon*
Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Save with this much for an overword,--
But where are the snows of yester-year?

The World and the Child – by James Merrill
All the world waking from its winter dream,
Letting its wisdom be. The whole of love
Falls on the child awake and wearied of.

Oppression by Langston Hughes
In some lands/Dark night/And cold steel
Prevail/But the dream/Will come back,
And the song/Break/Its jail.

Leaving Home by Ananda Gopan
when my home had gone/out of my sight,
i slipped under my moms hands
letting the cab/carry me
away from my heart, /away from my home..

THE PICTURE OF A BRIGHT WINDOW by Meymanat Mirsadeghi
The leaden sky of the dusk
With its melancholy, mourning rain
Was softly crying.

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