

# PERSEPOLIS

Reading #1 – Weds 01/17

Pages 1-32

Reading #2 – Thursday

Pages 33-71

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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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**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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