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## Censure / Censorship

ALI ABDOLREZAEI

**Ali Abdolrezaei** was born 10 April 1969 in Northern Iran. He completed his primary and secondary education at his city of birth and after receiving his Diploma in mathematics passed the nationwide university entrance exams. He graduated with a Masters degree in Mechanical Engineering from Tehran Technical and Engineering University. He started his professional poetic career in 1986 and became one of the most serious and contentious poets of the new generation of Persian poetry. Ali has had an undeniable effect on many poets of his generation by his artistic concepts of proposals through the medium of his poetry as well as speeches and interviews. And he is one of the few poets who succeeded to express his independent poetic individuality. Publication of eight varied books of poetry: "from Riskdom," "Shinema", "So Sermon of Society", "Improvisation", "This dear crying", "Paris in Renault", "You Name this Book", "Only Iron Men live in the rain", endorse his poetic creativity and power. Currently he has in publication a poetry collection "La Elaha Ella Love" and a multi-textual "Hermaphrodite" that have been followed by varied critical reviews. Nearly all well known poets and critics of Persian poetry have written about Abdolrezaei's poems. In September 2002 after his protest against heavy censorship of his latest books such as Society and Shinema, he was banned from teaching and public speaking. He left Iran and after a few months stay in Germany, and two years in France, he's been living in London for the last four years.

# Censure

Ali Abdolrezaei

Traduit du persan par Parham Shahrjerdi

Au massacre de mes mots  
On arracha la tête de la dernière ligne  
Et le sang comme l'encre prit la feuille à la gorge  
C'est la mort qui se couche sur la page  
Et la vie une fenêtre restée ouverte une pierre la tua  
Un nouveau fusil a tourmenté le monde  
Et moi telle une marchandise je suis exporté aux portes de cette rue  
Je suis toujours cette petite chambre qui quitta la maison  
Dans ma vie comme mon stylo je suis la mère des lignes de cette page  
Les mains du chat sont dansantes  
Pour faire courir le rat  
A la recherche d'un trou déjà pris  
A la suite de la leçon d'école  
Je ne suis plus Darâ de Sarah amoureusement  
Je suis en train de faire mon nouveau devoir  
Barrez-le  
Et dans la fille qui à la fin de ce poème tombe par terre  
Bâtissez une maison  
Pleine de portes avec des plaies ouvertes  
Et entre les côtés de la mort  
Comme une chambre qui s'en alla de cette maison devint heureuse  
Une fille voulant m'approprier  
Jetant des grains dans sa voix s'approchant m'attirant  
Et au couvent de son corps  
Se tournant tournant encore derviches mes yeux  
Combien les yeux  
Ces fosses vides  
Au jeu de deux humains ont mille mains  
Combien de ce côté de l'existence où je suis je suis de l'autre côté  
Tout le monde est l'Iran

Maux – père maux – mère mon maux – frère  
Pire que des maux je suis  
Écrire est plus infertile que moi  
Et Londres avec un temps bariolé encore  
Attend sœurement  
Pour que la mort s’allonge sur mon corps  
Pour que la vie me tue encore.

Pour le poète dont les mots font la queue mon cœur se déchire  
Pour le moineau dont les chants sont coincés dans la gorge  
Pour le repos du corbeau n’ayant pas de fil aérien  
Pour moi-même  
Quittant la maison comme l’électricité

J’étais quelqu’un  
J’ai fait l’idiot je suis devenu poète !

## Censorship

Ali Abdolrezaei

Translator: Abol Foushran

In the massacre of my words  
they've beheaded my last line  
and blood    ink like    is hitting on paper  
there's death stretched over the page  
and life    like a window ajar    shattered by a rock  
a new gun has finished off the world  
and I imported goods like through this alley's doors  
          am still the very meagre room that emigrated  
I in my life who am pen like to the lines of this meagre page am mother  
The cat's paws are still prancing  
to scare the mouse  
running for the hole they filled

In pursuit of the lesson I did at school  
I'm no longer Jack the lover to my Jill  
I'm doing my new homework  
You cross it out  
And in the girl who will tumble at this poem's end  
build a house  
filled with a door open like a wound  
and from in-between the edges of death  
like a room gone from this house    lived happily  
a girl    who wanting to make me her own  
would throw morsels in her voice    to tease me over  
to the temple of her body  
for my eyes to keep whirling and whirling    to make a Dervish of me again

How the eyes  
these empty sockets  
in between the love making of two are thousand handed

How this side of being where I am is all the more other-sided in Iran  
Fathurt      mothurt      my brothurt!  
My condition is more critical than hurt  
writing's more emasculated than me  
and London with its hair highlights of a weather is still  
sisterly awaiting  
Death to stretch over my body  
for life to kill me again

My heart is bleeding for the poet whose queue of words is getting longer  
for the branch less sparrow who's swallowed its twitter  
for the restitution of a crow with no overhead wire  
for myself  
gone from the house like electricity  
I was somebody  
Did the foolish thing became a poet!