

Dust, Peace and Fruits

With centuries old well packed dust under your feet
Between rows of tall, wise looking plantain trees
Pass the mosque of PiralghavaMeddin
Pass the beggars of the old mosque
Beggars better than the one in Hadith
Famous beggars of Sameria
sticking to you as the tick in the body's crease
With warm summer breeze
walk
Let's ignore their cause
Pass the haberdashery of Haji Mokhtar Ahmadi
Go by the bakery of Naser Ahmadi
Say hello to many more arts and crafts run by another line of Ahmadi
As here is the city of descendants of sheikh Ahmadi of the Jaam
At the skirt of the mountain called Bezd
Lots of cheerful mulberry trees and dove's nest
Sheikh had more miracles as God's oracle
Pass through the gardens with no walls
Apples, peaches
Plums
Apricots
With no one to watch
Free to eat what you please
Here is the city of Sufi's realm
So be at ease
Generosity that comes with dust and heat
Enjoy the crunchy melons
Summer is showing off at its peaks
Hear the Dotar younger sister of Setar
Listen to song recitals of Baba Taher
By women in colorful skirts and shawls with stripes
Watch all Jammies walk with their clean white turban
Black vest, flowing long white shirt
Let's not forget the matching wide, white pants
As cute as a man can become in their outfits in the past

Reach to the door of the sheikh's tomb, Mazar
Touch the white smooth boulder
That's how sheikh traveled near and far
As an evidence of his miracles
The beggars at his door let you go easy
While calling to the elders, not you
"Share some wealth
in exchange of our prayers
for your young one's health"
Just say hi and pass through
Here you are
Inside the garden

Look up his minarets
Check out the beautiful tiles of secret blue
Don't miss the surprise
The bottom tile with the ducks
Hints how far they went down
All the way down
To the center of the earth

Marvel at the beauty of the shrine
Watch pilgrims' fingers rolling clay into marbles to be left on his tomb
To ask for miracles of him, the divine
Let them tie their colorfully braided silk threads to the tree
Grown from his belly
Sacred pistachio tree
Mystic by soul
Let their wishes come true

Bent your head
Touch the chain of separation
Enter the inner safe zone of the Sheikh
Enjoy the quietness of the gate keeper with his kind smile
Meditate
Long
Let Serenity fall
Then come out
Now you see the oldest biggest tree in town
Smile
You finished your walk in the old part of the town
In the year of nineteen sixty-nine