

Minister of Labor

**Minister of Labor does not cum
I come once
painstakingly, I come twice
The Minister does not cum,
my hands are useless
I feel like shit
as I remember
it's I who pays for condoms,
and he is the one who's using them, disposing the used
on the ground,
oh, I cry**

**This
is the ground, to my left**

**This
is me**

**This is the sky,
to my right**

I'm wearing my whitish skin

Rip the skin, I'm red underneath

**Rip the flesh
I Am White Again All Ivory Bones**

**This is you
who have cum
with me**

**you
who's got lips luscious and chic**

Hold me in your arms

**Don't hold me
as if I'm a tree
and you
have delicate flesh
Hold me like I'm fragile
press me to your breast
hum lullabies to lull me to keep me in your arms always always
Stick your hand in my cunt, stick it out
of my mouth, make a sash
like this,
and like this press me to your heart
wear me on your wrist like an Egyptian bracelet,
rest your hand on your shoulder
like this**

**Do your chores round the house
wash clean cook call the office
go out buy beer
you're wearing me on your wrist
Turn the wheel open the door
fill the glass
you're sipping your beer now
Lull me to sleep
I'm in love with you
Let my hand knead your tits
Let my teeth chew your tits
I am in love with you**

I am in love

**flanked
by the earth & the sky
pressed to your breast**

**Sky, to my left
 low
 blue
 bruised
and yet to my left, Earth
 swollen
 punctured
 blistered**

dusty

**This is me wearing a whitish skin
rip the white
I'll be red
rip the red I'll be white All bones Clatter I Rattle I
blabber nonstop**

I'm in love

I'm in love and I am a Refugee

In love with you, and with the Minister of Labor

**And
with the Prime Minister, too**

**Prime Minister's rounded kneecaps
wide
like big walnuts covered with yellow fuzz**

**What big kneecaps you have for me to perch on, Mr. Prime
Minister**

**I'm in love with the other Mr. President too
who is not King, but the shadow of the God of the skies**

In my homeland

**I'm in love with this Mr. President
who is the shadow of the gods on earth**

In my hostland

Still

**you're my only true love
even if you have no knees
or if you have
but must fall on your knees**

I'm in love with you

**Don't fear me
I am not afraid
of things
I am baffled
I have a puzzled fate
I have puzzled fate
I am tiny I am big
Angels pinch me
Police pull my hair
I come from hellishheavens**

**I am a Refugee
It's in my nature to come
I ripped my documents ate my documents, and shat away the
evidence**

**since I've entered, I've fallen in love
with you**

**And with the Minister of Labour
And the law**

**The law is good is sweet is gentle is a loyal lady is charming is
truly pro-debate
It takes me out
of my hands
Hangs me
on the hand of the clock
To run
round the clock
round the clock
round and round the clock**

**I want to be hanging on you
I want you
I want to run round and round around you
Want to be hanging on you**

**But the Prime Minister
Who is The Law
Wants me
and doesn't want me
to want you
Because The Mr. President
Is indeed King
And King is God
And God is not Home
And the Law is hungry for both of us delicious ones**

So he keeps me

**here
So he sends me
back
Doesn't like us**

I am telling you this hush-hush

**they don't like us when you
stick your hand here, stick it through me
and bend your head to mine
to sing to me** *dear birdie, little birdie, don't
perch on the ledge
of our roof
it might rain you'll be drenched
it might snow you'll drown
you'll fall into the hands of our Mr. Cook Master*

**- Where Better to Perch Then on The Hour Of The Hours, and on
Twilight, too?**

**from this line to the bottom of the page, why don't we? shall
we?
and with a sober tone of voice
on behalf of you,
to the end of the line, can't we?
imply that you do not wish
to hold me the way I want you to**

**We could continue with our double act dialogue
around the contagion of Individual's identity,
Mono-ordained styles
It's relativity with the Second Person
– which if you look from the other side**

It is actually the First Person – **And some *Unidentified Persons in the background***

This dialogue has nothing to do with The Minister of Immigration or of Labour, or either President, or the relativity between the private life of refugees, and refugee-related issues. Full Stop

Copy of the announcement has been sent to the coordinator's care.

But the refugee, for the simple fact of the circumstances, is entwined. Full Stop

Refugees are entwined into Refugees, Comma, and entangled is the person in the face of circumstances. Full Stop.

Copy of the announcement has been sent to the coordinator's care.

. , : " " , ; ! ? > < / .

I stressed on all of the signs

I clarified all of the signs

Under this line I cried

I've been having a headache that's why I cried

I scanned all the letters

Sent the email 3 times, cc to all of the offices of the coordinator.

This coordinator Is happening recently.

I am in love with the coordinator, too.

I am in love with you, and with the coordinator who is happening recently and has long arms covered with yellow fuzz - *perfect for hugging* - and does not return my emails.

**I cried because he's not responding to emails
his silence puts me in such simple circumstance that it's really
complicated**

**Person in the face of Circumstances is not The Person
Person in the face of Circumstances is not in My Circumstances
(who am I? or, who I is? who is I?). Full Stop**

**Placing this Full Stop anywhere in this line is easy.
Maybe nonsense, but it's easy. Aha. Full Stop. And done.**

**It's not easy.
It's not possible to place this Full Stop anywhere
my head is frenzied and I feel like throwing up at this present
which is supposed to reach a future
and I don't feel like falling in love with anyone
all my lovers dump me
*the hell with you, they say, honestly***

**No. The hell with *you*.
They dump me
The hell with them
You will not be shaken 'cause you are shocked
It's not you who is shocked it's me who is shocked
You can't be shocked the way I am shocked
You don't even know how to be shaken when you are shocked
and my hands
empty of all the things I have lost.
Now you place the full stop: .
meaning that you've reached the end of the line
This This line has reached the end. Still you want me
to turn back and put my Head Head on my own pillow, draw the
curtains.
and here is my Home Home?**

Home is the beginning of the line.

You cross out a few homes till you get to the end.

**Then you reach where the end of the line is, and you reach The
End.**

The coordinator emails back.

He has received I email.

The coordinator is in love with me.

He has received my emails.

He has written back:

Dear Mzz. Dear Mzz.

Darling dear Mzz.

We love you.

We've fallen in

Fallen for you.

You're a beautiful beautiful *you*.

Coal black eyes, arched eyebrows, lips most supersaying,

And your Persian throat gurgling FarsiEnglish endearments when we
press you dearly to our breast

Give us tales

and details

and detales

How did you manage to burst in to our life?

We feel partly dismayed

but it will be alright

we'll be happy in no time

soon

If you smile, I feel alarmed

If you don't smile, I feel alarmed

If I feel alarmed all I feel is feeling alarmed

Dear Mzz. Dear Mzz. Mr. Prime Minister urges you

to love us
more
give more
details
and if
only if
in the name of love
and god's grace
and law
and our expert staff
and honorary honourable members
... sorry, can't go on

I can't, therefore I am

such shame
honestly,
you
made our life
harddsh
for what we've got we've worked hard
We have worked for this love *for this love for this love we're
feeling,*
for this gun-powder-blue sky
for railroads shimmering under the sky
for trees, green, tall staring up at the sky
for shopping malls, so warm, so cool, with interior blinking stars

Sorry Miss, you're a sweet, a rueful refugee, but please Do Not Touch
The Trees.
Thank you.

yours truly

L. Lowe

Prime Minister of your hostesscountry

p.s. you're very much loved dear Mzz.

but please don't touch the trees

and the light bulbs

You See, We Have Worked Hard for things we've got

Note: have some immigrants-interns volunteer to investigate the meaning of sky in the gov. memos; we tend to use it a lot.

Hah, what's not to understand if I understand what you understand

And then, I don't even notice as you leave to enter the room in utter
silence

In the absence of arms and bosoms

Mr. President is the one who's fallen in love most passionately

I am fallen in love with the Prime Minister

I work laboriously along with the Minister of Labour

Minister of Labour works me

My work offers me as an offering

I offer my labour as an offering

He offers me my labour as an offering

I offer him my labour as an offering

He offers my labour

We give each other a hug, and voice our sentiments

Minister of Immigration feeds the birds

waves her hand

**we have nothing to do with her
you are not here
You Are Entangled because
of circumstance which
Leaves a Person Face to Face with Circumstances**

**You're in the midst of telling of the tellings,
and while you're telling your head turns to
this side of me, you say:**

**To which of my withered memories I was the bride?
I've got nothing. If I did, I'd be wanting to buy**

**And you say:
I'd've liked to buy all of the six beauties**

**Then your head turns towards me
then your head turns
my head turns
Am I a wheel now that I whirl? Why am I whirling?
Why am I a wheel? Why am I whirling?
Am I a wheel?
and I keep quiet
I remain silent
Minister of Labour does not cum
I come and I come
It's in my nature
I've got to come
I am a ReeFiuGee**

**I've got no health insurance
I pay for condoms
The Minister does not cum
He says maybe the next time**

He thanks me swiftly

He gets up to go

Go?

Where?

You can't go

It shames me so

when the Minister does not

cum in my hands

did it slip

out of my hand?

How come?

My hands, too, are tired

I am tired, too

I fear things that are nothing, really,

and go away with only a pill

but they sure drag a head into a frenzy

there is not much distance between me and that

I could

if I wished

Jump to that

Side

that side

is nothing

the ground

is nothing

the sky

is nothing

My feet when they walk,

go forth,

and touch nothing

that side is this side of here

And it's so much illogical it is excused from keeping

There is no grave, and none of us is lain flat in a hole

We're walking, and we don't hit anything

Saghi Ghahraman

2005-02-05

To be continued

Why is the night a tasteless day in the absence of Kerman's sky?

Why is Kerman's sky embedded with thorns

why are the thorns hanging

from the sky, scratching

our face when we face the sky?

Why doesn't Kerman walk out of Toronto's sky?

Why is Ramin wounded by Kerman, and is wounded by Kerman?

Why does Kerman stay with me till I reach Ramin

till I get to an air not of Kerman,

but of my own teeny weeny dangling Prim Minister

who is so so so is so *is or aint, or is or aint*

mine?

To diminish the panic of night, and diminish the panic of day,

smile

in the face of earth

lie on the ground

hug the ground

**kiss it
push your hand beneath layers
caress it till the roots are stirred
till the trees shake their head
and get ready to alert the fronds
till the fronds bend on you to caress you
and lift you up off the ground
hang you from a tree
and swing you
then**

when I opened my eyes

I was dizzied

**I shut my eyes
whooshed down the rope
went down to turn the earth inside-out**

Saghi Ghahraman
Toronto December 2005

Kerman a city in Southern Iran
Dr. Ramin Ahmadi human rights activist
The line refers to one of Ramin Ahmadi's poems, *Kerman bites into
my wounded heart*
Another exiled poet from Greece writes: *Greece wounds me*