



Journalism for Forty Years, Poetry for a Lifetime

In Conversation with Dr. Touraj Atabaki
Enayat Fani and 'Anila, the Glory of Love'

MAHSA



انبلا، شکوه عشق
عنایت فانی

Note

About Mahsa event, the meaning of Mahsa and the metaphor and the date of the poem and foreseeing (hoping) the eruption of people's wrath.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MAHSA



**A moon was stolen, yet
again
from the sky of kindness**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



MAHSA



**Devil returned home
With bloody paws
with boiling
madness**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MAHSA



The night remains, the darkness too

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

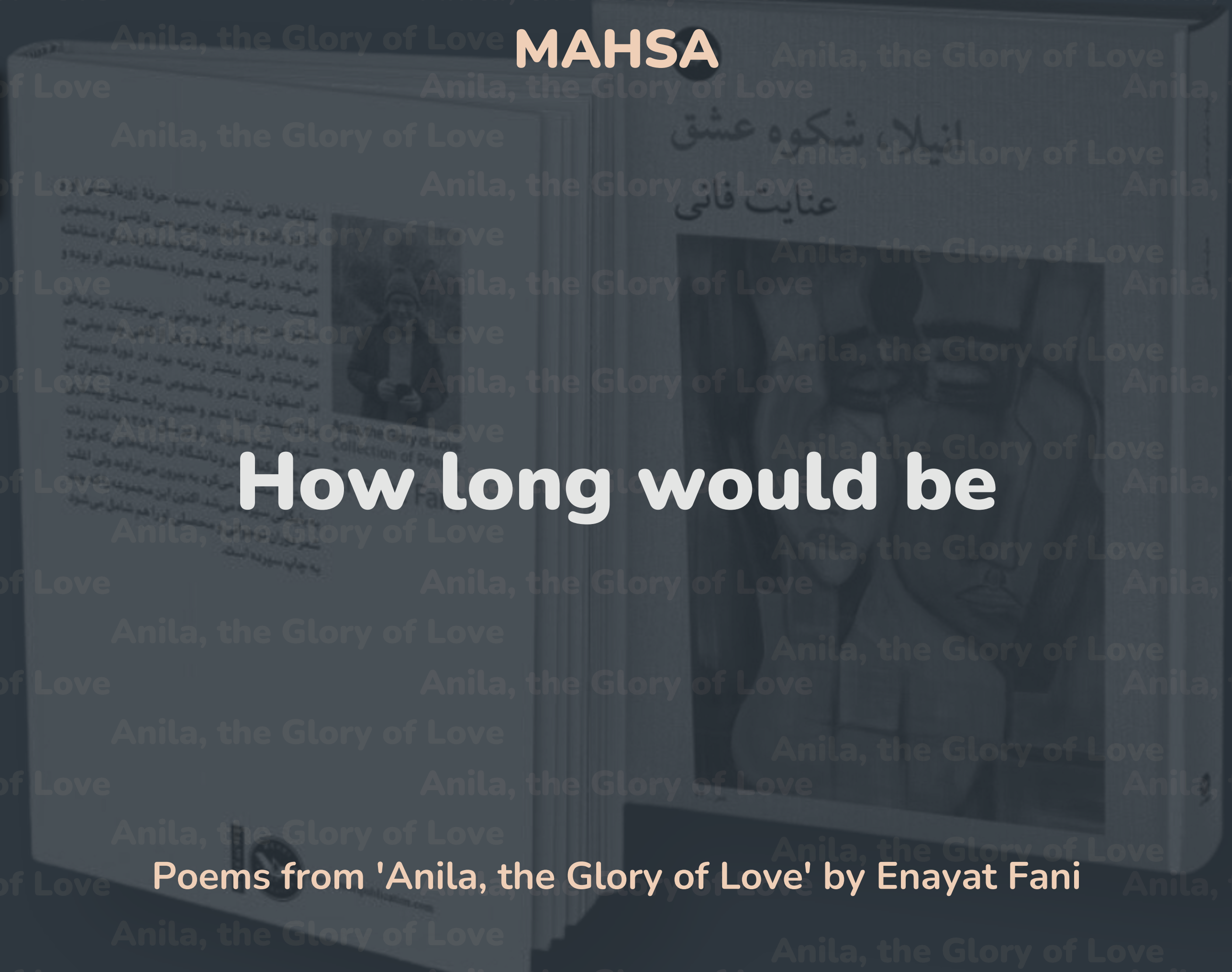
MAHSA



**And in the hearts remains
the wrath,**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MAHSA



How long would be

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MAHSA



Before that wrath

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MAHSA



unleashes on the evil's path.

**London – September 16,
2022**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

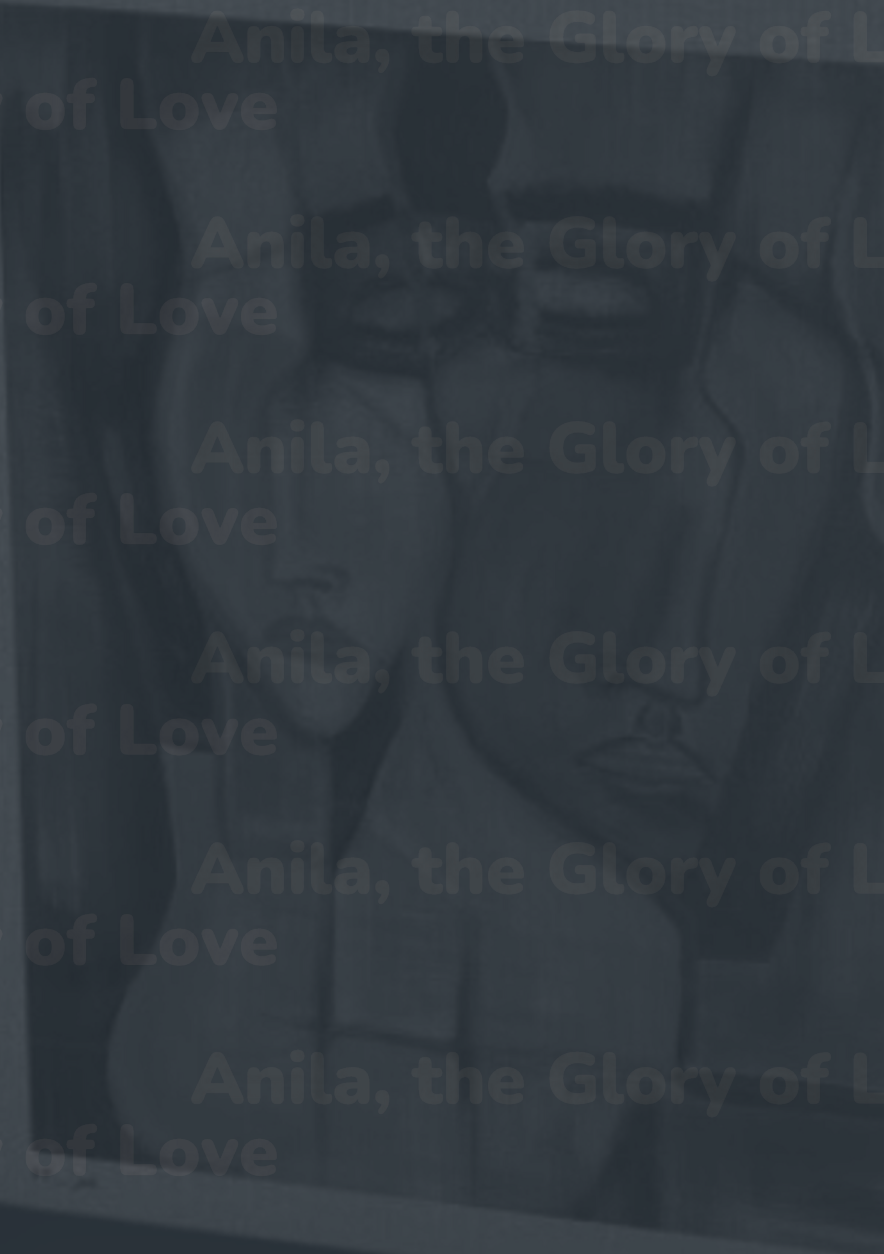




عنایت فانی بیشتر به سبب حرفه ژورنالیستی او که در رادیو و تلویزیون براساس فارسی و بخصوص برای اجرا و سردبیری برنامه‌های بسیار درگیر شناخته می‌شود، ولی شعر هم همواره مشغله ذهنی او بوده و هست. خودش می‌گوید:

شعر در سراسر نوجوانی می‌جوشید. زمره‌های بود تمام در ذهن و گوشت و هر آن‌کس چند بیت هم می‌نوشتیم ولی بیشتر زمره بود. در دوره دبیرستان در اسفهان با شعر و بخصوص شعر نو و شاعران نو پرداخت بیشتر آشنا شدم و همین برآینه مشوق بیشتری شد برای شعر سرودن. او در سال ۱۳۵۲ به لندن رفت و اگر چه در کنار درس و دانشگاه آن زمره‌هایی که گوش و ذهنش را مشغول می‌کرد به بیرون می‌آورد ولی اغلب به پارک‌های سپرده می‌شد. اکنون این مجموعه‌ای که چند شعر نوجوانی و محصلی او را هم شامل می‌شود به چاپ سپرده است.

انایلا، شکوه عشق
عنایت فانی



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Journalism for Forty Years, Poetry for a Lifetime

In Conversation with Dr. Touraj Atabaki
Enayat Fani and 'Anila, the Glory of Love'

A FACE



Note

About the event in Mahabad, the name Fereshteh and the metaphor

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A Face

**Bawan, on
the grave of
her mother,
Ferishte
Ahmadi,
who was
killed in
Mahabad
protests.**



Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

I swear to your crying face



Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

I swear to your crying face
O little awakened beauty

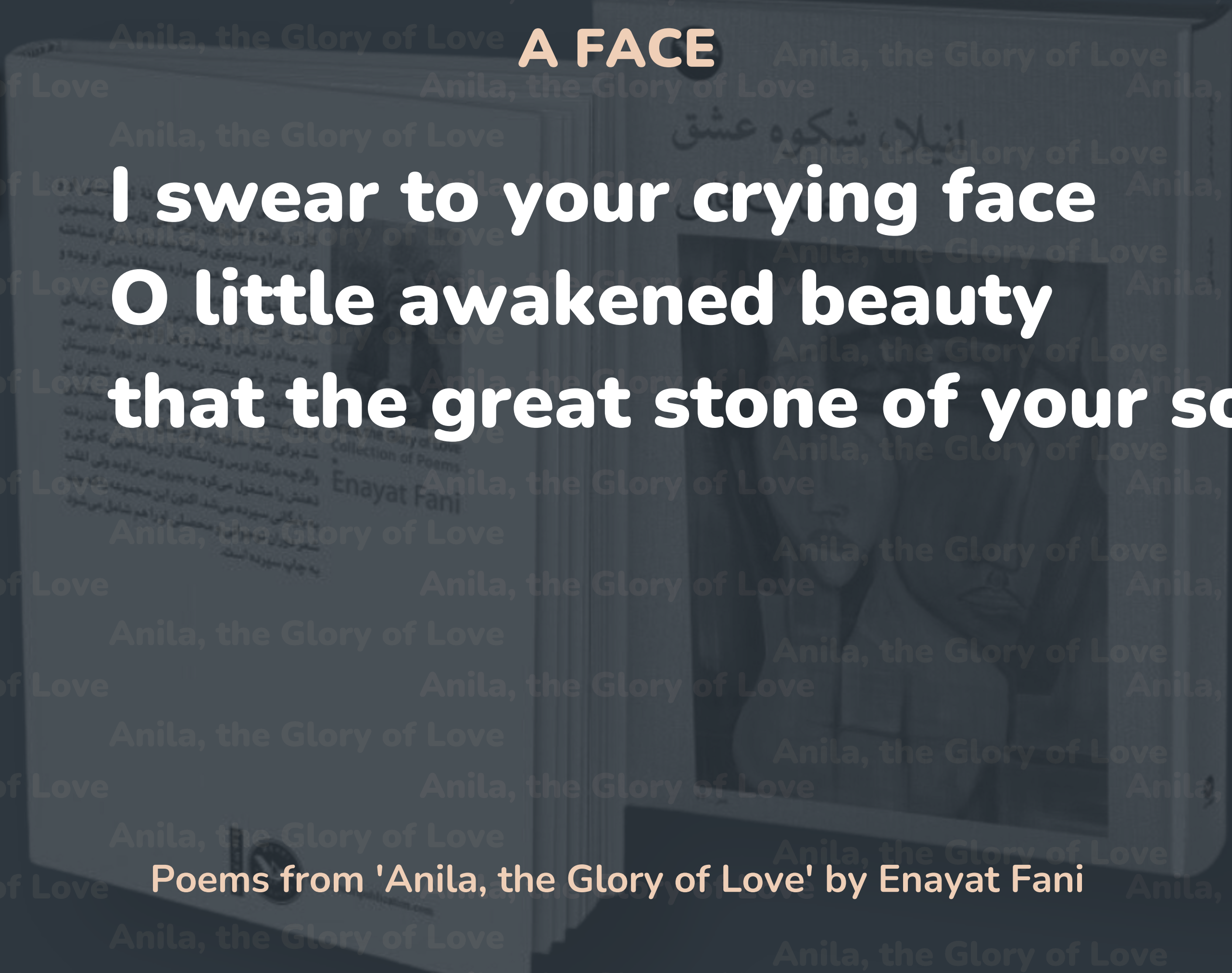


Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

I swear to your crying face
O little awakened beauty
that the great stone of your sorrow

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE



I swear to your crying face
O little awakened beauty
that the great stone of your sorrow
I will carry like Sisyphus*

*In Greek mythology Sisyphus was punished by Hades by forcing him to roll an immense boulder up a hill only for it to roll back down every time it neared the top, repeating this action for eternity.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE



I swear to your crying face
O little awakened beauty
that the great stone of your sorrow
I will carry like Sisyphus*
on my shoulder

*In Greek mythology Sisyphus was punished by Hades by forcing him to roll an immense boulder up a hill only for it to roll back down every time it neared the top, repeating this action for eternity.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

And would not rest until my children



Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

And would not rest until my children
These restorers of our lost reputation



Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

**And would not rest until my children
These restorers of our lost reputation
Put a smile on your face again.**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

I swear to your crying face
O sad little beauty

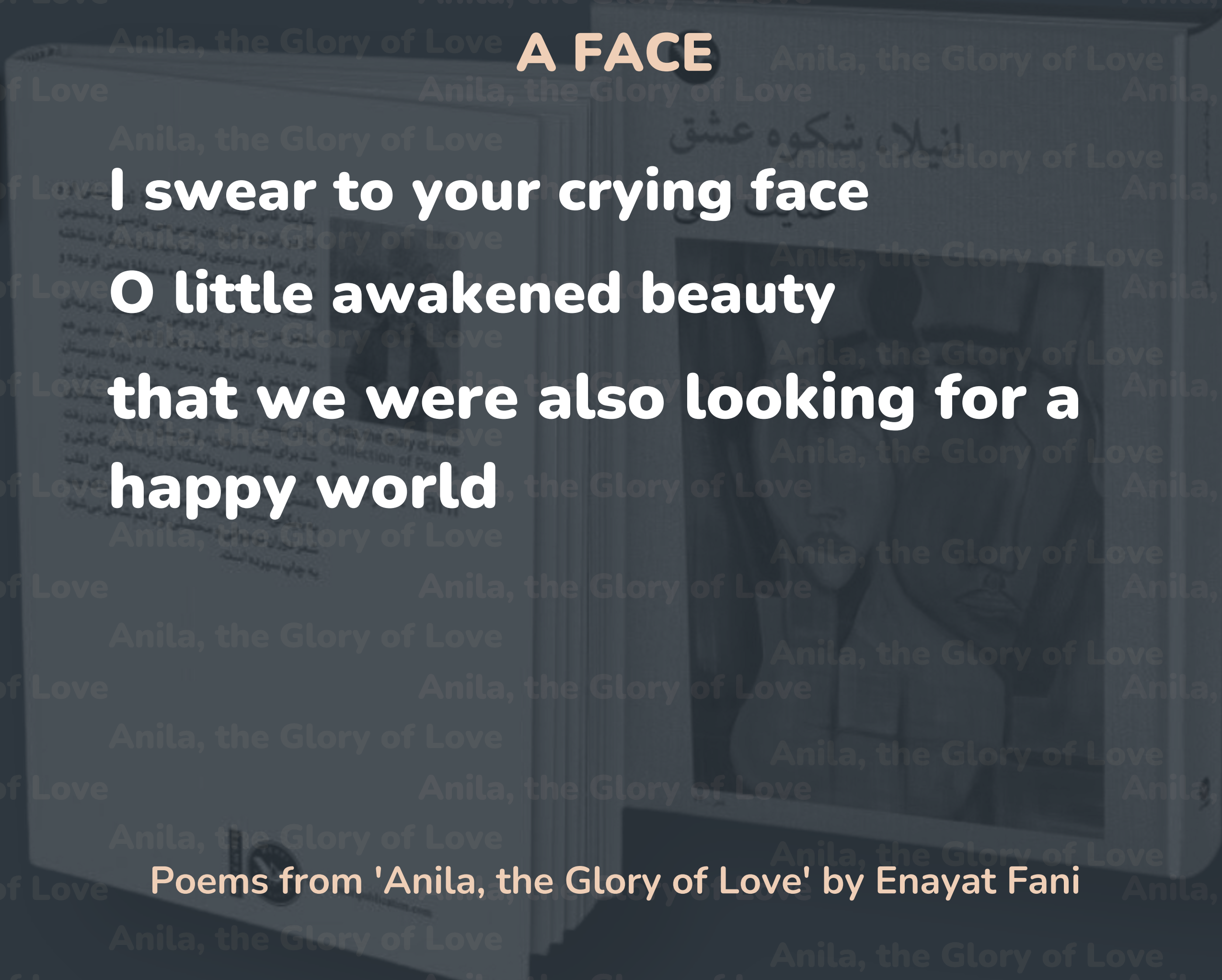


Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

I swear to your crying face
O little awakened beauty
that we were also looking for a
happy world

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

I swear to your crying face

O little awakened beauty

that we were also looking for a
happy world

But also we didn't see the evil
killers of happiness

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

But also we didn't see the evil
killers of happiness

From under their ominous cloak

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



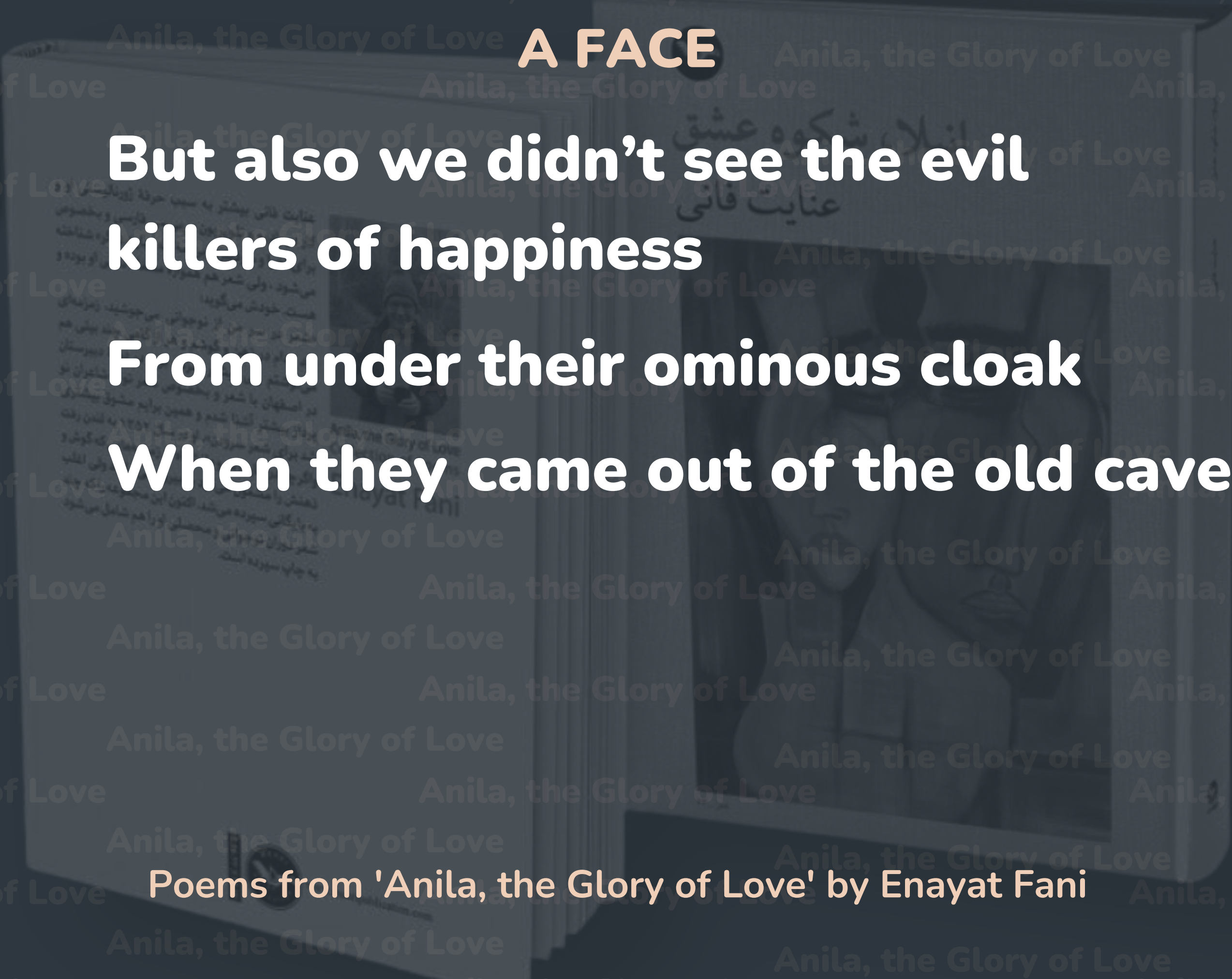
A FACE

**But also we didn't see the evil
killers of happiness**

From under their ominous cloak

When they came out of the old caves

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

**But also we didn't see the evil
killers of happiness
From under their ominous cloak
When they came out of the old caves
And landed with iron wings**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

**But also we didn't see the evil
killers of happiness**

From under their ominous cloak

When they came out of the old caves

And landed with iron wings

On our land of hope

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

And how soon they killed all
the hopes on our land

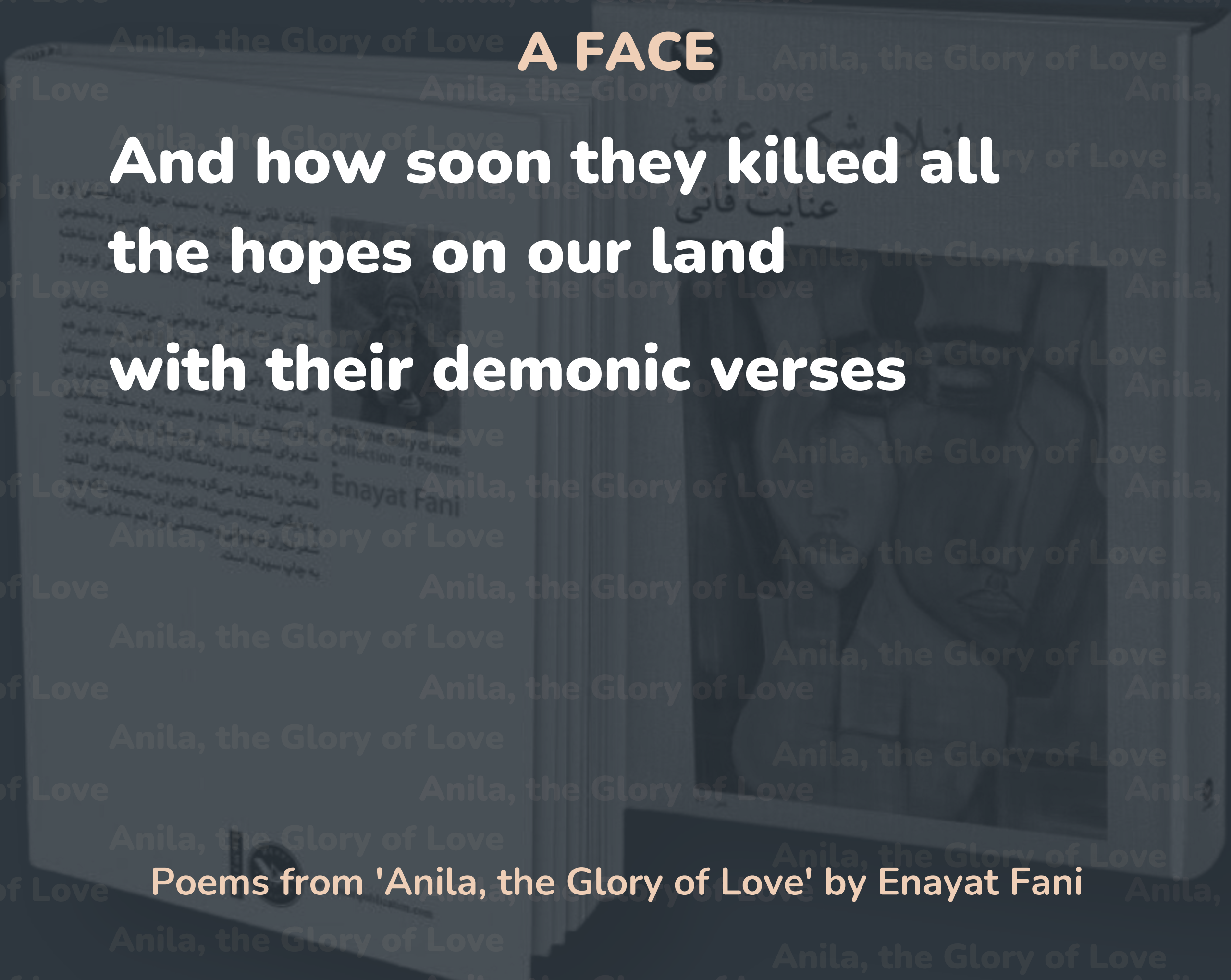


Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

And how soon they killed all
the hopes on our land
with their demonic verses

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

**And how soon they killed all
the hopes on our land
with their demonic verses
in the darkness of the long night.**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

**But now, my child!
My sad beauty!**



Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

But now, my child!

My sad beauty!

Your tomorrow

is being painted by your mothers



Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

**But now, my child!
My sad beauty!**

**Your tomorrow
is being painted by your mothers**

**who are not raising their hands
to the empty sky**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



انبلا، شکوه عشق
عنایت فانی



A FACE

**But now, my child!
My sad beauty!**

**Your tomorrow
is being painted by your mothers**

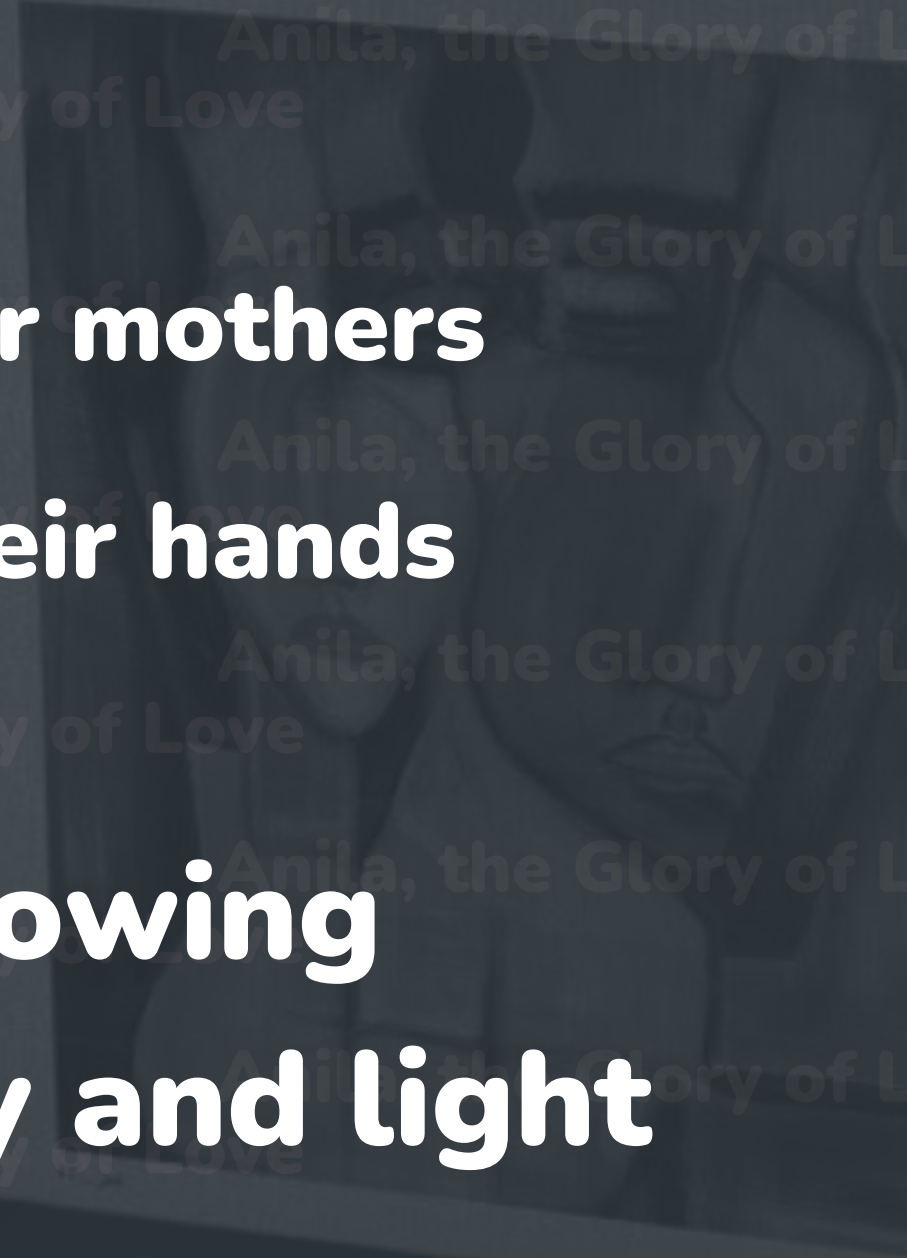
**who are not raising their hands
to the empty sky**

**Instead they are sowing
the seed of beauty and light**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



انبلا، شکوه عشق
عنایت فانی



A FACE

**But now, my child!
My sad beauty!
Your tomorrow
is being painted by your mothers
who are not raising their hands
to the empty sky
Instead they are sowing
the seed of beauty and light**

on your land.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



A FACE

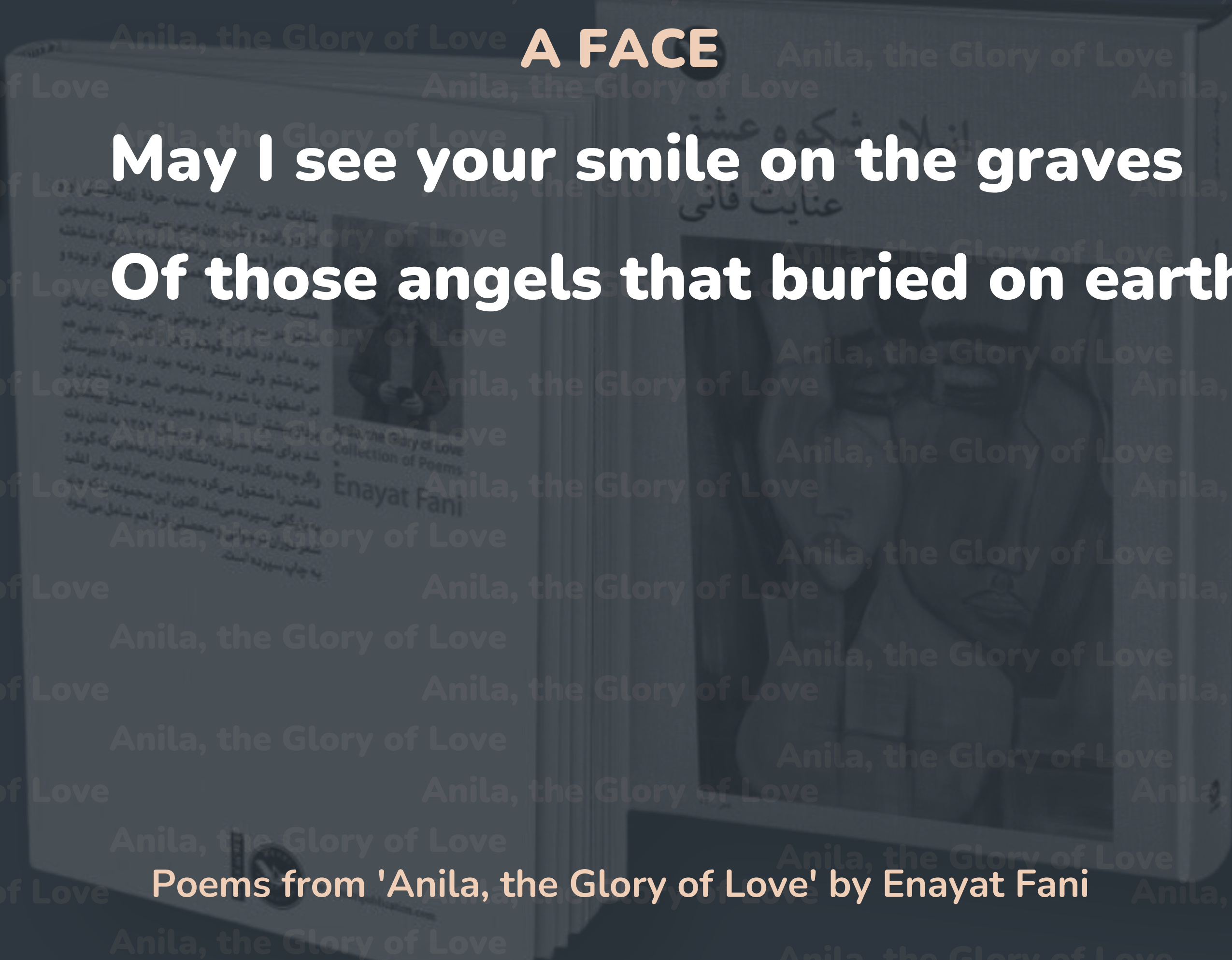
May I see your smile on the graves



Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

May I see your smile on the graves
Of those angels that buried on earth



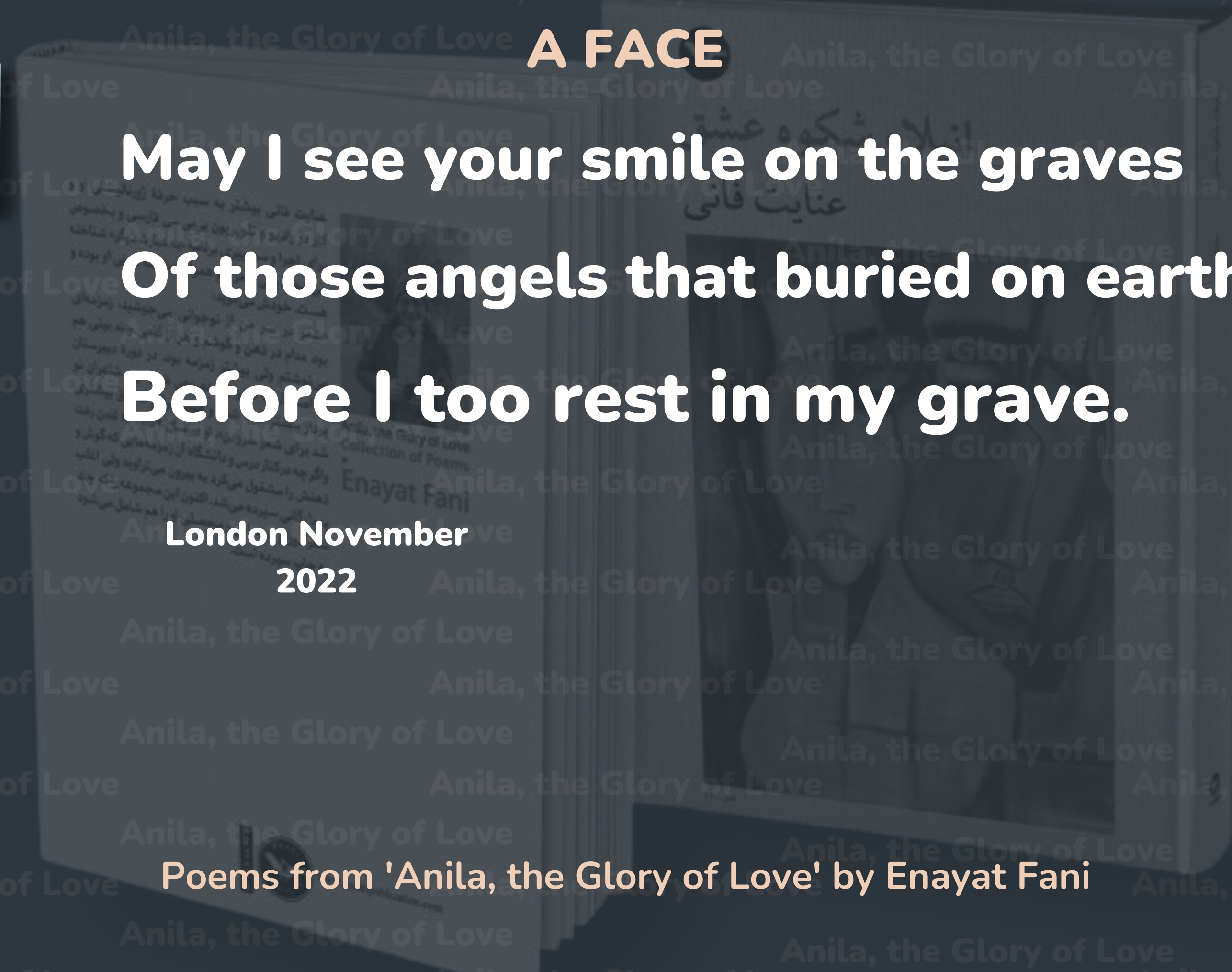
Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A FACE

May I see your smile on the graves
Of those angels that buried on earth
Before I too rest in my grave.

London November
2022

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani





عنایت فانی بیشتر به سبب حرفه ژورنالیستی او که در رادیو و تلویزیون براساس فارسی و بخصوص برای اجرا و سردبیری برنامه‌های بسیار درگیر شناخته می‌شود، ولی شعر هم همواره مشغله ذهنی او بوده و هست. خودش می‌گوید:

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Anila, the Glory of Love
Collection of Poems
Enayat Fani





Journalism for Forty Years, Poetry for a Lifetime

In Conversation with Dr. Touraj Atabaki
Enayat Fani and 'Anila, the Glory of Love'

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



Note

**About Anila, to be introduced later
and about the Kurdish name of Mahsa**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



Anila, where are you?

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



Anila, where are you?

**I have a lot of songs in my
restless heart,**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



**Anila, where are you?
I have a lot of songs in my
restless heart,
that I want to sing to you in an
evening.**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



MY ANILA, OUR GINA

**Anila, where are you?
I have a lot of songs in my
restless heart,
that I want to sing to you in an
evening.
I want to tell you about the
hope**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



That beautiful Gina, installed in my soul

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



**That beautiful Gina, installed in my soul
And transformed my sad day,**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



**That beautiful Gina, installed in my soul
And transformed my sad day,
Into a beautiful dream of tomorrow**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



That beautiful Gina, installed in my soul
And transformed my sad day,
Into a beautiful dream of tomorrow
I am so happy about this boundless
hope

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



That, Gina! You put it deep in my soul

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA



**That, Gina! You put it deep in my soul
I am so full of believe ,**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



MY ANILA, OUR GINA



**That, Gina! You put it deep in my soul
I am so full of believe ,
To a bright tomorrow**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



MY ANILA, OUR GINA

That, Gina! You put it deep in my soul

I am so full of believe ,

To a bright tomorrow

That You, O my dearest

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



MY ANILA, OUR GINA

I am so full of believe ,

To a bright tomorrow

That You, O my dearest

Bestowed on me.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

MY ANILA, OUR GINA

Anila, see how beautiful Gina
Set a flame to this dark night
with her red blood!



Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



MY ANILA, OUR GINA

Anila, see how beautiful Gina

Set a flame to this dark night

with her red blood!

You too,

remove the veil of sadness from your face

And think about tomorrow,

that beautiful morning of awakening.

London – October 5, 2022

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



Journalism for Forty Years, Poetry for a Lifetime

In Conversation with Dr. Touraj Atabaki
Enayat Fani and 'Anila, the Glory of Love'



SO WHERE IS MY LOVE?

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

So Where Is My Love?



It is evening and I
step on the way

A dumb and invisible way.

On the hard pavements of the roads

I take quick steps at times

And slow down at others,

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



So Where Is My Love?

People are moving around
Screaming in my ears
But there is dark silence inside me,
Dark as a moonless night.
Full of pain, regrets and impatient,
I take my tired steps,
in the mist of the night

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

So Where Is My Love?



To a mysterious destination

With many questions and doubts on
my mind

what will it be?

what do I want?

What am I looking for?

Where can I find my lost one?

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

So Where Is My Love?



And this long and blurry road at night
still remains.

For how long?

Until the dawn of my freedom.

Isfahan 1969

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



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A CALL IN SLEEP

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A call in sleep



انایلا، شکوه عشق
عنایت فانی

I saw you in my dream
Frenzied and angry
Why are you asleep, you say.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A call in sleep



**At a time that cruelty and oppression
are reining in this land
Why are you asleep,
When you see the noose
on the neck of the consciousness?**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A call in sleep



How is it I see you so silently in bed
In this fearful night
When the hearts of your people
Are filled with pains and scream
Because of the cruelty and evil deeds?

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A call in sleep



**You said and said again and again
of poverty and oppression
of knowledge and consciousness**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A call in sleep



When I woke up
Your anger was with me
Your warnings in my ear
In the depth of my sadness

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

A call in sleep



And now in this dark night I am with you
You, my sweet dream
You, my song of consciousness
Until the dawn arrives.

Isfahan 1969

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



Journalism for Forty Years, Poetry for a Lifetime

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Enayat Fani and 'Anila, the Glory of Love'



SILENT IMAGINATIONS

To my GP, Dr Michelle Ferris

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

SILENT IMAGINATIONS

To my GP, Dr Michelle Ferris



I want to be a dream in the bed of
sleeping clouds

And a deer in the mysterious plain of
dawn,

I want to drink the tenderness of night
in a cup of Ghazal,

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

SILENT IMAGINATIONS

To my GP, Dr Michelle Ferris



And immortalise the freshness of dawn
In the mind of a red flower
I want to leave my body
And flow the purity of my soul
In the spring of a memory

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

SILENT IMAGINATIONS

To my GP, Dr Michelle Ferris



I wish I were water in the heat of the day
So that I could cool a love - burning body.
I want to be water in the heat of the day
And a flame in a freezing dawn

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

SILENT IMAGINATIONS

To my GP, Dr Michelle Ferris



I want to be a song in the most silent time
And silence, in the commotion inside me
I want to be a home in the wilderness,
And a wandering soul in a cage
Ah my silent thoughts

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

SILENT IMAGINATIONS

To my GP, Dr Michelle Ferris



Stay with me in the prison of my loneliness
Let me look for myself
In your foggy being
Before this old cage
Deceive me with its indolence.

London
1991

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



Journalism for Forty Years, Poetry for a Lifetime

In Conversation with Dr. Touraj Atabaki
Enayat Fani and 'Anila, the Glory of Love'



ON THE WRONG PATH

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



From the foggy alleys
And bitter songs
I arose like a flame,
In the middle of the frightening night.
Carrying a load of night on my shoulder
I wandered everywhere in search of
morning.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



**But except for the occasional explosion of
a meteor in the distance**

**I did not find a spark of anger in the sky
of my homeland.**

**Except for the occasional flames of a
passionate soul**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



**in pursuit of a dream,
I did not find a spark of determination.
Until, one night in the midst of such sad
autumn
my eyes stared at you in awe
I saw anger and knowledge , tomorrow
and desire**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



انیلا، شکوه عشق
عنایت فانی

in your strange words

Then like a child, I rushed to your lap

I put my aching head on your shoulder

I said, sing in my ears

Sing that beautiful lullaby

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



**because I have never found a way to sleep
in this sad land
Sing to me and show me the way
So that I rise like a sun to a bright
morning**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



You sang to me and I found the sleep
Alas you didn't show me the right path.
And I did not find the morning.

London, November 1988

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



Journalism for Forty Years, Poetry for a Lifetime

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Enayat Fani and 'Anila, the Glory of Love'



INTRODUCING ANILA

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



It was at sunset, the autumn sun in the distant horizon, looked drowning in blood in a bitter farewell to the day

The leaves on the trees were the magic of colours but the wind were the sound of terror to the ears of trees that were constantly falling leaves.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



I was standing under a tree, not to listen to the wind, nor to witness the falling leaves, no, I was standing there without knowing why. Maybe because I was there to think about an unfulfilled dream, about a marooned lover who I have been searching for a thousand years.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



**Then a drop dripped from the top of the tree,
slid from leaf to leaf and landed on my
forehead.**

**It became a tear in my eye and it crawled on
my cheek and left a magical taste on my lips.**

**And then suddenly I saw you in front of me, a
dreamy woman with a smile on her lips who
smelled of an unknown flower.**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



I hugged you and kissed you on the lips. your lips tasted the same as the tear that had fell on my lips. And the taste was the taste of love. The wind was still blowing and now the wind was whispering love in my ear. I inscribed your smile on my memory, stared at you and when your eyes spoke to me, I knew that my thousand-year search had ended. I closed my eyes, I was happy with my luck and fell into a deep sleep and when I opened my eyes, I didn't know where I was in time, but I knew that I was in love with you.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



But you were no more. And I never knew where you came from, what was in your head and with what past you appeared to me. I did not ask you how the smile of love sat on your lips. Yes, my beautiful you were gone with the wind and I didn't even ask your name. So I named you Anila, because you were the child of the wind and you went with the wind.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

ON THE WRONG PATH



So I left the sadness of your departure to the wind
because I thought I had found my Anila and I
shouldn't be sad, although you were not by my side
and maybe you never again will be.

So now for your beautiful smile, for the taste of your
kisses and for the sweet speaking eyes I can only
give you poems.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



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THE GLORY OF LOVE

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

THE GLORY OF LOVE



**It was not spring
But on the hills of winter month
It was colour and colour
Red, white and yellow
Blue, purple and red
Flowers and greens
All dancing for us**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

THE GLORY OF LOVE



The wind was the whisper of the
spring

Although it was not spring.

A gentle wind

On the tall stature of trees
was a magic display of dance.

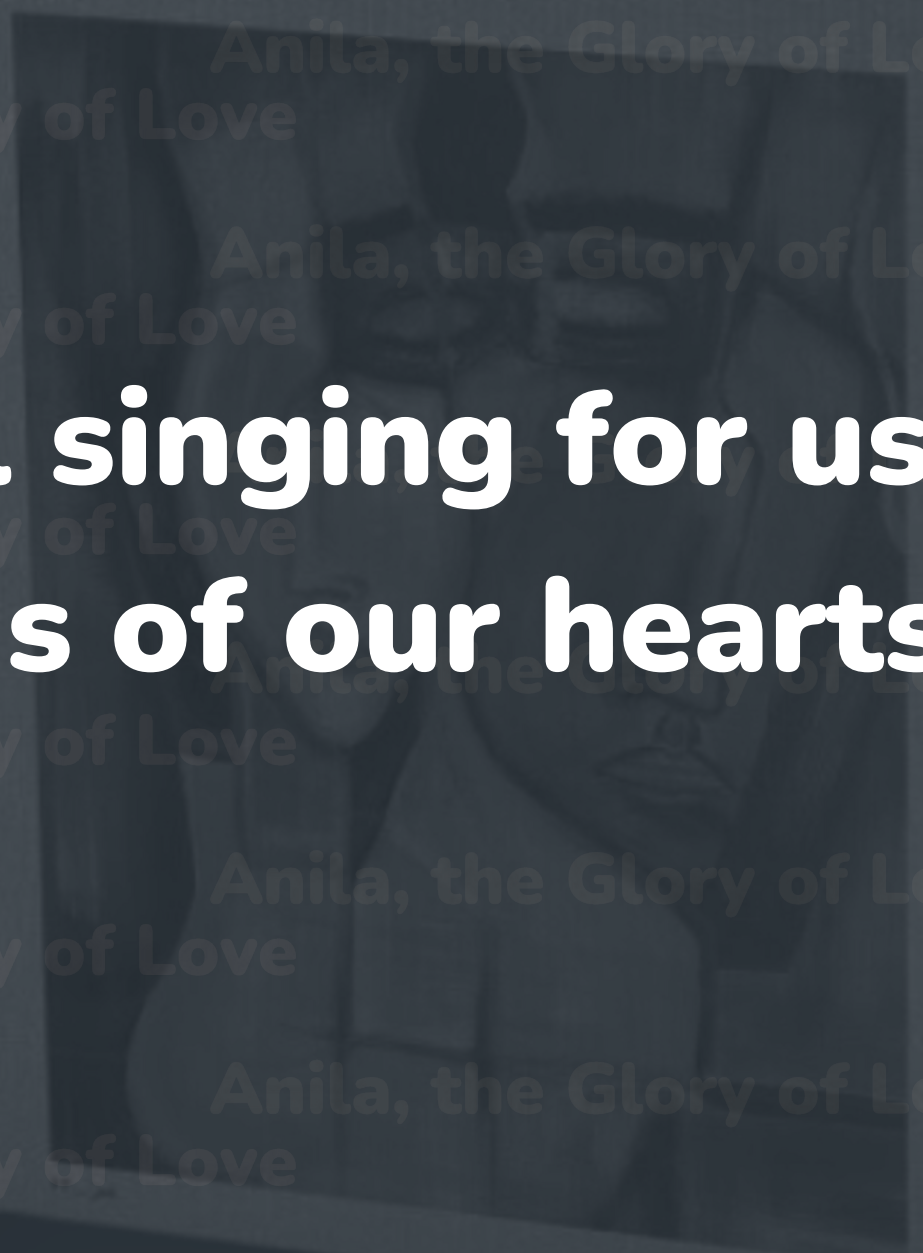
Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

THE GLORY OF LOVE



عنايت فانی بیشتر به سبب حرفه ژورنالیست و
کتاب‌نویس و شاعران برسی می‌فازد و بخصوص
برای اجرا و سرودهای پرشماره که درگیر شناخته
می‌شود، ولی شعر هم همواره مشغله ذهنی او بوده و
هست خودش می‌گوید
شعر در رسم از نوجوانی می‌جوشید زارمغانی
بود مقام در ذهن و گوشه و هر آن گاهی چند پیش هم
می‌نوشتم ولی بیشتر زارمغان بود در دوره دبیرستان
در استخوان با شعر و بخصوص شعر نو و شاعران نو
در آن زمان پیدا شده و همین برآید مشغول بیشتر
و اگرچه در کنار درس می‌نویسید و شعر می‌نوشتید
ذهنش را مشغول می‌کرد به بیرون می‌آورد ولی قلب
به چای سپرده شد. اکنون این مجموعه است که چند
سال پیش در تهران چاپ شده است.

انبلا، شکوه عشق
عنايت فاني



**The birds were all singing for us
the beautiful songs of our hearts**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

THE GLORY OF LOVE



We were both young
But not by years and months
Maybe we were happy
Maybe we were not
Maybe it was doubt and apprehension
in our soul
But why in January?
Nature was it so alive and beautiful?

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

THE GLORY OF LOVE



And I saw you on the far horizon
Under the green branches of trees
Although you were by my side

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

THE GLORY OF LOVE



**We were not asleep
We were not dreaming
Our dreams were all real**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



THE GLORY OF LOVE

But what happened that
suddenly night fell on us

And a cold from the depository of doubt
crept over our souls

The flowers all withered

And the colour disappeared from the
ground

And the trees all dried up

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

THE GLORY OF LOVE



**And the birds all died
And you were no longer with me
And I didn't even see you in the distant
horizon.
And how helpless we suddenly became
And we were yet again thrown,
into the enclave of loneliness
who used to mercilessly melt us.**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

THE GLORY OF LOVE



I wonder if the glory of love.
Would take us back to the flowery hills
of our dream again?

London 2022

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



Journalism for Forty Years, Poetry for a Lifetime

In Conversation with Dr. Touraj Atabaki
Enayat Fani and 'Anila, the Glory of Love'



YOU CAME

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

YOU CAME



Like a bird, just out of the cage
A bird that just escaped a trap
You descended on me on the wings of love,
In one spring morning.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

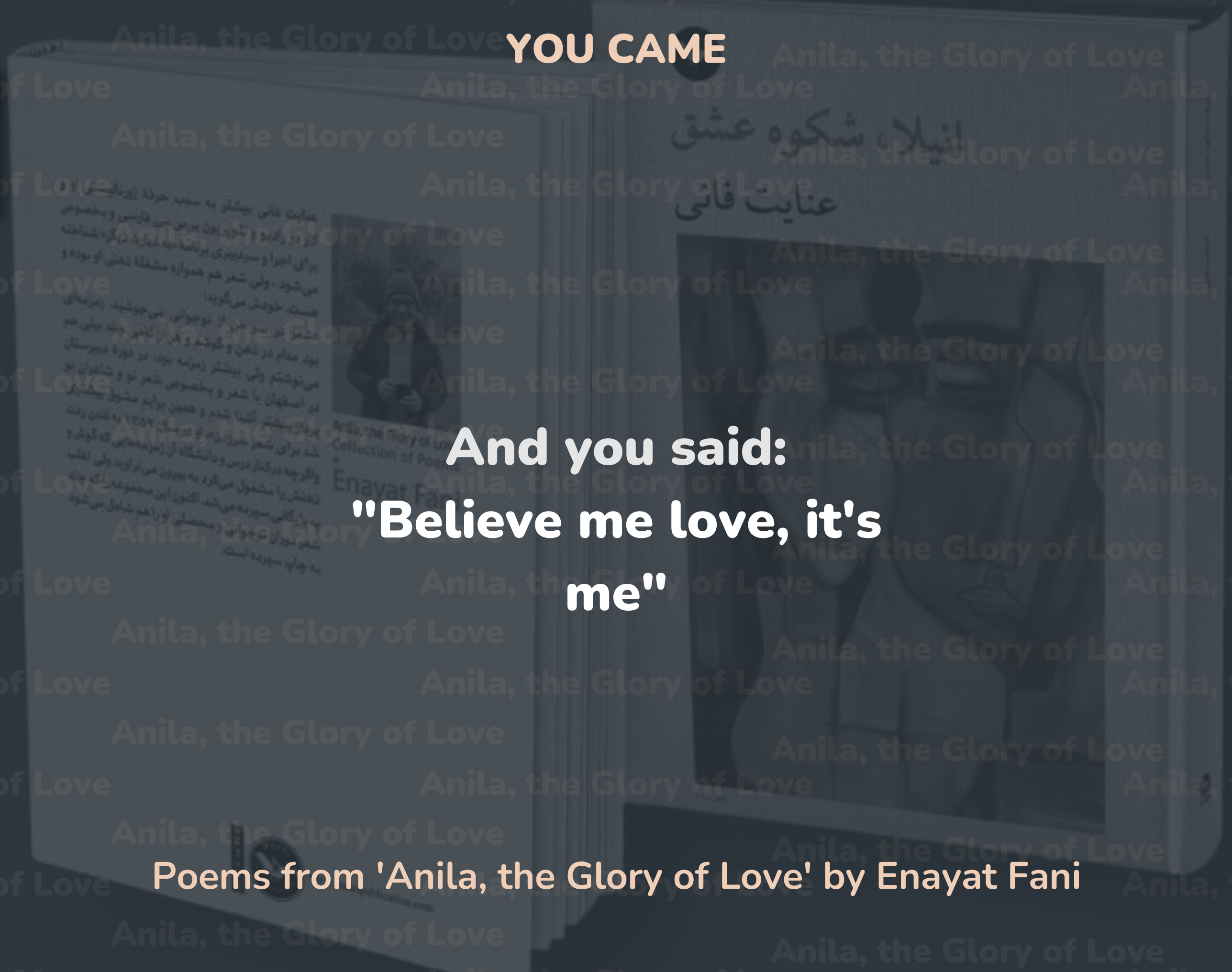


YOU CAME

A refreshing and beautiful smile of love
was on your lips when I saw you
You opened your arms and
I got lost in your bosom,
Like a star that is lost
In the universe of love
I told you:
"Can I believe you are here?"

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

YOU CAME



And you said:
"Believe me love, it's
me"

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

YOU CAME



عنايت فانی بیشتر به سبب حرفه ژورنالیست و
نویسنده و شاعر است. او در دهه ۱۳۵۰
برای اجرا و سرودن برنامه‌های تلویزیونی
مشغول بود. وی شعر هم همواره مشغول
عنايت فاني مي‌گويد.
میتوانم با شعر و مخصوصاً شعر نو و شاعران نو
بروز بیشتر آشنا شدم و همین برای مشغول
شد برای شعر سرودن او در سال ۱۳۵۲ به لندن رفت
و اگرچه در کنار درس و دانشگاه آن زمانه‌ای که گوش و
دهانش را مشغول می‌کرد به بیرون می‌آورد و طی
به پارکلی سپرده می‌شد. اکنون این مجموعه‌ای که
شعرهای او را در بر می‌گیرد و محصولی است که شامل می‌شود
به چاپ رسیده است.

انبلا، شکوه عشق
عنايت فاني

I smelled you with such a strange
passion,
that I drank sip by sip
the aroma of your body
Your body smelled of flowers,
Unheard and unknown.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

YOU CAME



عنايت فانی بیشتر به سبب حرفه ژورنالیست و
نویسنده و شاعران برسی می فارسی و بخصوص
برای اجرا و سرودهای برنامه‌های لیلا در تهر که شناخته
می‌شود. ولی شعر هم همواره مشغله ذهنی او بوده و
هست. خودش می‌گوید:
شعر در سم من از نوجوانی می‌جوشید. زرمه‌ای
بود تمام در ذهن و گوشت و هر آن گاهی چند بیت هم
می‌نوشتم ولی بیشتر زرمه بود. در دوره دبیرستان
و بخصوص شعر تو و شاعران تو
و همین برایه عشق بیشتر
شد برای شعر سرودم. او در سال ۱۳۵۲ به لندن رفت
و اگر چه در کنار درس و دانشگاه آن زرمه‌هایی که گوش و
ذهنش را مشغول می‌کرد به بیرون می‌آورد ولی قلب
به پارکلی سپرده می‌شد. اکنون این مجموعه‌ای که چند
به پارکلی نوجوانی و محصلی تو را هم شامل می‌شود
سپرده است.

انیلا، شکوه عشق
عنايت فاني

**And when your lips touched my
neck
With a whisper and a kiss,
How happily I collapsed within.**

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

YOU CAME



In the evening, when our desires
Flew over our conscious obstinate minds, like
a bird
Our bodies knotted.
And we mingled in the sacred trance of the
dream of time.

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani

YOU CAME



عنايت فانی بیشتر به سبب حرفه ژورنالیست و
روزنامه‌نگار و شاعران برسی می‌فازد و بخصوص
برای اجرا و سرودن برنقشه‌ها بسیار درگیر شناخته
می‌شود. ولی شعر هم همواره مشغله ذهنی او بوده و
است خودش می‌گوید:
سحر در سحر از نوجوانی می‌جوشید زمره‌های
بود مقام در ذهن و گوشت و خراش گشت پیش هم
نوشتن و بی بیشتر زمره بود در دوره دبیرستان
برای شعر سرودن او در سال ۱۳۵۲ به لندن رفت
و اگرچه در کنار درس و دانشگاه آن زمره‌هایی که گوش و
ذهنش را مشغول می‌کرد به بیرون می‌آورد ولی قلب
به پارکلی سپرده می‌شد. اکنون این مجموعه‌ای که چند
شعر نوجوانی و محصلی او را هم شامل می‌شود
به چاپ رسیده است.

انایلا، شکوه عشق
عنايت فاني

I, wandering and restless,
kissed your beautiful and demanding
reclusion

Then you invited me in the secret corridor
of your reclusion

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



YOU CAME

And I came

And I melted from love

And I died inside you

And from inside you, I came back to life

And now, Anila

I have reached a one love

As if I am you

And here on the peak of affection,

with the wings of love

proudly I am

in a continuous flight.

London 2022

Poems from 'Anila, the Glory of Love' by Enayat Fani



Journalism for Forty Years, Poetry for a Lifetime