
 FORUGH FARROKHZAD*



**Iranian poet, born on January 5, 1935. She is one of the most important Iranian poets of the modern period. She is also a writer, actor, director, and painter. She is the third of the seven children of Colonel Mohammad Farrokhzad and Touran Waziri-Taber. The satirical poet Forugh married Perviz Shapoor when she was 16 or 17 years old. She continued her education in Ahvaz with her husband. In 1962, she won awards in various parts of the world for her film Black House. In 1963, Forugh published his work Rebirth. It was a period of maturity in poetry, and his artistic level was high. With this book, the poet brought about profound and impressive changes in Iranian poetry. On February 13, 1967, she died at the age of 32 after breaking his neck in a car accident. She made a significant contribution to modern Iranian poetry, and after her death, her work was collected in a book entitled Cold Season. Michael Hillman published her life and poems in 1987 under the title Lonely Woman. Many more articles and books have been published about the poet's poetry and life, and a movie was made about his life. Forugh Farrokhzad's poetry is characterized by a deep sense of loneliness. In addition, in her poems, she addresses women's problems and criticizes the discrimination against women by Iranian society. These ideas have sometimes led to fierce debates. The poet also opposed the despotism of the Shah and demanded better rights and conditions for women in Iran.*

HALLAJ**

It appeared again in the water,
 in the wind,
 with the clouds of his hair,
 that crimson red march again,
 “Enelhak,”
 was always on his lips.

You,
 what did you recite in the “prayer of love”?
 Years have passed since you were hanged,
 yet still,
 these old executioners
 are afraid even of your death.
 The afflicted lovers of Nişabur,
 in intoxication,
 intoxication and in that moment of truthfulness,
 from beneath their lips
 slowly
 repeating your name in secret.

While you
 on the gallows
 silent and frozen,
 we remained spectators
 to the duty-bound executioners.

wherever the morning wind
 scattered your ashes
 a hero emerged
 from the earth

In the streets of Nişabur
 the drunkards of midnight
 slowly
 sing their crimson red songs

Your name,
 is on everyone’s lips.

