

Shahnameh

*To
My Mother
&
My beloved ones*

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Preface

“But that is another matter. There is really too much to say.”
- Henry James

The birth of Shahnameh

When I was about 13 years young my mother told me I should read a book called *Shahnameh*. An ancient book of mythical stories.

She also said you will remember where you came from, and don't forget it. While reading the book I was taken to mythical places of synchronicity, a certain tragedy and faith. A place of belonging. A place of being home. And it made me feel where my home is.

With a feeling of recognition, I started writing my own *Shahnameh*.

Home

I was dreaming of a feeling. It was a place where I once lived, that has been forgotten now. Everyday I get reminded of a fragment of that lost place by some significant moments in this life.

It is a look into somebody's eyes, the moment of recognition and the feeling of a home and not just a perfectly decorated house.

It is a feeling of a right place after taking the wrong turn.

It is the silence that falls when watching the sunset at the moment the light dies in an intense orange glow, like breathing the last breath.

It is the warmth of the familiarity of unfamiliar moments.

All the lost fragments of recognition create a puzzle that was made to help us remember where we are from. Like a grey movie watched backwards. You already know how it ends. But where did it all start?

Nomads

*We belong
nowhere and everywhere
to the glimmering streets
of glorious cities
to the dark and dusty alleys
of places with names
that are hard to pronounce
and I wonder
if it is like that
because it's been long
since I last went home*

- Noor Unahar

Intro

This thesis contains a bundle of poems inspired by the experiences and memories of the author, that might lead you, the reader, to a personal, direct and even mystical experience of yourself, which might uplift and transform your ways of seeing. Expect them (the poems) not to engage you intellectually, but rather emotionally, mentally, and spiritually.

Written for the eyes that can truly see and the ears that can honestly hear.

Read and understand, or discard and move on.

To be experienced as a prelude or extension of Miladt Taheri's

2020 graduation collection at the Gerrit Rietveld Academie

Bahār

True beauty is a ray that springs from the sacred depths of the soul, and illuminates the body, just as life springs from the kernel of a stone and gives colour and scent to a flower.

-Rumi

Sound of silence

This Life springs from the first rhythm of the *Tar*. Sculpting and deforming it by the hands on the strings of the master wielding the 6 snared instrument.

Every day starts with the melody of blooming sounds of nature.

The *Ava* of the *Tar*.

Childhood

Inside of this body is a secret of eastern wisdom. Inside of this skin is a feeling where the light enters you, sculpts around your soul like an outfitter.

Inside of this sculpture of light, there is a child. Dancing with the divinity of her eternal mother.

Inside the self of this child is a familiar voice, singing the way back home.

The very first memory.

New Moon

A father has forgotten his only son, whose name was the son of the Sun. He shines when he wants to. He burns when he has to. He named his son light, he who knows how to dwell in the sky during new moon and eclipse.

The loss of the father.

The years of healing.

Persepolis

It is a celebration of the stars to this richness of the existence. This old ritual is in the eastern heritage painted by ultramarine blue along with *shiraz* red with the amber yellow embroidery in the memory of *Anahita*.

The necessity of finesse and sophistication.

Superficial smells

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A dialogued with the beloved one.

Tābistān

*“Your naked body should only belong to those who fall in love with your
naked soul.”*

-Charlie Chaplin in a letter to his daughter Geraldine

Secret of Life

Flowers open in the silence of the sunlight. Water falls within laws of nature. Light shines on the darkness, and darkness cloaks the light in perfect harmony.

The words and the order of things.

Pattern

There is a trace of elegance in the fragrance of this worn-out garment.
If you are unwilling to undress do not enter into this endless divine
river.

Illusion of emotions and gestures.

Texture

There is a silky thought about the mystery behind this mesmerizing eye.

If you can't trace this formless aura do not come into the garden of love.

Dream of nostalgia.

Pāyīz

"Our deepest fear is not that we are weak. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world ... As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others."

-Nelson Mandela

Dervish

Show your face. I crave for flowers and gardens, ah the sunshine
between the clouds, I am wishing for your glowing face!

I have heard the story of faith and become Maast, ah I desire for loud
music and wild dance!

Then one hand holding the fine wine, one hand caressing your hair.

Dancing in orbital circle,
With the Ashegh.

*“There are darkneses in life and there are lights, and you
are one of the lights, the light of all lights.”*

-Bram Stoker, Dracula

The self

Om Ahriman! The dark ego of the soul, how shall I flee from your destiny?

This cloak of darkness arises and encloses me in its vastness. How I feel trapped in your endless night so dark, I find myself wondering if I have lost my sight.

In my dreams I touch the velvet skin of my beloved, my fingers feel the solid flesh of her reality. Dreams are dreamt, and I wake again to the rectangle cage of now.

The immortal brunet velvet of *Khoda*.

Light

Flaming shades of her feathers light up the horizon, merge with
Khorshid.

Soaring her sleeveless dress beneath the stars, above the constellation
is to burn, to be loved, to become light.

There is a timelessness in traveling the light, the endlessness of the
night and the laws of nature that reside.

Death.

Rebirth of light.

Death

.Nothingness

Nothingness.

Zemistān

“If you are aware of a state called is, or reality, or life, this implies a state called isn’t. Or illusion, or unreality, or nothingness or death. You can’t know one without the other. And so as to make life poignant, it’s always going to come to an end, that is don’t you see what makes it lively. Liveliness is change it is motion, and motion is going to fall out and be gone...”

-Alan Watts

Butterflies

A symphony of silence flies with his white wings, along with the ray of light that comes through the opening of his inner texture.

It allows you to see your inner shadow in the absence of your colour. Sense the feeling of belonging and *identity*.

Butterfly who dresses like home.

Butterfly who smells like home.

Butterfly who burns like *Zaal*.

Nakedness

The secret is wearing the truth of the hidden identities, within these
selves, behind these no identities.

The secret is the nude colour in the memory of *Mithra*, within the
formless shape of her attire.

True secret of colours.

Zaban

Why do you break this meaningful silence by words? It is the inner bond that ties one person to another, not words, not poor translation.

Language of escape.

“In your light I learn how to love. In your beauty, how to make poems. You dance inside my chest where no-one sees you, but sometimes I do, and that sight becomes this art.”

-Rumi

When people ask me “so where are you from...?!”

I would say “...*home*.”

Origins

Identity / NoIdentity:

Self Studies: The Psychology of Self and Identity, by Karl E.scheibe, 1995.

Self Expressions: Mind, Morals, and the meaning of Life by Owen Flangan, 1996.

Poetry, Language, Thought by Martin Heidegger, 1971.

Pointedly what Are Poets For?, The Thing, language, Poetically Men Dwells, Writings.

The Supreme Identity by Alan Watts, 1950.

Yesterday I was the moon by Noor Unnihar, 2017.

Dracula by Bram Stoker, 1897.

Third story of the book Shahnameh.

Eight book of the Denkard.

Loghatnameh Dekhoda, Parsi Dictionary.

Tao Te Ching by Lao Tzu.

Never Born, Near Died by Osho

The Shape of Light by Tosun Bayrak and Yahya Ibn Habash Suhrwardi, 1998.

The Mystical And Visionary Treatises by Shihabuddin Yahya Suhrawardi, 2007.

Gulistan Saadi by Saadi.

Twelve Odes of Hafez by Saadi Shirazi.

Glossary

Shahnameh: Is a long epic poem written by the Persian poet Ferdowsi between c. 977 and 1010 CE. It tells mainly the mythical and to some extent the historical past of the Persian Empire from the creation of the world.

The work is of central importance in Persian culture and Persian language, regarded as a literary masterpiece, and definitive of the ethno-national cultural identity of Iran. It is also important to the contemporary adherents of Zoroastrianism, in that it traces the historical links between the beginnings of the religion and the death of the last Sassanid ruler of Persia during the Muslim conquest which brought an end to the Zoroastrian influence in Persia.

(Source: Wikipedia)

Bahār, Tābistān, Pāyīz, Zemistān: Means the four seasons in order in Persian language; Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter.

He / She: Persian is commonly considered a genderless language, but can be considered to have a pronominal gender system with common and neuter genders represented in the pronouns. For both males and females, the same nouns, pronouns, and adjectives are used. For example, u (او) is used for both "he" and "she" (common gender).

Zaal: Means "*albino*" in Persian language. In the 11th-century Persian epic the *Shahnameh* this is the name of a white-haired warrior.

Khorshid: Means Sun in Persian language.

Bahman: Modern Persian form of Avestan *Vohu Manah* meaning "good mind". This was the name of a Zoroastrian god (one of the

Amesha Spenta) associated with domestic animals. It is also the name of the eleventh month in the Persian calendar.

Ahriman: Means “evil spirit” or “dark force” in *Avestan*. In Persian mythology Angra Mainyu was the god of darkness, death and destruction, the enemy of Ahura Mazda.

Avestan: Also known historically as Zend, comprises two languages: Old Avestan and Younger Avestan. The languages are known only from their use as the language of Zoroastrian scripture, from which they derive their name.

Mithra: Derived from an Indo-Iranian root **mitra* meaning "oath, covenant, agreement". In Persian mythology he was a god of light and friendship, the son of the supreme god Ahura Mazda. Worship of him eventually spread outside of Persia, where it was known as Mithraism.

Khoda: Khod-Aa: In old Persian language, God means *Khoda* or *Khod-Aa* which simply means “ come back to self ”, in other words you are the God, the Self.

Ahura Mazda: Also known as *Ahuramazda*, Harzoo, Hormazd, Hourmazd, Hurmuz, Ohrmazd, 'Lord' or 'Spirit' is the highest spirit worshipped in Zoroastrianism, the old Mede and ancient Persian mythology which spread across Asia predating Christianity.

Ava: means “*Sound*” in old Persian Language.

Tar: Persian tar is a long necked, double-bowl body instrument. Persian Tar is a string or stringed instrument. It is the newest musical instrument of Persian folklore. It only dates back to 250 years ago.

Identity: Your personal sense of knowing is one of the most important aspects of being your true self. For some of us this will be part of our religion or believe or even ritual. For others it will be a sense of connection or being part of something greater than yourself and that is a feeling or knowing something greater. This can be nature, the universe or the divine.

No-Identity: what you think you are, or in other words the person you made up.

(Source: base on the *no Identity* poetry, written by the author <https://maisonmiladt.tumblr.com/post/614863603504381952/no-identity>)

Shiraz: a city in Persia and the first Persian capital, famous for great poets such as *Hafez*, *Ferdowsi*, *Rumi*, *Saadi* and *Omar Khayam* , lectures, gardens and of course famous grapes for red shiraz wine.

Zaban: Which means “*language*” as well as “*tongue*” in Persian language.

Denkard: The Dēnkard or Dēnkart is a 10th-century compendium of Zoroastrian beliefs and customs during the time. The Denkard is to a great extent considered an "Encyclopedia of Mazdaism" and is a valuable source of information on the religion especially during its Middle Persian iteration.

Maast: means “*Drunk*” in Persian language, but it’s a metaphor for being out of your body or the true you.

Ashegh: means “*Lover*” in old Persian language.

Playlist

Nils Frahm - Is Love What You Don't Know
Nils Frahm- Day Two Two
Nils Frahm - Harm Hymn
Nicholas Jaar - Nothingness
John Martyn - Small Hours
Yo La Tengo - Green Arrow
Joep Beving - The One As Two
Alireza Ghorbani - Tanbour Solo
Alireza Ghorbani - Dedicated To You I
Hooshyar Khayam - In Cloud
Hooshyar Khayam - Our Story
Axiom Of Choice - Colour Of Dreams
Mahsa Vahdat - My Ruthless Companion
Mahsa Vahdat - Mina
Alan Watts - Dream
Hayden Calnin - Introduction; Nothingnes
Bruce Springsteen - Secret Garden
Seventh Soul - Homayoun Shajarian - Che Danestam
Little River Band - It's a Long Way There

*And to the one
who shares her purity,
reveals her wonder,
and touches the moon in her dream.*

Special thanks to my great guide as well as a friend for being a true mirror in my hands