

Burlesque Poetry

Form and Content

Burlesque poetry is wide-ranging and embraces different kinds of humorous re-workings of serious poetry, in terms of form and/or content. We have already encountered features of this type in some of the compositions quoted above. Among the famous examples is a satirical version of the clashes—as narrated by Ferdowsi in the *Shâhnâme*—between the Persian army (here represented by the legendary Rostam),³²⁹ and the troops of the Turanian sovereign Afrâsiyâb (Humân and Pirân, mentioned in the following lines, are commanders of these troops). In this approach the imagery and vocabulary of the classical epic are mixed with desecrating elements, while the rhyming-couplet structure and metrical pattern of the model are preserved:

The great Rostam, that valiant hero,
undid his breeches and knelt down.

Humân raised his prick, as fast as smoke,
doing just as Pirân had ordered him to,
and he slipped it up the split in Rostam's arse,
which, sorely wounded, soon began to burn.

Then it was Humân's turn to go beneath,
and Rostam, like a courageous lion,

stuck such a hard cock up him
that Humân's arse was wrecked.

Those two swordsmen had wrecked arses,
but became two of the most celebrated heroes.

O brother, if you want to be a champion,
you should listen carefully to my words:

‘Lie down with your arse upwards,
and show off your qualities clearly.

Anyone who is passing by will be able to screw you,
and you, thanks to those cocks up you, will be gratified!’

No one can remain in this world for ever,
it’s good that a fine memory of us lives on.³³⁰

‘Obeyd

In addition to the epic, other poetic genres are also borrowed for burlesque poetry, as in the following examples. The first is related to the lyric and the author parodies the classical descriptions of Spring in the 10th-century Khorasanian-style exordia of *qaside*, crossing over the typical lexicon and imagery of ‘Onsori and Farrokhi with obscene and grotesque expressions.³³¹

Spring’s army has again launched a surprise attack,
furiously tearing out each of Winter’s whiskers.

Warmth’s hand has pulled the beard of cold,
just as Moses pulled the beard of Aaron.³³²

December filled the world with flour,
a cloud up in the sky was its mill.

Now the Spring breeze has stolen
all that white wealth from the earth.

The cloud opens up its trousers and pisses
on the mountains, valleys, plains and deserts.

Thanks to those heavy showers, in the wide expanses
rivers like the Amu Darya and the Syr Darya start to flow.

Because of the wind, the water of the pond
is like a decrepit old man’s pock-marked face.

Thunder rumbles overhead: you would think
someone is wrecking the arse of a boy with no pay.

The whole earth has been adorned, just as the state
is adorned, thanks to the justice of the prince Fāzlun.³³³

O God, may the abundant table of his good fortune
never be bare, from the Tigris to the Amu Darya!³³⁴

Dibâjî

In the next example, the parodic structure is more elaborate and concerns the various components of a *qaside*, mocked in both the lyrical and panegyric sections. This time the first part outrageously imitates (through allusions and not merely direct licentiousness) the amorous variant of the exordium of the corresponding serious poetry (here the beloved is the male member), and ends with a clever transitional section based on an obscene idea introducing the panegyric. The panegyric is organised in a traditional style for some lines before ending with a finale in *hazl* tones:

O comfort of the heart of Khosrow, desire of the heart of Shirin,³³⁵
beautiful sweet red-headed creature, you bow your head but are bold,

you have a belt round your waist like that of Khosrow,
and the crown on your head is similar to that of Shirin.³³⁶

Farhâd would have had Shirin sooner or later,
if he had had a club with all your strength.

Your crown remained concealed until you tied the belt,
you put it round your waist, and the crown appeared.

To celebrate that crown and that belt,
the populace embellished the whole city.

You are the king of limbs, and crown and belt suit you well.
It is only natural! All kings have both a crown and a belt!

You don't have any eyes, no, and not even any feet,
but you move confidently and find your way with ease.

With friends and strangers, O courageous hero,
you can sit up or lie on the top of a regal seat.

Whenever you want to sit, you can do so on a throne,
whenever you want to lie, a cushion is always ready.³³⁷

But you seem to feel rancour in your heart and soul,
even though you are the object of so much love:

you want to get the beloved of heart and soul down,
and you spitefully mete out your revenge on his arse.

You gently begin to embrace him and then violently
push in up to your balls: woe to him who lingers there!

When you swell up with air, you will burn like fire. If you don't pour
your water fast, the wretch beneath you will end up under the ground.

Get up whoever you want, as long as you are far from my arse,
O you, who are as deranged as the devil and twisted like a dragon.

This is the interpretation that Ebn-e Sirin gives³³⁸
to anyone who has seen your image in a dream:

'If you take even only one half of it while awake,
your horse's harness will be full of rubies and gems.'

The destiny of your arse is really like that of a wall
or an anvil, since everything depends on how it is struck.

Hey you, who go round offering your arse to all!
Stop for a moment, so I can tell you who to take it to:

give it to that prince who relieves sufferers,
and has a cock which makes poor people rich.

His cock is even better than the one I've so sincerely described:
what I have in mind is the unmatched cock of Safi od-Din,

the wise Asir ol-Molk, that noble and generous prince,
who receives compliments from the heavenly vault,

that *qibla* of good fortune, thanks to whose greatness
the kingdom of the East and China is happy and prosperous.

He pours more coins on the head of beggars
than the drops that rain on flowers in Spring.

To be sure: when his munificent hand dispenses gold all around him,
the unlucky and poor get as rich and generous as Hâtem and Afshin.³³⁹

When a destitute pilgrim goes to visit him,
he comes away from that court full of goods.³⁴⁰

On the chessboard of power he is stronger than the castle,
for the munificent king he is worth more than the queen.

These are serious matters, but now I'll go back to witty things,
thank God whatever I say shines like the moon and the Pleiades,

and at your court, O generous prince, all my lines of verse,
both serious and facetious, are prized more than I expected.

Whosoever, then, derides fortune in your court,
sort him out with that whip of yours, full of *dugh*!³⁴¹

Whoever feels bitterness towards you, even as little as a sesame seed,
empty him for good of all filthy sediment with your strong arrow.³⁴²

If anyone envies you and, in anguish, tears out his own beard,
drop a heap of shit on that beard each day and month of the year!

With the Chinese idols make your feast as happy as a temple,
and fill it with tulips, narcissuses, lilies and wild roses.

Arrange the curls of those idols so they are nicely braided,
and crush the arse of your enemy's wife like a smooth cunt.

Power is like a woman who needs good fortune as a husband,
and for that woman's cunt there's nothing better than your cock.

Only your good fortune is worthy of such a cunt and such a woman,
while I wish castration and impotence for anyone envying you.

May good fortune bid farewell to that enemy who is so full of envy,
and leave him gloomy, his cock limp on his balls and the dowry to pay.³⁴³

Suzani

Another variant of the classical exordium of *qaside* is provided by *chistân* (riddles). There are licentious adaptations of this variant, as in the following riddle with its obvious solution:

Who is that dear creature with a crown of rubies
on its head and who always wears a pink silk cloak?

A red being, swollen with arrogance, pin-eyed and hard-hearted,
his usual resting place is the black clothes of the Abbasid dynasty.³⁴⁴

He's limp like a sick man but, when he wants to,
he leaps up like a thief escaping from his chains.

He has merely managed to learn the street sweeper's trade,
it's strange that at times he's covered with silver or with gold.³⁴⁵

Like any sword sullied with blood he is well sharpened,
and properly sheathed up the behind of moon-cheeked boys.

He sheds the innocent children's blood on the ground,
and then, from his single eye, pours out clear tears.

He breathes down the necks of harmless creatures and eats their shit:
who knows what his reward will be in the end for such bad deeds!

When he's hard, even the devil tries to escape his blows,
since he'll jump out at you from nowhere like a shooting star.

His stature is equal to that of an arrow,
with a carnelian tip and musk feathers.³⁴⁶

He's like a needle made of ruby,
but cuts through like sharp shears.

When he stands up straight, he's like a red-gemmed candle,
set on a black candlestick made of ambergris and musk.

He's as precise as a book-keeper but strangely in his accounts
ninety and twenty are the only numbers that ever come out.³⁴⁷

If he stays as a guest in a friend's house even only for a while,
he deliberately vomits on all the doors and on all the walls.

When the time of an attack comes, his head swells up with pride,
and that's why they lop it off, just as they do to the king's enemies.³⁴⁸

Ebn-e Yamin

Continuing our survey of burlesque poetry, in the following *tarji'band* the author emulates the protest typical of many *rendi* poems, i.e. poems describing the attitude and the deeds of the debauchees, in which heretical symbols are exalted as a sign of contempt for social norms and conventions. With mocking and obscene tones, in this case the poet takes the defiance of these compositions to extremes: the effect seems to be the quintessence of *rendi* verse, so impregnated with its spirit that it becomes not only a sign of contempt for the orthodoxy of official doctrines but also a critique and ironic supersession of the traditional and excessively 'moderate' *rendi* verse itself.

The time has come to set to work,
and to make our heretical habits clear.

Let's go and dwell in the quarter of the Magi,³⁴⁹
and turn our gaze towards the Tartar *qibla*.

If this age doesn't give us a hand,
let's stick it up the arse of the age!

How much longer do we want to suffer for an arse?
How much longer do we want to wait for a cunt?

If we can't get to the arse and the cunt,
best leave them and choose a good wank!

Come on then, take a seat, my dear friend!
As long as you can, there is nothing better:

have a wank, for wanking is pleasurable,
and all the more pleasurable under the cow!

Without money things don't end well,
on the way of love you need plenty cash.

Boys only yield when they are paid,
and whores never with anyone for free.

Happily squander, therefore, all your goods,
before destiny steals them in one fell swoop.

Sit down for an instant, with a pure soul,
beside generous people, so you have peace,

and suffer less in pursuing the charms of the arse and the cunt,
because they will never solve any of your problems for you.

Unlike those cuckolds who seek the arse,
unlike those puny men who screw the cunt,

have a wank, for wanking is pleasurable,
and all the more pleasurable under the cow!

O friends, the cock's affairs are no joke,
no one has ever seen such long things.

When the cock rises up like a flag,
it's as splendid as champion's banner.

It's fine for fucking like a donkey and for wanking off,
but anything else it's capable of is nothing but illusion.

There's nothing better than witty words,
when speaking of amorous relations:

it's best your cock prostrates itself before an arse,
since the *mehrâb* of the cunt is not suited to prayer.³⁵⁰

You may even give your soul to conquer an arse,
but, if things don't go well for you these days,

have a wank, because wanking is pleasurable,
and all the more pleasurable under the cowl.

We are such miserable impostors,
wanton, verbose, dirty scoundrels.

Day and night we are at our beloved's side,
we're constantly in the company of lovers.

We languish in the pursuit of sweet-lipped heartbreakers,
we always die for the sake of a beloved with jasmine legs.

And we oppose in this way cold preachers,
making war on the little hypocrite sheikh.

But now we will give up arses and cunts,
even although, I know, we lust after them.

If you have a little wit, O my dear brother,
listen to our advice, the advice of wankers:

have a wank, for wanking is pleasurable,
and all the more pleasurable under the cowl!

Day and night we roam the city
in search of the wine-seller's house.

We are completely drunk on those bold courageous boys,
we are smitten by those moon-faced handsome creatures,

we are prisoners in the snare of their curls,
and are caught in the strings of their eyebrows,

so we feel safe in this vile age,
sheltered from its every evil deed.

But if no cunt or arse comes into our hand,
we, who are hard, callous and dissolute,

will sit down, pull out our cocks,
and, as we merrily wank, we'll sing:

have a wank, for wanking is pleasurable,
and all the more pleasurable under the cowl!

How much longer do you want to suffer from the world,
O heart? You must no longer accept our pain and yours!

Ignore the things of the world!
Free yourself from every bond!

Arse and cunt are simply two wrecks,
the first is full of shit, the second of stench.

Leave them both, as befits true men,
who are free of women and boys.

And when your cock gets hard,
listen to me, don't mock yourself!

Sit down, close the door, whet your hand,
and don't stop, do what the lewd Sufis do:

have a wank, for wanking is pleasurable,
and all the more pleasurable under the cowl!

As long as you can, spend your time with libertines and drunks,
enjoy yourself with them and drink wine in front of everyone.

Empty your glass to the sound of tambourines and bells,
never spend a moment without the wine of the Magi.

Happy is only the man who, out of drunkenness,
never worries about himself, not even for an instant.

Although these whores and big lads
give their cunts and arses for a trifle,

don't roar any more after a cunt,
no longer hurt your soul for an arse.

Forget about both of them and set yourself free,
and, never ceasing, like libertines and the rabble,

have a wank, for wanking is pleasurable,
and all the more pleasurable under the cow!

Look only for the Magi's wine from us,
don't tell us anything but love stories!

Only sit down beside beautiful people,
and hang out at the wine-seller's shop!

Don't complain about the violence of fate
and don't expect any loyalty from this age!

Revel, always be happy, smile with joy,
and fart on the beards of spiteful little men!

O you generous breath of zephyr,
be kind and don't invent excuses,

run off and, please, say to the local preacher,
on behalf of 'Obeyd-e Zâkâni, how things are:

have a wank, for wanking is pleasurable,
and all the more pleasurable under the cow!³⁵¹

'Obeyd

Replies to Poems

Among the most common structures used to convey burlesque poetry are the so-called *javâb*, kinds of 'replies' to poems written by other authors. In this case the replies are usually in the same metre and rhyme as the originals, but are used for different purposes and in a playful way to provoke surprise and amusement. A circumstantiated understanding of this kind of poetry would obviously require a presentation of the models and their contexts, which for reasons of space is not possible here. At times these replies are a mixture of *tazmin* (quotations) taken from the models and new hemistichs or lines composed for the occasion. Significant works of this type are the following examples by Boshâq and Qâri, who reworked classical ghazals, the

former by borrowing culinary terminology and the second by introducing sartorial expressions.³⁵²

If, as happens in Khorasan, a bowl of that soup is placed before me,
I would give Samarkand and Bukhara for the fragrance of its meat.

If you have yellow rice and almond cake, then hold dear
the banks of Rohnâbâd and the flower gardens of Mosallâ.

Whyever enrich the taste of the sorbet with saffron and musk?³⁵³
Does a beautiful face need make-up and colours, a mole and down?

The goodness of roast lamb and the deliciousness of stewed mutton tail
have stripped patience from the heart, just as the Turks plunder the table.

Don't investigate the mysteries of stuffed tripe and their hidden secrets!
No one has ever solved, or will ever solve, this enigma through thought.

From the fragrance of those sauced giblets cheering up the spirit,
I realised this food would soon divert me from my usual diet.

Tell us about the bunches of exquisite Muscat grapes, O Boshâq,
*and the firmament will spread the Pleiades' necklace on your poems.*³⁵⁴

Boshâq

He who has precious new cloth should give away his old piece,
we wrote down only one point in our notebook, and it is this.

If I put my finger in the buttonhole, as if it were in a ring,
*I rule Solomon's hundred realms because of that seal.*³⁵⁵

The inevitable fate of a ragged cloth and a silk cloak was always
that the first was a bazaar beauty, while the second hid from sight.

A cowl goes with rough skin and the tunic with leather boots,
that is how things stand in the perennial cycle of destiny.

From any person who considers Chinese brocade to be shoddy cloth,
I won't purchase drawings, *even though he were the Painter of China.*³⁵⁶

The prayer rug will not divert the heart from its brush,
it's an old situation that will endure until the last day.

O Qâri, tear your old clothes in the hope of new ones,
*if you look carefully, your own good lies just in this.*³⁵⁷

Qâri

For his part, 'Obeyd offers wittily obscene contributions to this kind of reply:

Once the cock said to the cunt: 'O you, my favourite idol,
last night, in the absence of your face, a fire rose to my head.'

The cunt replied: 'I swear it on your soul! With the arse,
we mentioned your name many times all night long.

Wherever I turned my eyes, your image
was painted in every corner of the room.

Until the first light of day, out of desire for your figure,
water continually flowed from my eye, dampening the earth.'³⁵⁸ 'Obeyd

Last night, smelling the stink of a cunt, my cock exclaimed:
'Here's the scent which comes from the Muliân brook.'

A wind came out from the buttocks and the cock, standing up, said:
'This is the scent of a kind friend, a scent which arrives from afar.'³⁵⁹
'Obeyd

At other times the reply follows a logic less closely bound to the original poem, and the resulting compositions are basically independent of the content of the model. They are often recognisable as replies because of a declaration by the poet, which, as in the following two cases, is usually placed in the final line. The first is a reply by Suzani to Mo'ezzi and has the formal requisites of the genre, since it adopts the same metre, rhyme and refrain as the model.³⁶⁰ In terms of content it is certainly outrageous:

Yesterday I ran into an idol in the street,
and her gait seemed like that of the moon:

she was provocative, sweet as sugar, like a cypress,
a nimble little whore more beautiful than the sun.

I stopped and tried to stand in her way,
so the heartbreaker had to walk by me.

I boldly put some questions to her and,
in truth, she was very forward in her talk.

I asked her to be my guest but she answered that
she'd thought of going elsewhere after leaving home.

I said to her: 'Before fate, the will succumbs,
only what our destiny ordains ever happens!

When one fate is awaiting us,
only the thoughtless seek another.

Let us go to my alcove and spend some time together,
the silver of your chest will change everything to gold.

There you'll find wine, kebab, a backgammon set and a harp,
and, as you know, those four things make people happy!

She liked my sweet talk and, with my flattering,
her stony heart began to grow a little gentler.

In short, I took that moon home with me,
a moon that was an ornament to every star.

Before I could even place food in front of her, she said:
'Where's the wine, the sovereign of the two worlds?'

She seized a great big cup and gulped it down,
and in that way I saw a moon tasting wine.

Then she set down the backgammon board,
placed the pieces and began her clever moves,

but we made no more than three
and the game abruptly ended.

She eventually took up the harp,
and played a series of melodies:

she sang a ghazal in the style of Nowruz songs,
with a rhythm typical of victories and triumphs.

In my passion for her, my eyes dried up and my heart melted.
I was upset: I wept silver tears and my face yellowed like gold.

She made a kebab of my heart and drew wine from my eyes,
even though she had real provisions ready alongside her.

I begged her to be good and kind that night,
to accept the modest gifts set beside her,

I asked her to sweeten my bitter, burnt heart
with her sugar, a source of the finest honey.

She put down the harp and began to talk about poetry,
her every word was worth a whole pearl necklace.

She spoke of metre, rhyme and amphibology,
with fine expressions and elegant content.

I was stunned and amazed at the reasoning of that moon,
her speech was an embellishment for real connoisseurs.

After the sweet words of that moon and some wine,
the signs of drunkenness began to take over our heads.

Forgetting good and evil, I undid her dress,
and with my arms I made a belt for her buttocks.

I jumped up and swiftly sat between her thighs,
prey to desire, and got utterly carried away.

But what could I do, alas, my hare lay flat
like a drunk in the fumes of drunkenness.

I jumped upon her once more, tumbled and tried again,
but immobile, that hare didn't rise and I could do nothing.

Seeing my cock so limp, she leapt out
from underneath and soon got on top.

Resting there, she went up and down in great style,
but my one-eyed snake was now blind and also deaf.

She shook about above while it continued to sleep beneath,
and, for this, my soul suffered more than a thousand pains.

Greatly embarrassed, I said: 'O dear moon,
the desire for a boy has come to my cock.

It is not accustomed to being in the company of women,
it always keeps away from cunts and only looks for arses.'

She laughed and said: 'All right, you have a real cock,
and it wants to walk among mountains and slopes.'

She turned round and showed something similar to an arch,
as high as the stars, which cast a bright light into my eyes:

roses mixed with jasmine appeared,
two tulips wide open round a bud.

So I plunged into that posterior
with such force that my liver bled.

Only one vein, however, among all the others, didn't swell.
What can be said about this? What a miserable figure I cut!

When she saw my cock still lifeless,
she sent down a fart, made a great smell,

and covered me with shit from my pubes
to my knee: such shame sickened my soul.

I said to her: 'What have you done? What on earth is this?
O whore, why have you brought me such misfortune?'

She replied: 'Be off with you, you pansy of a poet!
I have seen that all you deserve is a donkey's cock!

What I've done is fitting for your beard,
all you have for a cock is a piece of wood!

To your great shame, you tied a belt in the middle
of your thighs. Only a belt and you call it your cock!'

She put her chador back on her head, did up her dress,
and left. This is what I wanted to tell you in poetry,

replying to the poem by Mir Mo'ezzi which begins with these words:
'Look at the moon newly risen midst the down of that beautiful boy!'³⁶¹

Suzani

The second reply, this time by Pur-e Bahâ to Kamâl od-Din, is equally free and outrageous in content and is connected to the model, as the author states in the last line, by the desecrating contrast between the refrains. In this case, too, the two poems share the same metre and rhyme:

O idol, my cock has swollen again,
a fire has come to its restless head.

In longing for your rose-coloured buttocks,
my cock has become sharper than a thorn.

That disaster, my cock, is a constant obsession,
I hold it in my hand both by day and by night.

My cock has been shocked by passion,
shaken by bile, and its blood boiled up.

If my friend doesn't give me his arse, by force or begging,
my cock without its gold is tormented, laments and pines.

It's so swollen that its skin has broken,
my cock is so hard that it has burst.

This isn't a cock, it's a whale
famed with the name of cock.

With its head up in the air and its mouth full of foam,
my cock is like a raging camel that has broken its bridle.

If someone wants to embrace me, then my cock
jumps straight up between that person's thighs.

My cock is driven by passion and, like a falcon,
has two bells tightly bound to its feet for the hunt.

My cock drives me to promise money
to those silver-breasted rose-cheeked idols,

and, when inside their silken arses, my cock
is studded with gold like a blood-red brocade.³⁶²

Although I don't have the kingdom of Fereydun,³⁶³
my cock is for me like his heavy bull-headed sceptre.

Were Zahhāk to become my little slave, even for only a single night,
like a snake my cock would go into his arse and out of his shoulders.³⁶⁴

Rostam would never have taken his arse off his horse³⁶⁵
out of fear, if Esfandiyār had had a cock similar to mine.³⁶⁶

If my cock went to war and fired off balls,
it would be capable of fucking any kingdom.

If I stuck this cock as strongly as a donkey up into the arse of a cow,
she would fall down to the ground for the pain in her navel and back.

From the time when my humble cock swelled up,
it has set arses alight and poured water in cunts.

And if you don't really believe what I am saying,
let me put my cock straight up behind your balls.

You have only two balls but, when my cock
is up you, it casts a spell and doubles them.

My powerful cock brings good fortune,
satisfying all the desires of everyone:

whoever has had my cock up their arse in the last year or two,
has become a noble and has gained many honours and wealth.

Now they are ministers, officials and even sovereigns,
those great dignitaries up whose arse I stuck my cock.

Carnelian and gold are assured to whosoever
takes from behind the mercury of my cock.

If I stuck my cock into the hole of a mountain,
every stone up there would become a red ruby.³⁶⁷

Two fists long and just as wide, it has a hat,
this is what my cock is in the eyes of the wise.

When it was circumcised it never moaned.
How well behaved and patient my cock is!

My cock loves arses above all but, out of pure spite,
it is also ready to ruin a cunt with its iron strokes.

My cock has become as hard as a rock for the following reason:
if a cunt commits adultery, my cock stones it to obey the law.³⁶⁸

When my cock swings about in the air like a snake's head,
every cunt will become as prickly as a porcupine out of fear.

Yesterday, without me having done anything,
a whore came and deceitfully asked for my cock.

I said to her: 'Your cunt is wide and cold' 'No, it's not so at all',
was her answer 'and if you don't believe me, bring your cock here!'

I replied: 'Don't talk shit and be off with you!
My cock has never had dealings with cunts!'

If the treasury of the arse were to levy taxes, then my cock
would be ready to pay a hundredfold more than other cocks.

But if cunts were to ask for a similar amount of taxes,
my cock would raise questions at the time of the reckoning.

Any time they want a champion to fight a cunt,
my cock is ready to be the leading horseman.

When my fiery cock welcomes an arse,
it offers food and drink in that great pot.

My cock dispenses pearls and gems from its ruby lips,
every time it uses the ring of an arse like an earring.

Since, like a candle, my cock put a fiery hat on its head,
it has been standing in silence, totally melted in tears.

The flames in plane trees come alight by themselves,
and that is the reason why this fire is in my cock!³⁶⁹

The cock has never heard anywhere
such eloquent words depicting it.

Not even the best texts of anatomy
have described the cock so carefully.

Anvari and Suzani would lift their heads from the grave,
were they to hear the name of this famous cock of mine.³⁷⁰

If I lay my cock on the judge of Kirang's arse,³⁷¹
his cock will surely try to intercede with mine.

To describe it, Suzani's poetry will suit well,
although he didn't have a cock of this kind.

The soul of Serâj-e Qomri congratulates me,
if I stick my cock up the arse of Kâmyâr's wife.

Before me, none of the best poets has ever used
the word 'cock' like this, in one line after another.

Kamâl used the word 'hand' as a refrain
in a *qaside*. Now my reply to him is: cock!³⁷²

Pur-e Bahâ

