

The Nights of Siavash Kasraie

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Abstract: The Night and its synonyms have always had beautiful manifestations in Persian speakers' poems, and this issue has been different in terms of approach and time. The poets of the despotism era, have seen the blackness and the oppression governing the society in the darkness and blackness of the nights in the nature, and took the refuge in it, inevitably, and by its help and other synonyms and antonyms and by the use of a code and symbolic language have described the situation and condition of people in that period. The result of such expression and description was the collection of poem, which were full of the word of the night and therefore, it created "the literature of the night." Siavash Kasraie, is one of these poets, who had a significant role in creating the "Night Literature." His nights are the nights, which ended with the hope of the morning [Mohammad Kazem Haghshenas. **The Nights of Siavash Kasraie.** *Life Sci J* 2012;9(3):1998-2003] (ISSN:1097-8135). <http://www.lifesciencesite.com>. 288

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1. Introduction

"Night" is one of the time keywords; however, it is not always used in the concept of time. There are few poets who have used this word in their poems; however, each of which have described it in accordance with the type of thought. Most of the classic poets' interpretations of the night are the phantasm, i.e., the night which has been formed in the poet's imagination. From the perspectives of the contemporary poets, especially the poets of Nimaie poem, the night has an objective image. When Nima and Nimaie poets describe the night, feel all the characteristics of the night completely. Yet, on the other hand, in the contemporary literature of Iran and especially in the She'r-No' "the night" finds a specific place as the result of events, hard and stressful conditions of despotism. The contemporary poet who could not express his ideas and thoughts clearly, and talk about people's hardships and pains, and criticize without any fear, took the refuge in the night to extract the symbols from its heart and behind the nested curtains of darkness and be able to show the depth of darkness and blackness of despotism. Therefore. He was forced to take the advantage of a special, and symbolic language to express the facts. The night, its synonyms, antonyms, and combinations were applied as the best tools by the poets, because the night with all its faces, and fundamental specifications, was the most suitable word with which the poet had the opportunity to state the oppression of authorities, as well as the dominant pressure on the society. The poets of these periods created thousands combinations, images, with the night in turn, paved the way to create a new literature, and caused resistance, and stability, and created the "night literature."

1.1. Siavash Kasraie and His Nights

Siavash Kasraie is one of the Nima's new verse (She'r-e No') "night composes composing" in this era, who had a significant and extremely high position in the creation of "Night Literature." Although his poems were published after the thirtieth century, he could open a new position among the peaks of poem and literature of his time, especially critical, social, and political poems. Ehsan Tabari has written in the introduction of the "The America, the America!" book:

"Since Siavash Kasraie started his own aware life, he entered the life battleground, with the provision of poems. The poet's spiritual survival was in the periods, which are regarded as the odd and tragic periods of human history. In such periods, in accompanied with other contemporary modern poets, Siavash created "the night literature." Symbolic and complex poems are full of grief and bitter streaks of pain and dysphoria, in its silent ash, the sparks of hope and quarrel flicker (Kasraie, Siavash, *The America, The America!*, pp. 6, 7). On December, 1953, only four years after the shameful coup, and at the time of repression, silence, wrote in a poem

silently, and quietly:

Take these cressets from the ceiling

Overthrow the light so that it dies

Take the eye-harming smoke

*Pull down the flame, so that it survives (Kasraie,
Siavash, Ava, 29).*

*He wants to turn off the lights the house similar to the
lights outside the house, in the society, so that the
society gets rid of darkness and blackness.*

Cover, cover that aperture!

Make the dark night, darker

*That it's not a long time the enchanter has been
asleep*

Leave them all, and pass this night!

One of the hard specifications of the life and political pressure is that one has nightmares. In the September, 1953, one month after the coup, he explained that he composed the night poem (Sher-e-Khab), and explained his confusions as the following: he has seen in his dream that "the sea was immersed into my bed," "the songs," "the colorful happy songs," and "his cries" all escaped from him.

And on the moonlight "a river of poison was poured" and "What happens to me with this dream wine?" Being worried about this dream, he says "a red, bloody sunset will come, and turn into a bitter night. Whiteness leaves the day, and blackness overcomes, the clouds swallow like a lagoon, the spring of the Sun, and the night and darkness will govern the society, and the bureau of despotism will start taking the liberals' lives:

*The sun melted into the lagoon of clouds
The night's daemons
Carved graves at the back of each wave
The sea cries into my bed*

In people's silence, people take the liberals and intellectuals' coffins, which is followed by the happiness of daemons:

*Silence and quiet
The moon's coffin are being carried in the silence of
the city
The shadows are happy*

While life is like a savory cup of poison for the poet, the coffin opens its mouth, follows him here and there. A hand follows him from the back of his head to press his throat; it seems that his feet have sunk in the tar, and his hands in the mud. However, he sees that the wings are fallen, and the sun of hope flames in the house of his heart.

*Similar to a savory cup of poison, the sea
Comes to the lips of mine
The coffin runs after me with an open mouth...
A hand similar to the dried root of the trees
Grabs me from the back
My feet into tar
My hands in mud
The sun is flaming in my heart*

At this moment, he calls his companions and fellows, but hears no voice, because his helpless fellows and those who should compose the poems of his dark night have ran away:

*"The helpless fellows of mine!"
I call you, but hear no voice
"The fellows of mine, the dawn composers of my
night!"*

*The fellows of my pain, escaped all from me (ibid,
38-9).*

Inevitably, he takes the refuge in his tears to make him relaxed, and the winged-horses take him from the earth.

*"The diamond of tears, come out of pearls"
"O, winged horse, releases me from the earth."
(ibid.)*

*Although he sees himself sinking in his dream, he
observes a hopeful light with his worried heart
among the jungle of waves in the horizon of his
heart's window:*

*In the immersed bed of mine, in sleep
With the night light of the heart
The disturbed heart of mine
I run among the jungle of waves
Cries, cries*

The day is clear from the window on the horizon.

In such a time when pressure and repression have closed all the mouths, and oppression has broken all the pens, the intellectuals and poets have made themselves busy with low-grade funs, some have been lost in the seclusion of their houses, while some others have found their interest in a meaningful silence. The darkness and blackness, winter and coldness, and silence and still do not have any meaning for him, so he seeks light in the heart of darkness.

The author of "Mosafer-e-Jadey-e-Khish [The passenger of his own Road]" has written on this issue; "Kasraie is among the poets, who fly to the light and brightness at the heaviest moments of time, with his thoughts and notions. Even when, he does not have any interest in light out of everything, and in the cache of his own existence is the roommate with the sun (Omr-e-Safar, [the age of Journey, Mosafer-e-Jadey-e-Khorshid [The Passenger of the Road of Sun], 59). The brave and liberal poet talks about "a dark and depressed night in a cold winter, in whose coldness, no flower except "the ice flower" is grown, and the light of no hope can be observed:

*In such a narrow passage
In a such dark and depressed night
That from thousands of closed-lip buds of hope
No flower, except the ice flower, is grown in the snow
and cold (Kasraie, Siavash, Ava, 71)*

The poet looks at the nature and thinks about the winter of the nature, the grass rises below the soil, the springs comes out from the heart of the mountains, the morning smiles at people every day, and says a hello. The cloud is still moving angrily.. Yes, the end of the winter of the nature is the spring, and the migration of swallows, and new life of the nature. Therefore, the winter governing the society will end in the spring of freedom.

*With the uprising of the grass from the soil
With the rise of springs from the rock*

*With the pleasant hello of the morning
With the escape of angry-voiced cloud
I'll open my heart*

*In accompanied with the wings of swallows
I'll fly the hidden scent of my thoughts*

And finally, with a doubled hope, he talks about the flowers in this flowerbed on which the coldness of winter is not effective at all, and the scents of which will fill everywhere:

*There are flowers in this flowerbed, which do not die
of cold*

*And in this darkness of night until the morning
The scent of the desert does not take its expansion
from us (ibid, 72).*

As it was mentioned earlier, despite the fact that the poet, Kasraie, talked a lot about the night and lived in the dark oppressive night, did not take the black color, and did not surround by blackness. He believed in blackness, but not staying at night. He always believed to be hopeful, to live hopeful, and to stay hopeful. As the well-known researcher, Dastghaib, has written: "to be hopeful in the future, and to be happy somehow, and to look for the good day, when the ending part of the dark night is, all has differentiated Kasraie's poems from the poems of those who think an end has come into the world, and there has left no hope" (Dastgheib, A, *Ba Damavand-e-Khamoosh [With the Silent Damavand]*, p. 1).

Therefore, all his works prove that despair and death have not shadowed over Kasraie's life sky. Kamyar Abedi has indeed stated this point very well. He says: "in the Kasraie's mental continuity with life, pleasant continuity, despite the style of his poem, the political poem, we are faced with the poet, who understands the moments of life, and prefers the beauty of extended existence to not being darkened. His poem is political, yet not darkened. He gives news and talks about special painful spaces; however, its gift is not the darkness:

*The sunlight helps me today
To get taller again*

*Help me to submit myself to your warm smile
More colorful than yesterday*

*My eye, did not sleep at night, every night
The sunlight, overturn the bowl*

The night-color washed cheek of mine

*The true-hearted butler fill it with blood (Abedi,
Kamyar, Shaban-e-Bozorg-e-Omid [The Big Nights
of Hope], 46-7).*

Kasraie's groans and cries, are not due to his own pain and hardship. He does not care only about himself, or how making a living! And he thinks about the people and populace, and he wants to guide the wrecked ship of the society, which has tasted the coup and has fallen into the whirlpool of darkness, and is sinking in the horrible waves, to the safe

seaside of rescue. Therefore, he goes to see the captain, who is experienced, and is one of the national epic-mythic champions. This savior is "Arash Kamangir," the one, who has placed all his existence and power in a warp arc to throw an arrow to the Oxus beach, and disappointed his enemy and has made his people happy. "Yes, Yes, his life in his deed's life/ he did the job of hundred thousand sword blades, Arash" (Kasraie, Siavash, *Arash Kamangir*, p. 27). Kasraie vivifies Arash in his poem, and puts him in front of people's eyes to resurrect honor, zeal, patriotism, in the society, man, women, child, and adult, oldster and youngster, boy and girl. First, he remembers the good last years of Iran:

"... I'd told, life is beautiful

To say or not to say, the point is here

The open sky;

The golden sunlight;

The gardens of flower;

The Huge plains;

Coming, going, running;

To make love;

To stomp with people's happiness;

To work, to work;

To relax (Kasraie, Siavash, Arash Kamangir, p. 12)

However, all those happinesses have gone today, and people's life has become dark and bitter. Yes, we should hear the rest from the poet, although he narrates the story according to the narrator in the past tense, because stating the people and country's situation is not possible and he should quote it.

There was a time;

A dark and bitter time

Our fate was dark, just like the day of our rancor;

The enemies were dominant in our life;

Life was as dark and cold as the rock;

The day of infamy;

The closed time (ibid., p. 15).

This bitter and black time, gets darker and bitter much more, and the cold, silent, and dark winters come, so that:

There were fears and the death wings

Nobody moved, even a leaf on the branch

The liberals' trench was silent

The camp of enemies was restless (ibid., 16)

At this time, the poet looks for a champion and says: Ah, where's the steely arm, and where the faith's hand is Arash enters the scene, introduces himself, and states that he is like a meteor, who will leave this dark cruel night behind:

I'm Arash, the liberal army

Elusive, like a meteor from the night

Like the ready-morning of visit (ibid, 19, 20)

However, he does not know the championship as the remedy for these hardships, but in order to achieve

the goal, one should sacrifice himself; the today's remedy of Iranians is sacrifice.

*Yet, today's remedy is not power and championship
In this battle*

*On this existence-burning, order-making arrow
A feature should be taken from the existence to not
stop flying (ibid. 21)*

The beginning of the story is with snow, and cold, similar to its end. The ones who have been gathered in the cottage are the people of Iran who are kept waiting for the caravan alarm, and the hopeful poet, keep the flame inside the cottage, with putting firewoods. In order to vivify the glorious history of the Iranians, in the minds of Iranian's children, and to remind them the position and level of their history, and to warn them to observe what we were in the past and what we are today, permanently looks at the back. Kamyar Abedi has written in the analysis of this story that :” the first interpretation of the poem is as the following, the song of hope, the poem, which brings hope to the hearts, and the wishes, which should not be forgotten. However, one cannot deny that the narrator starts in despair and darkness, and then he arrives at hope and light. In this passage to the light, a national epic is placed as the theme. The charm of the word is searched in a mythic hero. Arash Kamangir is a great hope and faith, which is composed at the end of the 50s, despite all the despairs” (Abedi, Kamyar, *Shaban-e-Bozorg-e-Omid [The big Nights of Hope]*, 61-2). Another type of these poems is the poem of “*Mojasamey-e-Ferdowsi [Ferdowsi's Statue]*.” In this poem, he talks about the Ferdowsi's masterpiece, and the fire of his word. It is interesting to know that, Kasraie has known the time of Ferdowsi's performance in creating his eternal-letter, in a dark and febrile night, and it is the reminder for those who struggle in the dark night of darkness, and have kept silence:

*One night here, in a burning fever
The earth has shaken, it is broken, and rubbed out
Has opened the mouth, and gave birth to a spring
On which there is a lip, a boiling lip
(Kasraie, Siavash, Ava, 9)*

He believes that the words, which have come out of the Ferdowsi's lips, are the enemies' eradicator, and his mouth is the eternal volcano of the history. The pearls of his words are like the darkness-burning galaxy of the oppressor's despotism nights and etc, and the god of victories has sworn on those lips, and has kept them alive:

*A lip, which
Has eradicated the root of the enemy
A lip, volcano, the eternal, invulnerable
The lip of history
A lip similar to the galaxy, the torch-taker of the
nights*

*The god of victory has sworn on this lip many times
(ibid., 9, 10).*

The inexhaustible combatant, the liberal poet, continues his attempt in this regard. This time, he asks Kaveh Ahangar (the blacksmith) for help, the leader of people's revolution who have been suffered from the Zahhāk's oppression, and asks him to raise his leather apron on a spear, and make people uprising.

*O', oldster, Kaveh Ahangar
You heated many furnaces with your warm breath
What iron bars you smelt to make swords
The children are murdered one by one
When you'll raise the leather apron, O' old,
O' father?! (Kasraie, Siavash, Vaght-e-Sokot Nist
[There's no time to be Silent], 27-8).*

Yet, Kasraie's other method to fight against the night, is to invite people to unanimity and struggle. He believes that people with their sunny hands, which are long and strong, will press the throat of the dark night and murder it:

*It's time to shake the night's fence
From the fear of our anger
It's time to press the throat of the dark night
The hands of the sunlight
In front of our eyes
Believe o' comrade!
With our silence
We open the battlefield
For the night's darkness... (ibid. 54)*

In fighting with “*Shaban-e-Dir Pa*” (long-term nights) which are hard and tiring nights asks Damavand for help, and he invites Damavand to break its silence. “However, the most painful thing for the poet is that everyone is silent against these deathlike nights. The silence, which burns all the past words of the stump. For this reason, the poet has talked about the Mountain Damavand, which is the secret of the glory and greatness of Iran, and calls people to resist and fight, in the poem “*Ba Damavand-e-Khamoosh, [with the Silent Damavand]*.”

*Hello, O' glorious,
Hello, O' morning-riser, glorious peak,
The naked night left with no star
The look of our hands, blank
The silence of burning of the roots of the past green
words,
Say, say, that it's your time to speak
You say with the language of tiny flame, and heavy
words,
That tonight, is much harder than our long-term
nights
Talk, do not close your mouth on talking; (Kasraie,
Siavash, Ba Damavand-e-Khamoosh [with the Silent
Damavand], 71-3).*

This poem, reminds us the Malak Al-Shoara' Bahar's "Damavandieh" poem, in which he also asks the silent Damavand to break its silence like the old times, and rains the volcano of its message over people. "Don't be silent, speak/ don't be depressed, laugh." The events, revolution, and great social-political events, which change the society, affect the poetry and literature. One of those events was the uprising of Siahkal in February, 1970. It is natural that after this uprising, many new words, idioms, and expressions entered our literature and poem. According to the contemporary writer of the Iran's literature "the commitment to the party and ideology has always determined the nature and destiny of Kasraie's poem" (Roozbeh, Mohammad Reza, 96). He was mostly affected by this event, and this impact manifested in his poems. "In the poem of Moghavemat [*Resistance*] the addressee is the populaces. Therefore, the poet, puts the poem as a furious weapon in the service of social and public ideals. Therefore, the low-interest poetry of complex and intellectual symbols turns into a heavy and strong expression, to be a raiser, and a motivator. Such an expression requires explicitly and slogan-likeness partly, in turn, is regarded as the components and characteristics of the poetry in the 50s (70s). (ibid. 97).

Another description of the night can be observed in the poem "Safar-e-Daryae" (the Cruise). In this poem, the poet talks about the night in which the fire is flaming, but the sea (the society) is quiet, and under the shadow of the cloud, and by the pleasant music of the waves, and the cradle of the water, the moon has slept deeply.

*The night's body is burning
The bud of cloud has opened over the night
The lullaby of the sea breath
Has made the moon sleep,
Above the cradle of the water, (Kasraie, Vaght-e-Sokot Nist, [It's not Time to Be Silent], 93).*

However, the poet's benighted heart cannot sleep and relax, and it is burning with hot fever, and this fever is because of the fever of the night's body. He has packed the luggage, but he doubts:

*In the benighted heart of mine, but
Sleep doesn't give any relaxation to me
My body's burning of the night's body
The darkness has lost the color in the depth of the night*

*I've packed my luggage on the sea;
I can see the footprints of all the passengers on the sea*

Why I have doubts, then? (ibid., 94).

Another of the poet's trip is the "Safar be Ghare Shab dar Taboot" [*Travel to the Depth of Night in the*

Coffin]. The travel to where it's hard to breathe, and the mobility is low

*We travel to the depth of night in the coffin
The weather is bad
It's hard to breathe*

Mobility is less (Kasraie, Be Sorkhi-e-Atash, Be Tame-Dood [As Red as Fire, With the Smoke Flavor], 17).

The city again is living in a cold fever, and the travelling is very slow, the poet sees himself a benighted meteor, who is rotating around a dark orbit; He asks himself, what to do, and where he is, and where the safe city is for him:

*The dumb city is sitting in the cold fever
And there's not a way out of the hole of the coffin
We travel to the depth of the night slowly
What are we doing?
Where are we?*

A benighted meteor in the orbit of darkness (ibid., 17)
Now, he is threatened from right and left, and a trap is placed in his way. He is wandering like a fish in the black waters of the ocean.

*Attacks from right and left, traps in all ways
The move of fish's terror in the black waters
But, it's not lost the hope, anyway
Hiding the bony body of hope in the hug
We travel to the depth coffin-like of the night (ibid. 18).*

The most significant point, which should not be overlooked, is the Kasraie's beautiful descriptions and combinations of the night. The creator of the valuable work of "Mosafer-e-Jadey-e-Khorshid, [*The Passanger of the Sun Road*]," the researcher of the Kasraie's works has written: "the combinations and descriptions that Kasraie has seen in the face of the night, are very pleasant and interesting. The fence of the night, the flower of the night, the mountain of the night, the paving of the night's tad, the burning night; however, the most beautiful one is the emotion that the poet feels "dropping of a bitter night in the cup of his own eyes" in a red sunset. Has shaken in the seaside, the red sunset A bitter night dropped in the cup of the ways of mine and went to sleep (*Omr-e-Safar, [The Age of the Travel], Mosafer-e-Jadey-e-Khorshid [The Passanger of the Sun's Road], 130).*

The descriptions of the plains' nights are one of the most beautiful Kasraie's descriptions. When he knows the nights, eternal, boundless, infinite, and free from all the bonds:

*The plains' nights are free from bonds
The silent plains' nights are the silence of the winds
O' infinity,
I'm that plant, with the hope of living
Have roots to everywhere in the soil
O' infinity*

*Even, one flower hasn't been flourished by the hands
of mine, thorns*

*I've flourished a flower with reed everywhere
(Kasraie, Siavash, Khoon-e-Siavash, [Siavash
Blood], 99).*

He, who believes himself, deprived of everything he has, whose wishes have all gone with the wind, states that the only reason for his staying is his interest in and attachment to his country.

*Yes, it's me who is burnt in thirst of water
I'm waiting for a cloud and rain, but, alas!...
If a cloud reaches for me, is the clipper horse
If this rope hasn't been tied to my foot
I wouldn't have ran someday like a pigeon
If I weren't interested in my country
I would tear my robe like the wind on my body, one
night (ibid., 100).*

Of course, Siavash Kasraie's the night letters are so high in numbers, that it can be regarded as an independent issue of a book. However, we have to suffice to this amount. The last part of this discussion is allotted to "the Lyrics for the Tree," where he addresses the tree and the tree is no one just the poet himself. He says:

*You're the tall stature of desire, O' tree
Here is the night, and all you see are the benighted
ones*

*Here are the night and the benighted ones, whose
eyes*

*Haven't seen any morning
When you've seen the day?
The sun?*

*You're sunk in watching in the plain of eyes,
O' tree (Kasraie, Ba Damavand-e-Khamoosh [With
the Silent Damavand], 17).*

2. Discussions

Regarding the above-mentioned facts, it can be concluded that these poets, scholars and intellectuals, took the refuge in the inside of themselves when they were placed in the closed space, and the oppression of tyranny, and stated their and other people's hardships and problems with creativity and their symbolic language. One of these symbols is the contemporary periods are the word of "night." Applying the word of "night," and creating thousands words, combinations, and images became

a basis for the modern literature in the poetry and creating the poems, which were later called "the night's literature." Some of the Nimai poets, including Nima, himself, have more roles in this field. After Nima, Siavash Kasraie, resisted more than the others in this regard, he talked about the night, and did not take the color of night, and stayed hopeful for the morning of the victory.

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