



Teaching Artist: Sergio Jimenez

Residency title: *Homer 2 Hip Hop: Mapping a Dance Capsule*

School Year: 2019-2020      School: IS 145      Grade: 6

Lesson Title: "World Poetry 3: The Ghazal with Special Guest Haleh Liza"

### **A Note from Guest Poet Haleh + More...**

Hi all!

This video will give you a sense of what the poetic form called **ghazal** is all about. I've included the poems recited in the video below.

A little about me...I'm a poet, translator, and vocalist born in NYC of Iranian descent. As far as ghazals go, I've been enjoying translating ghazals written by Persian poets such as Rumi and Hafez. At the end of this doc is a link to a video of one of Rumi's poems that I completed a few years ago, and a song that features lyrics by a more contemporary Persian poet named Sohrab Sepehri.

I invite you to try writing your own ghazal. Pick a word that you'd like to repeat and explore, and write at least 5 couplets, ending the couplet with your chosen word. Remember the couplets do not have to be logically related, or sequential in any way, they only need to contain that word.

Enjoy,  
Haleh

### **Poems featured in the Video:**

**AFTER HAFEZ by Mimi Khalvati**

However large earth's garden, mine's enough.

One rose and the shade of a vine's enough.

I don't want more wealth, I don't need more dross.

The grape has its bloom and it shines enough.

Why ask for the moon? The moon's in your cup,  
a beggar, a tramp, for whom wine's enough.

When you're here, my love, what more could I want?  
Just mentioning love in a line's enough.

Heaven can wait. To have found, heaven knows,  
a bed and a roof's divine enough.

I've no grounds for complaint. As Hafez says,  
isn't a ghazal that he signs enough?

**TONIGHT by Agha Shahid Ali**

Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell tonight?  
Whom else from rapture's road will you expel tonight?

Those "Fabrics of Cashmere—" "to make Me beautiful—"  
"Trinket"—to gem—"Me to adorn—How tell"—tonight?

I beg for haven: Prisons, let open your gates—  
A refugee from Belief seeks a cell tonight.

God's vintage loneliness has turned to vinegar—  
All the archangels—their wings frozen—fell tonight...

And I, Shahid, only am escaped to tell thee—  
God sobs in my arms. Call me Ishmael tonight.

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**More from Haleh:**

**A song featuring lyrics by the contemporary Persian poet [Sohrab Sepehri](#):**

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=310824736222267>

**The first translation I ever did of a poem by [Rumi](#) (considered one of the best-selling poets in the United States!!):**

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=623499931170390>

*Note: when he talks about being "mast" or "drunk," it's a mystical drunkenness. Mast means to be drunk on existence, in a state of wonder and awe, drunk on divine Love.*