

# Open Books

Persian poetry is a vital facet of Persian culture, weaves together spirituality, philosophy, and aesthetics. As an Iranian woman, I designed this project to highlight the often-overlooked contributions of seven Persian women poets across different centuries. The core idea involves extracting and stitching rhymes from the selected poems of the poets onto fabric. I redefine rhyme as a foundational and adaptable element that enhances the beauty and thematic depth of these literary masterpieces, emphasizing the connection between tradition and artistry.

Drawing inspiration from abstraction in Persian art, I use non-representational forms to convey the beauty and spirituality of my culture and theology. By presenting the poems in Farsi and employing intricate stitching techniques, the work bridges literature and calligraphy, showcasing Persian dedication to knowledge, aesthetics, and cultural identity.

Currently, stitching is my way of expression, and historically it is associated with women's empowerment, and emerges as a poignant symbol within this narrative.

To enhance the sensory experience, I incorporate the sounds of scissors cutting threads. This sensory layer complements the visual and textual elements, immersing the audience in a captivating and multi-sensory journey through the realms of Persian poetry and the art of stitching.

Beyond its celebration of Persian poetry from the Islamic era, this project serves as a profound tribute to the pivotal role of women in preserving and transmitting cultural heritage across generations. It weaves together the threads of literature and art to create an enchanting exploration of Persian culture and its rich poetic tradition, all while highlighting the often-unsung heroines who contributed to its enduring legacy.

الهام شفاعة  
ELHAM SHAF AEI

ز بس گل که در باغ مأوا گرفت  
چمن رنگ ارژنگ مـانا گرفت  
شبا نافه مشک تبت نداشت  
جهان بوی مشک از چه معنا گرفت

From the multitude of flowers that  
found refuge in the garden

The verdant field seemed to take on the hue  
of a rainbow

The night had no scent of musk from Tibet

Yet the world took on the fragrance of musk  
from some deeper meaning

رابعه بلخی  
RABEEH BALKHI

من روی تو را سمن نگویم **حاشا**  
سرو قدت از چمن نگویم **حاشا**  
آن حقه یاقوت پر از گوهر **را**  
ای دیده من دهن نگویم **حاشا**

I shall not call your face a jasmine

far be it from me, Nor shall I call the  
stature of your height a cypress

far be it from me. That ruby ornament filled  
with pearls, O my eyes

I shall not call it a mouth, far be it from me

جهان ملک خاتون  
JAHAN MALEK KHATOON

مه من، بجلوه گاهی که ترا شنودم آنجا  
جگرم ز غصه خون شد، که چرا نبودم آنجا؟  
که سجده خاک راهت بسرشک می کنم گل  
غرض آنکه دیر ماند اثر سجودم آنجا

My moon, at times when I hear you there  
displaying your grace, My liver bleeds  
from sorrow

for why wasn't I there? Sometimes I shed  
tears of devotion upon the earth of your  
path

The purpose being the delayed trace of my  
prostration there

هلالی جغتایی  
HELALI JOGHATAEI

دردا که بود خاصیت این چشم ترم را  
کز گریه ز روی تو ببندد نظرم را  
دل بستگیم تازه به دام تو شد اکنون  
کز سنگ جفا ریخته‌ای بال و پرَم را

Alas, what a special quality this moist eye  
possesses

That from weeping, it closes my sight  
towards you

My heart, once free, is now ensnared by you

For you have cast the wings and feathers of  
my being with stones of cruelty

رشحه  
RASHHEH

گر بگویم که جز از عشق تو کامم **بادا**

محو از دفتر عشاق تو نامم **بادا**

اگر اندیشه درمان کنم از درد **غمّت**

لذت ناوک عشق تو حرامم **بادا**

If I say that apart from your love, my desire  
is naught

May my name be erased from the book of  
lovers

If I dare seek solace from the pain of your  
sorrow

May the pleasure of the arrow of your love  
be forbidden to me

فصل بهار خانم

FASL BAHAR KHANOOM

این که خاک سیاهش بالین است

اختر چرخ ادب پروین است

گر چه جز تلخی از ایام ندید

هر چه خواهی سخنش شیرین است

This one, whose blackened soil serves as a  
bed

Stars of literature orbit around her like  
planets spread

Though nothing but bitterness she's seen  
from the days

Whatever you wish, her words are sweet in  
every way

پروین اعتصامی  
PARVIN ETESAMI



مرا هزار امید است و هر هزار **تویی**  
شروع شادی و پایان انتظار **تویی**  
بهارها که ز عمرم گذشت و بی تو **گذشت**  
چه بود غیر خزانها اگر بهار **تویی**

I have a thousand hopes, and each one is  
you

You're the beginning of joy and the end of  
waiting too

All the springs that passed from my life,  
passed without you

What were they but autumns, if spring is  
you?

سیمین بهبهانی  
SIMIN BEHBAHANI