**Posthumous Poem: Memories of a Dead Woman from Walking in her City**

Farideh Hassanzadeh

Of the fleeting world

I liked the sight of geranium pots

on the windowsills of houses

and the wind’s kiss on compulsory hijab

(in search of my tresses).

I dearly loved to walk under the raindrops

overflowing with hope of finding my lost half.

I hated the campaign posters for political candidates

and the framed pictures in offices and banks—

poking me in the eye like a nail—

for they saw time as the footprints of kings and presidents.

I never tired of seeing clenched fists;

waves coming from the end of the sea, at times

to wash away the footprints of everything

but freedom, peace and love

to color the life blood in the vessels of death.