



BIJAN TAYARI

For my beautiful boy Taliesin Thank you

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Humanity

If you give a little Get a little Love is what you get

If you give a little Take the lot Money is all you got

What a World

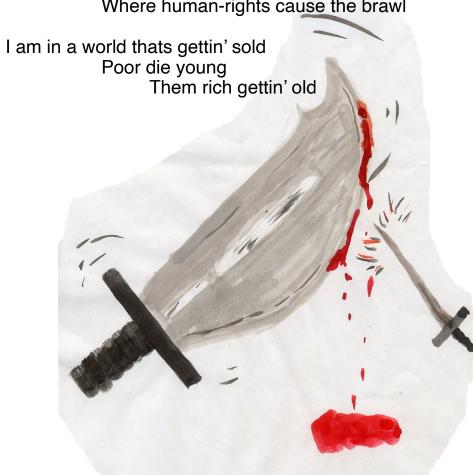
I am in a world within which

All it's lies are wearin' thin

I am in a world of style hastily wasting all the while

I am in this a world of control

Where human-rights cause the brawl



lf

If you want to teach I
Teach I to be wise
Then you man better lose
All your right-wing ties
If you want to teach I
Teach I to be kind
The you man you better lose
That army you hide behind

If you want to teach I

Not to judge a man by colour
Then you man better realise
Red and Blue don't matter
If you want to teach I

To find and how to trust
Then you man better come clean
On the secrecy behind your lies

What AM I?

I demand to be respected
I will not be rejected
I want to enforce law
As long as I am self-regulated
I shall feed the rich
Death to those who claim poverty

What Am I?

I am the private
That keeps the public poor

Wonder - Ponder!

"Surrender! You are less - We are more"

"Says who to I such words of scorn?
Was I not just like you at the time we were born?"

Class inequality in the greatest prejudice Empowering all the Racist Sexist Bigots

Don't say i didn't warn you.

The Shitstem-ism

What do you want your children to know? If this world remains, they shall only know war With media lies and government propaganda Warriors can be created to kill a panda

Children will come to know war The unjust-justification they saw Will reap the divisions to insight war

How can a government talk of peace? When their pockets are lined by Wahhabi regimes?

Democracies are drenched with hypocrisy and sleaze





The Machine

I'll tell you a tale
A wale of a time in Hell's Hell
I'll tell you the Law's tale
Let's hail
Those Politicians with there tails
Drinking the water as the people dig the well

Well - Let me tell you of Law and Order Order in the courts of hypocrites Well we must tell them It's no longer a secret

I think the establishment should recognise
People will not be stupid because it says so
I think the establishment should realise
Propaganda will run out of words
As it's lies are repeated
I think the establishment should recognise
Humans need natures nurture and not simply
Prosper in wealth because it says so

I think the People must realise

We are not machines
We have heart with which we see what we feel
No cables run through us to control our energy

What is inside me will rot in the soil of the earth Not be recycled in a factory This burning rock of destruction will be the earth The destruction of earth will be the greed of man

The Polis

I get hallucinations
I could be a feared coma
Transported galaxy's
Beauty of gods I can be

Ask it don't understand She is heaven begged for sacrifice Through wickedness we distinguish Experience creates wisdom

Your choice which you accept
Remember your choice
Few will arrive of any importance
History greets virtue in disguise
Sleepless state of mind
Reads to beauty in exile

All Churches profiteer from words of wisdom All Mosques kill against words of virtue All Synagogues manipulate to hate with love

Power of truth shall beat subordinates of the powerful

Windrush

I arrive upon this land See the faces just like mine

I can not understand
Why they snigger in my light

I was born upon my land With a life a dream to lead

But my heart was ripped apart
With the racist dart

As I was out-cast

Belief or Faith

True to the Bible Cling to an angel Craze to the mortal Clan to the Devil

Crowd to the stoning For justice to be filled The Water has parted The profit departed



Human + Acid = Life

Take the ride
Accelerate and illuminate
Experiment
With
The possibilities
Of
Your mind

Trapped
Trapped
Never trapped
Who is saying trapped?
Insecurity brings traps
Ignorance brings traps
Hypocrisy brings traps

I'll tell you of those who are trapped But better are those who try Just once before they die

Sitting Looking for Inspiration

Who that fights, who that screams Will only encounter the strangest dreams

Who that crawls, who that weeps Will only encounter the baby's dreams

Who that forbids, who that kills Will only encounter the jealous dreams

Who that writes, who that reads will always encounter the greatest dreams



About the poet

Bijan Tayari (Bij) was born in Iran in 1360*. Second child of an architect and gilder, born into a large extended farming family, both sets of grandparents being very influential farmers (landowners) in the south of Kerman province of Iran. Bij moved to the UK aged 8 with his mother and elder brother, having now lives in the UK for the past 31 years. as he says, "I have learned much in the UK but I learned how to learn in Iran", that very much is true of Bij's roots in poetry, his influences are spread across Khayyam and Molana to Bukowski and Ginsberg, but Bijan's greatest influences is the world around him.

I will leave you with a short thoughtful poem from Bij called;

"Everyday is Today, Will Be and Has Been"

Tomorrow is another day For today will be remembered as yesterday Appreciate and enjoy your today Then its memory will not fade away (2020)

*1981 in Gregorian calendar Cover photo by Sholeh Tavakoli All Poems and Artwork © 2020 Bijan Tayari ® 2020 One Foot Ltd and Bijan Tayari www.onefoot.co.uk

THANK YOU

THE END