

# UC Berkeley

## nineteen sixty nine: an ethnic studies journal

### Title

Poems To Heal My Motherland

### Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/0vw253cd>

### Journal

nineteen sixty nine: an ethnic studies journal, 2(1)

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### Publication Date

2013

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# Poems to Heal My Motherland

## Hieroglyphics

Jazzmin Gabriella Adibi

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**M**ama, when did you decide  
my life was worth more than bruises and  
battered words, although that's all you knew?

you were my age, when Los Angeles clinic  
confirmed your Chicana bronze skin stretched  
to make room for a womb  
ripe with my Persian  
refugee father's seed

you named me  
in remembrance of the jasmine flowers  
rooted in his motherland gardens  
but watered me with the  
drum of your fierce Aztec heartbeat

I don't know how to stay silent with the  
Constant rhythm of your affirming words

So mama,  
Tell me who gifted your words  
that inspire my poems

Tell me where you found  
the solace between abuelo's  
verbally abusive lips  
Tell me when your secret source  
of strength to say I am enough  
flooded in  
tell me how my war-torn  
Persian father  
artist like me  
contorted metal in directions  
Bougie buyers were hyped about buying  
but beat berry blue and olive green  
designs on your bronze body-canvas, mama

even in those moments of battery  
you taught me how to stand stoic against panic  
never embrace silence in a man's presence  
and etch these memories into ancestral teachings  
for our future daughters  
of how our womyn respond

I am proud to share our domestic secret  
and echo your fierce Aztec rhythm heartbeat  
in every breath  
every word

You were my age mama  
When I moon swelled your belly  
Now I moon swell  
Sisters minds with  
Our stories and strength

# Sleeping Curanderas

---

Jazzmin Gabriella Adibi

he a curandera  
**S**oiled in spider plants  
and Pacoima rooster wake up calls  
my grandmother spoke of angels  
in corners causing my baby breath  
to coo for hours/fluently speaking  
tongues of light and lambs innocence

she embalmed words in elegance  
unveiling power behind silence  
and healed through her  
open immigrant wounds  
we spoke in coos, literature and spices  
some call it goddess dialect  
some call it crazy  
like those wild womyn  
Franciscan friars burned in  
abuela's Chihuahua hometown In  
sake of Christ in sake of genocide  
In sake of progress

All she left was stories mummified

In laughter and coos  
Abuela I still see angels  
But they moved in irises  
And outlined people's exteriors  
Sometimes they battle for  
Brightest light in room  
Yet war is never sought  
by the divine

so when will we finally  
return to cooing and how  
do I awake sleeping curanderas  
afraid of playing with angles?

# Angel of Iran

---

Jazzmin Gabriella Adibi

knotted beneath  
 Lily chin and fig stained lips  
 Her Hijab rested out of respect  
 A silent agreement to peace in public  
 An easy target for stones turned  
 Jacketed metal

Neda, Iranian womyn  
 of Kemet blood and cheekbones  
 last words- I'm burning  
 as bullet simmered in heartbeat  
 heat from speed caused  
 Almond irises to wash opal  
 Color of future they want

Replay replay replay video  
 In my Oakland home  
 Of bullet's mummified journey  
 beneath skull and youthful skin  
 Camerman shook violently  
 As your tender body melted with gravity  
 Crazy how breath keeps us lifted

Crazy how I hold my breath every  
Time video replays

Neda, martyrs are contraband  
During mud-thick war  
dead matter/ a sacrifice  
Over dead matters  
eastern war embalmed  
in petroleum since 1980  
reason why you attended Tehran protest

Neda, a small confession is needed  
my Iranian family in Tehrangeles\*  
myself included drive cars on concrete  
celebrating escape of Shah of rebellion  
of laying in front of gun in sake of  
chanting freedom behind gun

Neda, this is a love poem to you  
Una ofrenda para mi alma detras tu

A freedom scream response  
To awake, the American-Iranian  
Mummies and uncock the gunman