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# THE EXPRESSION

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**THE MADHOUSE OF OGDEN**  
**Sarvenaz Chasemi**  
**Islamic Azad University, Tehran**  
**Iran**

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**Poem**

A cold and dark December night  
Light of moon that is mourning white  
You won't feel the sun warmth when it rise  
What's good of a heart when it just dies?  
Far deep beneath the waves of sea  
Dark thoughts of man lies in peace  
Gloomy dusk that shivers your soul  
Downward truth that's about to be told  
I hark to the song of my painful soul  
That keeps telling the tale of the tragic soul  
Once A man I was, so eager for life  
Bringing joy with sound of my life  
Breathing air when it's merry and fresh  
All my feelings got bantered and mesh  
Shooting arrows at blue infinite sky  
So my sight would twinkle at time  
A mansion so big near the sea  
Gave you the guts to run on the scree  
I speak of joy that I brought with me  
Once I was the man I wanted to be

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One night I was walking at the beach  
The water so steady and tame but outreach  
I saw the image of a shadow like of me  
Petrified can't look, my eyes shall not see  
I ran and ran but it's like I'm just hunted  
I keep running trying not to be shunted  
Alas, my whole life I kept running away  
And no soul on earth listen to my pain  
Like spring that never got autumn leaves  
They fall on ground when pain is perceive  
When waves of time wash your loving soul  
When the gates of fear call you in stroll  
So scared by the shadow of your own  
The reason that they leave you for good  
Nature sometimes can be harshly cruel  
It hurts you bad obeying no rule  
I kept remembering the painful thoughts  
When people were scared to not get a blot  
In days you see the betrayal that you fear  
People that hymn for the mad man they see  
When eyes can wound and scar your soul  
Deep in your heart it make a big whole  
Alas the nights of my sudden spare  
Thinking to be free of the hellish snare  
No good for me to keep living the life  
I thought I get it over with an abrupt knife  
But that one night that I wanted to sour  
I saw the shadow of him on glass on floor  
I shall tell this with you my good old friend  
The one that didn't left me to lonely wend  
Oh beautiful December night hear my voice  
As you share your lure flakes by choice  
Gathered the broken pieces of looks  
The faces demons on different nooks  
I put them all on my depiction walls  
And one look in front of me large and sprawl  
The looks of thousand on me with care  
The looks no longer scared me, they spare  
The parcels of mysteries inside my house

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The looks of thousand that gives you a gasp  
Thus the time passes, crossing roads  
The wind of night will give us bode  
And tells us all one truthful fact  
It might give your beliefs a crack  
“The shadows wildly welcomes you  
'Madness' the world that's worth a view”