

IN BETWEEN THE LINES

Our stories are amongst kings
Dynasties
Happening in Palaces, castles
Battlegrounds
Our myths
Be the gods or goddesses
superheroes
Rub shoulders with them
Their mingling sets our destiny
Our Life is hidden among their stories
Love and deceit
Magic and curse
Shadow and light
Spiritual intent stronger than the physical lines
Where the words are the swords
Battle of honor and more
Recited in the sound of war
Thirty-five thousand verses were told
So, the matrix of our life set to be foretold
More than half passed in the book,
In only seventy-five verses
Here comes a girl with a spindle
With fate
With just a bite on an apple brought by wind
Turns the fate of her people
wins over the shadow with light

When one could exist in the absence of one
One was there and not another
Under the blue dome of the sky

In the middle of tall mountains with peaks hidden in clouds
Sharp angles and magical colors
Hues of purple but light
In a valley so tight,
It was a hiding place for a town
A city so small for its numbers, and crowds
Populated with more than its size
Food was scarce and life hard
Where a war had left more girls than boys in life
A man name Haftvaad possessed the contrary
Seven, Haft

Boys, Vaad

Seven boys with only one girl chosen to be divine!
Somewhere deep a sorcerer wants to tell you something profound
Here in this town
Every morning at dawn
The parents send their daughters outside of the fortress of the town
Into the mouth of a valley
Luring danger around
Might be less threatening than the one inside!
With spindles to do the work for a city with no hope
The newly blossomed girl carrying
Spindle
Their fate
Revolving around to find the thread of life
Take a break everyday as the sun peaks high in the sky

The only daughter of Haftvaad
Distressed
Seizes the moment when
A magical wind drops an apple in her path
An apple rolls like a dice
Opens up to the double six at her bite

A little soft worm shows up on the top
The girl, the only daughter of Haftvaad
Pure
fertile with love
Hides the worm in the spindle house
Vows secret deals with the worm and with luck
being a young woman and all
Never had fallen in love
But capable of it all
Cares for the worm in the case of the spindle, a womb of belief
Shares her meal, though scarce, with the worm
In exchange, the worm fills the basket with silks
Twice, Thrice and way more
The city needs a hero to win back the life
A very small worm grows to be of a size
That needs to have a house carved on the mountainside
no one predicts in their minds
So big, dragon size but kind
The city lives in wealth as the worm helps to change the cotton to silk
The fame and happiness cocoons the life of people on that forgotten town

In the thirty-five thousand verses
Of battles and swords
Clank and clunk
Superpower and all
It's so nice to see a little tiny worm
Win over just by care and love
Of a girl with nothing
just a spindle and fate