

Should we wait for him

My father
Generally calm and wise
Trained by the army
Organized
Punctual
Already not in a good mood,
Mehmoonni was to begin at seven
Its quarter past now
My selfish arrogant brother in law has not arrived yet,
“Miserable character...
Always wants people wait for him,”
My father says gritting his teeth,
Mom explains
rather begs
Tries to excuse them
Although in vain
Reminding my dad that they have a child so anything and everything could have halted
their timely manner,
“Fifteen minutes who cares
This is insane,”
She doesn't want conflict in her gathering,
Worried that her daughter's feelings will be like smothering,
My brother starts the tanagholat,
A winter appetizer, assortment of all kinds of dried fruits and nuts,
selectively choosing some nuts over others as no one is watching over his prowl,
I bring the tea
Perfect color of wine
Dad takes one
“Sugar, a piece of Ghand agha joon?”
Silence is what I get from my dad
Nothing more,
for a while
nothing soon,
Mom still running in the kitchen
Doing the last minute touch on her famous stuffed plum and walnut chicken
Half an hour past seven
No news not a phone call even,
I sympathize
I agree with dad
My no good brother in law
Is ruining the mood
Mehmoonni is not going to be smooth

I know it's not his late arrival
Not his demanding attitudes
It's what he did a few years ago
makes dad to switch to that mood
It's the excuse he seeks to brood,
My oldest sister, the beautiful but shy
The apple of his eye
Could go to college
To soak in more knowledge
Deserved to go up the ladder
But the Miserable husband
the no good lad
Exclaimed wives don't go higher than the men,

The big bowl of pomegranate seeds
Flirting with my eyes although no need
My blackened fingers already know all the seeds,

The doorbell rings
Here he comes
Entering the ring
But there it is
A sweet call
A canary enters into the yard,
"Baba baba Here I am
Your princess, your gem,"
My father gets up
Straight and strong
Perched up and flung
But with a smile
He forgot his anger and all
He is young not senile
It's all because
It's his first grandchild calling him after all
As kind as he is, he forgot his selfish son-in-law
In demise

Triggered by the Smell of the masterpiece of the woman of his house
With the Little fairy running up to his arms
He was excited to share the heavenly seeds of pomegranate with the apple of the apple
of his eyes