The Game
by Leonardo Alishan
(1951-2005)

When papa was in a good mood
he played hide and seek
with my little brother and me
in grandma's huge orchard in Isfahan.

Sacco hid the best.
Papa, the worst. And I
didn't like to hide at all.
But we were together and it was fun.

We went on playing
as the years went by. One
hid in England, one in America,
and papa stayed counting in Iran.

Then we found each other again
and again we played.
But there was a problem now:
whoever hid, could not be found
again. . .

Oh, my most beloved ghosts,
this is your brother, this is your son,
and I'm done counting!
Ready or not, here I come.