Weary from Last Night's Dance

نویسنده: مائده مهرداد خالجیر

تاریخ انتشار: 1 Shahrivar 2585 باستانی برابر با August 23, 2026 میلادی



I knew this revolution was different. And I told you that you are like the night a dictator dies, a country is liberated, and people dance, tossing confetti into the air. They know that tomorrow they will be more bewildered than ever, yet they dance. For a long time now, it has been their tradition to dance through a night when they have no idea what tomorrow holds. I am still standing in the corner of the room, watching your shadow, a shadow so fragile in its presence that rays of light simply pass through it to fall upon the wall. I demand your embrace from this cold stone wall. When will this debt be settled? I have stood in the corner of this room for ages, staring at the sheer weight of your absence, at the poetry book whose verses I no longer understand. To me, you were the meaning of Forough's poems; now, you have packed that meaning into your suitcase and carried it away. And I have lost myself among the letters you will never read, the tears your hands will never wipe away, the smoke of the cigarettes you do not smoke, and the sudden estrangement that fell between us. I will find myself one day. But that day will be the morning after the revolution, when the dictator has only just surrendered to death. I will find myself, weary from last night's dancing, amidst the scattered confetti on the street corner and the torn political posters, amidst the chaos and the anxious murmurs of uncertainty. How swiftly the morning broke, and how the unforgiving sun laid bare your absence. I, who knew this story by heart, why did its ending take me by surprise?