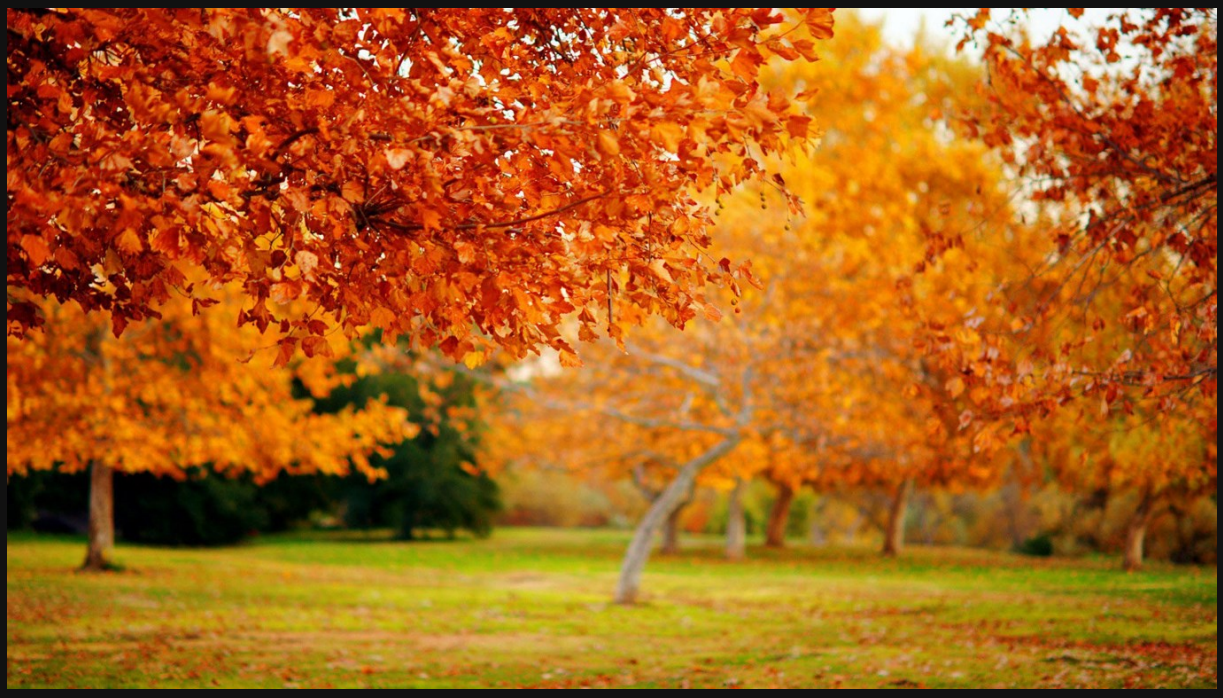
Autumn

نویسنده: گروه تحریریه هم‌داستان

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,Arise and bring out furs, for autumn is at hand

.A cooling wind is blowing across the Khwarazm land

,Behold the vineyard leaves upon the vine's embrace

.Like dyers' vibrant shirts, they color all the place

,The farmer bites his finger, amazed at what he sees

.No roses or pomegranates remain upon the trees

Manuchehri

Autumn, the masterful alchemist of time, arrives gracefully and with dignity to conquer the peerless canvas of creation with its intoxicating symphony of colors. Autumn is not a season of decay, but the most magnificent manifestation of liberation; a time when trees, in a mystic dance, cast off their emerald garments and don cloaks of golden amber and fiery purple. Every leaf that dances in the embrace of the wind and rests upon the bosom of the earth is a long ode mourning

stagnation and praising transformation; it is as if nature, in this russet-toned trance, falls into a .mysterious slumber to savor the truth of awakening in the secret chambers of the soil

At the zenith of this wondrous season, the name "Mehr" shines like a jewel forged of light and affection. Mehr is not merely the first step of autumn in the everyday calendar; it is the vanguard of an era where the eerie chill of the air is balanced by the warmth of united hearts. In the mist-shrouded alleys of Mehr, the astringent scent of rain-soaked earth awakens the sediment of ancient memories within the human soul, and its leaden sky becomes an excuse for humanity to seek refuge within, away from the clamor of tumultuous summers, and sit in the shade of a sweet .sorrow to watch the majesty of passing time

Marvelously, in the heart of this paradisiacal month, our wise ancestors celebrated "Mehregan" to honor light, justice, and covenant-keeping. Mehregan is the arena of light and darkness, the thanksgiving feast of the earth; the autumnal equinox when the arduous labor of farmers manifests in golden sheaves and bountiful harvests. In this ancient ritual, around the purple cloth, red-cheeked apples and bursting pomegranates alongside branches of cypress and myrtle become symbols of continuous rebirth and the immortality of hope, bearing witness that even in .the heart of falling leaves and autumn, one can praise growth and fertility at the altar of gratitude

Thus, autumn begins with the melody of Mehr and attains its semantic perfection in the ancient splendor of Mehregan. This magical season is a great teacher of release; it admonishes us that shedding faded attachments is the sole condition for flourishing and a new sunrise in the spring of the soul. In these saffron-hued days, it is fitting to entrust our hearts to the clarity of autumnal rains. As Sohrab Sepehri said: "Let us wash our eyes, close our umbrellas, and walk in the rain." Let us wipe the dust of resentment from the mirror of the soul and, in the ancient tradition of Mehregan, renew the covenant of friendship and truth; may the braziers of our chests remain .forever ablaze and illuminating with the firewood of love amidst the biting cold of these times