





They call me Amin Mansouri. There is no need to hide anything. I know it myself. I am sick. From my very childhood, something in me broke. Something that made me sick. No. It was nobody's fault. It is difficult not to break and perhaps we people do not know its method.

These pages have been written in a locked up room without any window. The room I would remember as a mental institution.

I have not written these for anyone. At nights, alone, I used to talk to myself, nag a little, and weep.

I was not aware and these pages were getting formed. This is not a new happening and I know it myself too. My entire life has been like this and it still is.

If by any accident you saw this book and decided on reading it, remember that you are going to have a hard task ahead of you.

First of all, you need to become certain that you are sick.

After that, you need to imagine your room as your mental institution.

Excellent. Now imagine your city as your madhouse.

Do not say that it is hard to imagine this because you'd make me laugh. The hard job is just to begin from right here.

After all these steps

in the madhouse, pay a visit to your mental institution and

imagine yourself as your own doctor, I know that this task is a hard task but imagine unfortu doctor; do not f unfortunately we do not have any other options, we should be our own kind

do not forget, we, only, should, can be our own doctors.

not like a madhouse that we reside at; like all, a sick person who is a doctor for everybody but him self.

I dedicate this book to my childhood, whose every day until today was a memory which is forgotten, and it hurts.







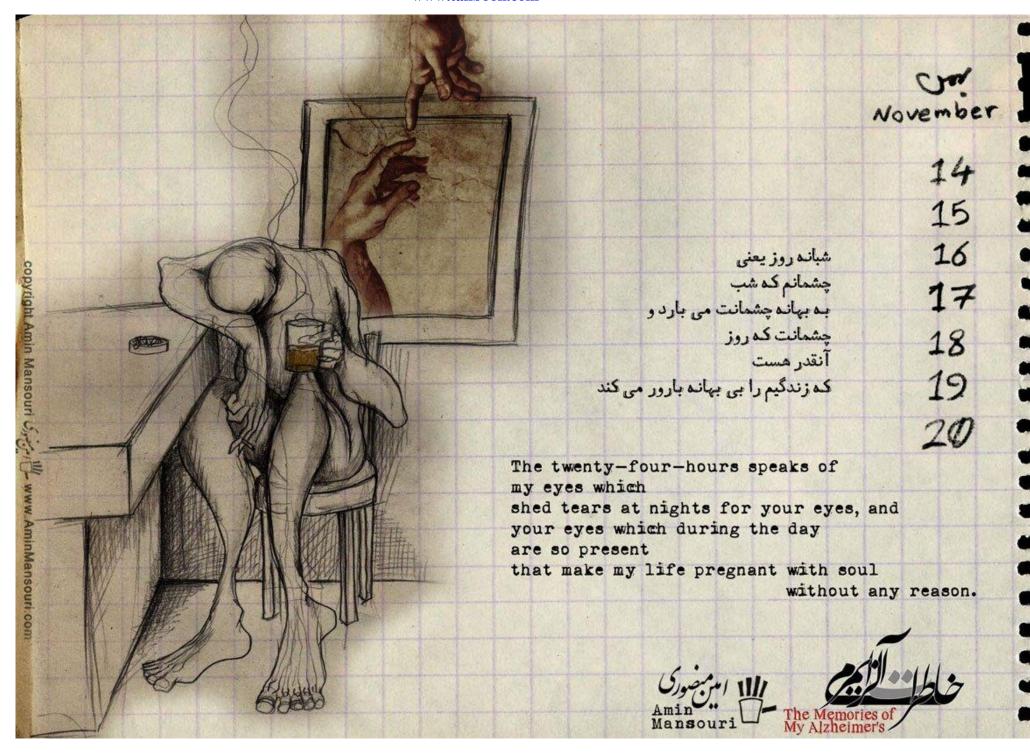


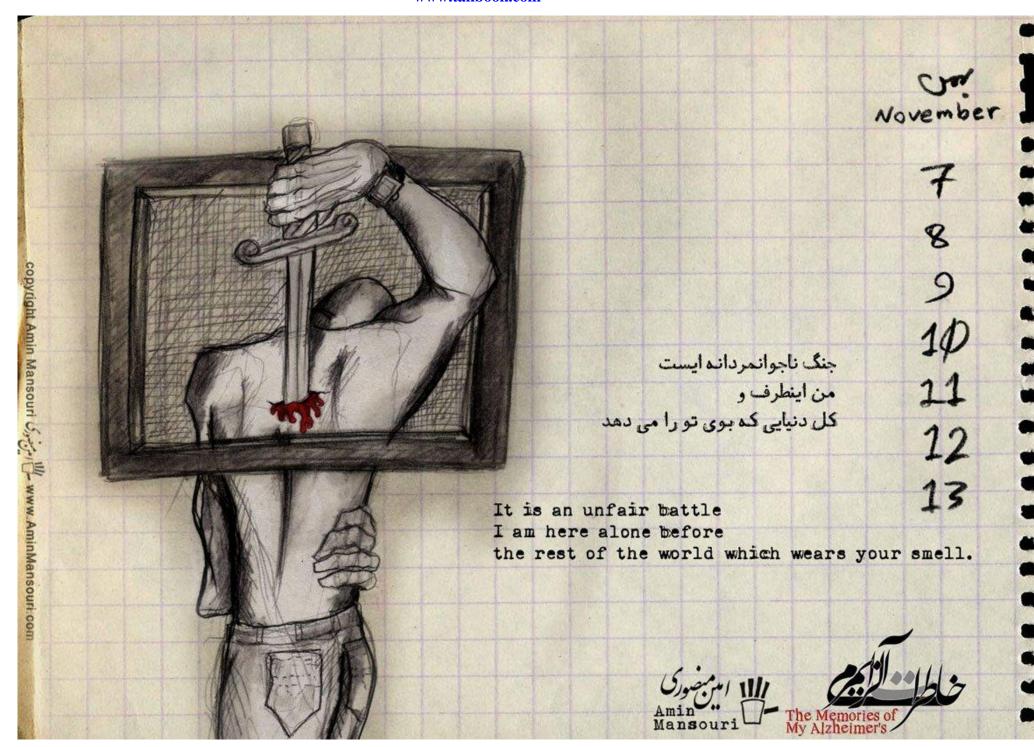


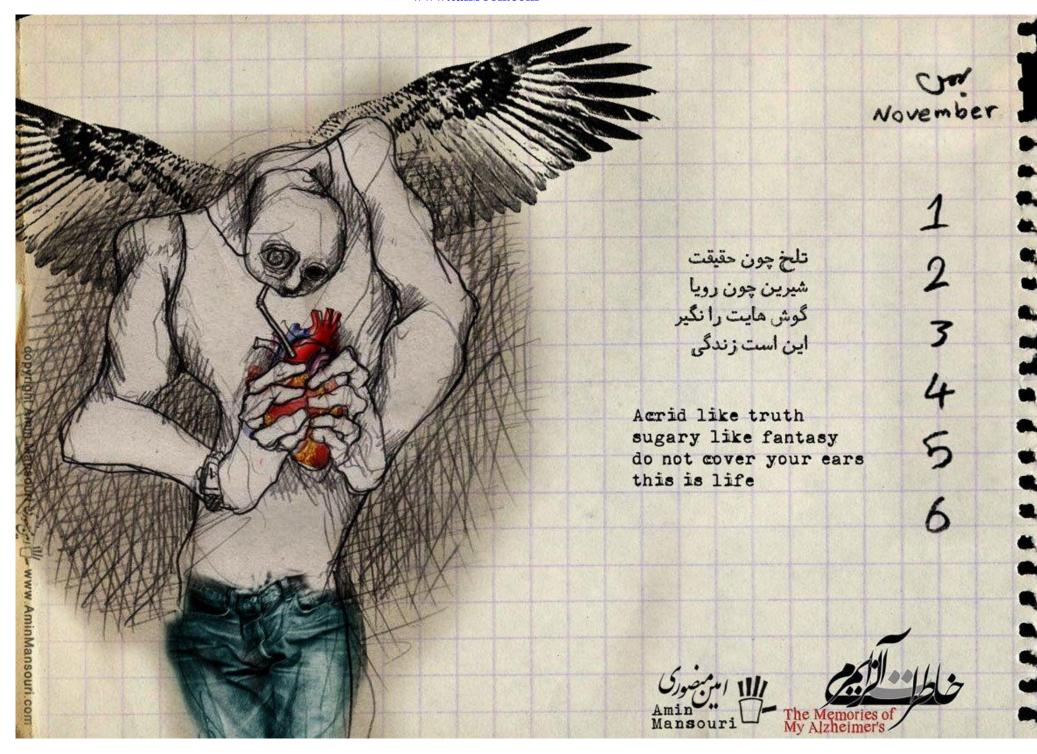




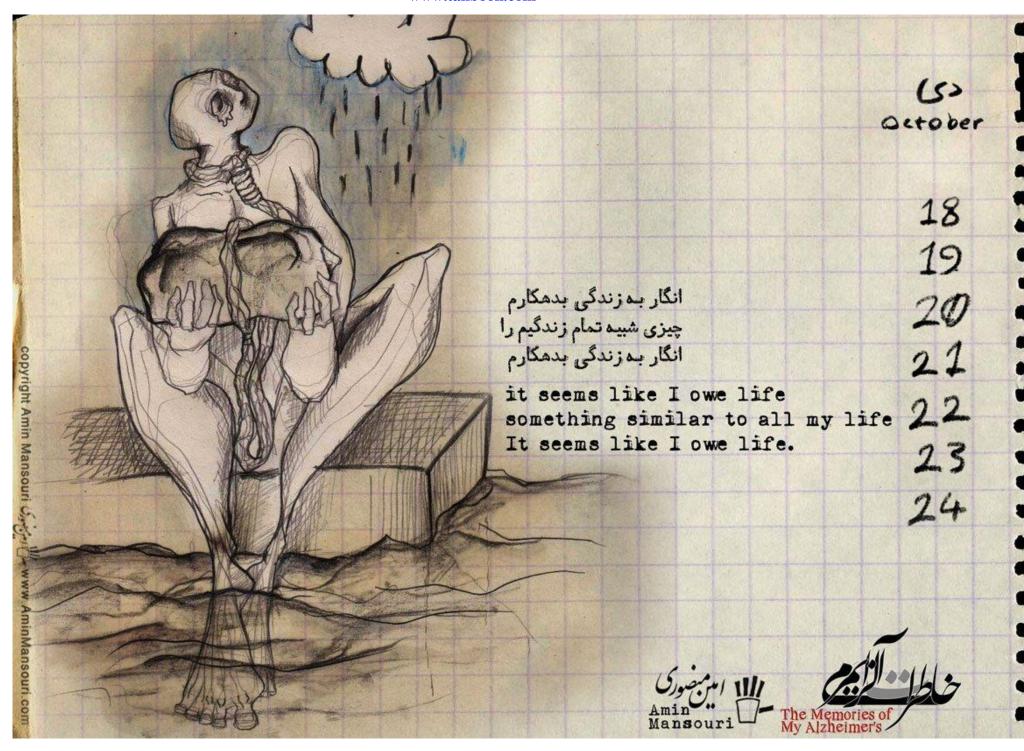
	November
این شعر نیست	
تصویر احمقانه مردی است که به دروغ می خندد	14
به دروغ می خنداند و گریه اش را کسی ندیده است	15
این شعر نیست درد است	16
خدایا حواست نیست	17
بين اين همه ، اينجاكسي تنها مانده است	18
This is not a poem this is an absurd picture of a man who wears a pseudo smile on his face	19
fakes putting smiles on other faces and nobody has witnessed him weeping this is not poetry	20
this is pain God, you do not see, among all these beings,	
here, someone is left alone.	
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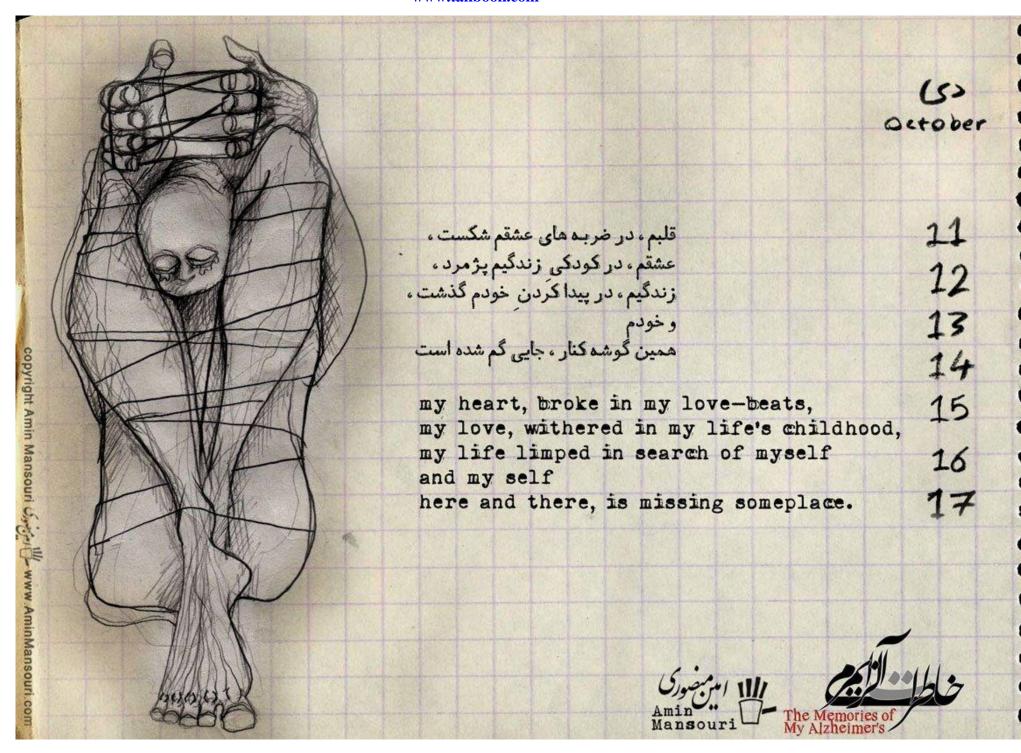
















زمستان است نه اینکه همه جا پوشیده از برف باشد نه اینکه از سرما به خود بلرزیم نه اینکه حتی هیچ گرمایی نمانده باشد

احساس گرما مُرده است و زمستان است

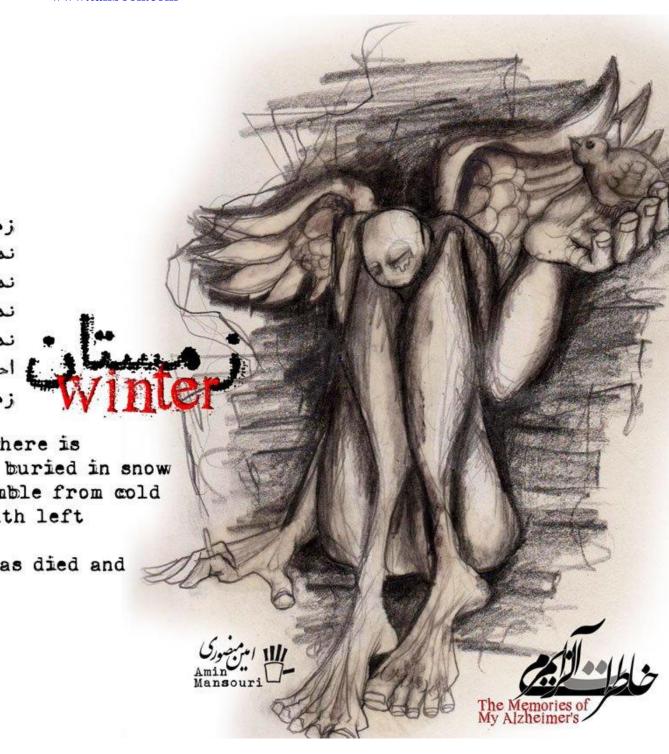
it is winter not meaning that everywhere is

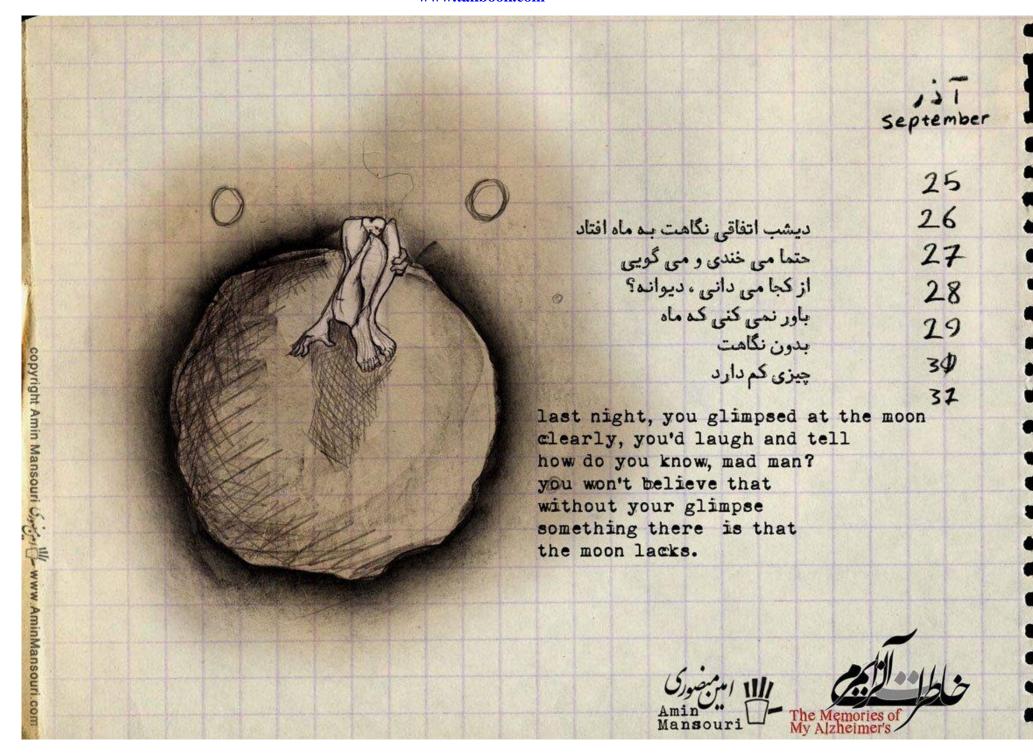
not meaning that we tremble from cold not that there's no warmth left

no,

the feeling of warmth has died and

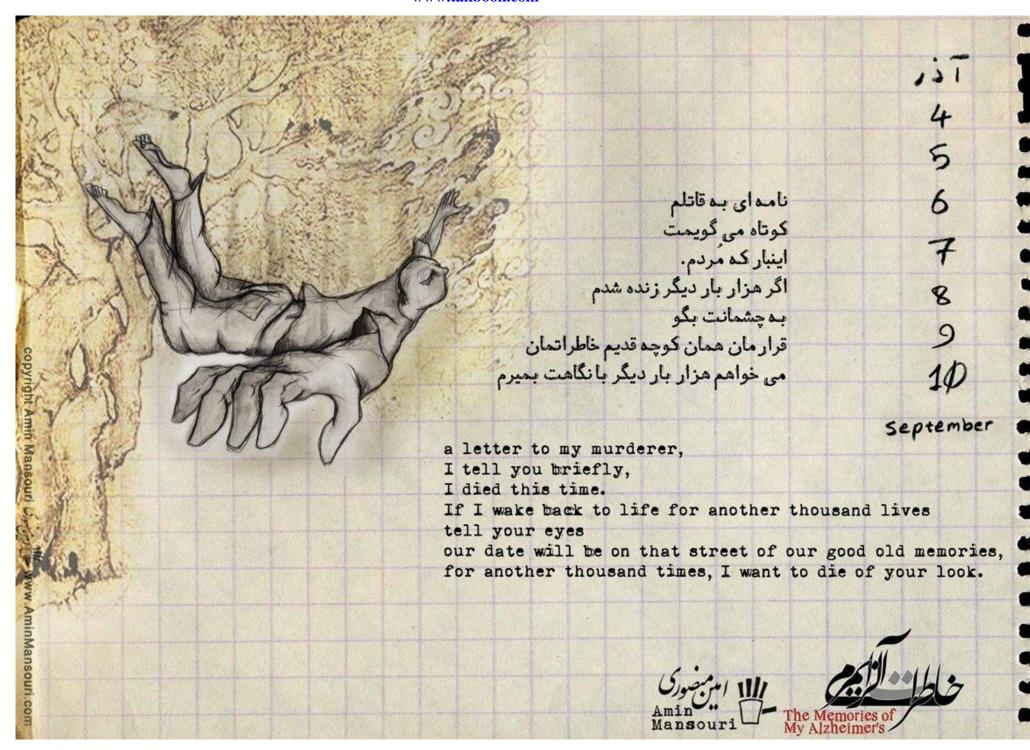
it is winter.



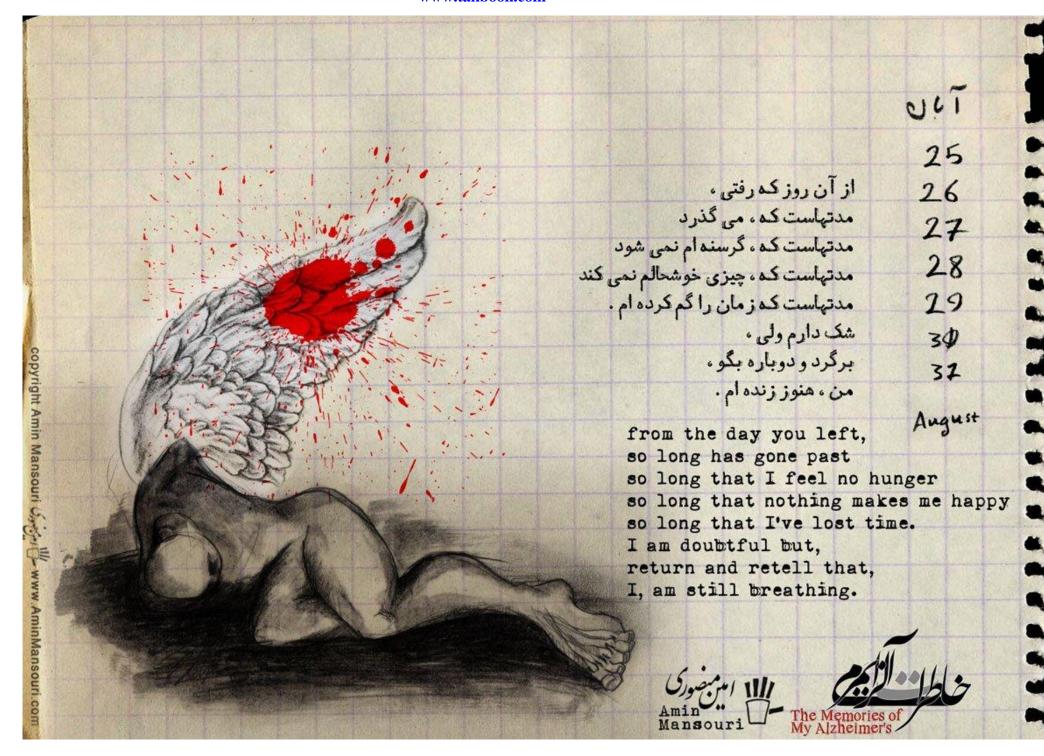


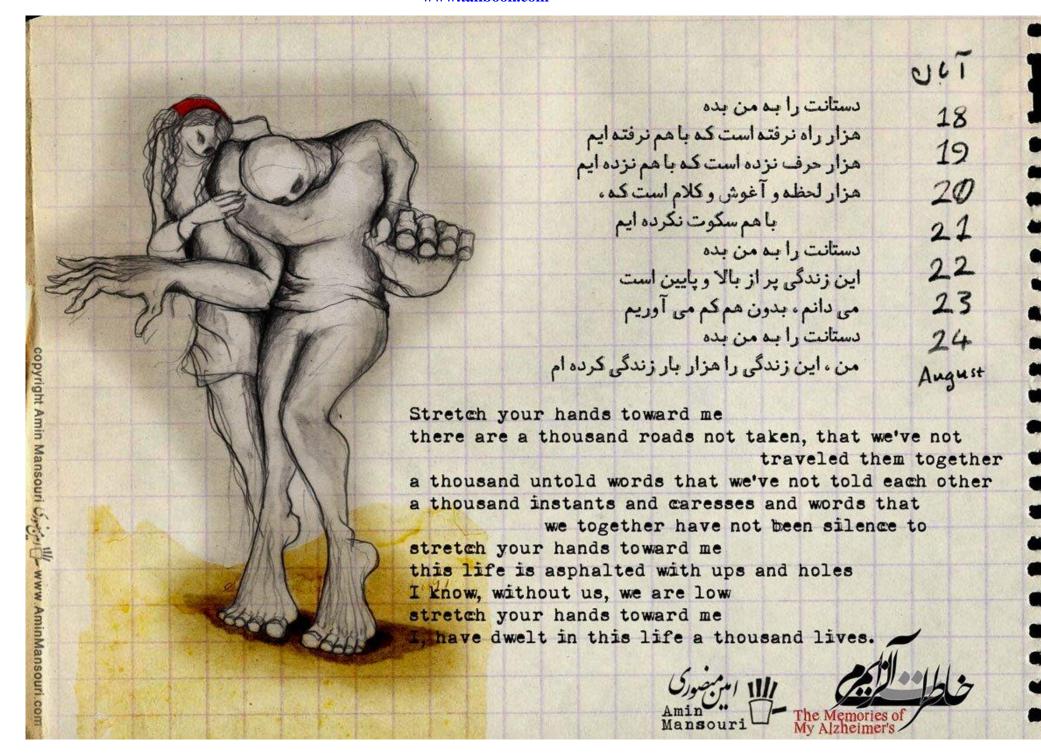


















in a Fill		~
		25
	همه دستانم را رها کرده اند و	26 27
	من هنوز زنده ام دستانت را به من بده ، زندگی	28
8	می خواهم زندگی کنم	19
yrigh A C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C		34
right Amin	Everyone abandoned my hands and I am still breathing	32
anso and a second	give me your hands, life I want to life.	July
WWW Anii		
AminMansouri.com	Amin The Memories o My Alzheimer's	خاطر







جذاب ممنوع من ، غیر ممکن بودی راهی نبود عاشقانه به معجزه ایمان آوردم

My taboo mesmerizer
you were impossible.
There was no way whatsoever,
so tenderly
I sewed my faith to miracle.

8 9 10

July





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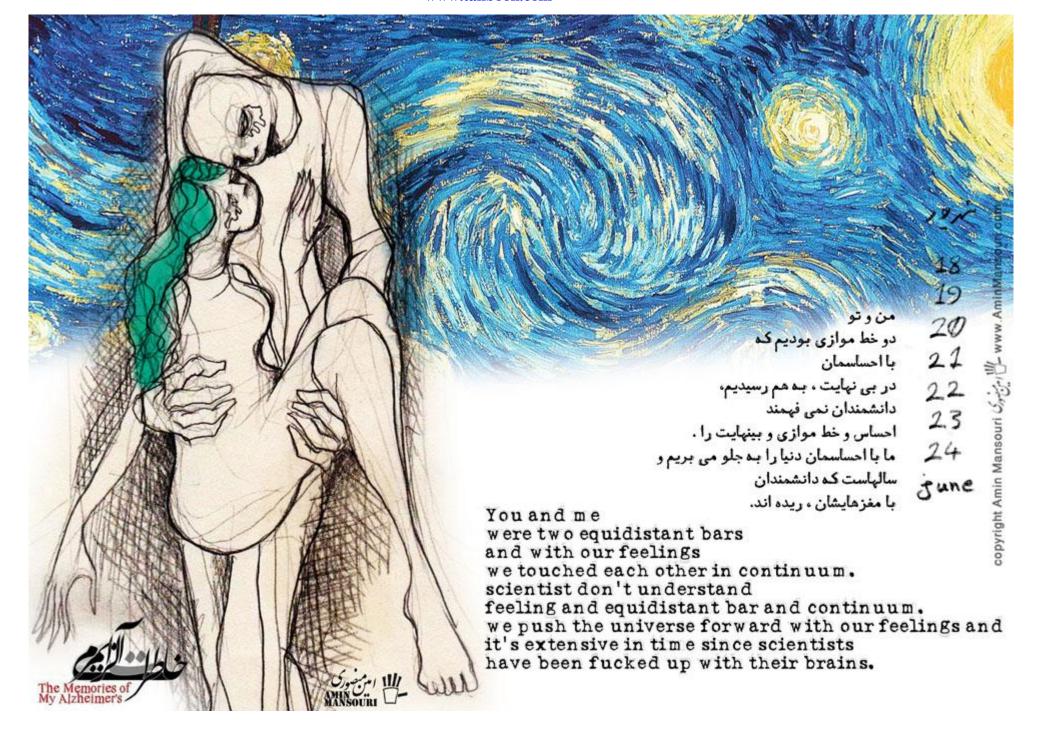
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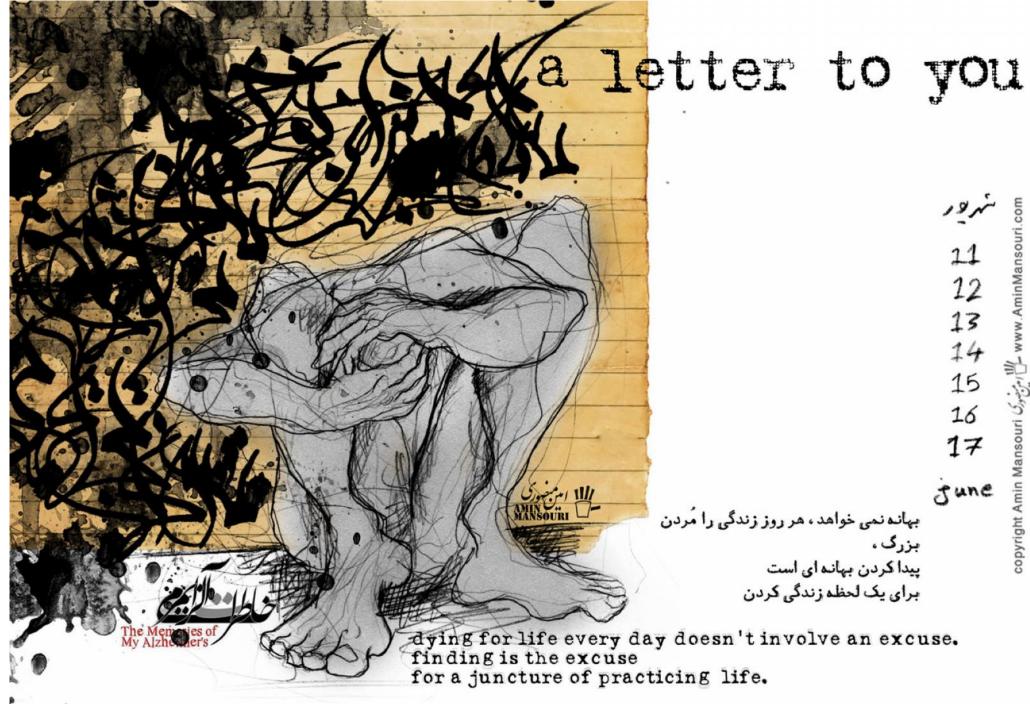
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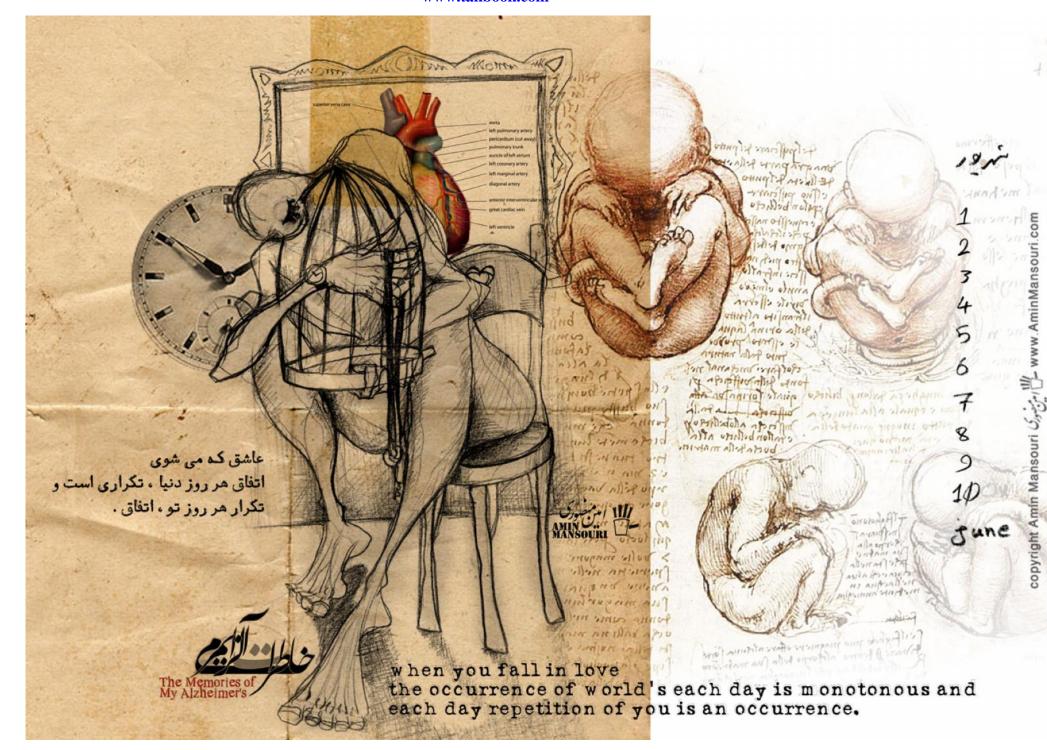
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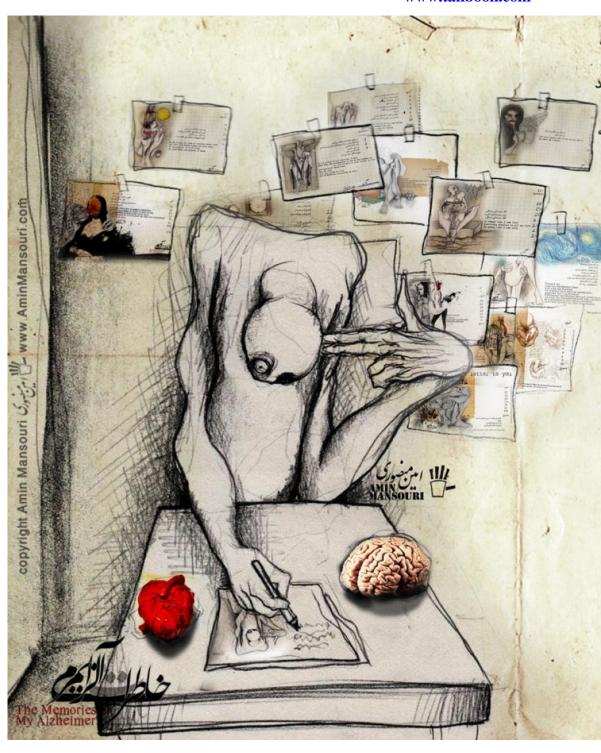






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سلام . زندگی نیاز به داستان دارد

هیچ چیز را به یاد نمی آورم و می دانم داستان باید شروع شود ، بر حدود چنیدن روز و ساعت و دقیقه است که در اتاقی با دیوارهای سفید حبس شده ام ، اتاقی با دیوارهای سفید و کاغذ و مداد و دیگر هیچ . اسمم را نمی دانم و ازگذشته ام هیچ چیز را به یاد نمی آورم ، به جز ، هذیان های پراکنده ای که روی کاغذ هایم بالا آورده ام . من ، به مرگم نزدیکم و می دانم ، به زودی خواهم مُرد و خدا به بهانه قسمت، اینبار هم هیچ کمکی نخواهد کرد نخدید ، شوخی نمی کنم ، این داستان واقعی است . نخندید ، شوخی نمی کنم ، این داستان واقعی است . زندگی نیاز به داستان دارد حتی در اتاقی با دیوارهای سفید پس داستان را شروع می کنیم ، حتی اگر تمام دیوارها سفید باشند یکی بود و یکی نبود

Hello. Life needs an anecdote

I do not remem ber anything and I know that the anecdote must begin. It's almost several days and hours and minutes that I have been confined

in a room with white walls. A room with white walls, and I have a paper, pencil and nothing else.

I do not know my name and I do not remem ber my past whatsoever, save the diffused deliriums I have vomited on my paper

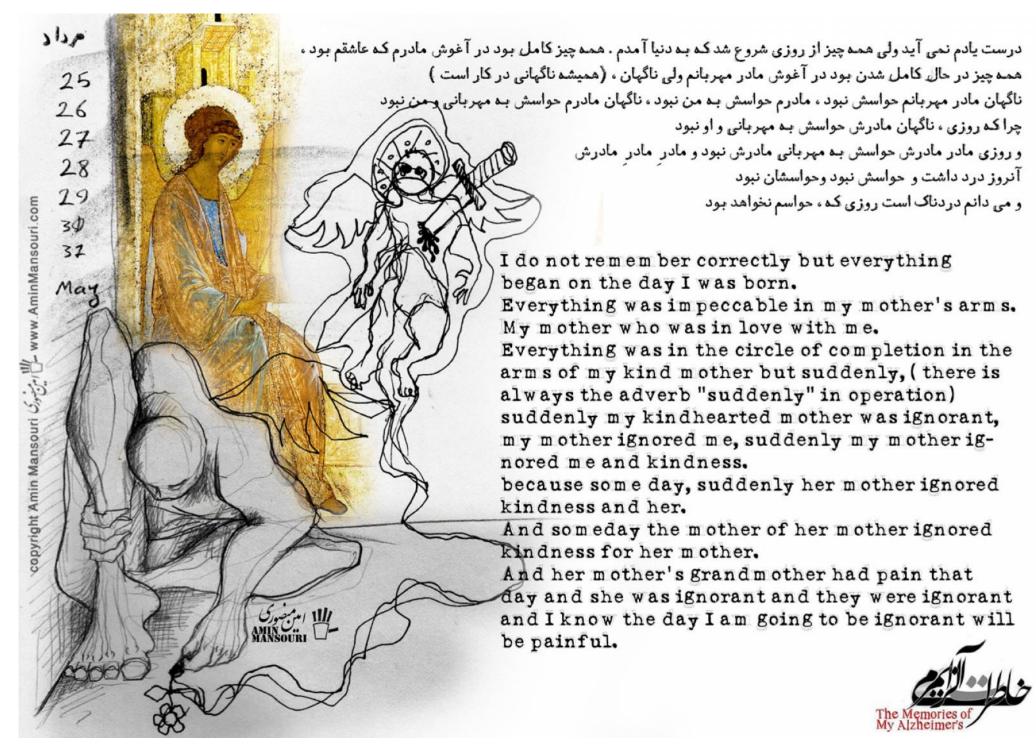
ited on my paper.
I am close to my death and I am certain I will die soon, and god

because of fate as an excuse, is not going to come to my side this time, either.

Do not laugh, I am not joking, this is quite serious.

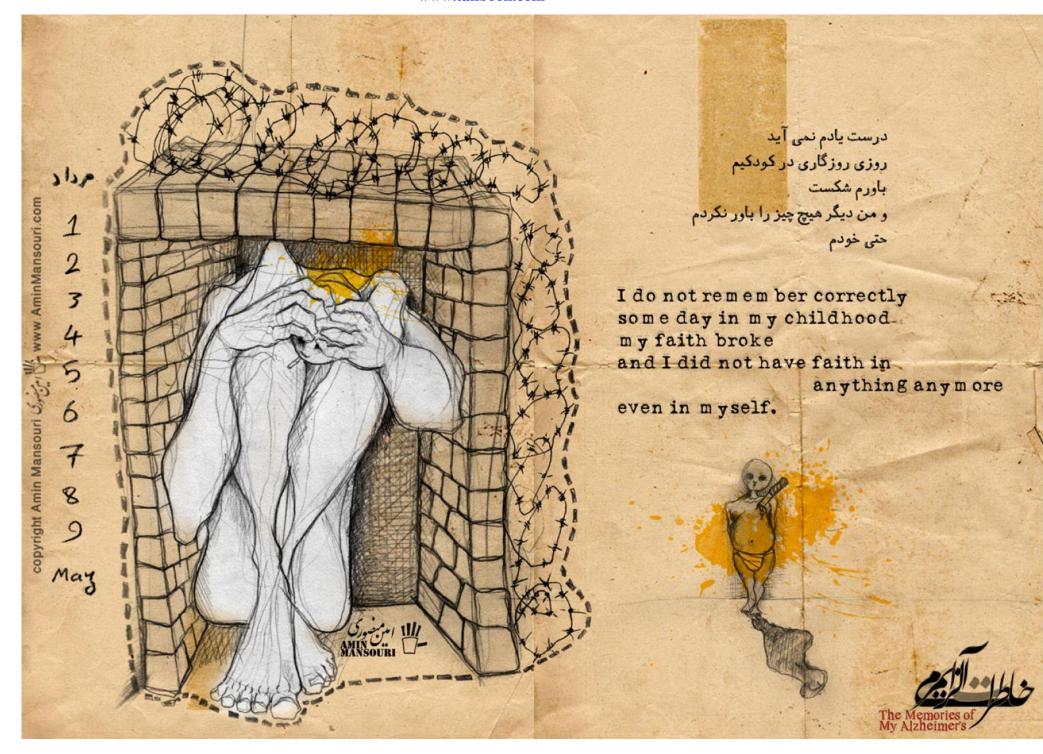
Life needs an anecdote even in a room with white walls

so we begin the anecdote, even if all

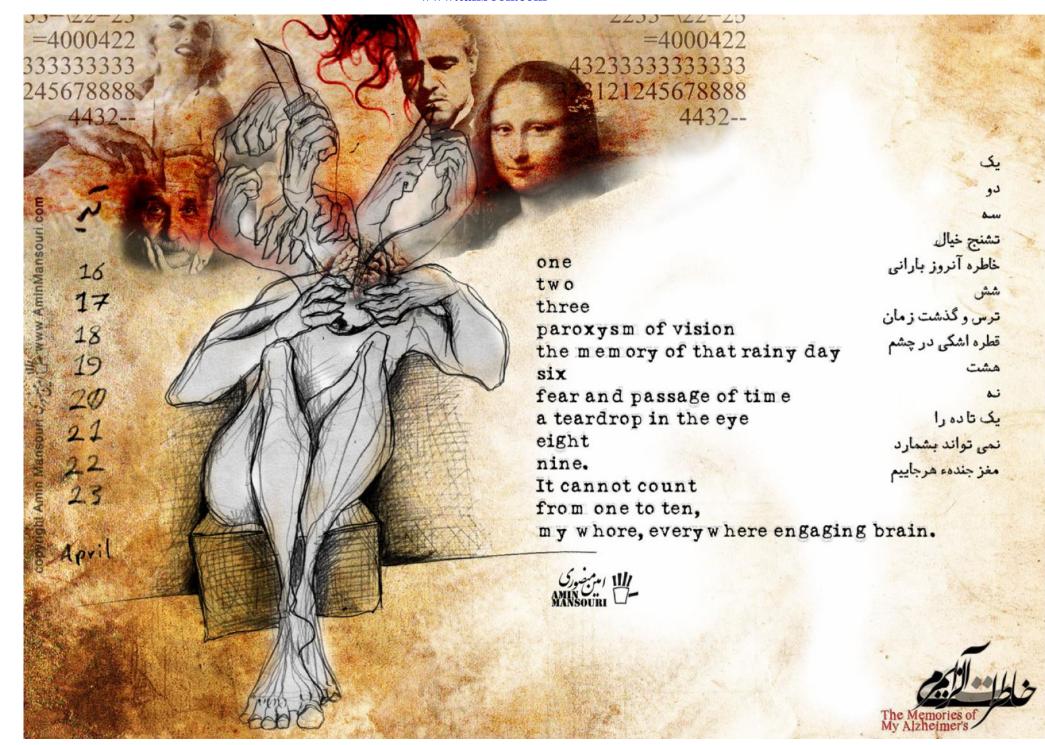








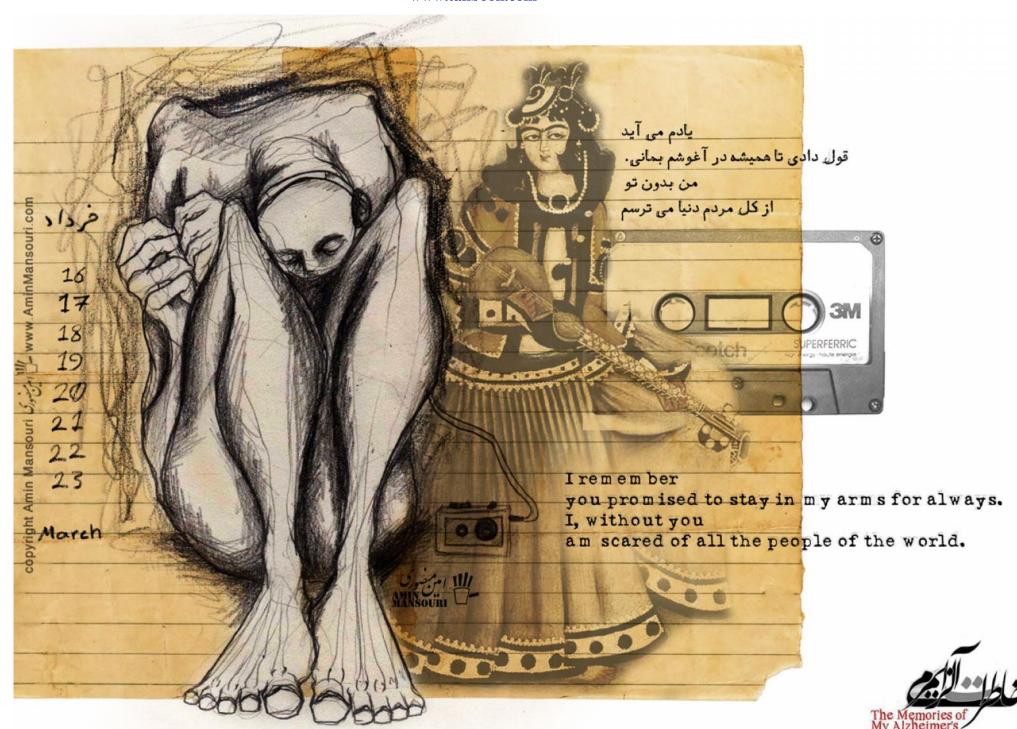










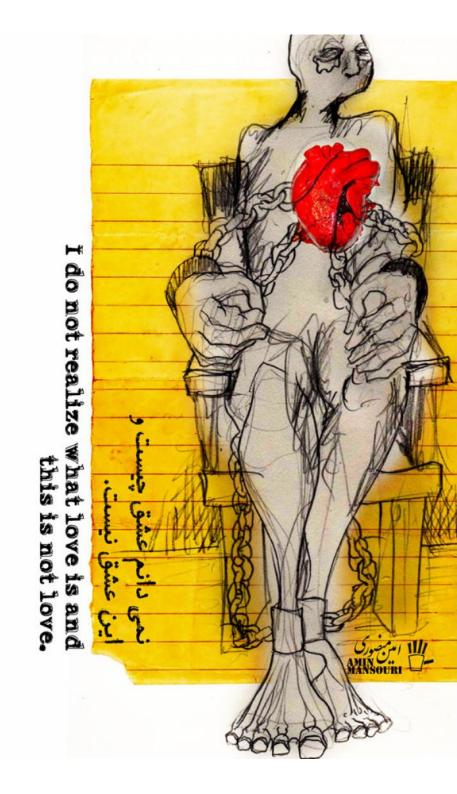






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You look at me in a refined fashion and you say:

To love you is insanity.
It leaves me in laughter and I know there's no inherent similarity between me and

I am in love with insanity.

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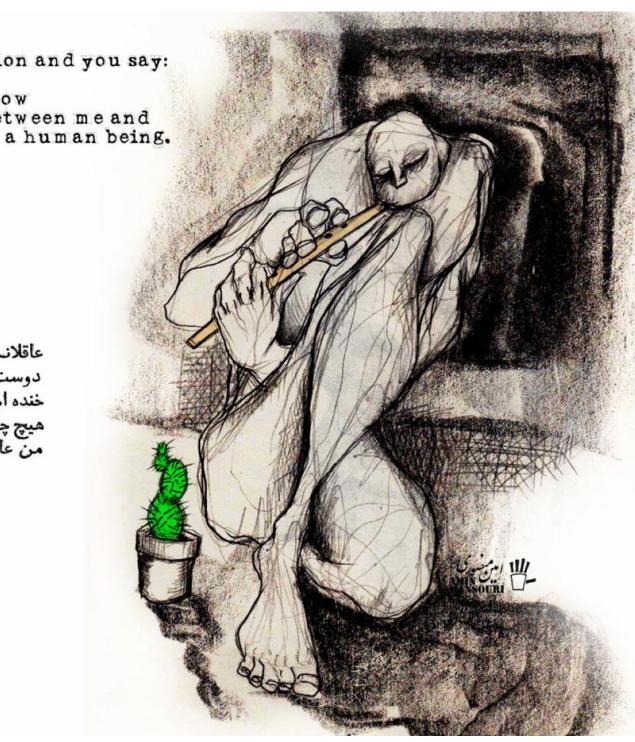
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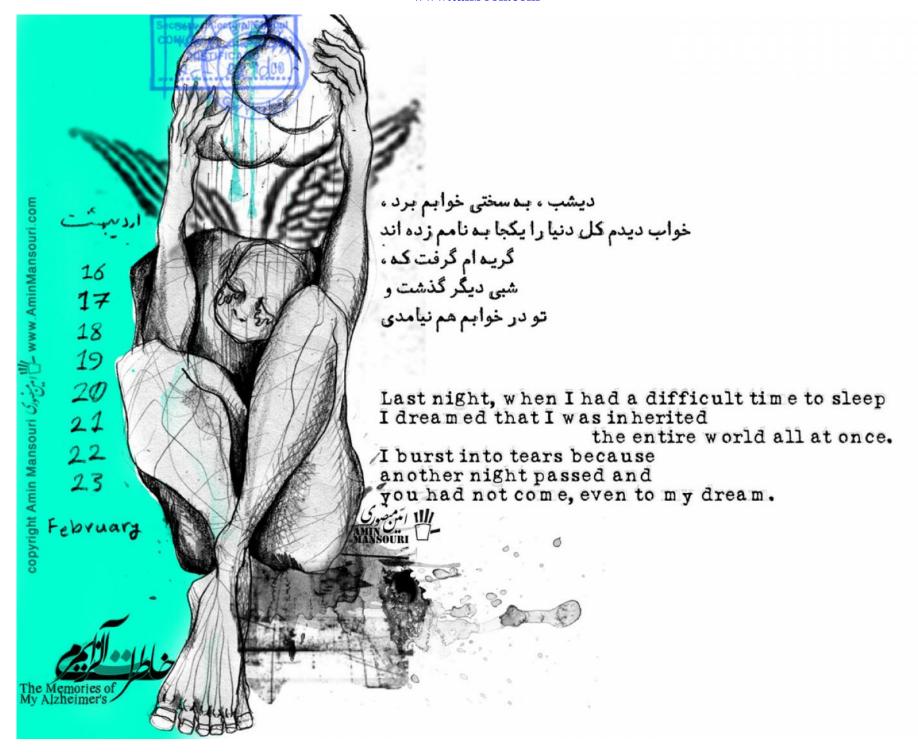
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February

عاقلانه نگاهم می کنی و می گویی: دوست داشتنت ، دیوانگی است. خنده ام می گیرد و می دانم هیچ چیزم به آدمیزاد نرفته است من عاشق دیوانگیم

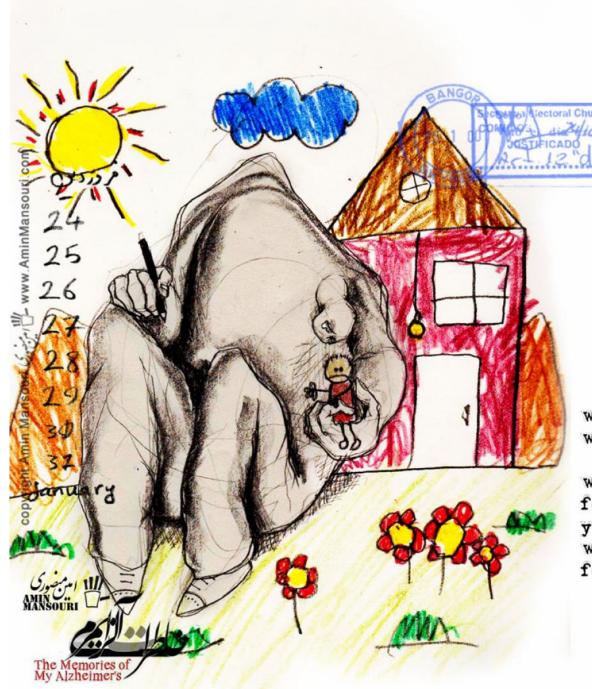












دلت که گرفته باشد، به صدای رقص باد در لای شاخه ای به چشمک ستاره ای ، به بهانه ای ، بهانه ای ،بهانه ای بغضت می ترکد دلت که گرفته باشد به هر بهانه ای هوا بارانی است.

when you feel gloomy
with the thin sound of a dancing
wind around a branch
with the blink of a star
for an excuse, an excuse, an excuse
your complex will burst.
when you feel gloomy
for any excuse, it is pouring.



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دشمنم دوستم عشقم معشوقم همه منم و بقیه سیاهی لشکرند.

I am the enemy
I am the friend
I am the love
I am the beloved
I am all these and
the rest of the people
are the etcetera.









Be careful, vou can destroy the world with this

الله امدمنصوری AMIN SOURI