

## Wicked Cake Creams

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This is because of the autumn  
That everything has got sadden

The green leaves get yellow  
Just because of that bad fellow

He laughs at lonely mothers  
Who are disturbed without fathers

I hope he will soon disappear  
So the family members will have less fear

The poor mothers have terrible dreams  
For the presence of many wicked cake creams

For the sake of fathers linked to those scenes  
They pray to get rid of the wicked cake creams

## Butterfly

Though the small palace was beautiful and fair  
Sadly the brave Baloch queen was not there

She was watching from behind her grave  
Whose have attended her funeral pave

An example of courage Baloch woman was she  
For the variety of jobs she did with no fee

Her death was a shock for me and her kids  
Since she had no sign of sugar and grease  
  
The kind butterfly flew away from the earth  
To have an eternal rest above this unworthy earth

### **A Feminine Desire**

Eventually I did my favorite operation  
Just because of circumstances' collaboration  
Let me tell you my own story  
To justify undertaking this glory  
Years passed, months passed, weeks and days passed  
But my wishes for that did not outcast

My mother praised me as her most beautiful flower  
Though funny, at least I was her darling daughter  
When I summoned him to ask his opinion  
He admired me as his prettiest companion  
I never saw a frown in my friends' pose  
For having in my face a hooknose

Confused and frustrated of their false ruth  
I turned to my dear mirror to tell me the truth  
I went to my bedroom  
And locked it out of my gloom  
I stood face to face with my mirror  
Where there was a slight of glimmer

The moment I looked at her full-open eyes  
I jumped back in a horrible surprise  
I called all of them as liars  
The moment my tears changed into fires  
Kindly she wiped out my tears

Then invited me to keep calm for years

After years and years and years of thought  
Ultimately I made my operation plot  
I thanked and thanked and thanked my dear God  
Because He is the creator of all normal and odd  
Now don't blame me for what I did  
Since the technology is the source of my greed