

# In Search of Narratives

**Sayyed Mohsen Fatemi**

This week, I walked through time and places, and bumped into fountain-heads of erudition I had never seen in any class of learning.

I came across a watercourse singing like a crooner. I listened to its reverberation, which deciphered: Every drop in a rivulet is like a cause warmly embracing its effect. I learned causality then.

I ran into wallflowers incessantly genuflecting, benevolently sharing their fragrance and lavishly diffusing their inebriating redolence.

I learned magnanimity then.

I drove into sunlight bravely and bounteously beaming on every thing and every one including the bats.

I learned compassion then.

I crashed in to history rife with narratives burgeoning every where from Babylon to the White House, from abbe to Sir, From Pandora to Spice Girls, from Hades to Las Vegas, from Shinar to seventy-nine Park Avenue.

I came across people wallowing in their stories, vomiting their narratives, wailing for their anecdotes, exfoliating themselves.

I ran into others glorifying their parables, emblazoning their diaries, wassailing for the book of their narratives.

I got baffled, flummoxed and discombobulated by the flurry of commotion, agitation, exasperation, irritation, exacerbation and aggravation, cryptically moving in the pulse of narratives. I drove into people whose prisons were way bigger than Alcatraz; they were the prisoners of their own prisons, the dungeon of hubris, and ignorance.

The train of politics burning narratives as its fuel to carry on the course shocked me, running over narratives to pass by the goals.

I bumped in to the crowd spell bound and transmogrified by the diabolical despotism disguised in enticing cynosures.



I was about to disintegrate, to smash into pieces by despondency and despair when I bumped in to prophets, the gold, the silver, the immaculate chandeliers, festooning narratives with virtue, piety, purity, and integrity, excellence and worth, gilding the lines of narratives with their enlightening souls.

I came across a lady whose heart was more tender than lilacs, who was born out of fragrance and gave rise to sun light.

I paused for a second and I learned how to write my own narrative.

## **A Tour to the Flea Market of Signification**

**Sayyed Mohsen Fatemi**

I saw a man sitting in the Isle of mysticism.

Sipping the chalice of insight and Gnosticism.

He just got back from a tour.

He got soaked in Romanticism, imbued in Structuralism then indulged in Post Structuralism.

He shook hands with Ire, danced with Strauss, and flirted with Fish.

He read through “The Yellow Wall Papers,” “Life in the Iron Mills,” and “The Awakenings.”

He went through the market to purchase a key to unlock the signifiers.

The market was down. It was empty and dull, according to Derrida.

He got lost on the way.

But he came back right away.

He bought a pair of shoes. Shoes of lunacy.

He said “Good bye” to urgency.

And he is dwelling in  
immediacy.

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