

## Sanaz Ipakchi

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She likes to wonder in the day,  
Always helps her friends from the hearth,  
Never liked to lie is not her way,  
As she tries to set her feelings apart,  
Zealously her slime, almost reveal everything,

In the night she loves the moon,  
Perhaps maybe she forget something,  
As a lost love, that she waits anytime soon,  
Knowledge thought her, to avoid past memories,  
Constructing everyday new tales and histories,  
Her hair loves to ear the wind to sing,  
Inside her she keeps the sense of spring.

*Manuel Cordóvil*

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