



# TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

## Saga

The more obscure and undecidable  
the more palatable. *Anneh's* scowl

still bothers me and she's been dead  
for at least a decade. Her husband

comically diffident, downtrodden man  
once a Communist?! How much

more fascinating, radical with my  
grandparents as émigrés escaping Stalin,

coming to Iran to found a Trotskyite cell,  
instead of banal matriarch and dull

ex-patriarch immersed in gossip  
and religion. As a child I hated

only a few things more than being  
left alone with them. He once believed

in the Dictatorship of the Proletariat? When  
he died, I couldn't summon a single tear

for my *Aababa*. Had he been so simple  
and meaningless? As for *Anneh*

perhaps not really possible  
that she migrated as a teenage girl

from Baku to Iran for a more exceptional  
reason than giving birth to a son who'd meet

a woman who'd then give birth to me. Genes  
are a poor substitute for fantasy

of a revolutionary saga, a universal family.

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<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>