



## THE APPOINTMENT

### Watch Then Discuss:

1. Where were the couple coming from? Where do you think they were going to?
2. What do you think the couple in the other car were arguing about?
3. Have you ever felt like the young girl in the back seat of the car?
4. Why did the man ask the boy to give the other couple the bouquet of roses?
5. How do you think the couple felt after getting the roses?

### Write:

Use the dialogue worksheet to write out the discussion for one of these situations;

- A. The young couple in the car after they drove away.
- B. The elderly couple after they drove away.



**Set the scene:** \_\_\_\_\_

**A** \_\_\_\_\_

**B** \_\_\_\_\_

**A** \_\_\_\_\_

**B** \_\_\_\_\_

**A** \_\_\_\_\_

**B** \_\_\_\_\_

**A** \_\_\_\_\_

**B** \_\_\_\_\_

**A** \_\_\_\_\_

**B** \_\_\_\_\_

**A** \_\_\_\_\_

**B** \_\_\_\_\_

**A** \_\_\_\_\_

**B** \_\_\_\_\_

**A** \_\_\_\_\_

**B** \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

# THE APPOINTMENT

*Write and retell the story using only 6 sentences.*

• 1

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• 2

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• 3

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• 4

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• 5

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• 6

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Just ahead of Valentine's Day, we visited the tomb of a poet who wrote often of love.

The 14th century Persian poet Hafez is buried in Shiraz, the city where he lived almost 700 years ago. He remains venerated in Iran, even though he wrote of romance and other topics that are not obviously embraced in the modern-day Islamic Republic. One of his lines: "Oh Cup-bearer, set my glass afire with the light of wine!"

We reached the tomb of Hafez – the pen name for the man born Khwaja Shamsuddin Muhammad Hafez e-Shirazi – at the end of the day. The setting sun still shone on the mountainsides just beyond a courtyard. The poet's tomb is at the center, beneath a roof held up by pillars.

People placed their hands on the carved stone. One was a woman wearing loose black clothes, a purple knitted cap and a Wilson-brand backpack. She kept her hands there, both of them, for what seemed like several minutes.

Afterward, we asked her what she was doing.

"It's really a thing of my heart," she said. "I think you have to connect with him to understand what happened with us, between us."

Firoozeh Mohammad-Zamani said that when her hands were on the tomb, she was having a conversation with Hafez. They talk a lot.

"I have to hear what he is telling me," she said.

And what did she hear?

"Love," she said, laughing. "All the time, love!"

When we first approached her, she paused a moment before answering our questions. She was waiting for Hafez to tell her if it was okay to let us into the conversation. Fortunately for us, the poet agreed.

"

Every time that I am coming here, something special happens to me," she said. "This time, it's you."

Mohammad-Zamani said she's traveled to Hafez's tomb many times from her home, hundreds of miles away. She gestured toward a poem inscribed in stone nearby.

**Above**

The stone tomb of Hafez in Shiraz.



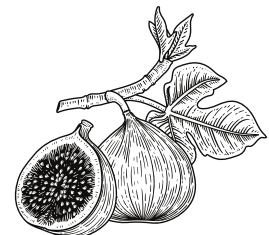
Listen

**With the message of lovers,  
will cherish the lover**

**You the one from Shiraz,  
who has my heart in your  
hands...**

**Give the drink in paradise,  
thou wilt not have.**

**By the River in Ruknabad  
and the rose garden of  
prostration.**



"This one is so special for me, so deep, the deepest one," she said. "It takes care of me. The poem is coming to my head, and I can understand in this way I have to do this now."

The poet is advising her what to do in her life.

“It seemed that love was an easy thing But my feet have fallen on difficult ways.”

Mohammad-Zamani told us she's not a typical Iranian. She is a golfer — a former member of the national golf team — and a golf instructor.

But in taking advice from the writings of Hafez, she is utterly representative of her country. Many Iranians turn for advice to the writings of this beloved poet, opening his books at random and taking wisdom from whatever line they see.

In a second courtyard toward the back of the tomb complex, we found two friends, women in their 20s, sitting on a wall. One wore gray, the other deep red. They'd draped themselves in headscarves and loose cloaks in an Iranian style that manages to be elegant even while meeting the rules for modesty.

One of the women, Atikeh Karimi, had just opened a book of Hafez, pulling the covers apart just so, and reciting the top right-hand verse. The words brought tears to the other young woman's eyes. Her friend had posed a question to Hafez. They didn't say exactly what the question was. That's part of the ritual; you ask in private.

In the gift shop at the tomb, shelves hold decorative volumes of poetry by Hafez. NPR producer Emily Ochsenschlager bought one for her fiancé. And on the shelf, we noticed a detail that suggests the poet's immense role in Iranian life. You can buy a two-book set: One book is the writings of Hafez; the other is the Quran.

Iranian clerics have had to reconcile themselves to the poet's influence, despite his talk of love and alcohol. "Lay not reproach at the drunkard's door," he wrote. "Where is the wine?"

His more conservative readers see the wine as a metaphor for imbibing the love of God. Less conservative readers find political meanings in some poems.

No ruler of this nation could ever be entirely comfortable with the verse that reads:

"The Sultan's crown, with priceless jewels set Encircles fear of death and constant dread It is a head-dress much desired — and yet [Are you sure it's] worth the danger to the head?"

If you want help telling your fortune, you can find it on your way out of the tomb of Hafez.

We met a man standing at the entrance, holding a handful of cards bearing the poet's words. On the papers stood a colorful little bird named Sarah. She is trained to pick out a paper that will answer questions about your future.

"Make a wish," the man said. The bird pecked a paper in the box. The man eased it upward with his thumb. And suddenly the bird had the slip of paper in its beak. I can't recall just what the paper said, nor was I really sure what it meant.

I can recall some other words from the poems of Hafez. The poet from Shiraz once wrote:

"When I am dead, open my grave and see The cloud of smoke that rises round your feet In my dead heart the fire still burns for thee."



Steve Inskeep  
NPR, In Iran

*The Selected Poems of Hafiz*  
*Ghazal 480, Oppressed Song*

Her lips, I kiss; and the wine I drain:  
The water of life, I have come to gain.  
To utter her secret is to err;  
None can I see close to her.  
The cup drinks blood and kisses her lips;  
The rose, seeing her face, blushes to her petals' tips.  
Give me the goblet and into oblivion Jamshid lay:  
Who knows when he was? Or when Kay?  
O moon-minstrel! Extend your hand on the harp;  
Pluck its strings, so that in agony I may carp.  
From solitude, the rose enthroned her seat in the bower;  
Divest yourself of your cloak of bias like the red flower!  
Let not the drunk remain intoxicated like her eye;  
O Saki! Give me wine in memory of her lips of ruby!  
From that body, the soul is sloth to escape;  
For, in its veins runs the blood of grape.  
    Hafiz! Peace! For a while, hold your tongue;  
    Listen to the reed tuning an oppressed song.

## غزل ۴۸۰، حدیث بی‌زبانان

لبش می‌بوسم و درمی‌کشم می  
به آبِ زندگانی برده‌ام پی  
نه رازش می‌توانم گفت با کس  
نه کس را می‌توانم دید با وی  
لبش می‌بوسد و خون می‌خورد جام  
رخش می‌بیند و گل می‌کند خوی  
بده جام می و از جم مکن یاد  
که می‌داند که جم کی بود و کی کی؟  
بزن در پرده، چنگ ای ماهِ مُطرب  
رگش بخراش تا بخروشم از وی  
گل از خلوت به باغ آوزد مسند  
بساط زهد همچون غنچه گن طی  
چو چشمش مست را مخمور مگذار  
به یاد لعلش ای ساقی بده می  
نجوید جان از آن قالب جدایی  
که باشد خون جامش در رگ و پی  
زبان‌ت درکش ای حافظ زمانی  
حدیث بی‌زبانان بشنو از نی

۱. کی‌کاووس: (کیکاووس) دومین شاه کیانی و بزرگ‌ترین پادشاه این سلسله

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