



Mehdi Ghasemi

Finnish Russian Border Blurred: A Noverametry

A combination of
novel, drama and poetry
all in one line

**Finnish Russian Border
Blurred:
A Noveramatry**

A combination of novel, drama and poetry all in one line

Affectionately dedicated to

UUU

U

U

UUU

who believe there is no skin between us

Special thanks to

Marja Jussila

**for her insightful reading of
an earlier draft of this book**

Mehdi Ghasemi

**Finnish Russian Border
Blurred:
A Noverametry**

A combination of novel, drama and poetry all in one line

Finnish Russian Border Blurred: A Noveramatry

A combination of novel, drama and poetry all in one line

Text Copyright © 2018 by Mehdi Ghasemi

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, mechanical, electronic, photocopying, scanning, recording, translating or otherwise without the prior written permission of the author.

Cover and interior design: Mehdi Ghasemi

Front cover photo: Mehdi Ghasemi

Back cover photo: Jonne Renvall

Publisher: BoD™ – Books on Demand, Helsinki, Finland

Manufacturer: Books on Demand GmbH, Norderstedt, Germany

ISBN: 978-952-80-0593-3

Con10ts

Di.vision 1: Pas & Dance	3
Di.vision 2: Piece & Miss	17
Di.vision 3: Pace & Space.....	25
Di.vision 4: Permit & Port	35
Di.vision 5: Prease & Kiss	55
Di.vision 6: Pierce & Fierce.....	69
Di.vision 7: Peace & Geese.....	81
Di.vision 8: Park & Spark.....	89
Di.vision 9: Phone & Own	97
Di.vision 10: Pass & Path.....	105

List of Correctors:

Me; later Juho

The Girl; later Olga; later Sanna

The Internet

The Barber

Minna

Alexander

The Phone

Someone

The Boss

The Book

The Mom

The Old Woman; later Satu

The Man

The Woman

Sirkku

Setting

Area: T.here

Era: Now and then

Di.vision 1

Pas & Dance

I saw her for the first time on the Silja Symphony dance hall while cruising between Helsinki and Stockholm. She looked charming, and a single sight sufficed to smite me with her charms. I could not take my eyes off her while she was dancing professionally on stage. I was sitting in the last row of the dancing hall, sipping my drink. How can one be so gorgeous?! It seemed that God had used all His|Her skills to create her.

Even during the concert hiatus, I was disconcerted by the hiatus of her bod and thought. My eyes could not help chasing her, and thus, I eyed her at all times. After a short break, the concert restarted with the song “You’re My Heart, You’re My Soul.” Immediately, she went on the stage again and burned up the dance floor! I badly wanted to dance with her, but I was he.sit.ant. Hesitancy can k.ill opportunities and leave us live with remorse! I did not see the courage to approach her and ask her to dance with me; however, I had to shake a leg if I wanted to have her.

I long for her, but I’m shy!

Why, WHy, WHY!?! I shall die!

I need all streams to run after me

And a storm to sink my bash in a sea

Step out of your cave, man

You can, YOu can, YOU can!

After many internal conflicts, I stood up, but still my legs were not ready to take me to that stage. I dragged myself, but for every two steps that I took fore, I took one back! After an age, I reached the dance stage, stood in front of it and fixed my eyes on her. I was starving for her attention. She was dancing alone, but in fact, I was dancing with her in my own hallucination.

For a second, our looks tied together. I was staring at her, and she was staring back! Perhaps she needed a partner, or perhaps she had detected my love. All of a sudden, she blinked and stretched her right hand toward me. I could not believe my eyes! I didn't know what to do! I could hear the beats of my heart heart in my ears. Boomp, BOOMP, BOOMP! It continued for 10 more ticks, blood had been pumped out of my veins! Faintheartedly but joyfully, I stepped on the stage!

Me

My goodness! I'm dancing with her! How would it be possible?
Am I dreaming?

The Girl

What?

Me

Nothing!

The Girl

What's your name?

Me

Juho.



Sometimes people's visions make di.visions.

Words have power: they can c|u|t and they can jut; they can k.ill and they can heal; they can peace and they can piss; they can bless and they can mess! Some words are like plastic bags. They are not decomposed in your h.e.a.r.t even after 100 years!



How l.one.ly we have become in the Age of Communication!

Mehdi Ghasemi received his PhD from the Department of English at the University of Turku, Finland. He is the author of *Flight to Finland: A Noveramatry* and *How I Became a W Finn: A Noveramatry*. He is also the author of five scholarly books and several papers in peer-reviewed scientific journals.



BoD[™]
BOOKS on DEMAND

www.bod.fi