

## **Hands**

*By Fereydoon Moshiri*

Can there be anything,  
More precious than eyes and hearts?

Hands!  
Indeed, more precious than eyes and hearts, are hands!

Of all the seen and unseen gems,  
Incarnate in body and soul,  
The most precious, no doubt,  
Are the hands.

All the gains of life are seized by hand!

Everything in this world,  
Everything on this Earth,  
Is ruled under someone's hand!  
Have you heard of such a reign?!  
Hands are ruling the world!

Noble are the hands!  
If only for what they're tasked to do  
My most beloved deed in life;  
Writing!

In the deepest of plights,  
In the gravest of grieves,  
Many a time have I called out to myself:  
"Take heart!"  
"You may have nothing, but you still have your hands!"

Remember Bisotun<sup>1</sup>?  
Put your hands to work,  
To move a mountain like a blade of hay.

And, what an amazing force,  
Is in hands that are connected to one another!  
If ever one is defeated,  
Surely, his hands must've been tied!

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<sup>1</sup> Bisotun is a mountain range in the Kermanshah province of Iran. In Persian literature, this mountain is associated with the tragic love story of Shirin and Farhad, which is comparable to that of Romeo and Juliet in the English literature. This is a reference to Farhad's determination to carve the mountain as ordered by King Khosrow, hoping that he would be permitted to marry Shirin, the Armenian princess who had been betrothed to the King.

To be hand in hand with someone;  
Union of two souls!

To be hand in hand with someone;  
Pledge of two lovers!

If you're hand in hand with another,  
You sense the exchange of words  
From one friend's hand to the other.

The fleeting touch of a physician's hand,  
Laid with care on a patient's forehead,  
Heals better than any prescribed remedy!

As you rise up dancing,  
Waiving your hands in the air,  
It's the flag of joy you're raising,  
With the flag that is your hand,  
Sorrow's army you're defeating!

Hands are the treasure-chest of love and art:  
Be it on the frets of an instrument,  
Be it on the shoulder of a friend,  
Be it on the portrait on a canvas,  
Be it on the gear of a wheel,  
Be it on the handle of a sickle,

Be it extended to help the blind,  
Be it in building a better tomorrow!

□

What keeps tormenting my heart?  
Compounding my other bitter gloom,  
Is humanity's fate and doom!

Regret and pain weigh heavily upon our hearts,  
For our hands have yet to reach out to one another,  
But, our bullets have reached their targets.

Translated by Franak Moshiri  
December 2014

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