May I be allowed,
To behold the hue of that fresh blossom
As I stand at the base of this wall?

And, through this bloody, thorny fence,
This barbed wire,
May I drink a sip of springwater?

May I be allowed “Outside, In Front of the Door”¹
And to regain my strength,
Rest by this tree, may I?

Or, must I pass through this road,
A stranger, now and always,
Swallow centuries of “YOU MAY NOT”,
Like a dagger piercing my patient throat?

*

In the shadowland of this vast cerulean tent,
It would have been fair,
If trees, land, water or sunshine,
Did not belong to anyone!
Or, better yet,
Belonged to all.

A world of friends, all familiar,
One big house, this globe, and its dwellers,
One family,
Bond by fibers of their souls!

Together, for one another,
With helpful hands,
Keeping pace.

In that fair world,
Green meadows have the horizon for border!
Flower gardens have walls of breeze!

With each blooming sprout,

The surging of light,  
The rapture of love.  
In every song,  
The warmth of a caress,  
The tune of compassion.  
Gardeners' smiles shine like lanterns,  
Farmers' chants soar to heavens!

*

We toil together.  
Hearts, abundant with joy of living,  
Faces, fresh as gardens of miniature roses,  
Eyes, teeming with love!

We sow love like seeds in soil.  
We compose poetry like buds on trees!

We, and everyone alike,  
Full of music,  
Free of bonds,  
Emancipated,  
Fortunate...

Translated by Franak Moshiri  
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