A dove was nipping seeds,  
A weeping willow was dancing,  
A sparrow was building a nest,  
The Sun was watching.

From atop the aspen trees, dawn was returning.  
With swallow’s merriment, daytime was beginning.

Nature’s musicians freely lay on this wide-open grass,  
Making music in Dastan and Nava¹ modes.

The meadow was decorated like butterfly wings.  
The colorful butterfly, flew here and there, Spring.

I’ve witnessed that in every particle of matter  
There’s indeed someone’s loving soul, someone’s bright breath!

This pure and caring soul is blown into all.  
This bright breeze pours out of earth’s heart  
And blows on all.

If eyes are to both the visible and invisible keen,  
They would see the commotion within this scene.

Sun, like a mother, full of kindness, gleams.  
Down the sky’s pure mirror, light streams.

Earth’s heart beats to the same tune as Time.  
Soundwaves of music of growth! O, what joyful chime!

Clouds arrive, full of giving and self-sacrifice.  
Bestow their necklaces to the fields of rice!

So that grass may sing refreshed, river cries.  
To turn sap into rosewater, water tries!

Soil toils to let seeds sprout!  
Wind dances so buds may sing aloud!

¹ Two modes of Persian classical music
Bird sings so that rock is not alone,  
Sun strives to make amber from the stone!

From afar, grapevine steals kisses from the sun, in hundreds.  
So that sheaves of grapes may grow, in hundreds!

Cedar helps the newly rising morning glory  
Climb up her branches.

*

Blissful are those who worship sun and earth  
For there’s only love and kindness, no hostilities, no hatred.

Suddenly, tears well up in my eyes  
I choke in my burning chest, ah!

But why then can we not be this way?  
Come to our senses and wish to be humans.

Translated by Franak Moshiri  
Spring 1998

Copyright © 1998-2020