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رقم دوره ۱۰



W. Woodland fecit.

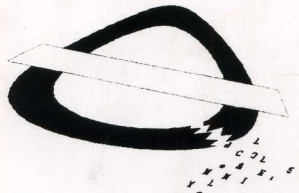
Published as the Act directs A.D. 1769.

(Carvington Bowles sculpsit)

THE FAIR NUN UNMASK'D.

*On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore!* — POPE.

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**Here Comes the Monstrous Regiment
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ناله و ناله

When moonlight has covered the gardens of spring,
I will weave me a garland of rose-scented bloom,
Weave me a throne for my magic to ring,
Weave me a crown for my blossoming loom;
Star-crowned on the throne,
My memory of you,
Sits a beautiful goddess, alone.

In the spring gardens when moonlight is crowned,
To your memory so many love-songs I'll sing
That the birds will awake and echo my sound
From their nests, and the fawns, excited, will spring
In the deserts at night
When the moon is high
And the earth dreams of peaceful delight.

How soon it has passed, the delight of our meeting,
How soon it has passed - will it ever return?
I am so far from you, far from your greeting,
Hopelessly far; now I must learn
Only the moonlight in spring
And the memory of you
Will ride on eternity's wing.



آناتو بکرانه

Spring again, and with it comes the longing
For well loved friends and home. My eyes are searching
My ears pricked, for the messenger who brings
Some news, good news, for me.

Each dawn I wake
To the first chorus of the birds and ask
My heart why it won't rest, even for a second.

Strange destiny, that I should always face
Huge mountains wreathed in mist, each rearing higher
Than did the last: never will I accept
That I should be so far from seeing hope
And my soul's nest; though sentenced for my life,
Convicted as a scapegoat, blamed because
I've fought injustice every day I breathed,
Because I said, because I dared to say
That the doves will never leave the roofs, while blood
Still soaks the soil...

There is no remedy
Except I melt like wax, and in my hands,
Remake myself or tear at my dried roots
And cast them from the gardens of my heart
So there might blossom, in their stead, the trees
Which will embower my friends with rest and pleasure.

Behold the sun, behold the boundless horizon.

Zhaleh

