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THE WOMAN OF IRAN

You are the pride of being
You are the mother of creation
in revelry , you are the serenading swan,
in struggle, you are the princely lion.

The radiance of your affection,
the blessedness of your beauty
will be the fountain
of poetic inspiration
for eternity.
you are the anthem and the poetry,
you are the epic and the artistry.

Let not your destiny lie in the hands of others,
for you are the enlightened, you are the woman of Iran.

In this age of space exploration
when woman has walked the heavens
in place of its angels
why should your spirit be shrouded by a veil?
The glory of your pure spirit
is the only veil you body needs,
and the brightness of your thoughts
your clear guiding light.

He who said "flames surround your hair" was right.
May flames impale the souls of the impure,
and the flames of anger spear those ignoble hearts
that would keep you an ornamental doll,
inanimate, half human,
and oblivious of the progress of the age.

oh, why do I rewrite of such decrepit thoughts,
and rephrase such obsolete assumptions again?

As a bird's two wings allow it to
break into flight
so too the work of both man and woman
allow humanity to rise.

Your body and your soul feed the babe you hold,
for this alone you rise above the fortress of the skies
to a heaven of your own,
for your arms cradle the hopes of tomorrow.
Your nation looks to you
for you are the mother, the soldier, and the scholar.

Your spent your strength, sacrificed yourself,
and lain in blood stained trenches to
to be free from the goals of these sad centuries
and to march forth for the freedom of future generations.

I live in hope,
and in that hope I am firm
that you shall not remain in this sullen eclipse
you, the woman of Iran.