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THE HAND OF LOVE

If birds refuse to sing,
If water refuses to dance,
If grass refuses to grow,
Then what will become of the earth?

How monotonous, how spiritless being shall be,
If love refuses to smile
and hope refuses to shine,
If joy ceases to exist
and feelings are restrained
to occasional pangs of pain.
I complain of those who breathe despair
and with the heaviness of snow
settle on all terrain
and freeze the air.

How glorious it was to have kissed the palms of love.
Yet how painful for one to kiss
the hands of another whose power dictates it.

But the earth and the sun are empassioned lovers
and like our hands are joined together as dew drenched
branches, which attracted by the warmth of one another,
entwine to give forth a multitude of fruit and red flowers.

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POEM BY ZHALEH

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