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MY BIRTHDAY

A thousand ~~years~~ ^{years} has passed since I was born;
What is the use to know the month of birth.
In black surroundings, where the spirit of womanhood was buried
for Centuries,
The "unfortunate" mother who gave birth to a girl was as dis-
graced as a sinner.
Was the birth of a girl something to be celebrated?
She was unwanted, abased; her star was unlucky.
Even in our days the life of Iranian girls is no better.
I was brought into this world a thousand times before,
And a thousand times before I left it.
This sad legend
Is known to nobody but myself.

The birth of every child is my birth.
And every Spring when orchards are in bloom,
And every time a bird is let free from its cage,
And every time a new star appears in the skies,
And every time a prisoner is released
And every popular celebration in a free country:
Is my birthday
And my heart cherishes