

٣٤ ٥/٦٢ ١١ ٩٦

FOR YOU

✓ For you, a hundred thousand fold, ✓  
I write my poems, you inflame  
My tender words with love - how cold  
And desolate my heart, how lame  
And solitary my verse would be  
Had I not you for company.

The sky and its unnumbered stars  
Like diamonds in a turquoise field,  
The sun, the moon, Venus and Mars,  
Infinite universe concealed  
In boundless space, these I behold  
For you, my hundred thousand fold.

Night sea, dawn desert, and the faces  
Noble and delicate, the strong  
Enlightened spirit, the good which traces  
Happiness through the world, my song  
Unfolds my heart's desire most true,  
My thousand thousand souls, for you.

Our hands thirst for the love to bind  
Their unions of promised tryst  
With golden rings given in kind:  
And thus we hope the iron fist  
Of ~~our~~ <sup>war</sup> may once lie still and cold,  
Thrust from our world, my million fold.

Historian, our century's drowned  
In blood, take all the terms of hate  
Which in our dictionaries abound  
And blazon the tyrants who create  
Monstrosity, that unborn youth  
May curse their boneyards with your truth.

All I, my million souls, desire  
Is peace for you, whose eager lives  
The spinning of the earth inspire,  
Peace my one wish for each who strives  
Towards a future, bright as gold;  
May peace be yours, my myriad fold.

ZHALEH