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My Birth.

A thousand years have passed since I was born:
No need to know the months, In the pitch black
Where centuries have buried womanhood
A mother who gave birth, poor creature, to
A girl, was shamed as any common sinner.
Without celebrations then for a girl child?
Unwanted and abused, her stars unlucky.
Even today Iranian girls live thus.
And thus was I brought ~~weeping~~ crying to this world
A thousand times before, and thus I left it.
The legend of this sorrow can be known
To no one but myself.

Each child that's born
Is my birth, and each spring when orchards bloom,
And each time birds gain freedom from their cages,
And each time a new star shoots through the sky,
And every prisoner whose chains are broken,
And every kite danced to the liberty
Of a free people, is my day of birth.
~~And my heart cherishes that day.~~
A day that my heart cherishes.

Unalch

Sept 86.