

٤٣٠ ٥١٢ ١٨ ٥٦

THE BOUNDLESS HORIZON

Spring again, and with it comes the longing  
For well loved friends and home. My eyes are searching,  
My ears pricked, for the messenger who brings  
Some news, good news, for me.

Each dawn I wake  
To the first chorus of the birds and ask  
My heart why it won't rest, even for a second.

Strange destiny, that I should always face  
Huge mountains wreathed in mist, each rearing higher  
Than did the last: never will I accept  
That I should be so far from seeing hope  
And my soul's nest; though sentenced for my life,  
Convicted as a scapegoat, blamed because  
I've fought injustice every day I breathed,  
Because I said, because I dared to say  
That the doves will never leave the roofs, while blood  
Still soaks the soil . . . . .

There is no remedy  
Except I melt like wax, and in my hands,  
✓ Remake myself or tear at my dried roots  
And cast them from the gardens of my heart  
So there might blossom, in their stead, the trees  
Which will embower my friends with rest and pleasure.  
✓ Behold the sun, behold the boundless horizon.

ZHALEH