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Woman and her Pen  
Jaleh Wsfahani  
Translated by E. Zia

Throughout the black fearful centuries,  
A curtain blocked the woman's eye,  
Not to see the light of Alphabet,  
And brighten up her way of life.



The woman's amorous spirit,  
Night after night at the cradle side,  
Then all days in the kitchen,  
Produced popular vulgarities,  
In the form of melody, rhyme or poem,  
Soft, moving and full of life,  
Which went round mouth to mouth,  
From generation to generation,  
Also from nation to nation.



O' woman!  
O' the saddest voice of epochs!  
O' the brightest melody for the entire world!  
Your pen, which blazing from the flames of  
your spirit,  
Now brings good news from the Sun,  
A bright rainbow after the storm.