

Uranus Poems

Poem #1

My tired eyes were seized by an impossible sleep.
My hands took the smell of blood from Kabul's soil.

Wherever I went, a door was locked with the cold of fear.
My footsteps were captured by the terror of "man" in prison.

Girls in the alleys have thrown veils over the moon.
The sun, from the grief of these walls, hid itself away.

Our bread on the table is filled with the deceit of orders.
Did mothers bite their fingers in wonder and despair?

The wind blew the song of revolt through our hair,
But the demon of power snatched the words from our lips.

Again my heart burns from the forbidden name of a book.
The image of woman was taken as the color of human laughter on the earth.

One night I was speaking of you, my weary homeland,
When suddenly I saw rain fall behind the window.

Poem #2

On the weary shoulders of the world, we have blossomed.
In the endless shadows of the nights, we have blossomed.

For a long time, we have tied our hearts to someone's pain.
In the garden-alleys of meaning's intoxication, we have blossomed.

Within us still, the fire of a green desire—
It burns, and in the middle of the sea, we have blossomed.

With the tired cries of defenseless children,
With the broken moans of sorrows, we have blossomed.

O Love! O most broken season of life,

In the crimson heights of longing, we have blossomed.

O image left upon the wall of time,
Beside you at the pond of dreams, we have blossomed.

Do not look at us with the unskilled eyes of your own self.
If today we seem withered, tomorrow we shall blossom.