

Liley Ghazal Poems

Poem #1

You don't need to remain a prophet, woman! Be divine!
Come forth, reveal love, reveal your own creed!

Stay beside those bodies who do not want loneliness,
Among your people, plant a thought that will endure!

Shout aloud and destroy the root of false religion.
Close the mouth of your wounds, bind them like a mummy.

Free yourself from the cages of captivity, and then for a lifetime,
Feel the freedom in the heights of love's sky.

Make your hair dance upon the shoulders of the city.
With your blood, dye the pale hands of the street with henna.

Modesty is not weakness — be sharp, fierce, and cutting.
Amid the shamelessness of the people, show your own boldness.

Break the endless silence of terrifying nights.
Join your voice with the weak and powerless.

Step firmly onto the road of freedom.
Guide your path toward love and light.

We have been trapped in the disasters of storms for a lifetime.
God is helpless these days — woman, you be divine!

Poem #2

Read in the name of the tall pine of freedom.
Read so that love may rise again from your breath.
Read, for the rule of wisdom is knowledge and vision.
Read, so the bars of your cage break from shame.

Break the silence so they will believe you.
That you are alive, breathing, and awake.

And like the green miracle of love and freedom,
You remain forever repeated in the world's memory.

You are the bright lamp of this homeland's dark nights.
It does not suit your mountain of will to bend.
For the honorable daughter of the land of Rābia,
It does not suit her to be trapped in the claws of sorrow.

"No one will rise to save you."
You yourself must carry the greatness of your being.
In a country where only ignorance rules,
Be the companion of your own noble and tireless will.

No one will rise to save you.
Except your own beautiful thought and struggle.
Raise your voice from the isolation of anonymity!
Become a green song from the chest of your own grave.

No one ever visits your dead self.
So be alive, that they may believe in humanity.
Be alive, for in the battle of knowledge and ignorance,
Truth is always the winner of the field.

Take up the colorful flag of light.
The new dawn of this land is you, woman.
In this flood of silence and darkness of history,
Without doubt, you are the bringer of dawn, woman.