

Do you still Love Iran?

A Monody by Hila Sadighi

Adaptation into English by Darioush Bayandor

It is raining, autumn is back,
The sky pours down its sorrow,
Clouds bend down, hovering over the roofs,
As if crushed by the summer heat,

The September breeze blends with colors of the school.
The odor of the chalk and the blackboard,
The shrill sound of the school-bell,
That summons the first class.

Some girly giggles... some fleeting mirth,
Silenced by *their anger*;
Their gaze piercing the air of the classroom,
They avenge forbidden merriments,
And punish uncommitted sins,

It's the melancholic return of the school year,
With its evocative moments and souvenirs,
Your place is empty in the classroom,
And me sitting on a bench next to withered flowers.

Like the air of autumn, gloomy I feel,
A captive of my rage,
Remember the dreams we cherished?
At the vertex of hope,
Alas, chimerical they were,
A Pyrrhic fight, for what was not to come!

We were birds that could not fly,
Caught in the claws of falcons,
The beasts with malicious gaze,
They finished you with their deadly talons,
Me, looking on in frightened daze,

You drank the chalice of the hemlock and flew away,
And my heart fell apart.

But tell-me, are you happy at last where you are?
Did you find freedom on the other end of the aeon?
What of our childhood passions?
And the love of the land we grew up in?
Do you still love Iran?

Do you still encounter villains?
Thugs, scoundrels and bullies?
Does someone try to wash off your ken?
Or injure your pride?

Are there traces of unnamed graves?
Hear you the sobs of the mourning mothers?

Sing with me, friend, companion, my soul-mate,
Sing my song with passion and pain.
It's again the autumn and school doors open,
And the sky pours down its sorrow,
And there I am with your empty place on the bench,
Lonely, next to withered flowers.
Nyon, 2008.