

A Breeze from the Land of Peace

By *Fereydoon Moshiri*

Indeed, if someday, someone asks me,
“During your time on Earth, what did you do?”
I’ll open my book of verse before him,
I’ll hold my head up, laughing and crying,
I’ll say that this seed is “newly sown,”
It needs time to come to fruition and bloom.

□

Under this vast cerulean sky,
With all my might, in very song,
I evoked the revered name of love.
Perhaps, by this weary voice,
An oblivious someone was awakened,
Somewhere in the four corners of this world.

I praised kindness,
I battled against wickedness.

I suffered the “*wilting of a single stem of flower*¹,”
I grieved the “*death of a caged canary*²,”
And, for people’s sorrows,
I died a hundred times a night.

□

I’m not ashamed if at times,
When one ought to have screamed from deep within,
With Jesus-like patience,
I kept my silence.

□

If I were to arm myself with a sword,
To fight against the ignorant,
Blame me not for taking the road to love.

¹ Reference to the poet’s poem, “*A Teardrop in the Passage of History*,” in the book titled, “*Believe in Spring!*”

² Ibid.

A sword in hand implies,
A man may meet his demise.

□

We were passing through a bleak road,
Where the darkness of ignorance was devastating!
My belief in humanity was my torch!
The sword was in devil's hand!
Words were my only weapon in this battlefield!

□

Even if my poetry could not kindle a fire in anyone's mind,
My heart, like firewood, burned from both sides.
Read a page from my book of verse, and you may say:
Can anyone burn worse than him?!

□

Many endless nights, I did not sleep,
To retell humanity's message from man to man,
In the thorny land of animosity,
My words were a breeze from the land of peace.
But, perhaps, they should've been a mighty windstorm,
To uproot all this wickedness.

□

Our elders had advised us in the past:
"It is too late...too late...
The soul of the Earth is so dark,
Our strength, multiplied by hundred,
Is no more than a lonely cry in a desert so vast!"

"Another Noah, there must be,
Another great storm, too."³

"The world must be built anew,
New humans within it, too"⁴

³ Reference to the poem, "*Another Noah must come and another storm / To wash away the stains of your shame*" by Nimtaj Salmasi, a poetess from Persia's period of Constitutional Revolution (1905-1907).

⁴ Reference to the poem by the 14th-Century Persian mystic poet, Hafez: "*There's no human being on this dusty planet / A new world must be built and a new human being.*"



Yet, this patient, solitary man,
Carrying his backpack full of fervor,
Still strides along,
To draw a glimmer of light from the heart of this darkness,
He places the candle of a poem here and there,
He still hopes for the miracle that is man.

Translated by Franak Moshiri
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