Put down your weapon!
For I loathe the ghastly gruesome sight of it.
The gun in your hand
Speaks the language of fire and steel.
Facing this devilish device of damage,
I have naught but heart’s language.
A heart filled with compassion for you,
O, you who are friendship’s foe!

The language of fire and steel
Is the language of fury and slaughter.
It’s the language of a wrath akin
To that of Genghis Khan, Temujin.

Come, sit, speak, listen, and perhaps
Humanity’s light in your heart may surge.
If a brother, you call me,
As one, come and sit beside me.
Put down your weapon!
Put down your weapon, and perhaps
This manslayer fiend, your body may purge.

Of humanity’s morals, what do you know?
If God does life bestow,
Why may it be taken by you?
Why in a moment of disdain,
Your brother must be slain?
Suppose that in every matter,
You’re right in what you say or seek,
Suppose it is the truth that you speak,
Still, dear brother, the truth must not
By this fiery mindless machine be sought.

Should your dormant conscience awaken,
Put down your weapon!

Translated by Franak Moshiri
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