

Iranian Poems of the Islamic Revolution

1. Let the wolves know

By Zahra Mousavi

Let the wolves know that in our tribe
If the father dies, his gun will remain
Even if all the men of the tribe are killed
A baby son will remain in the wooden cradle.

2. I am Neda

By Sholeh Wolpe

Leave the Basiji bullet in my heart,
fall to prayer in my blood,
and hush, father
—I am not dead.

More light than mass,
I rise through you,
breathe with your eyes,
stand in your shoes, on the rooftops,
in the streets, march with you
in the cities and villages of our country
shouting through you, with
you. I am Neda—thunder on your tongue.

3. The Sound of Water's Footsteps

By Sohrab Sepehri

I saw a book with words made of crystal.
I saw a sheet of paper made of spring.
I saw a museum far from grass,
A mosque far from water.
Above the bed of a scholar in despair,
I saw a pitcher brimming with questions.

4. To slaughter us, By Ahmad Shamlu

To slaughter us
Why did you need to invite us
To such an elegant party

5. We should go under the rain, By Sohrab Sepehri

We should go under the rain.
We should wash our eyes,
And we should see the world in a different way.

6. Poetry which is Life

By Ahmad Shamlu

Today
Poetry is the weapon of the people
because poets
are themselves a branch from the forest of the people
not jasmines, hyacinths in someone's flower garden.
Today's poet
is not a stranger
to the pains of the people.
He smiles
with the lips of the people.
He grafts people's pains and hopes
to his own bones.
He writes poetry,
that is
He touches the wounds of the old city
that is
at night
he tells a story
of the pleasant morning...