



FORUGH FARROKHZAD

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The Wind Will Blow Us Away

برد خواهد را ما باد



Inside my little night, alas,
the wind has a rendezvous with the leaves;
inside my little night, there is fear
and dread of desolation.

5 Listen.
Hear the darkness blow like wind?
I watch this prosperity through alien eyes.
I am addicted to my despair.

Listen.
10 Hear the darkness blow?

This minute, inside this night,
something's coming to pass. The moon
is troubled and red; clouds
are a procession of mourners waiting
15 to release tears upon this rooftop,
this rooftop about to crumble, to give way.

A moment,
then, nothing.

Beyond this window, the night quivers,
20 and the earth once again halts its spin.
From beyond this window, the eyes
of the unknown are on you and me.

May you be green, head to toe—
put your hands like a fevered memory in mine ...
25 these hands that love you.

And cede your lips
like a life-warmed feeling
to the caress of my lovesick lips.

The wind will one day blow us away.

30 The wind will blow us away.

—Translated from the Farsi by Sholeh Wolpé

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