

Poetry
A Sacrifice story

*I'm again bursting into tears
For thee and for your dearest dears
Wandering how thee could bear
Heavy disasters as the God souvenir
Those foes how they'd stood near
And tomorrow was bloody clear
You saw life with no freedom as vanity
And devotion of life as eternity
Damn with whom not impressing such certainty
Damn with whom treated thee with anytime
The beautiful tableau thee have created
Never would be worn out, forever appreciated
Life never sees like thee, shame on the world
Without thee shame on any spear and any sword
Shame on whom closed their eyes
For the sake of life ignore thee and lied
Shame on whom refuse thy children a drop of water
Shame on whom invited thee but carried out a plotter
Damn with whom killed thee and left your body
Bloody would be their eyes bloody
Thy sacrifice story would be a drama forever
Many graceful funerals would be held for thee any where*

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