



I Know this Flower

O Spring!

arrive not here at our home
with those flowers and flags of yours
this year

Spring is approaching
with the spread ringlets of the willow
happy and soft
in between the pauses of snow

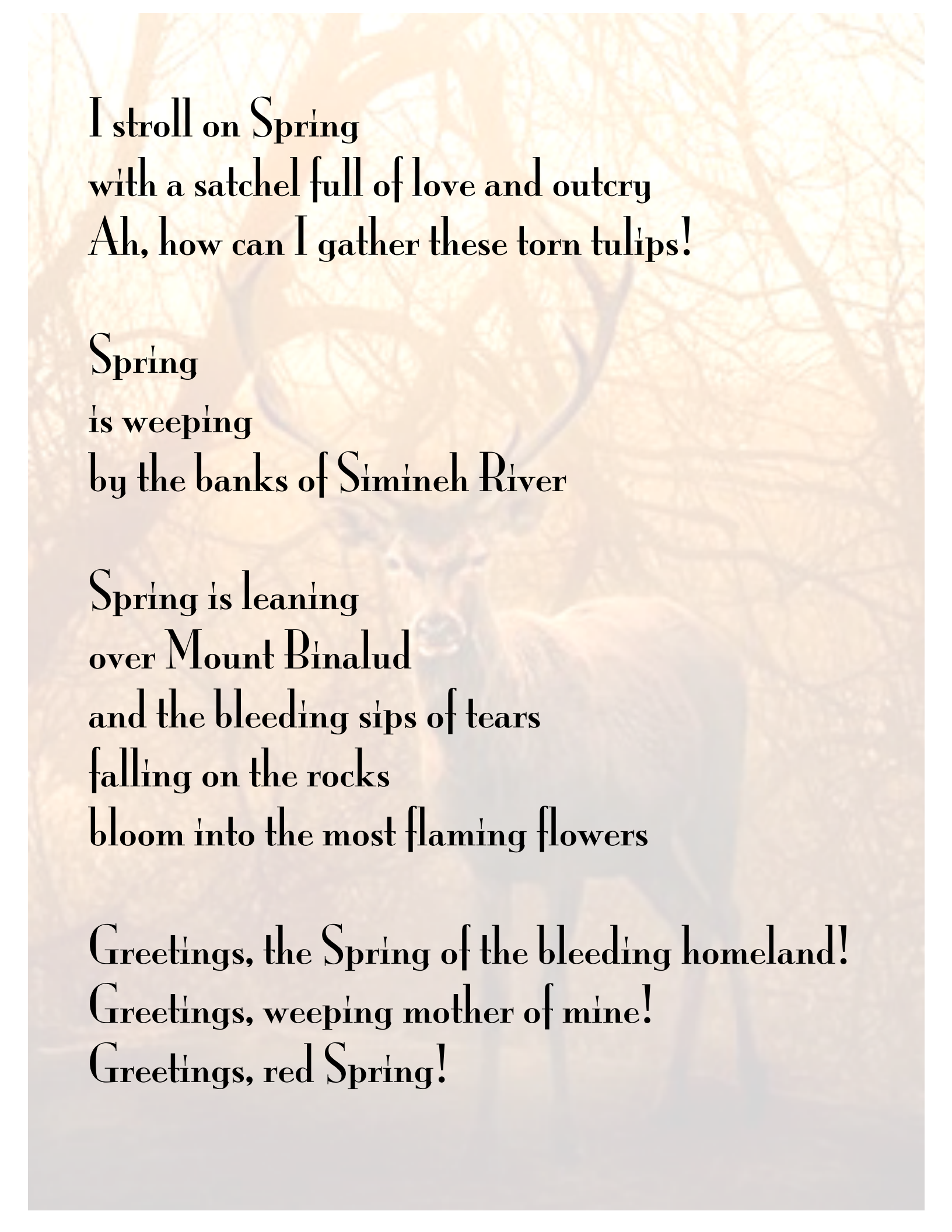
It comes forth
it remains
with pale leaves
staring at its own veins:
the fingers of Spring



are bleeding
on the pauses of snow in the winter of 1971

O Spring!
do not light up your crimson flowers
at the houses of the people
put only your branches, only your leaves
in the blood of brethren
so the Spring of the red rose
will shake the shoulders of the mourners
with an hysterical sobbing

Spring
with the tearful eyes of the leaves
coils within the blooms of blood
Alas, the blood!
Alas, the blooms!

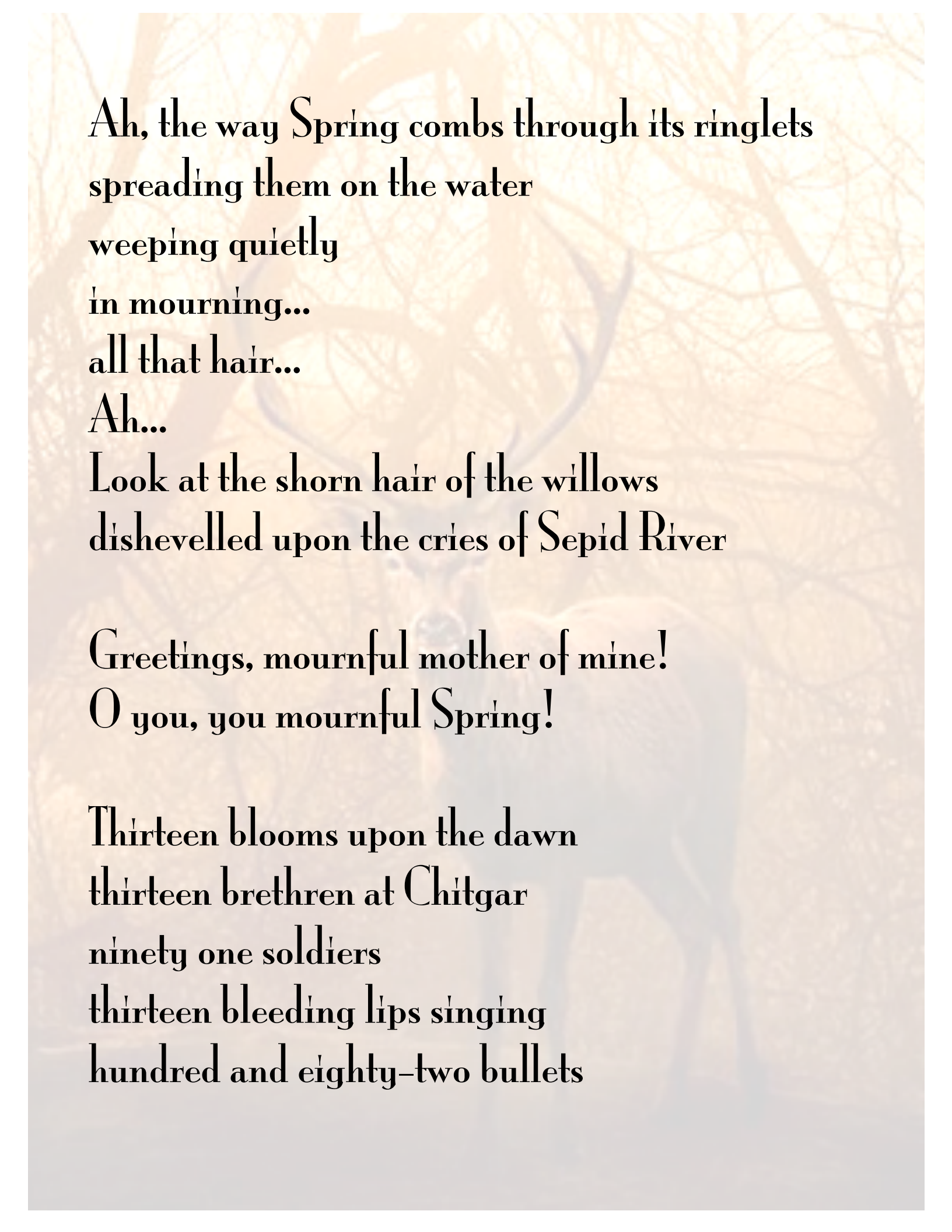


I stroll on Spring
with a satchel full of love and outcry
Ah, how can I gather these torn tulips!

Spring
is weeping
by the banks of Simineh River

Spring is leaning
over Mount Binalud
and the bleeding sips of tears
falling on the rocks
bloom into the most flaming flowers

Greetings, the Spring of the bleeding homeland!
Greetings, weeping mother of mine!
Greetings, red Spring!



Ah, the way Spring combs through its ringlets
spreading them on the water
weeping quietly
in mourning...
all that hair...

Ah...

Look at the shorn hair of the willows
dishevelled upon the cries of Sepid River

Greetings, mournful mother of mine!
O you, you mournful Spring!

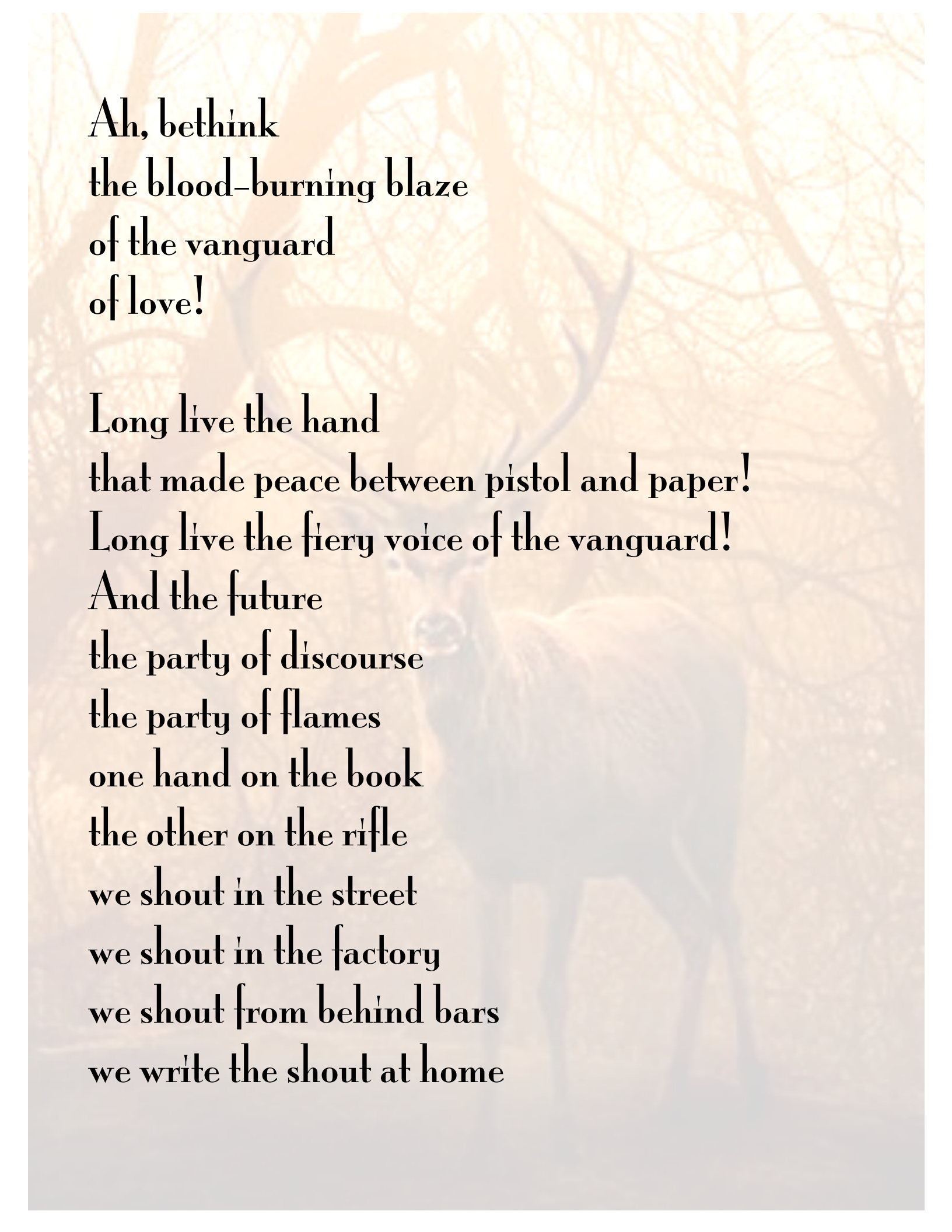
Thirteen blooms upon the dawn
thirteen brethren at Chitgar
ninety one soldiers
thirteen bleeding lips singing
hundred and eighty-two bullets



thirteen walls of blooms wilted

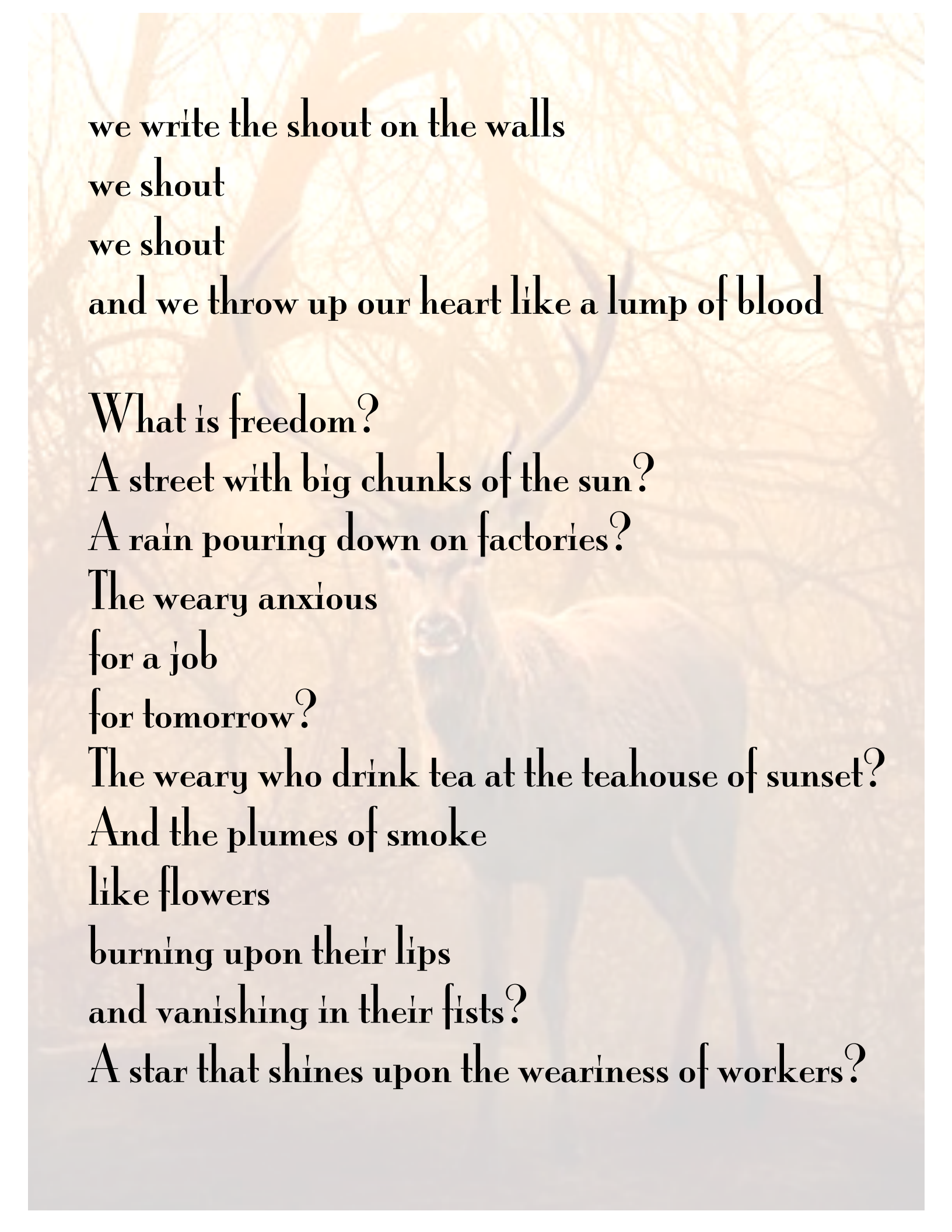
The sun trembles
the leaves tremble
the rivers tremble
the fists pound on the wall
dialogue is defeated in the homeland
under the gaze of soldiers
thirteen larks of blood flap their wings
flutter on the blood-drenched posts
wither on the blood-drenched posts
and they fly away over the plateau

Ah, bethink
the roars
the leopards
the winter of 1971!



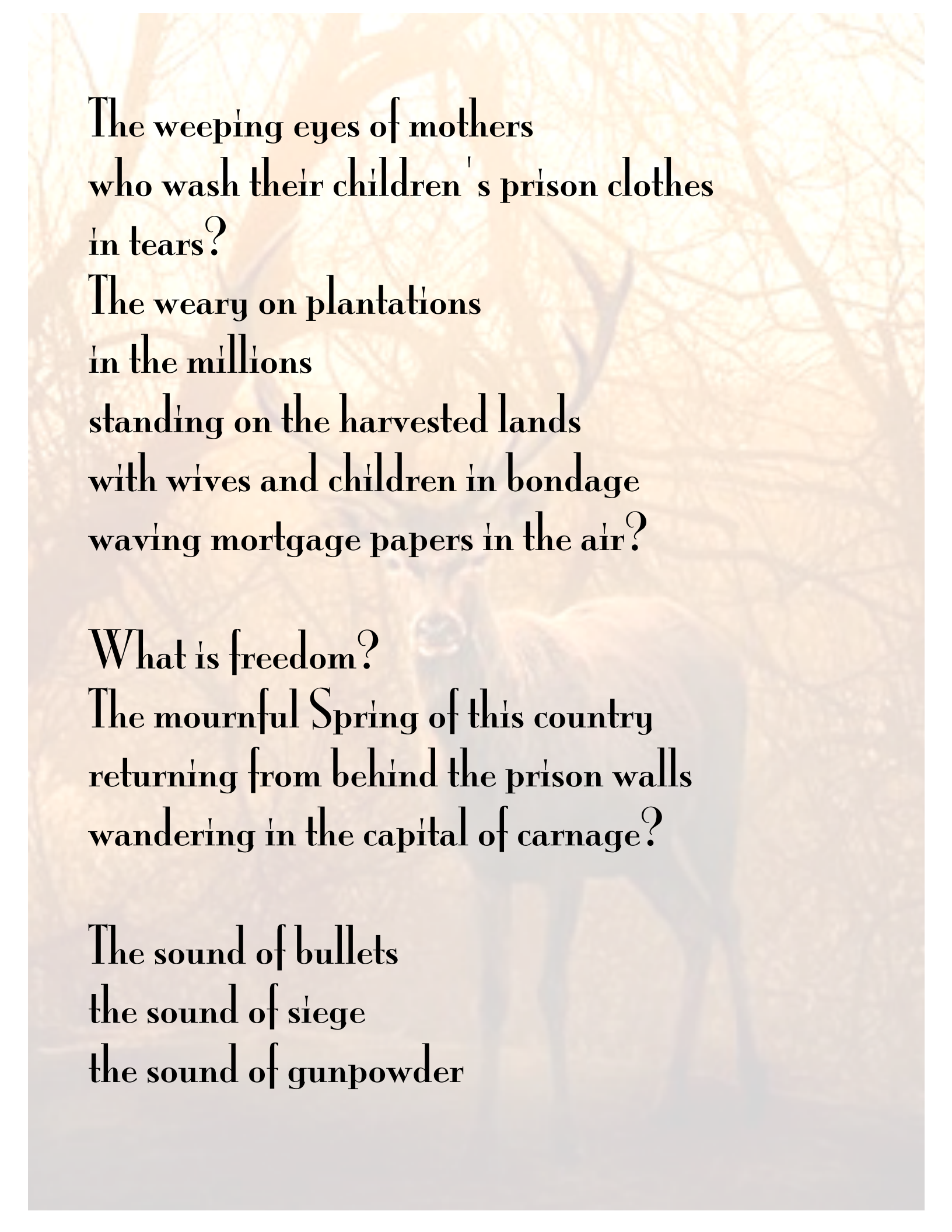
Ah, bethink
the blood-burning blaze
of the vanguard
of love!

Long live the hand
that made peace between pistol and paper!
Long live the fiery voice of the vanguard!
And the future
the party of discourse
the party of flames
one hand on the book
the other on the rifle
we shout in the street
we shout in the factory
we shout from behind bars
we write the shout at home



we write the shout on the walls
we shout
we shout
and we throw up our heart like a lump of blood

What is freedom?
A street with big chunks of the sun?
A rain pouring down on factories?
The weary anxious
for a job
for tomorrow?
The weary who drink tea at the teahouse of sunset?
And the plumes of smoke
like flowers
burning upon their lips
and vanishing in their fists?
A star that shines upon the weariness of workers?

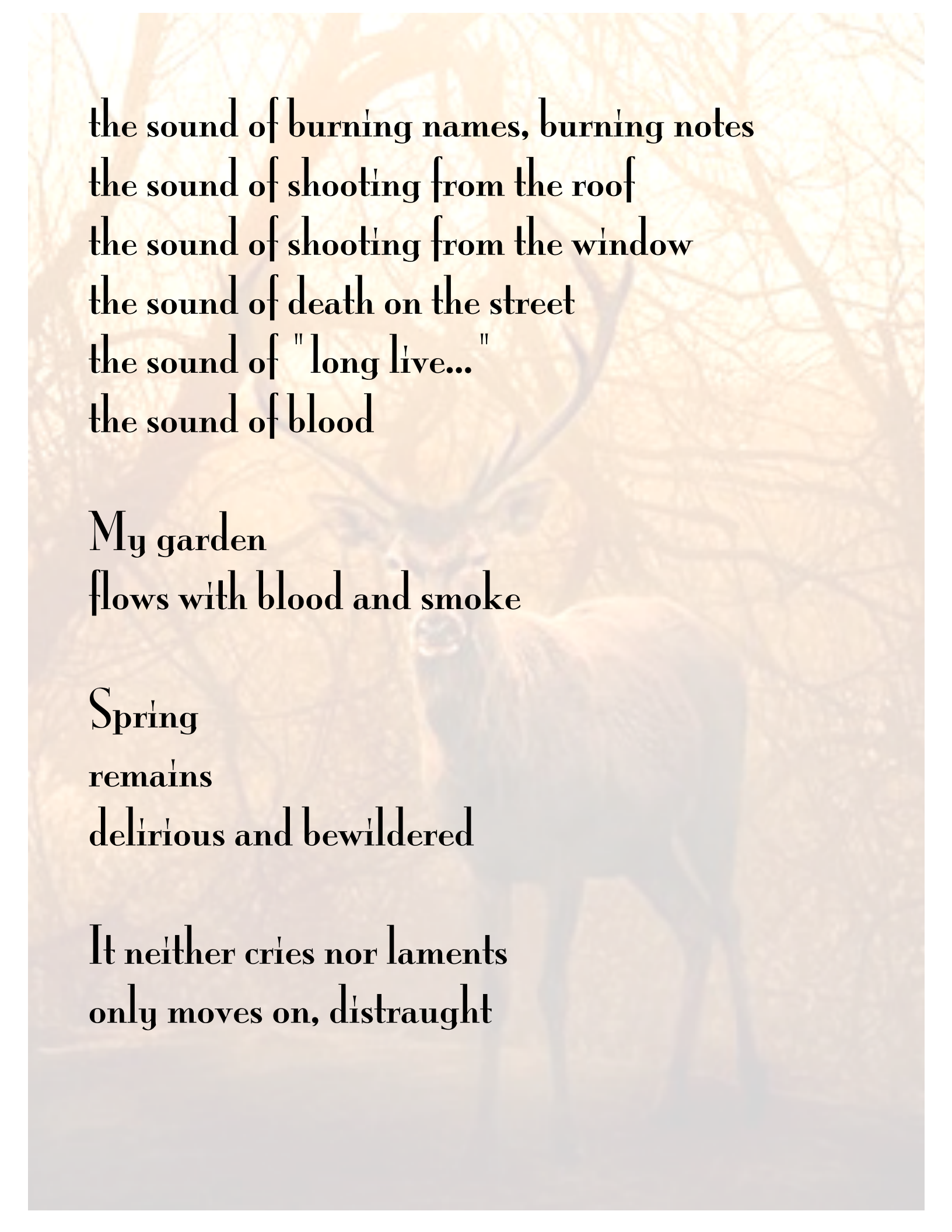


The weeping eyes of mothers
who wash their children 's prison clothes
in tears?

The weary on plantations
in the millions
standing on the harvested lands
with wives and children in bondage
waving mortgage papers in the air?

What is freedom?
The mournful Spring of this country
returning from behind the prison walls
wandering in the capital of carnage?

The sound of bullets
the sound of siege
the sound of gunpowder

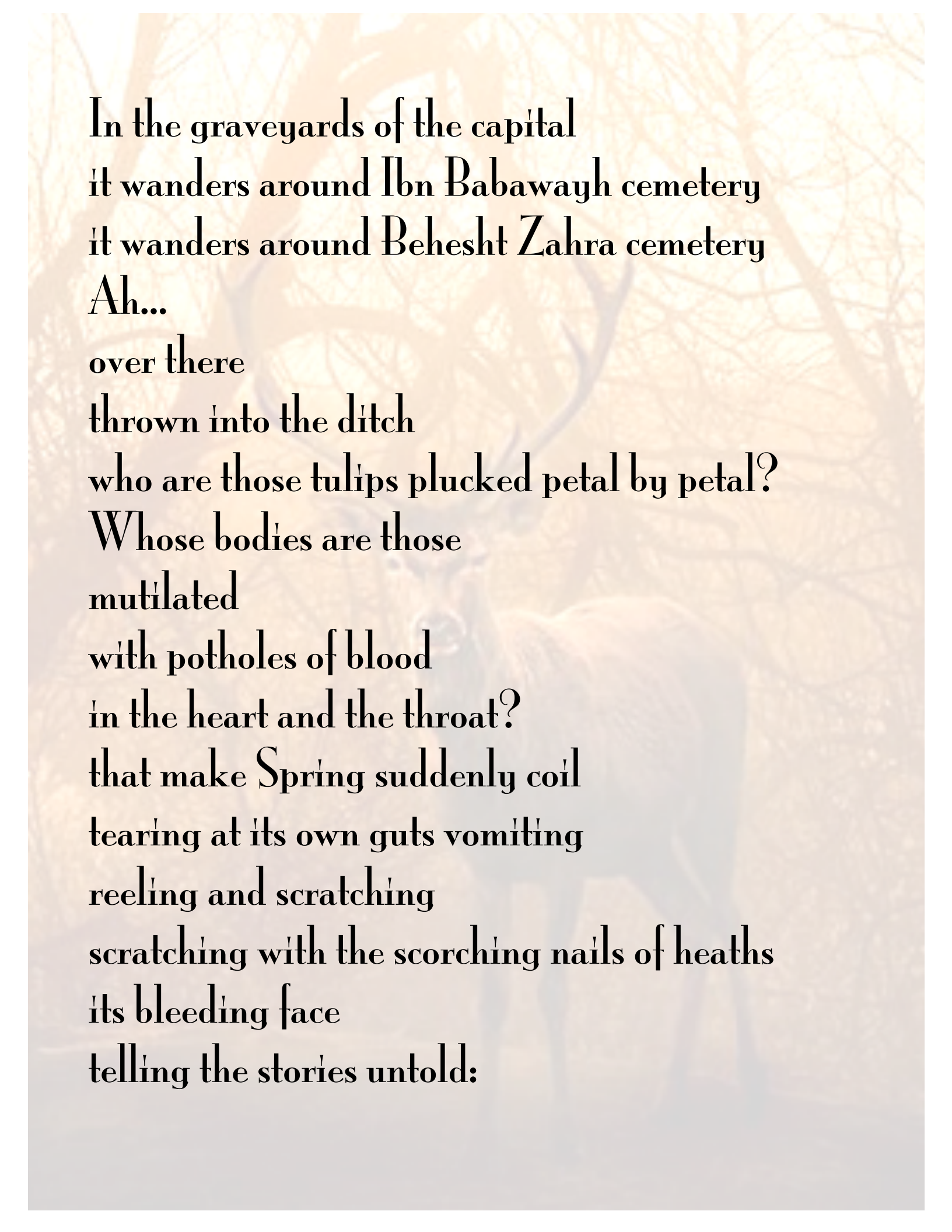


the sound of burning names, burning notes
the sound of shooting from the roof
the sound of shooting from the window
the sound of death on the street
the sound of "long live..."
the sound of blood

My garden
flows with blood and smoke

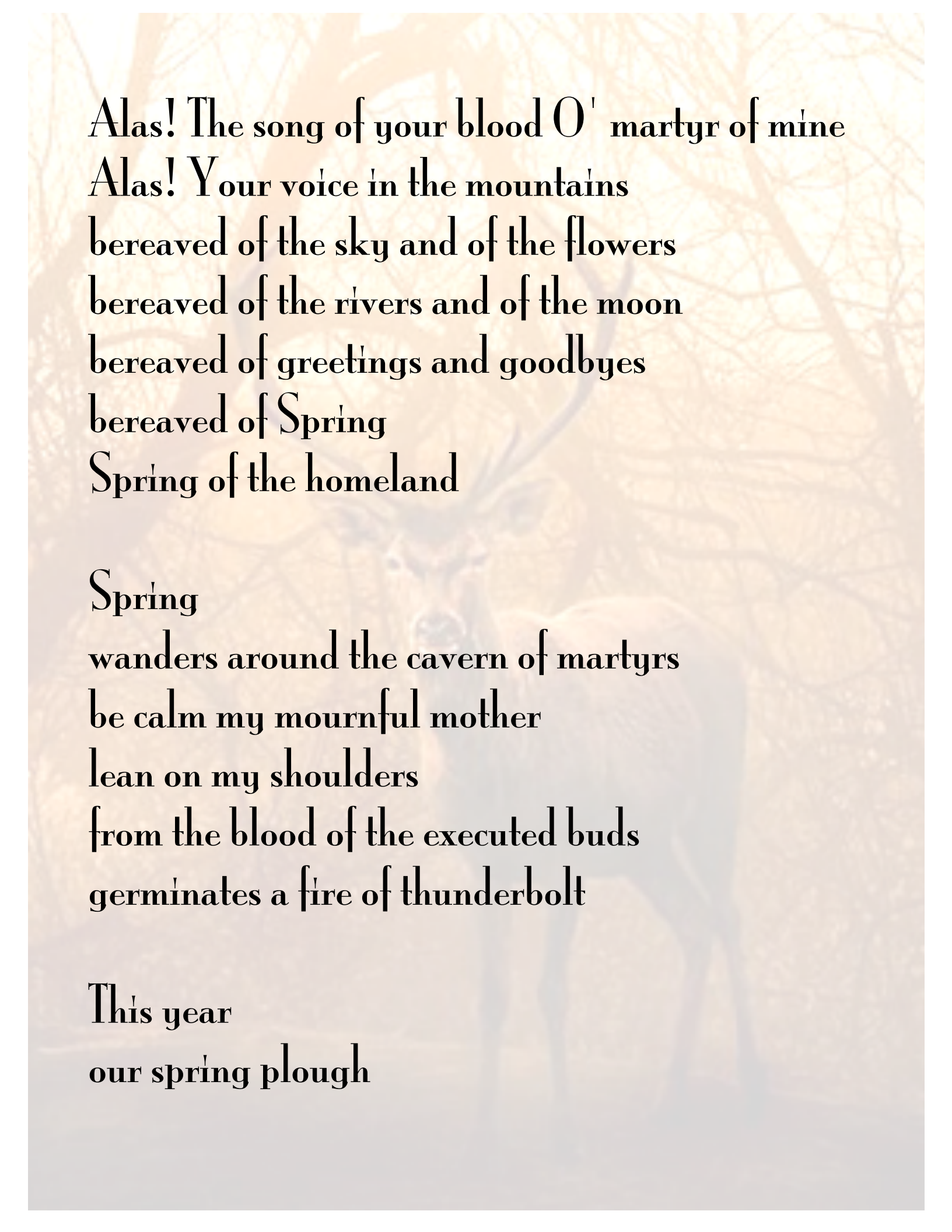
Spring
remains
delirious and bewildered

It neither cries nor laments
only moves on, distraught



In the graveyards of the capital
it wanders around Ibn Babawayh cemetery
it wanders around Behesht Zahra cemetery
Ah...

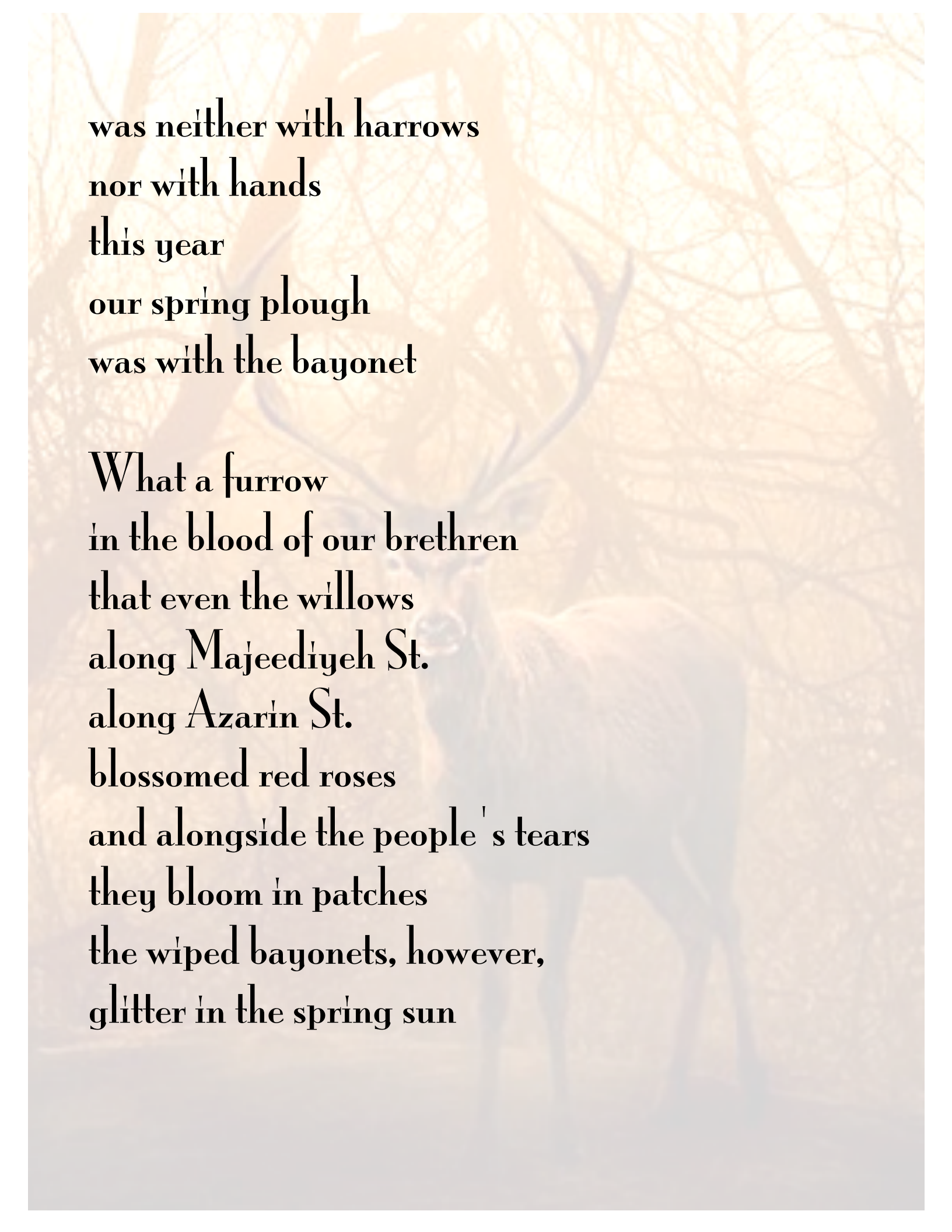
over there
thrown into the ditch
who are those tulips plucked petal by petal?
Whose bodies are those
mutilated
with potholes of blood
in the heart and the throat?
that make Spring suddenly coil
tearing at its own guts vomiting
reeling and scratching
scratching with the scorching nails of heaths
its bleeding face
telling the stories untold:



Alas! The song of your blood O' martyr of mine
Alas! Your voice in the mountains
bereaved of the sky and of the flowers
bereaved of the rivers and of the moon
bereaved of greetings and goodbyes
bereaved of Spring
Spring of the homeland

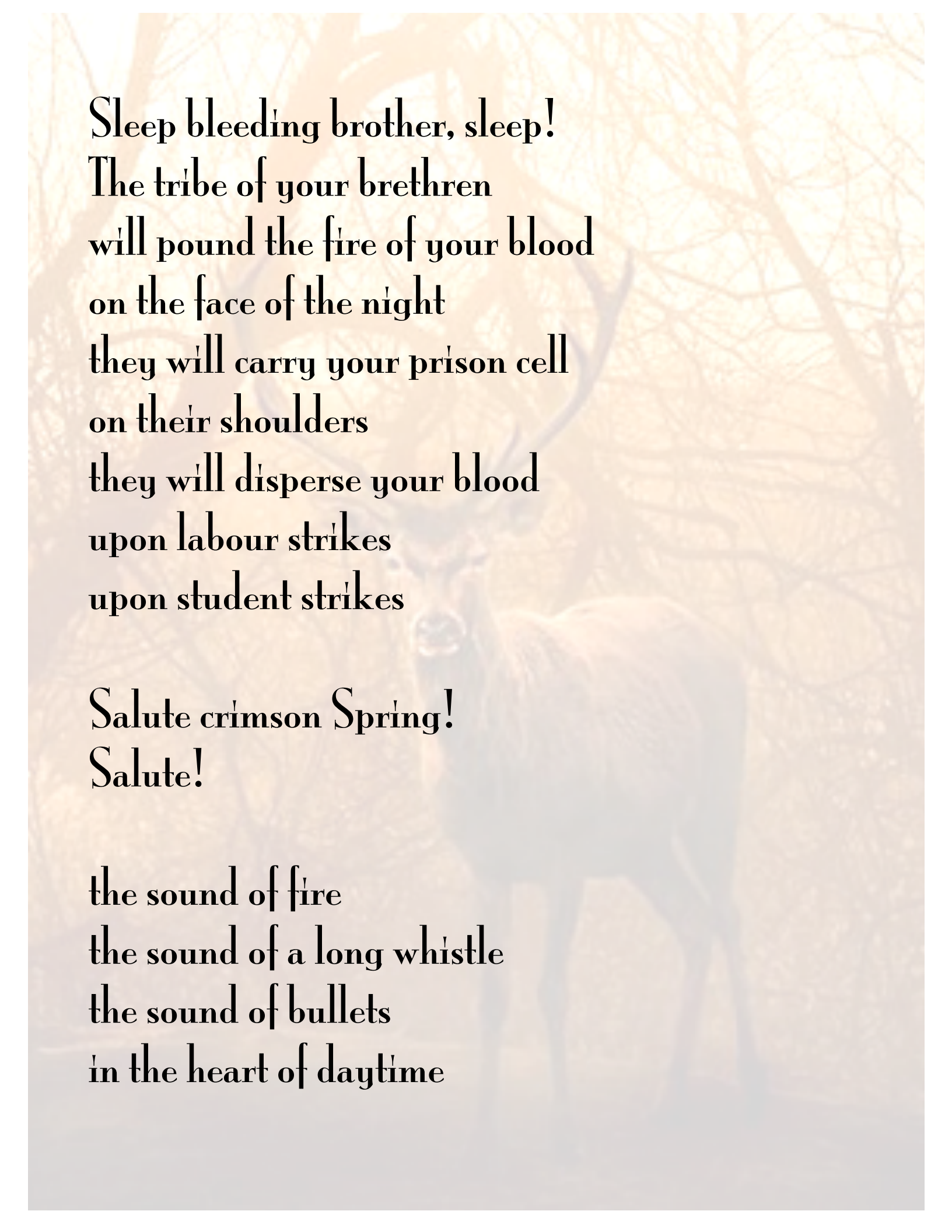
Spring
wanders around the cavern of martyrs
be calm my mournful mother
lean on my shoulders
from the blood of the executed buds
germinates a fire of thunderbolt

This year
our spring plough



was neither with harrows
nor with hands
this year
our spring plough
was with the bayonet

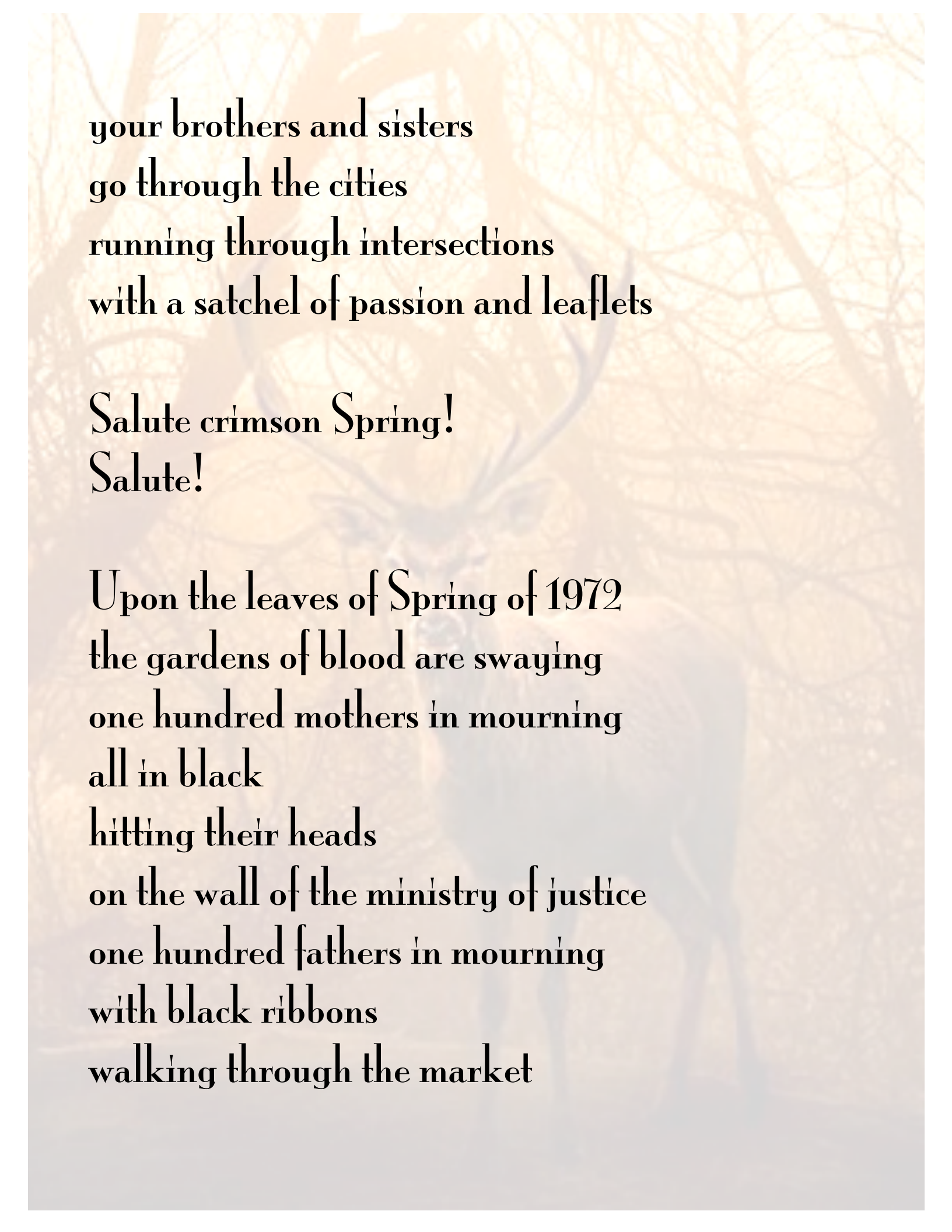
What a furrow
in the blood of our brethren
that even the willows
along Majeediyeh St.
along Azarín St.
blossomed red roses
and alongside the people's tears
they bloom in patches
the wiped bayonets, however,
glitter in the spring sun



Sleep bleeding brother, sleep!
The tribe of your brethren
will pound the fire of your blood
on the face of the night
they will carry your prison cell
on their shoulders
they will disperse your blood
upon labour strikes
upon student strikes

Salute crimson Spring!
Salute!

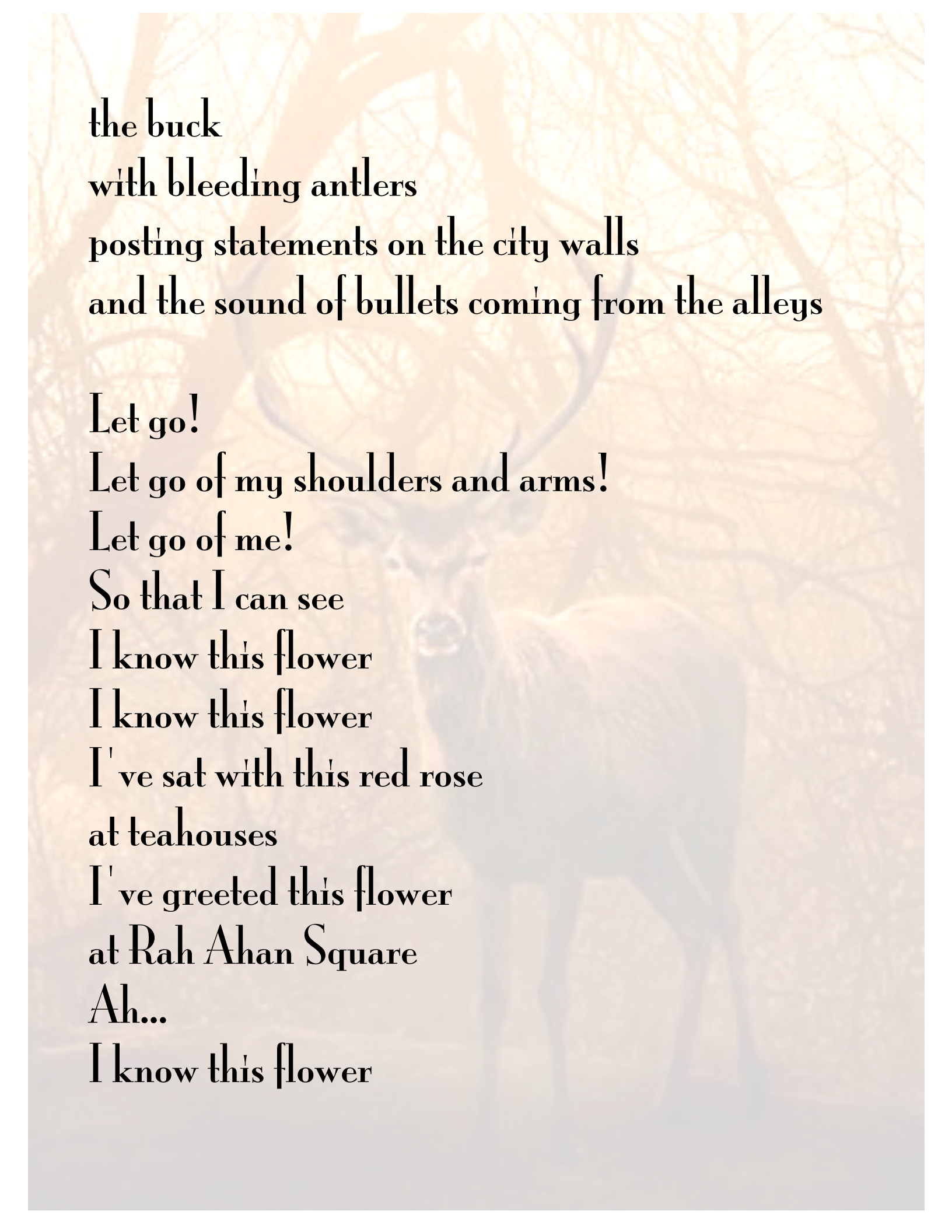
the sound of fire
the sound of a long whistle
the sound of bullets
in the heart of daytime



your brothers and sisters
go through the cities
running through intersections
with a satchel of passion and leaflets

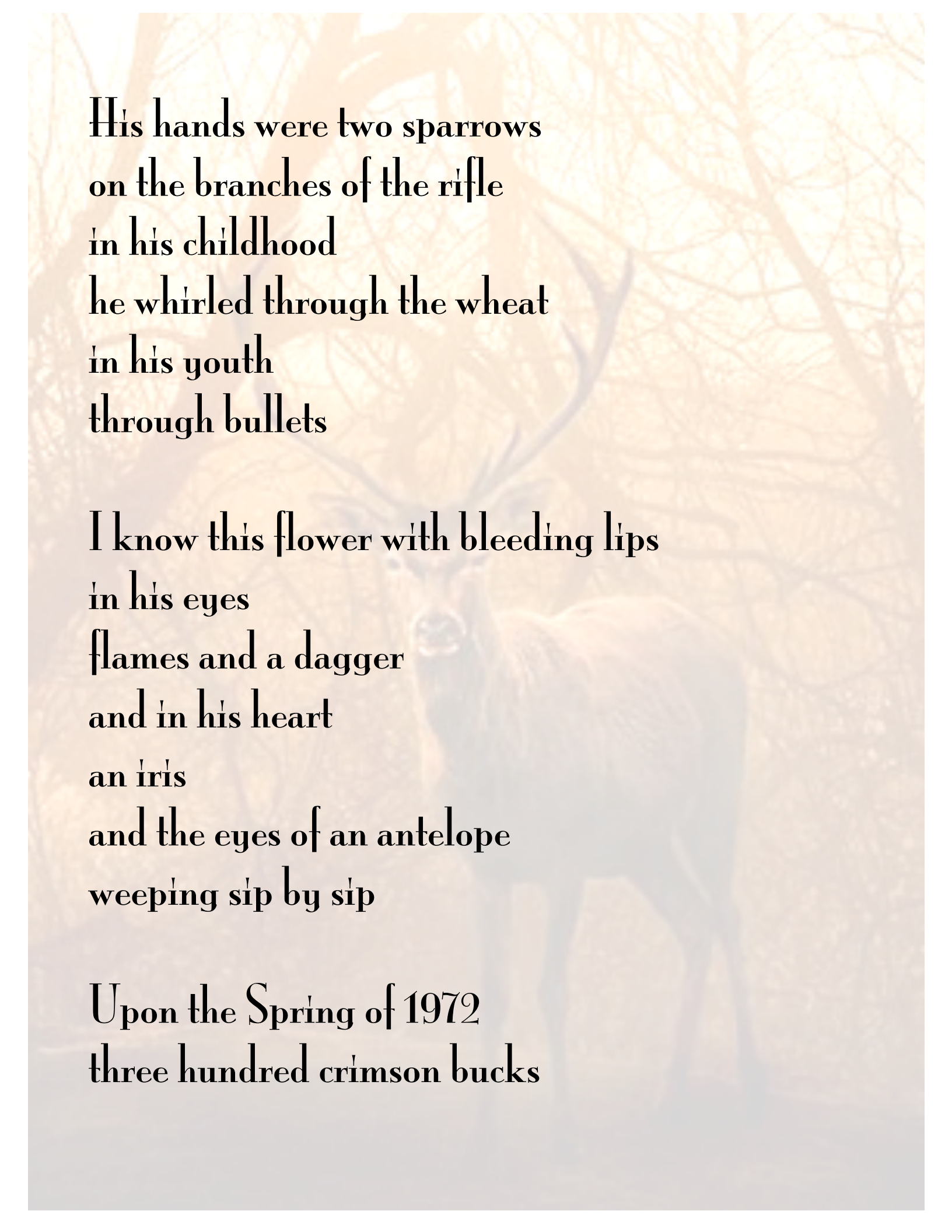
Salute crimson Spring!
Salute!

Upon the leaves of Spring of 1972
the gardens of blood are swaying
one hundred mothers in mourning
all in black
hitting their heads
on the wall of the ministry of justice
one hundred fathers in mourning
with black ribbons
walking through the market



the buck
with bleeding antlers
posting statements on the city walls
and the sound of bullets coming from the alleys

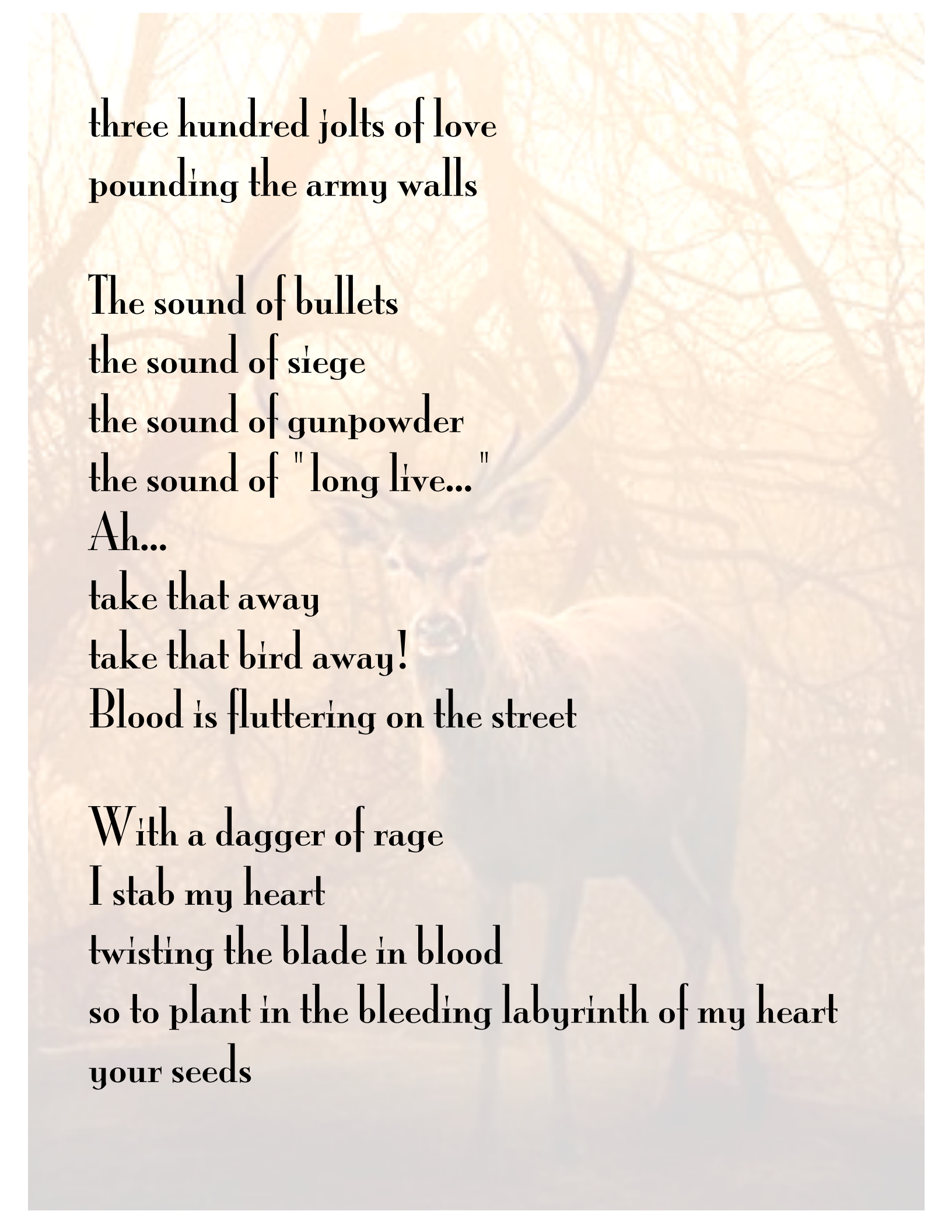
Let go!
Let go of my shoulders and arms!
Let go of me!
So that I can see
I know this flower
I know this flower
I've sat with this red rose
at teahouses
I've greeted this flower
at Rah Ahan Square
Ah...
I know this flower



His hands were two sparrows
on the branches of the rifle
in his childhood
he whirled through the wheat
in his youth
through bullets

I know this flower with bleeding lips
in his eyes
flames and a dagger
and in his heart
an iris
and the eyes of an antelope
weeping sip by sip

Upon the Spring of 1972
three hundred crimson bucks



three hundred jolts of love
pounding the army walls

The sound of bullets
the sound of siege
the sound of gunpowder
the sound of "long live..."

Ah...

take that away

take that bird away!

Blood is fluttering on the street

With a dagger of rage

I stab my heart

twisting the blade in blood

so to plant in the bleeding labyrinth of my heart

your seeds

you the executed bud

Like a mountain of fire

I rise

with a bleeding stream of tears

upon the act of martyrdom

and I write the burning elegy of my times

and wise and in love

sleeping upon the flint of my lips

the restless dream of a kiss and a fire

a hand-grenade in the fist

a weapon on the wing

with papers

that have bloomed like flowers in my pockets

I go forward towards the people's organization.

By Saeed Soltanpour

Translated by A. Behrang