

'IF'

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If I were a bird, I would have silently dived
and glided to a free land.

A Great Kiskadee.

I would have loved my mixed look
black crown, shiny white rings
reddish brown broad wings
my very stout bill, and my belly
the light yellow puffy skin.

But it's February 1983, a chilly salty morn
I'm not a bird.

I shout, please listen
the Islamic Revolutionary Guard is ruling it's terror
and I've been taken captive.

I'm in solitary confinement
the night comes down through the unreachable broken window
the breeze is scarce and my breath is thin.

I'm alone in a tiny box, a grave for the living.

Shrouded by my black chador
darkness rolls in under the blindfold
and I'm asked to lie down
all day long like a forgotten tale.

If only I could fall asleep,
but the sound of the loudspeaker rises in pitch,
the Guard calls out my number, and my heart is pounding
as I'm sent for interrogation.

'IF'

The sound of lashes, pitiless,
rapidly backwards and forwards.

My past has no purpose.

If I were with my mother
she would have cured my swollen feet
would have touched my wounds with her soothing hands.

Rapidly backwards and forwards
the Guard viciously soars:
'Repent of your past, the betrayal of your comrades'.
My hoarse voice: 'Nooooooooo'.
This mutilated world, how can I ever survive?

As this new day is born
I feel my long hair flying in the air
spreading my story to live.

I'm a Great Kiskadee
have picked my comrades from their graves
holding them tightly by the tip of my bill
under my broad and rounded wings
I'm flying to a faraway land.
