

Dedication

In the name of this day

And

In the name of this day's sorrow:

Sorrow that stands, disdaining the blossoming garden of Life,

Like a forest of dying leaves

A forest of dying leaves that is my country

An assembly of pain that is my country

In the name of the sad lives of clerks,

In the name of the worm-eaten hearts and the worm-eaten tongues

In the name of the postmen

In the name of the coachmen

In the name of the railway workers

In the name of the workers in the factories

In the name of him who is Emperor of the Universe, Lord of All Things,

The farmer,

Representative of God on Earth,

Whose livestock has been stolen by tyrants,

Whose daughter has been abducted by bandits

Who has lost, from his hand's breadth of land,

One finger to the record keeper

And another to the government as tax,

And whose very feet have been trampled to shreds

Under the footsteps of the powerful.

In the name of those sad mothers

Whose children cry out in the night

And will not be silenced by the defeated arms of sleep,

Who will not say what saddens them
Or be consoled by tears or entreaties.
In the name of those beauties
The flowers of whose eyes
Blossomed from every curtain and balcony
And withered away in waiting.
In the name of those wives
Whose unloved bodies
Have grown tired of the treachery of beds
In the name of the widows
In the name of neighbourhoods
Whose scattered garbage the moon
Blesses every night,
And from whose shadows cries out
The fragrance of veils
The tinkling of bangles
The scent of loosened hair
The smell of passionate bodies burning in their own sweat.
In the name of students
Who went to the masters of drums and banners
Prostrating themselves on doorsteps
With their books and pens
Praying, with open arms, to be heard,
But never returned.
Those innocents, who, in their naiveté
Took their tiny lamps,
Their candle flames of hope, to where
The shadows of endless nights were being given out.
In the name of those prisoners

In whose breasts the shining gem of the future
Burns, polished by the noise of the jailer's night,
To a star like radiance.

In the name of those harbingers of the days to come
Who, like the flower with its scent,
Have become enamoured of their own message.