

Lament for a Soldier

Rise now from the dust
My darling young one. Wake.
Wake now. Wake now.
We've your life's bed to make.

Look how the dark night
Comes wrapped in a long blue shawl
Where these crying eyes
Have heaped up pearls—
So many pearls whose light
Casts on your wedding rite
A shimmering tonight
To brighten your name.

Rise now from the ground
My darling young one. Wake.
Wake now. Wake now
While in every house is gold new dawn
But at ours a pitch-dark yard.

Wanton, heroic, how long
Has your young bride to wait
Knowing your time is come?
Look, there is work to be done.
The enemy lords over the throne

And you lie in the dust, young one.
Rise from the ground. Wake.
Don't leave. Rise from the dust.
Wake, my darling young one.

Translated by Khalid Hasan