

We Who Were Executed

On the far horizon waved some flicker of light
My heart, a city of suffering, awoke in a state of dream
My eyes, turning restless, still dreaming,
the morning, dawning in this vacuous abode of separation

In the wine-cup of my heart, I poured my morning wine
Mixing in the bitterness of the past, the poison of the present

On the far horizon waved some flicker of light
far from the eye, a precursor to some morning
Some song, some scent, some unbelievably pretty face
went by unknowingly, carrying a distressful hope

Mixing in the bitterness of the past, the poison of the present
I proposed a toast to the longings on this day of prison-visit
To the fellow drinkers of my homeland and beyond
To the beauty of the worlds, the grace of beloved's lip and cheek