

We, who were slain in unlit pathways...

(Inspired by the letters of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg; Translated by: Hamid Rahim Sheikh)

We, who were slain in unlit pathways,
Wishing for the roses of your lips,
we offered ourselves to a gallows' twig.
Longing for the radiance of your glowing hands,
we let ourselves be slain in unlit pathways.
On the gallows away from our face
darted the redness of your ruby lips,
waved the playfulness of your youthful locks,
shone the glow of the silver palms.
When the evening of suffering settled in your alleys
we came, as far as our steps could bring
Words of poetry on our lips, a lamp of anguish in our hearts
Our suffering was a testimony to your beauty
See, we were faithful to our pledge
We, who were slain in unlit pathways.
If failure was our destined end
your love was indeed our own doing.
Who is to blame if all the roads of passion
led to the killing grounds of separation.
Picking up our flags from these grounds
will march forth more caravans of your lovers
For whose journeys' sake, our footsteps
have shortened the lengths of the agonizing quest

For whose sake we have made universal
by losing our lives, the pledge to your faithfulness
We, who were slain in unlit pathways.
Ask me not, my love . . .
Ask me not, my love, for the love of the former days,

I had thought, with you around, life would be dazzling bright,
With your grief to fill my heart, other grieves would vaporize
Your beauty keeps the spring alive,
The world contains naught but your starry eyes,
To own you is to own the fortunes richest prize.
It wasn't so, I simply wished it could be so!
Besides the grieves of love, there're other grieves in life,
Besides the joy of union there're other delights.
The dark, devilish spells o'er several centuries cast,
Woven in silks and satins, in brocade finely wrought;
Human bodies for sale in every street and shop,
Bodies bathed in blood, splashed with gory spots,
I cannot help but see them all.
Your beauty still attracts the heart; but what to do?
There are other grieves in life,
Besides the joy of union, there are other delights

Translated by Rahim Khan