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| **For Women of Afghanistan** By Sheema Kalbasi*"The poet, writes in four languages and wrote her first poem at the age of eight. Her works have been translated and published in various anthologies, literary journals, and online magazines. Her poems "For Women of Afghanistan" and "Mama in the War" have attracted critical attention. She has traveled frequently, having resided in a variety of countries since a very young age. Today she lives in the United States of America."*As I walk in the streets of Kabul,behind the painted windows,there are broken hearts, broken women.If they don't have any male family to accompany them,they die of hunger while begging for bread,the once teachers, doctors, professorsare today nothing but walking hungry houses.Not even tasting the moon,they carry their bodies around, in the covered coffin veils.They are the stones in the back of the line ...their voices not allowed to come out of their dried mouths.Butterflies flying by, have no color in Afghani women's eyesfor they can't see nothing but blood shaded streetsfrom behind the colored windows,and can't smell no bakery's breadfor their sons bodies exposing, cover any other smell,and their ears can't hear nothingfor they hear only their hungry belliescrying their owners unheard voiceswith each sound of shooting and terror.Remedy for the bitter silenced Amnesty,the bloodshed of Afghani woman's lifeon the-no-limitation-of-sentences-demanding helpas the voices break away not coming out but pressing hardin the tragic endings of their lives."Woman, are you the brown March Violets?""I saw an angel in the MiramarI carved and carveduntil I freed her out".        -Michele AngeloMy utopia brushedan unusual currentturned intoautobiographical circulation ofdevilish misplaced luckas a woman todayI havenever had much fruitmuch happinessMy parents' ambitionnot to see me sealing my bodyto the sad painted windowsMen with unknown identitywithout facesdecide for my very existenceMy voicea recorded statementI am a hopping sparrow.......... Maybe tomorrow           behind the veil           the flesh           dies away           all the pain                   the sorrowof being a womanin Afghanistanin the year zero, zero, zeroI triedI triedto pour burning oil on the crying cellson my bodyInsideonly insidethe burning oilwere the poisoned houses of wishes!A mushroom in the city-world-of universeFrom trying to pass the dyingthe head first and then dripping breadcomesShiftingfrom one age to anotherLively playing with deathI die-to-die and live to liveIf I could only livea noble life. |