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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, professors are 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 eyes for they can't see nothing but blood shaded streets from behind the colored windows, and can't smell no bakery's bread for their sons bodies exposing, cover any other smell, and their ears can't hear nothing for they hear only their hungry bellies crying their owners unheard voices with each sound of shooting and terror. Remedy for the bitter silenced Amnesty, the bloodshed of Afghani woman's life on the-no-limitation-of-sentences-demanding help as the voices break away not coming out but pressing hard in the tragic endings of their lives.  "Woman, are you the brown March Violets?" "I saw an angel in the Miramar I carved and carved until I freed her out".         -Michele Angelo  My utopia brushed an unusual current turned into autobiographical circulation of devilish misplaced luck  as a woman today I have never had much fruit much happiness  My parents' ambition not to see me sealing my body to the sad painted windows  Men with unknown identity without faces decide for my very existence  My voice a recorded statement I am a hopping sparrow .......... Maybe tomorrow            behind the veil            the flesh            dies away            all the pain                    the sorrow of being a woman in Afghanistan in the year zero, zero, zero  I tried I tried to pour burning oil on the crying cells on my body Inside only inside the burning oil were the poisoned houses of wishes!  A mushroom in the city-world-of universe From trying to pass the dying the head first and then dripping bread comes  Shifting from one age to another Lively playing with death  I die-to-die and live to live If I could only live a noble life. |