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European Languages

زبانهای اروپایی

Farah Notash

12.11.2019

Aspang Bahnhof

In commemoration of 10,000 Jews
taken from Aspang railway station
in Vienna...1939-1942...
they never came back

The past has never gone
The wounds have never healed
I stay standing
With all my historical stabs
Bleeding as fresh as...days of the events

my memories are me
and I am nothing but...
strong links... in between
yesterday...today and tomorrow

when the fires... of yesterday
spread their flames in me... today
the repetitions... of explosions...go on and on
and the agonies...are never drowned in silence
I hear the trains... whistling in Aspang

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and I see the trains
with a chest full of steam... opening
big white umbrellas
over the enormous heavy sighs
the platforms...palpitating
with sorrow...separation ... sorrow ...anxiety
heavy sounds of... black boots heels
harsh... aggressive... dominant voices
racist supporters of capitals
savage... brutal...urge divisions
the loving lines are cut

mothers are taken
fathers are taken
there she is
there she is
Jacob's mother...he is only one month old
where is he?
They took him away... from my arms
now the five little kids...are alone... at the house

children... are separated...
to be the witnesses
of smoking chimneys
with them...who are... just the numbers

this horror...this brutality
this harsh noble race criminality
in hidden darks...and shameless bights
dragging and dragging... till to day
searching new ways ...
for sitting again... on the wings of tomorrows

where are they taking you

my gipsy friends
you always... loved our music
listen to the latest one...
trains...
trains of sorrows
trains of sighs
trains of miseries... agonies
trains of... weeping eyes
trains of ... anxieties
trains of... bleeding hearts
trains of... losing... connections... eternal separations
trains of ... cutting... ties
trains of... trains of...
goodbye... adieu... my comrade
 where is... the destination?

farewell... be brave... my comrade
 not far ... is the destination
 Mauthausen ... the place of execution
chik... chak.... Chik... chak
now is moving train
small red scarf... in his waving hand
... becomes a red star
as moving train

Farah Notash

Vienna, November 2008

Poem Book 6

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