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[SAULAT NAGI](#)

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Mowing The Lawn (Poem)

If I have to live

The occupation must end

If I have to die: for which I am not shy

It would barely matter: If the fountain of my blood drained by the Zionists, remained unseen

But once it seeps into my land

It must water the planted seeds

Seeds for the immortal flowers: And when they bloom: they cannot be mowed by the tanks of the enemy

They would act like mines: in my Palestine: laid in the ways of my enemy. To explode if they are mowed

To leave a message of a long protracted war

Where heads would roll: But not of our kids: As you Zionists always bid

But of your men: Who will die in our dens

Like a beast of prey

We will hunt them down

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In the twilight of evening : And in the brightness of the day
We will teach you the same: Which you taught us with little shame
If only one of us has to remain: It's we who will outlive : the unleashed carnage and the
wrath of the sky
If might is on your side: Our weapon would be sacrifice: which will make you implode
If we have to die: You won't live either
A promise we are making of taking you to Hades
And making you cry: on the battlefield: And in the corners of your homes
Begging for your life: to see another day when the crimson sun
Drenched and drowned in our blood, rises again
Our bodies will shiver in its frozen light—with damning fright
Death will knock at your doors hidden behind the walls: You built very tall with apartheid
bricks
The doors and wall: will creek and fall
Enter our souls through the alleyways of your crimes
Slain by you in unlit pathways
The walking dead will escort you: where you belong: to the graveyard of history: to inter
your remains: In Nazis' domain
For you mowed our lawns: Where our kids once played
And death was the price: They were condemned to pay
An eye for an eye: said the scripture you recited, day after day
Will it change if the tide is turned: And you find yourselves at the receiving end?
If are true the rules must apply: On the Amalek and the chosen ones alike
With even-handed savagery: described by you, with your arsenal of chicanery
Once it's done the world will see: Who are the Amalek and the star-crossed Chosen ones?

Saulat Nagi

1-3-2024