Shahin Najafi "Personal Pain"

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Sad from deep inside like when a women doesn't understand like when a friend dies like when a team loses sad from deep inside like those sad lonely times thinking about sex with dream feeling ashamed of quick masturbation sad from deep inside opium pipe is under the bed don't tie my hands and legs quitting drug is really hard sad from deep inside dead become a part of my dream i better start my poem my cigarettes are finished again sad from deep inside my joys were for many years ago

open eyes stand up sleeping

like the horse in the stables

sad from deep inside

my country gives oil to the world
the people are like soldiers
everything smells like barracks
sad from deep inside
I'm thirsty like an elephant's without nose
I'll accurate my eyes at mirage
my ivory breaks with batons
sad from deep inside
my freedom right become abstract
oh seventy million just like me
my personal pain become social

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