Shahin Najafi "The Year Of Blood"

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remember when it was? We were all awake till daylightCigarette after cigarette because of to much stressMaybe our destiny is imprisoned in the vote boxWe were waiting for a miracle to come outWhat we believed in and demanded forwasn't on making a choice of the lesser evilThe shout was like a tumor in our throatsBut no one heard our criesIt was a bad year, but we weren't bad,It was a test, we didn't failWe've learn that response to fist isn't fistThey tried to slime the green of your shirtThey broke your body; they sealed your mouthThey forced you to confess to what you haven't done, They threatened you to a death, like Neda'sWe've erased that line between men and womenEven we wore scarves to show our love for MajidOur words were clear but they were deafWe were all trees sentenced to be felledThe streets smelled bloodSohrab was breathing his last in front of Rostam's eyes. They cut off the writing hands There was a horrible massacre in the name of God. The year in which the Coca-bottle smelled Kahrizak Now, I just want to burst in to tearsYou shouted and I felt a twinge of envyMany times I died and tortured with youMany times I pounded my fist on the deskMany times I cursed on all history and fateAll of my poems were bloodyand I was like an insane falcon in the cagelt was a bad year but we weren't badThey tried to break us but we stoodLong live all those green cedarsWe're proud and this is our being's pulseTomorrow is the day for sun to risel'm sure these dark days will come to endThe bad year, the wind's year, the year of tear and bloodThe year full of hate with excessive insanityThe year of mine, the year of yours, the year of love and prideThe year of a hand with a green vote under hatchet

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