

Shahin Najafi

"To Die Standing Up"

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A severed head in between your hands

my eyes on the broken clock

And sad and rebellious poems

and the wolf, unafraid of the gun

On my doubts of the origin of existence,

on choking loneliness when drunk

And longing and inhaling you,

and the depth of the tragedy; not seeing you

The artery's destiny is obstruction,

and your crime, a scream against the wind

The end of the story is always a bitter one,

and the poet whose conviction is apostasy

The good God sleeping in my book,

the dried semen on my bed

The good God of wrath, death, and religious decree,

and my cries over Yaghma's poetry

Let me be like a cactus

Stay with me, as reading poetry,

next to you, with covenant with desert,

that our code is to die standing up

Tell them, my story was a tale of blood,

contempt, born out of insanity

Tell them, how I did not give in

Tell them, how I died standing up

Translated by MPD Â© 2012

Translator : I see Shahin Najafi's latest song as a universal message of standing up for one's rights and willingness to pay for those rights with his own life, taking a stand against tyranny; and as such, I have tried to translate his poem with a universal appeal, so I have foregone using words such as 'hadith' and 'fatwa.' used in the poem. There is also a reference to "Yaghma," who is Yaghma Golrouee, a contemporary Iranian poet.

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