

## Shahin Najafi

### "We Are Not Men"

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Like the girl with her hymen sewn  
And the poor one in the fire thrown  
Like my mother's oppressive lot  
Summed up in her kettle and pot  
Her body yet unseen  
Her unveiling unforeseen  
She said after life she would no doubt go to hell  
There she would suffer dangling by her hair  
I said, isn't heaven under mothers' feet?\*

Mother, heaven is busy, catch the world you meet  
She said the cantor's prayer makes me shudder  
I said fear has become your rudder  
Seventy years of womanhood is exploitation  
No life but fear and degradation  
A woman innocent, her existence was her crime  
Transformed, beaten into submission to be made prime  
What happens to a woman who hasn't been cheating  
She is the object of fifty years of beating  
She has to stay prone and unheard  
Not even imagine an uncaged bird  
Always the object of a chaperone peeping

A doll, only considered good for sleeping

You smell of whips and smacks

How much longer blackmailed by Toms and Jacks?

Like Iran you have become a tramp

The future is in your hands lady champ

You smell like our land shattered Gone from being flattered to tattered

We were destroyed by our manhood

Please display your womanhood

Take a bit of your valor perfume

Spray it on us with a plume

Ma'am, we're not men, count us out

Take the banner and lead the crowd

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