

Shahin Najafi

"When God Is Asleep"

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Three people, three men, from the same material as death
A broken body, from the same material as hail
the perseverance of three, six testicles and three penises
A Taraneh(Girl's name), an excuse, and an opportunity
three brains filled with holy verses, anger and lust
a room, a dove, one's respect
in their blood vessels flows semen
you are in a moment were you regret being alive
fear was erupting from her eyes
her hands were tied, she'd only scream
Evin silenced her voice in its walls
the pain of entry and the disgust from it repeating
and the scars of tremor from the laughter remained on her body
Taraneh just cry and close your eyes
Do it brother God is sleeping
Fuck it like your ancestors did in history
burn her injured and ripped apart body
read holy verses over her dead body
the earth should see its' heirs and cry blood
the earth should explode and gain some decency
the dark of night take over the skies

time and space should just get lost in the skies

the earth should spit on my face if I am silent

If I don't sing a hundred songs for Taraneh

Taraneh, you should witness how I am sinking in the sludge

Taraneh, just come and cross me off

A head on the side walk and a bullets asleep

A body a soldier and tears of a gun

A Basiji who loves the colour green

A Christian Paul and opposing war

A cleric free in the people's hands

without a turban on his head in the hand of a scorpion

A Mahsa, Jila, Shiva, Mohammad, Isa, Adnan, Kaveh, Jelveh, Ahmad

A lawyer without a lawyer, and the pain of being locked up

A Slap, profanity, and holding of breath

Crystal like spite stuck in the canary's throat

A noise , A bullet and a deep wound

A Mahmud but made from charcoal,

Humility, Paranoia, and a sense of perfection

A Government that has nausea from the people's stomachs

A herd that has been left unattended for 30 years and it has become a foundation

the bad, ugly and black lines drawn by a pencil

A doctor and an illiterate convict.

Just like the halo around the head of the nail

the caricature of a senseless Dictator

a foul hideous supreme leader

a Muawiyah in the clothes of Ali

Taraneh you should witness this ship in the sludge

cross its name from your notebook

Taraneh you should yell and laugh at me

Taraneh you should close your eyes and cry

Taraneh, you should witness how I am sinking in the sludge

Taraneh, just come and cross me off

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