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Green Trilogy

Abol Froushan

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[Aller au sommaire du numéro](#)

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Green Trilogy

ABOL FROUSHAN

Resurrection: Angel of Freedom
Bloodstains: Nedas
Forehead beaten in: Shooting Stars

Resurrection: Angel of Freedom

There is no death in a death that shadows us
or her eye as it puddles the blood that denies her lungs
the thrills of future breathing

the place is the blood-splash on the street or streaking down her face
her teacher beholding the big why in her wry open eyes
the doctor a metre away who rushed to stop the gush

Anyone stricken by love calls her name
So her killers and all the snipers
shall shrink away

Any girl who bares her chest to defy
two ravens in charge of the nation,
will win the day

I love love though love recedes
I love the white lily
though it withers in my hand
and grows in my song

Wait for me
Oh freedom song

Bloodstains: Nedas

Would that I have told you my sister
how that euphoric spillage of feet marching
fist face over the pavements and streets
and howling squares daubed in green
would only end in tears of blood
alone on the rooftops crying out
for the grace of god to save us
from our foes and the woes of standing by
catching tirades of night raids on the neighbours' house.

Save your tears for the coming flood.

In Spain eighty percent are Marias,
in tomorrow's Iran there shall be as many Nedas.

Save your tears for the coming flood
washing green rivulets in rivers of blood.

This is it, the tricolor of your mother's grief
green for the movement, red for the eyes
white for the hope

Forehead beaten in: Shooting Stars

From the East it encroaches on the stars,
the big dipper, the pole star suffer
oblivion for another twenty ... It's 3.30 am

Sunday's light encroaching on the clouds
now blanketing the stars we were watching
on the deck last night, waiting for a shooting star's
'your wish come true' moment.

A week in politics come to a conked head.

We back down, go inside, forgetting the milky way.

Last night a superstar dies like a supernova at midnight
BBC foreshadowing the shooting starless revolution
disappearing up in head hanging balloons of green
smoke.

The window to the street light is not shattered
the wi-fi globe is revolving through the streets
hushed in the rush of wheels, clicking the keypads

Too high, too low, somewhere in between
the crisis is over spilt milk on the kitchen
floor may be mixed in blood or no, just imagined.

Was it to do with a shooting star? or even a super star?
that this iron grip on the rest of us has engaged the best of us,
but a star is missing and will be?

Tonight a shooting star missed its promise
police takes me instead that in a starless night
like the thinker of the breeze ran in the back streets
lost in his tracks.