

POETRY

HUNTERS

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Hunters have brought the drought.
Hunters did mold the gold
Into something old to corrode.
When pollen carriers were killed
Or fled
From this land...

The pollens
Awaited their mission
To bring forth salvation.
But gluttony did dissipate
The feeling of guilt and deceit.
And hunters became the guardians' comrades.
Thus, when the land
Was rendered unclothed and arid,
We shall ride northwards,
To catch sight of willows.

The Sun and the Moon
Are forced to be here.
The Sun shines bright
And the Moon brimmed with light.
Only these two perfectly play their parts.

Amidst these ruined remains,
Rain is scarce,
Stops by for a few days.
Snow is gone,
Forgotten for years,
Upset with hunters
Who sucked the life out of the creations.

It swore to never return anew,
Until the birds wing their way across the sky,
For the hunting rifles not to appear fortnightly...
Rabbits sneaking across the farmlands,
Seeing the gazelles galloping without fear.
And no more shall they be on the plates
Of those whom I hold dear.