

My Homeland

Parwana Amiri

By one of the rising suns in an ancient city
A girl was born to the mother of a family
Where everyone was dreaming of yet another boy
Having a girl was shameful, thought mother was holly

In that city patriarchy was the ruler and leader
Where education was every girl's struggle
She was called "Butterfly" in the hand of her sister
Who was their second virgin mother

She was born while the country was in war
While east and west were building their walls with wires a top
To enter foreign land was called invasion

Today that she stands resistant, talking to thousands
Through her words the "migratory girl"
That has passed the rough seas, valleys and mountains
Will illustrate the sketch of her loud homeland

The land of injured lilies and new born babies from young bellies,
Land of smiling faces, volcanic movements and fighter women;
Where school is a dream for shelter-less children
While many are displaced as the world watch it on screens

My homeland has natural power, but in the hand of superpowers
Afghanistan has been injured, it's soldiers on the front line of war;
That has buried a thousand innocent young souls
We are much more than what you call "Afghan"

Sorry if my words may harm you, if they can't sketch many
Many of the colourful mountains, neither rivers nor lilies
It is called "Heart of Asia", but never been Asian
Always, displaced, distressed, depressed, in troubles and disease

Afghanistan is the Land of brave women, without men
It is land of courageous men, without army
Land of courageous army, without US forces
Where each single Afghan takes up guns to defend themselves

Here I am now with my pen