

My white pigeon!

You are hidden and I think,
Calling me to pursue you wanderer
For the punishment of an unknown offense

You are hidden...
From Kabul streets
Pomegranate gardens of Kandahar,
Napery of widow women in Helmand,
Portico in Salang Mountains,
Dream of my children,
And from me, who have sought you in all the roofs of the world

To pursue you
I run step by step along Somali streets,
Asked of you on the unknown intersections of Libya,
Become hidden in Iraq to pursue you,
Do you know any street which is suitable to pause on?

You were hidden
In the boots of the poorest hero of my territory
Who has to act desperately for you
You were a white Pigeon
Escaped from the shoulders

My white pigeon!

I don't know which shot has targeted your flight
Here, never to become free of danger,

Oh!

My white pigeon!

I trace your footprint further and further

Nowhere

You are nowhere

And the world's congresses are

Not honest enough to host you

But I make my existence the water and the seed

And believe you will return

Someday in innocent lands of my country

My white pigeon!!!

The Peace!

Farid Barzgar