

# **The Precipice for the Mistress Lulla**

**Author: Zohreh Sadati**

2019

—

Look, look I am like white horses in run

I am ok, my voice is better

But islands, islands

The yell of the wind

Free-swimming sharks

Your surrounding cliffs are mine, and the terrain upper

Night is not, day is not like what you see

But islands, islands

The distance is too far away and

Walls high

But I dream of you

I look at the sun

To the flowing waves

To the water

To the wind

To your ears

Let's swim all the ocean

Get away from people

Let's ride the waves

Get away

Let's drawn the France under the ocean

Talk with the sharks

Hug on the son

Come on to it, because I love you

Because I love you!

—

Seasons, and passing through the cold

For the inmates

Is like eating fish from the hand of the fisherman

—

Hey

Man

Soothing pills for my sleepiness are not enough

Put my hands on my mistress's hand, I'll fall asleep to the end of the world

I hang from the metal bed white net and still have hope in life

Call the guardians

I hope in life

I hope in life

Lullaby I am not paranoid

Do not trust in my yellow eyes and my pale color

Listen to the yell of wind

Show me the route

Show me the route

Lullaby, soothing pail result depressions

Sleep keeps indication of death

Take me with you

Take me from the darkness

To the rulers to fall in love

To the children

Now I am strong and bigger of my teen

Lullaby hold me in your arm and

And put me asleep in my childhood bed

—

The stars cross from the black tunnels of your heart

Countries rejoin together again

But

Will you give up on me?

Will you give up of my trailing on the hard rocks

Will you give up of my blood?

From dangling hands over the bars

I have several times told you of the blue eyes of my mistress

It knows me

The guardian

See the lights

Moon is shining at the darkness every night

And I hardly paint the faces on the wall

—

Call me

I am tired of my bones

Bring me water, Lullaby

Before crossing

I want to believe to all politics with you

It is enough if you say

It is not a dream

It is reality

Woods burn the snow is flooded

Flowers sprout

Tell me it is not a dream

It is the truth

Lullaby my dreams on this cold on the back of this windows lift behind

Pray for me

Pray for me

Tell me of the passage of our bodies through the crowd of France and its cities

Of the killed

Of the gallows birds

Of the lifetime imprisonment in the Devil's island

Lullaby, forget

Kiss me

Kiss me

Woods burn, the snow is flooded

Flowers sprout

Kiss me

Kiss me

At five o'clock in the morning when silver light is spread over my dark room.

—

The cloud is being meshed around our bodies

The heights, make it easier the route to climb the pick

If I could hide you for ever in my heart

You would remain next to me

And I would call you like before

I would whisper in your arms

About the love

About the love

It all has dependence on the metal doors

To be opened

To all the woods to be burn

To rivers to become dry

The world to be recast

About you

About love

—

What do you know of politics?

Did I tell you that here wishes overstep dreams?

Do you believe sparkle of the sun?

If you have known its distance

Here I spend days and nights with you

My eyes are only gazed at the sun

To its sparkle

I believe

If the sun is not rising

I won't have another day

If the sun does not arise

You

I won't have

—

The great gate of prison is being opened for the green

And my eyes are every day opened on your arms

Lullaby, the ferocious animals are not more scary than human beings

The prisons' doorways are without pore

And a pore to break the prison

The woods and animals

When the desert gets dark

When the desert become bright

I touch the walls

The doors

And the lights change

When becomes warm

When becomes cold

You

Breakfast, talking to me with hot chocolate

Me

Standing backward the window looking at your hairs

At the hot chocolate

I think of a child

—

I love you

I love you

For you of being far away of all my demands

In the morning when the fishermen are happy of fishing



I imagine your dreams a lot

I paint your hands on the rooftop of prisons, on the walls

I cross over your forehead and your eyes

For baptistry of whom sentenced to death

I love you

I love you

I say

To the earth

To the bed

To the weeny dust

When bells are ringing

I say

Hey

Fishers and boats

Burned naked bodies

Broken glasses under the feed of guardian

I love you all

I love you all

—

Lullaby for freedom

In the southern America, leave the fishes in the ocean

Men in the exile

Women in the illusion

And the nature forces me to live

The hope that

The corns get the smell of the farm

The hope that

The tablets are due to finish one day, and my tongue get the smell of my mistress

Lullaby

Lullaby

There is no death of love

There is no death of love

The countries for the murderers

And the islands for escaping the forgetfulness

Lullaby put me asleep

With you voice

With the darkness

**THE END**

