English translation of 'Rahã', another composition by Hamid Tabatabaei. The songs are based on modern Persian poetry. The lyrics were translated from Persian by John O'Kane.

[1]

Lovers wallow in their own blood They give the gift of life to life itself. Life is beautiful, oh devotees of beauty. Those with living thoughts reach beauty.

[H. E. Sāye]

[2]

I am not a story you can tell.
I am not a song you can sing.
Nor am I some thing you can see.
Nor anything you can know.
I am the pain in everyman.
Shout me forth!

[Ahmad Shāmlu]

[3]

Every night

a star

is dragged down to the earth

but

then

this grief-stricken sky

once again is flooded with stars.

[Siāvash Kasrāyi]

What is the sea? An eye filled with all the earth's tears. In her glance a desire that rises from her depths. She would unbind her foot, stretch her wings, reach the mountain height, become a spring, gush forth on its peak converse in intimacy with that majestic high one, drive herself from within herself, from inside herself pour out herself, quench thirst from her own breasts, offer water to the thirsty from her own soul. In dark grief the sea lets out this cry. Her salty sea-blood comes to a boil. Against the rocks she beats head and breast. From the body's frame she struggles to attain

With her weeping

she nourishes the clouds

so they will carry her message

to the mountain.

release.

She implores: "Oh once you have reached that place, release your rain! Tell our story to the mountain. Say: Oh mountain, From your shining height look down on me. I am a plant at the bottom of a pit. I am a prisoner in the dark night of the sea. From head to foot I am all weeping, but do not blame me. Recall for me the pure peace of fresh-water springs! Set me free from my oceanic sorrow." [H. E. Sāye] [5]

Are you threatening to cut off our head?

If it caused us fear to have our head cut off,

We would not have danced in the company of lovers.

[Mirzā Āqā Khān Kermānī]