

Illness, Bullets, Human Error (?)

Golsa Golestaneh

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Are all taking a shot at our lives

Illness as in human disease

As in lying in the beds of the hospitals at which we once served as nurses,

Watching the life leave our bodies

Or dying slowly at our own homes

As cancer consumes us

'cause even if we can beat the disease

We can't beat medical sanctions

Illness as in natural catastrophe

As in the earth coughing blood on our beds

Drowning in flood, burning in fire,

Crushed under the rubble that was once our home

Bullets as in bullets

Shot in our heads

Because we dared to ask questions

We dared to wonder why

Our words threatened them so bad that their fear responded

with violence and death

Reaping our heads

Old and the young

Mothers and children, fathers and sons

Among them Pouya, 27 years young

Nikita, 14

You hear me? Fourteen. And she wasn't even the youngest.

Only took them three days, to send 1500 beautiful bodies
1500 hundred courageous minds
To the graveyard way too young

Human error as in not really
As in shooting down planes and lying about it
Shooting down planes, cutting off the wings of 176
Among them Reera and Parisa, mother and daughter
Zeinab and Mohammad, brother and sister
Arash and Pouneh, the newlyweds
176 flying birds, shot down
And they call it an innocent mistake
The only thing innocent about it
Was the children on that plane
And their toys that survived the crash
But not the theft.

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How many ways are there to die?
Have we yet tried them all?
How many ways are there to live?
Have we lived at all?

We ask these questions
As we dodge the bullets
Illness, bullets, human error (?)
All in a year, and we're still here.
Turns out our reasons for living
Are greater than their ways of killing.



Não é de Genebra
by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes