

POEM

Here in the upper part of the village,  
Meadows, trees, plentiful flowers,  
A woman in one corner of a garden is screaming:  
Why doesn't he grow narcissus?  
Why doesn't he grow narcissus  
And add to the beauty of the garden?

Here in the lower part of the village,  
Fields dying of thirst, the throat of the wheat on fire,  
A woman in a field is quietly groaning:  
Why doesn't it rain?  
Why doesn't it rain from the sky  
And pour a drop of water in the wheat's throat?

*translated by the author*