

## **Motherland in Distress**

I need your help. Come to my side  
Leap out of your comfortable bed  
My body twists in torment, and  
My shoulders can't carry my head

You need me too, but, unaware  
Pay tribute, as always, by talk;  
Your sweet words sound so meaningful  
Silken roses on a dead stalk

Soft-petaled, fit to adorn my hair  
But stand by me? You do not dare...  
Say, what shall I with roses do  
When what I need, dear son, is you?

Why do I call upon you now  
Seeking conciliation?  
Wake up and listen carefully  
This is our situation

I call you, not to save my skin  
I fear not the torture and pain  
I've seen the worst of sufferings  
And I am ready to suffer again...

And I'm ready to die  
Were it not for you, for  
The only way you can survive  
Is with my head held high!

Had my shoulders not started to give way  
Had my neck not started to bend  
Had my firm-standing legs not started to sway  
Had I not known this was the end...

I would've made of your roses a garland  
I would have worn them as a crown...  
Decked my neck with your promises  
Or wrapped them as a gown...

But it is too late, son, for now  
After bearing our struggle alone  
So you would have a home  
I am overcome:  
Even a single rose-petal, my son  
Would break me, and bring me down

You see, dear son, it is too late  
I cannot live much longer  
As my life ebbs, your future wanes  
There is no time to hesitate!

Other Motherlands are giving birth  
Other lives have already begun  
Replacing yours and mine  
Such is the natural circle of life  
Since the beginning of time

Assist me -before it's too late,  
Resist me –and they  
Knock down your gate  
Announcing my sad departure.

And since you are my next of kin  
With no Mother to support him  
They shall take you off to torture!