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*Poetry Magazine: Landays, translated by Eliza Griswold*

I call. You're stone.  
One day you'll look and find I'm gone.

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You sold me to an old man, father.  
May God destroy your home, I was your daughter.

\*\*\*\*\*

When sisters sit together, they always praise their  
brothers.  
When brothers sit together, they sell their sisters to others.

\*\*\*\*\*

I'll make a tattoo from my lover's blood  
and shame every rose in the green garden.

\*\*\*\*

Unlucky you who didn't come last night,  
I took the bed's hard wood post for a man.  
Embrace me in a suicide vest  
but don't say I won't give you a kiss.

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Your eyes aren't eyes. They're bees.

I can find no cure for their sting.

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Climb to the brow of the hill and sight  
where my darling's caravan will sleep tonight.

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Daughter, in America the river isn't wet.  
Young girls learn to fill their jugs on the internet.

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How much simpler can love be?  
Let's get engaged now. Text me.

\*\*\*\*

May God make you into a riverbank flower  
so I may smell you when I gather water.

\*\*\*\*

Come, let's leave these village idiots  
and marry Kabul men with Bollywood haircuts.

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I tried to kiss you in secret but you're bald!

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Your bare skull thumped against the wall.

\*\*\*\*

I'm in love! I won't deny it, even if  
you gouge out my green tattoos with a knife.

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You'll never be a mullah, Talib, no matter what you do.  
Studying your book, you see my green tattoo.

\*\*\*\*

My lover is fair as an American soldier can be.  
To him I looked dark as a Talib, so he martyred me.

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O darling, you're American in my eyes.  
You are guilty; I apologize.

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Because my love's American,  
blisters blossom on my heart.

I dream I am the president.  
When I awake, I am the beggar of the world.

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In battle, there should be two brothers:  
one to be martyred, one to wind the shroud of the other.