

What is happening in Iran
by Nat Christian / June 26, 2009

Blackness, as souls sing of hearts be heard
Days, made trusts to no longer exist
Voices cannot breathe what is absurd
Being pulled back, they do resist

Singing loud to high above
They leap with faith for thy hand
Though hush reply, they still give love
The night is now their true home-land

Darkness, a place where they be free
Like birds with wings,
to speak, shout in harmony,
while fearing what tomorrow brings

To stop as the days beat down?
These birds cannot, for they have opened sight
On land and roofs, they call the sound
A cage exists no more at night

What seemed so to be supreme,
has spun a tale so very tall
Now no more, has the slightest beam
To its own, it tries to pall

It tries to still the restless ones
With smile and bully and billy with a bat
Its brothers and sisters and daughters and sons
No, nothing supreme about that

No longer a poll, but now a rise
The meek care not to live your light
For things have been seen by every size
For things are much clearer in their sight

They rise by one, by Neda, so she's named
Who may be by the true that glows
Watching your sticks on birds not to be tamed
They fly to rooftops, their singing grows

These birds, shall be silenced not
For a Neda-lution has taken on the whole lot!