



Revue électronique internationale  
*International Web Journal*  
[www.sens-public.org](http://www.sens-public.org)

## Green Trilogy

ABOL FROUSHAN

**Resurrection: Angel of Freedom**  
**Bloodstains: Nedas**  
**Forehead beaten in: Shooting Stars**

## Resurrection: Angel of Freedom

There is no death in a death that shadows us  
or her eye as it puddles the blood that denies her lungs  
the thrills of future breathing

the place is the blood-splash on the street or streaking down her face  
her teacher beholding      the big why in her wry      open eyes  
the doctor a metre away      who rushed to stop the gush

Anyone stricken by love calls her name  
So her killers and all the snipers  
shall shrink away

Any girl who bares her chest to defy  
two ravens in charge of the nation,  
will win the day

I love love though love recedes  
I love the white lily  
though it withers in my hand  
and grows in my song

Wait for me  
Oh freedom song

## Bloodstains: Nedas

Would that I have told you my sister  
how that euphoric spillage of feet marching  
fist face over the pavements and streets  
and howling squares daubed in green  
would only end in tears of blood  
alone on the rooftops crying out  
for the grace of god to save us  
from our foes and the woes of standing by  
catching tirades of night raids on the neighbours' house.

Save your tears for the coming flood.

In Spain eighty percent are Marias,  
in tomorrow's Iran there shall be as many Nedas.

Save your tears for the coming flood  
washing green rivulets in rivers of blood.

This is it, the tricolor of your mother's grief  
green for the movement, red for the eyes  
white for the hope

## Forehead beaten in: Shooting Stars

From the East it encroaches on the stars,  
the big dipper, the pole star suffer  
oblivion for another twenty ... It's 3.30 am

Sunday's light encroaching on the clouds  
now blanketing the stars we were watching  
on the deck last night, waiting for a shooting star's  
'your wish come true' moment.

A week in politics come to a conked head.

We back down, go inside, forgetting the milky way.

Last night a superstar dies like a supernova at midnight  
BBC foreshadowing the shooting starless revolution  
disappearing up in head hanging balloons of green  
smoke.

The window to the street light is not shattered  
the wi-fi globe is revolving through the streets  
hushed in the rush of wheels, clicking the keypads

Too high, too low, somewhere in between  
the crisis is over spilt milk on the kitchen  
floor may be mixed in blood or no, just imagined.

Was it to do with a shooting star? or even a super star?  
that this iron grip on the rest of us has engaged the best of us,  
but a star is missing and will be?

Tonight a shooting star missed its promise  
police takes me instead that in a starless night  
like the thinker of the breeze ran in the back streets  
lost in his tracks.