

ترجمه انگلیسی شعر زنی را می شناسم من

A woman I know

who has the zeal for feathers and wings
but because she is so passionate
she is two hundred folds apprehensive of the trip

A woman I know
who, in the corner of a house
in between washing and cooking
in the kitchen
sings a love song
Her gaze is modest and lonely
Her voice is tired and somber
Her hope is at the end of tomorrow

A woman I know
who says she is regretful
Why has she given him her heart
What about him is worthy of her

A woman mumbles
I am weary of this house
But, she asks of herself this
who would comb my baby's hair
after I leave

A woman is pregnant with pain
A woman has a newborn sorrow
A woman cries and says
I have low milk in my breast

A woman weaves a netted dress
by the fabric of her loneliness
A woman, in a dark corner
prays for light

A woman accustomed to chains
A woman intimate with prison
all of her shares is this
the cold look of a prison guard

A woman I know
who would die of an insult
but she sings
that this is the game of life

A woman puts up with poverty
A woman sleeps with tears
A woman - with grief and amazement
does not know her sin

A woman hides her varicose veins of the leg
A woman hides her secret pain
from the people
so they won't say
How miserable! How miserable

A woman I know
whose poems smell of sadness
but she smiles and says
the world has twists and turns

A woman I know
who, every night, puts her children to bed
reading stories and poems
even though, in her heart
she has overwhelming pain

A woman is scared of leaving
since she is the candle of the house
If she goes out the door
how dark would this house be

A woman is apologetic to her child
sitting by the side of an empty dinner spread
O my child! Go to sleep tonight
Yes, go to sleep
And I will sing you again
the song of lullabies

A woman I know
whose skirt is yellow coolerd
Crying has become her night and day
because she is painfully barren

A woman I know
whose ability to walk has gone
Her steps are all tired
Her heart, under her feet
she screams, it's enough

A woman I know
who, a thousand times
has fought with her inner demons
and since she is victorious in the end
has laughed ridiculously
at the evildoers' infamy

A woman sings
A woman remains silent
A woman stays in the alley
even at night

A woman works like a man at her job
There are blisters of pain on her hands
She has so much agony and grief
that she has forgotten
that she carries a fetus in her womb

A woman is in her dying bed
A woman is near death
Who is going to see about her
I do not know

One night in a small bed
a woman slowly dies
and a woman takes revenge

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