

Response by Ustad Abdur Rahman Pazhwak

To William Pitt Root's Poem

“The Unbroken Diamond: Night letter to Afghan Mujahedeen”

Translated from Dari to English by Farhad Pazhwak

PREFACE

Greetings to Brave Mujahedeen

Afghan Mujahedeen, Believers in God

Patriotic and Nationalist Mujahedeen!

I was asked to translate a poem in English language so as to make it accessible to you, written by a humanist and foreign poet addressed to you and titled "Unbroken Diamond: Night Letter to Mujahedeen." The aim is to inform you that the free world with belief in human dignity, social justice and freedom has not forgotten you, and that your brothers deprived of their homeland and living as refugees are not alone in remembering you. As your jihad (struggle for liberation) is a fight for preserving the freedom and dignity of all mankind, God and righteousness are with you shall remain so forever. The name of the poet is William Pitt Root.

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1

I Greeting to you, oh unknown and foreign poet,

oh son of the volcanic mountains

that in the sunset horizon of your distant land,

behind the crag of flaming pinnacle

you are reminded

of sundown in Afghan villages.

Villages among flowers and tall trees

habitat to men, women, and children

whose way of life was

a struggle only with Nature

and surrender only to God

and now they are burning amid red flames and blazes

and the smokes lift up like giant trees.

Thousands of human bodies

once the dwellings of heavenly and noble spirits

are served and blown apart

Heads that bowed only in *Sajdah*

Hands that rose only in labor and prayer

Feet that did not go

but only to mosques and farms

All are asleep in their own ashes

whose combustion shall remain eternal and glowing

and the warm and bright flames of spirits

surrounding cold bodies will circulate them

Greeting to you, oh unknown and foreign poet,

your message in "*Night letter to Mujahedeen*"

calls the resistance of Afghan freedom fighters

"The Unbroken Diamond,"

My greeting is the echo, *Pazhwak* of tributes
sent by you,
eulogy paid to “*Nahid*”
that daughter of her country, that youthful martyr
and also to spirits
of those women, men and children,
who in the struggle of
good against evil,
freedom against oppression,
honor against aggression,
have lost their lives.

2

You say our stories reach you
but like some unknown fog
that once was a volcanic mountain in your country
whose dust settled on our faces
Yes, your dusts weigh heavily on our eye lashes
Yes! But:
as you say yourself
what reaches us from you
is no more that only a political ash.
a policy as timid as the policies of the enemies of freedom.

The fire that reaches us from our enemy
is killing and destroying us
political ashes blind us
We do not know whether eventually
the enemy is going to make us martyrs
giving us eternal life?
or will we turn blind and helpless
will we be the prisoners of endless darkness?
But we know very well that:
if the crucible of humanity's conscience goes cold
then the light in the universe will die
and your volcano and all volcanoes
of the free world will be extinguished.

3

Yes, the soldiers that opened fire on young students
were Afghans
and yes, as you say it is beyond imagination and thought
This insult is sharper than the enemy's arrow,
more burning than the deadly flames,
more poisonous than those gases,
that the Russians are dropping on us.

But:

their aim was not just the students
but the whole body of humanity
the chest of dignity
the heart of freedom and human rights
like Satan threw an arrow towards his Creator
like scorpions that eat their mothers.

4

The script of our existence is
the tale of our creation an eternity immersed
in dignity and honor
imprinted by destiny and adherence to fate
its content is faith
and its margins cast is glory
the lives of humans whose deed
are stamped on their foreheads and imprinted on their hearts.

5

Oh, unknown and foreign poet
that I only know you in your words and expressions
words and expressions that are our native language
No longer do I see you as a foreigner

You and I are born from a common mother and father
our father is honor
and our mother is freedom.

6

When “Nahid” and her sisters stumbled in their own blood
and went to eternal sleep in their soil
countless groups looked towards the sky
A group shed tears
as if crying in the eye of God
these were mothers
A group fell silent
their looks froze in their eyes
as if they were sculptures made of stone
and with blind eyes sought the hand of God
these were fathers
A group got furious
like the burning flames of wildfire
you would say their blood was boiling in their proud veins
these were the youths
who in the cities and the countryside,
in groves and vineyards,
in villages and farms,

next to water springs and gushing rivers in the open
in the path of hidden water canals,
in the cliffs of mountains,
on the roofs and streets
rose and stood up
not like begging for help
but like raising the voice of freedom
like raising the sound of *Allah u-Akbar!*

7

Oh, unknown poet
Oh, ally of faraway voices!
I have seen you country
while flying in the world of imagination
of my neighboring and ancient poet
I see a country that:
its green farms are the horizon
and its sickle like a new moon
My country is *Ariana*
The Seven Climes of the ancient world
that chapter of creation in the book of the universe
in which:
the authors of *Veda* and *Avesta*

Rishies and Spintian

recorded on the page of the Universe

But! Else it is dry grassland without water

that instead of rain drops

sparks of fire are pouring from its sky.

8

I am a tiny part of this massive tragedy

an individual among all groups

a tear among cries

a dumb sound among roars

a silent scream in bursts of grief

a drop in the vast ocean of bloods that

initiates from the grace of God

and its path is the veins of righteousness that

like roaring rivers from the streams of human dignity

flow into the sea of freedom.

9

Oh, unknown poet!

You are the voice of freedom, rise!

I am the bearer of righteousness, I must fight.

Footnotes:

1, *Ustad*, in Afghan literature is an honorary title conferred to those who are the masters of their craft.

2, *Sajdah*, bowing before God in times of prayer.

3, *Night letter*, is refers to written messages covertly distributed at night with the aim of informing the public and strengthening the Afghan resistance; *Mujahedeen* refers to Afghan freedom fighters during the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

4, “*Unbroken diamond*”, William Pitt Root’s Poem

5, *Pazhwak*, in Dari which is one of the main languages in Afghanistan means echo. The other main language is Pashto.

6, *Nahid Saed*, an Afghan high school girl who led the anti-Soviet demonstrations in the streets of Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, in 1980. She was gunned down among other young students by Afghan communist party members and soldiers.

7, *Allah u Akbar*, God is Great, a Muslim expression in Arabic.

8, *Ariana*, the ancient name of Afghanistan

9, *Veda* and *Avesta*, religious books of the Arian civilization

10, *Rishies*, Arian religious priests

11, *Spintian*, an Arian hero often mentioned in Dari literature – in Dari pronounced Spintaman.

