

**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.

