

Spring 1980

The Day Death Comes translated by Naomi Lazard

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Ahmed Faiz, Faiz (1980) "The Day Death Comes translated by Naomi Lazard," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 14 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss14/8>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

THE DAY DEATH COMES

What will it be like, the day death comes?
Perhaps like the gift at the beginning of night,
the first kiss on the lips given unasked,
the kiss that opens the way to worlds of marvels
while, in the distance, a Spring of unknown flowers
agitates the heart of the moon.

Perhaps in this way: when the morning,
green with shimmering buds, begins to sway
in the bedroom of the beloved,
and the tinkle of stars as they rush to depart
can be heard on the silent windows.

What will it be like, the day death comes?
Perhaps like a vein screaming
with the premonition of pain
under the edge of a knife, as a shadow,
the assassin holding the knife,
spreads out with a wing span
from one end of the world to the other.

Whichever way death comes, whenever it comes,
there will be the same word of farewell to the heart:
"Thank God it is finished, the night of the broken-hearted.
Praise be to the meeting of lips,
the honeyed lips I have known."

*translated by
Naomi Lazard*