



IN COMMEMORATION OF
SAEED SULTANPOUR; THE POET OF REVOLUTION

On June 21st 1981 the murderous hands of the newly installed reactionary regime of the Islamic Republic in Iran took away the life of a beautiful mind; comrade Saeed Sultanpour¹. Saeed

¹ A more descriptive writing on Saeed Sultanpour's life is available here:
<http://www.siahkal.com/english/RSaeed-Sultanpour-Poems.pdf>

Sultanpour, a poet, playwright, theatre director and a member of Iran's Writers' Association had been imprisoned a number of times during the Shah's regime for his critical works including his revolutionary poetry.

In the early days of 1981 when the mercenary regime of the Islamic republic began its systematic and widespread raid against political organizations, Saeed was arrested too. He was taken away on April 16th 1981 on his wedding night and 66 days later he was executed.

Comrade Saeed was closely affiliated with the Organization of the Iranian People's Fadaee Guerrillas during the Shah's regime. In fact, some of his poems became the emblems and anthems of the organization. In 1978, a number of his poems were turned into songs; songs that became embedded in the political culture of Iran; songs that have inspired both the old and the young generation of revolutionaries. Indeed, our comrade Saeed was the embodiment of both Bertolt Brecht and Victor Jara, not just in their artistic styles but also in their tireless and uncompromising fight for a free and just society.

The immortal memory of Saeed Sultanpour will remain in our hearts and will ignite us from within to rise up against the barbarity of the capitalist system, and for a better and just world.


Here are the translations of six of those songs which were released in 1978 in an album titled "The Sparks of the Sun" .

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The Sun-Tillers of the Forest

Thereupon ended the Winter
Thereupon bloomed the Spring
Thereupon came hither the red rose of the sun
Thereupon fled the night
The mountains carpeted by tulips
The tulips all vigilant, the tulips all awake





They till the sun bloom by bloom
There in the mountains, their hearts all awake
There they bring rifles and roses and wheat
There within their hearts, O' what hearts!
There a forest of stars, O' so many stars in their hearts!



Thereupon their lips, the smile of light
Thereupon their hearts, the flame of passion
Thereupon their voices, a fountain
Thereupon their memory
A fawn from the forest afar

There in the mountains...

The Young Daisy¹

From the depths of this gloomy night
There blooms the flower of dawn bright
Putting a smile on the lips of the sun nigh
Appears on the mountain O' so high
No doubt winter will see its demise
Thereupon the herald of Spring will arise
With thousands of red roses indeed will rise

From the passageway of this gloomy night
To the gateway of sublime light
A young daisy's blood shone so bright
On the wall of time like sunlight



¹ It is known that Saeed Soltanpour wrote this poem in memory of a female fallen comrade named Mina Rafi-e who was murdered in a raid in 1976.

O! tulips all,
Don black since her fall

Though the night not yet gone
Like a pendulum
Its dark claws this roof hang upon
Still the sky is laden with stars
Bud by bud cluster afar
Into a mighty red star
With thunderous pulsing rays
Into a fiery sun ablaze



O' Iran of Mine!



After that bitter August¹
Your rage is concealed in the ashes of Summer

O' my native land, Iran of mine!
O' my native land, prison of mine!

There radiates the flame of the sun
Upon the red tempest of revolution

¹ A reference to the US orchestrated coup in August 1953 against the government of Mohammad Mosadegh.



Forward!

Like a Fadaee² with wrath and zeal, forward!

From the core of iron and smoke

From the core of the plough and furrow

The monarchy will be overthrown!

Overthrown!

Overthrown!

There will bloom a plateau of blood!

A plateau of blood!

A plateau of blood!

The bloom of the people's blood

Will blossom into a red rose!

A red rose!

A red rose!

Bullets will blaze

So the night upon the motherland will turn into dawn

² A reference to the members of the Iranian People's Fadaee Guerrillas whose courageous and uncompromising fight to the death echoed across the country and established a revolutionary culture inspiring the young generation of revolutionaries in Iran.

There radiates the flame of the sun
Upon the red tempest of revolution



Gust and Gale

Even if gust and gale are raising a tumult
Even if snow and squall are storming with no halt

Even if the sound of thunder is clamouring over the sea
Even if the night is pitching a tent upon the forest vehemently

The soaring mountain will touch the sky
Will stand tall, will stand high



Roaring from the depths of dark clouds like a flood
Blooming everywhere the blossom of blood

The hidden anguish of the loving Braves
Emerging from the heat of July in waves

Blooming life with uproar
From the green heart of the forests shore to shore
Running with a flower of blood through the cities here
Shining from the eastern horizon there

In each and every chalice of red tulips
The storm of our blood blazing fires
Rising from the forests bud by bud



The River

A night landscape featuring a full moon in a dark blue sky. Below the moon, a wide river flows through a valley, its surface reflecting the moonlight. The surrounding hills and fields are dark, with some light reflecting off the water's surface. The overall scene is serene and atmospheric.

It flows through the night the mirror of the river
There lie thousands of flowers in the heart of the river

The bud in the offering smile of the wave
Has blossomed from the silver tears of the river

Upon the flow of the singing river
Has bloomed the galaxy's garden
Amidst this all, there burns the night

The river and its song
The river and its rise and fall
Is heading to the sea afar
A garden of mirrors it has in its bosom
Heading to the depths afar

Waves into waves the river rolls
Laughing at night's spell it flows
Joining the great blue

After morrow the river of silk
Will rest upon the sea
Whereupon the sun will rise
From the garden of the East

After morrow the river of rage
Will rest upon the sea



Whereupon the sun will rise
From the burning East

Waves into waves the river rolls
Laughing at night's spell it flows
Joining the great blue



The Thistles' Blood¹

Risen from the Thistles' blood
A garden of fire
Ripping the darkness
In the shire

O thou, the awakening chime
O thou, the caisson sublime
Chime on till morrow, chime on till dawn
Traverse to all corners herein and hereon

¹ Saeed Sultanpour in this poem actually refers to the *Cercis Siliquastrum* which is known as the Judas tree but I chose thistles instead for they are elegant and at the same time irrepressible, whereas the Judas tree, as its name implies, represents shame and remorse.



There in the blood of the weary
There in the blood of the woeful
Rests the tempest all brimful

See the future
See our time
The storm that breaks the old paradigm

Burn the cages
Uncage the birds
Free all the harbingers
So that the light of liberty
So that the grapes of gaiety
Can too grow with the dawn
So that the ripples in the rill
Can sing to the fawns on the hill
The ballad of the stars and their will



There fights the star bright
There flees the dark night
There comes the dawn alight

There flies once more our dove
There to its nest, its nest of love
All night long in its beak
Red and fertile a branch unique
It will fly, it will flow
Bearing seeds that will grow
Cometh Spring with its glow

Burn the cages
Uncage the birds
Free all the harbingers
So that the light of liberty
So that the grapes of gaiety



Can too grow with the dawn
So that the ripples in the rill
Can sing to the fawns on the hill
The ballad of the stars and their will

