

## Trap

**Mohammad Ali Maleki**

I sit beside a wooden window, feeling old,  
listening to the rusty squeak of a door hinge  
and watching a beautiful butterfly fly by  
bringing a message of freedom.

Sitting, I have been waiting for this moment for years,  
to dress up in my ironed clothes.

Suddenly, the butterfly disappears in front of my eye  
and searching the sky, I spy  
a black and ugly spider dancing,  
dancing towards its web.

The good-message butterfly is trapped,  
fluttering for its freedom.  
Oh God! What does the butterfly experience in this moment?  
Its death is in the hands of that blackface spider.

My heart trembles in my chest with horror  
and tears fly from my eyes.  
I well understand the pain of that butterfly—  
I too have been trapped in my cage for years.

Oh God! I do not want this message of freedom.  
Let it go! Release the butterfly from the web ...