# In This Sad World

Mahin’s Poem

***During an interview with Shahsavar Rahman on 25 September 2020, Mahin (not her real name) read this poem she had written, in Farsi, in which she conveys her feelings about the first six months of the pandemic. Her poem, translated by Shahsavar Rahman and Tom Cheesman in October 2021, still resonates and conveys the shock of this sad new pandemic world we still live in.***

They gave a warning to the city: everyone must be unconscious and wear masks and gloves

I don’t know what to say in this sad world where maybe no one is listening

All my ambitions have been destroyed

Every single night I think it is my last meal

When I draw the curtains, I can see reality

Perhaps one day I will be healed and get the treatment I need

The day when I sneezed, I started to panic, thinking now is the last moment of my life

Old and young are dying, like prescriptions and remedies, gone.

You can’t recognise people under their masks

People always wore masks but now they wear an extra one

You’re afraid of everything, no smiles or frowns can be seen

As much as you talk under the mask nobody can understand

There’s no more hugging any more

In this sad world everyone pulls back to avoid shaking hands

I wish one day all the masks left lying in the gutters will be cleared away

The smiles will come back to people’s faces

Even if people are only pretending to smile like they always did

I wish hugs will start again

I wish friendship will start again as it was before

I wish one day these long queues will be shorter and closer

And alcohol will only be used for drunk people to get happy

And masks and gloves only used in hospitals

And gel only used in young mens’ hair

Bring back the hygiene of friendship and kindness

To be happy like before