

The Laughter of a Woman

In the singing springs of stony mountains
Echoes the gentle laughter of a woman.
Wealth, power and fame mean nothing.
In her body, hidden, lies her freedom.
Let the new gods of the earth try as they can,
They cannot hear the sob of her ecstasy.
Everything sells in this market-place
Save her satisfaction
The ecstasy she alone knows
Which she herself cannot sell.

Come you wild winds of the valley
Come and kiss her face.

There she goes, her hair billowing in the wind.
The daughter of the wind
There she goes, singing with the wind.

Fahmida Riaz

translated by Rukhsana Ahmad

Atlanta Review Spring/ Summer 2019 Issue