For the People's Mojahedin Organization in Iran

Make fine my bed so safe and wide
And just ignore the victim's cry—
The oil that keeps me safe and warm
Was bought by how many women's harm?

The camera's porthole shows a face
Smuggled from another place,
So battered that I can't erase
Destruction of this female race---
I *cannot* look away.

Men dig a grave for a living soul,
Clothed in white, anchored in a hole,
Blossoming red with every stone.
Sounds so pretty, "Lapidacion",
Until you find it coming home
In your furnace, in your car
And learn the monster that you are
Should you still look away.

Oil on our souls, oil in our eyes,
Oil exploding in the skies:
We sell our souls for 'Development'
And think our progress heaven-sent:
Whole peoples look away
From the devil's bargain they have made,
And every day, the women see,
Like oil, they're just commodities.
They *cannot* look away.

Where women are just captive spoil,
Their blood is sure to soak the soil.
Yet they –the vanguard who resist—
Reshape their world with mother's wit,
Although we name them "terrorist".

Across borders of both land and mind
They surge to see what they can find
To give their little ones a chance
To learn, to challenge and to dance.
They did not look away.

Perhaps the ozone has no voice

But mortals have another choice:

Embrace the Mullah's oily kiss,
Or rise up, cry out, and resist—
We *dare* not look away!

My people do not understand;
Why cannot my people see?
Every woman stoned to death
Steals away the planet's breath
And bleeds a little piece of me—
How *could* I look away?

I will not put my trust in princes,
My faith in wars or bombs or plans:
Only those women's tears of joy
Can wash the oil from bloody hands.
Then we may look away.

The greedy West thinks it knows best,
Must seek a way to pass this test—
To find a more true, more just way:
Applaud Resistance and confess
The curse of oil we love to bless
Till every woman has a name
And we are cleansed of oily shame,
Because we did *not* look away.
Not Now.
Not ever.
From this day.

Paris, February 2005

This poem was written on the occasion of the Conference of International Federation of Women United Against Fundamentalism and for Equality, by Carole Fontaine, and is dedicated to Madame Maryam Rajavi and the women and girls of Ashraf.