

Onion

by **Bakhtiyar Vahabzade (1925 -)**

The onion looked at its skin and thought,
And then turned its head to me: "The winter will be severe."
"How do you know?" I asked.
"From the skin," it replied. "It's thick,
That means the winter will be harsh."

Nature has been wise from its very creation,
And is a harmony of rules.
Before creating a mountain,
It chooses a route for it.

To equip the onion for cold winter,
It makes its cloak warm and thick.
Bravo! What mercy!
What generosity,
But, alas! I haven't received it.

Am I not your child, just like the onion, Mother Nature?
I am also cold.
Where was your mercy when you created me?
I'm shivering with cold in the snowstorm of grief and sorrow.
You took care of the onion.

Am I less precious than an onion?
What are these thoughts? What are these sufferings?
You gave me but one heart, but thousands of torments.
Why do you torture me
More than I can bear?