

## Subjugation - Freedom

by **Bakhtiyar Vahabzade (born 1925)**

Our nation was burned in the fires of slavery,  
We were wounded and scorched for the sake of freedom.  
But having reached freedom in this temple,  
We made our thanksgiving prayer without the Qiblah.\*

Now we are free, but free from the honor we had  
That once protected us from evil.  
Now that we are free from the fury and anger of the enemy,  
Our nation has become the target of its own hatred.

Having freed ourselves from others' subjugation,  
We have succumbed to our own slavery.  
We are free from benevolence and mercy,  
We must reject the nation's right.  
We became the brutal plunderers  
Of our own Motherland.

No other nation can replace us in deception,  
This one blames that one, and that one accuses this one.  
While we plunder and pillage our Motherland,  
We are free from the fear of Allah.

My freedom is my enemy;  
Fate itself cannot make heads or tails of this secret game.  
The rope that pulled me out of the deep, dry well  
Is now wrapped around my neck like a noose.

\* Muslims face Mecca when they pray.  
Translated by Aynur Hajiyeva