

For the Women of Afghanistan

By Sheema Kalbasi

As I walk in the streets of Kabul,
 behind the painted windows,
 there are broken hearts, broken women.
 If they don't have any male family to accompany them,
 they die of hunger while begging for bread,
 the once teachers, doctors, professors
 are today nothing but walking hungry houses.
 Not even tasting the moon,
 they carry their bodies around, in the covered coffin veils.
 They are the stones in the back of the line ...
 their voices not allowed to come out of their dried mouths.
 Butterflies flying by, have no color in Afghani women's eyes
 for they can't see nothing but blood shaded streets
 from behind the colored windows,
 and can't smell no bakery's bread
 for their sons bodies exposing, cover any other smell,
 and their ears can't hear nothing
 for they hear only their hungry bellies
 crying their owners unheard voices
 with each sound of shooting and terror.
 Remedy for the bitter silenced Amnesty,
 the bloodshed of Afghani woman's life
 on the-no-limitation-of-sentences-demanding help
 as the voices break away not coming out but pressing hard
 in the tragic endings of their lives.

Unfamiliar Vocabulary

Definition of Vocabulary

Connection to Media, Current Events,
 etc.?

Connections to your life?

Based on the poem, what is the role of women in Afghanistan? Use evidence from the poem to support your answer.