



Our fate

By Fateh Sami

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Introduction:

“**Our Fate**” is a haunting poetic reflection on the sorrowful journey of a nation engulfed in fire, betrayal, and despair. Through searing imagery and emotionally charged verse, Afghan poet **Sami** lays bare the wounds inflicted by warlords, hypocritical preachers, foreign exploitation, and decades of unrest.

The poem unfolds as both a lament and a plea—for truth to be heard, for justice to prevail, and for mercy to descend upon a nation suffocating under the weight of tyranny.

It is a voice rising from silence—a voice that still believes its cry may someday reach the gates of heaven. This **poetry**, whose work explores themes of displacement, injustice, resistance, and cultural memory. Writing in both Persian and English, Sami draws from personal and collective histories to craft verses that are as politically charged as they are deeply human. His poetry often serves as a mirror to the tragedies of his homeland—Afghanistan—while keeping faith in the redemptive power of truth, art, and remembrance.

Our Fate

By tyrant's blind with reckless power,
Our land has burned through many an hour,
Through endless games, through wars unfair,
In brutal hands, our fate laid bare.

Our neighbours turned to thieves at sea,
Their greedy eyes, in unity,
Set sights upon our mountains vast—
Rich veins beneath our soil amassed—
All blessed by black-robed tyranny.

At times a traitor, then a lord,
A butcher wielding sword on sword,
At times a priest with lies and creeds,
At times a thief in holy beads.

A mufti now, a judge then made,
With hollow fatwas, laws he laid.
In Kabul streets, he'd don a blade—
A Talib dark, by hate obeyed.

A savage brute with cultured face,
A soul corrupt, devoid of grace.
A monster masked in faith's attire,
Whose hands drip blood, whose heart is fire.

The rocket hailed from shadowed hills,
From Char-Asiab's deathly chills—
A rain of flames, a storm of cries
That charred our homes and filled the skies.

He laughed, then lay with death that night,
While chains replaced our morning light.
In every lane, a mourning bell,
A mother's scream, a grieving shell.

He used God's word to hide his lust,
While holy texts were smeared with dust.
He burned our land, not for belief—
But greed, and lies, and boundless grief.

He sold our soil with no regret
To foreign powers for profit's debt.
He saw not people, pain, or past—
He auctioned dreams, and laughed at last.

One man was lost, another maimed,
One bound in chains, another shamed,
One wandered through the nights of loss,
One crossed the sea, a soul tempest-tossed.

Another fled his sacred land,
From wounds by his own brother's hand—
A brother masked in holy guise,
Whose deeds betrayed the sacred ties...

O heart that knows, O soul aware—
Lift your prayers into the air,
That Mercy might descend again
And break these iron chains of pain...

That from this darkness, fire, and grief,
Our land may find divine relief—
That Samea's cry, in truth and flame,
At last, may reach His Throne... His Name.