

A sad state of freedom.

YOU WASTE THE ATTENTION OF YOUR EYES, THE GLITTERING LABOUR OF YOUR HANDS,

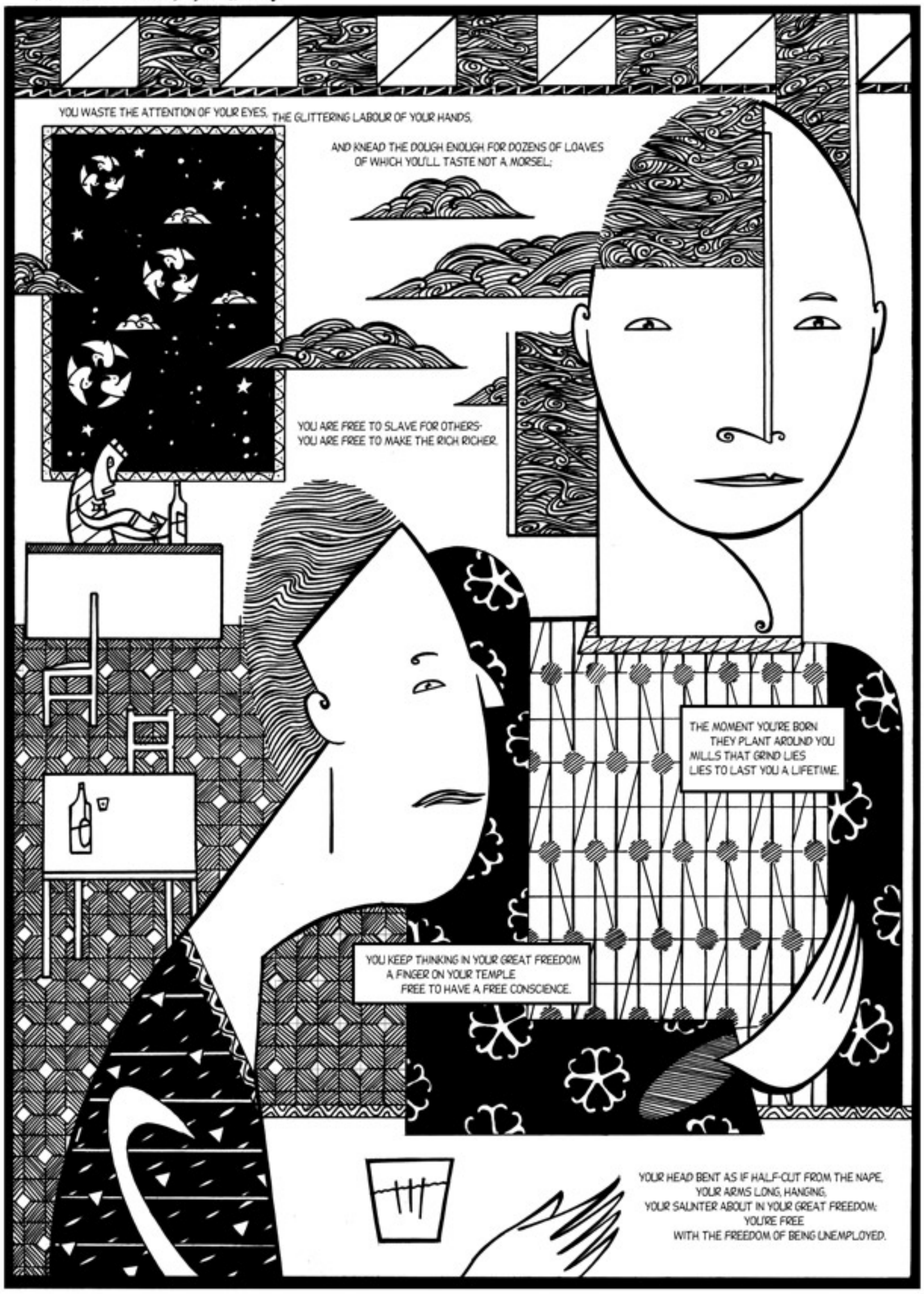
AND KNEAD THE DOUGH ENOUGH FOR DOZENS OF LOAVES  
OF WHICH YOU'LL TASTE NOT A MORSEL;

YOU ARE FREE TO SLAVE FOR OTHERS-  
YOU ARE FREE TO MAKE THE RICH RICHER.

THE MOMENT YOU'RE BORN  
THEY PLANT AROUND YOU  
MILLS THAT GRIND LIES  
LIES TO LAST YOU A LIFETIME.

YOU KEEP THINKING IN YOUR GREAT FREEDOM  
A FINGER ON YOUR TEMPLE  
FREE TO HAVE A FREE CONSCIENCE.

YOUR HEAD BENT AS IF HALF-CUT FROM THE NAPE,  
YOUR ARMS LONG, HANGING,  
YOUR SALUNTER ABOUT IN YOUR GREAT FREEDOM:  
YOU'RE FREE  
WITH THE FREEDOM OF BEING UNEMPLOYED.






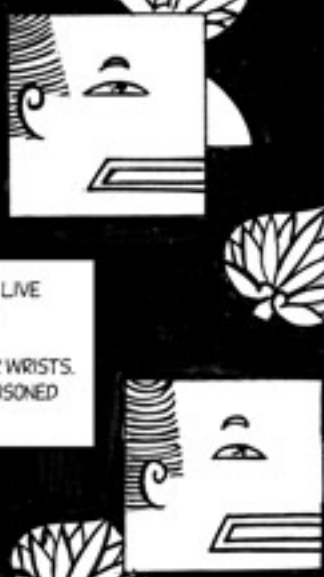
YOUR HEAD BENT AS IF HALF-CUT FROM THE NAPE,  
YOUR ARMS LONG, HANGING,  
YOUR SALUNTER ABOUT IN YOUR GREAT FREEDOM:  
YOU'RE FREE  
WITH THE FREEDOM OF BEING UNEMPLOYED.

YOU LOVE YOUR COUNTRY  
AS THE NEAREST, MOST PRECIOUS THING TO YOU,  
BUT ONE DAY, FOR EXAMPLE,

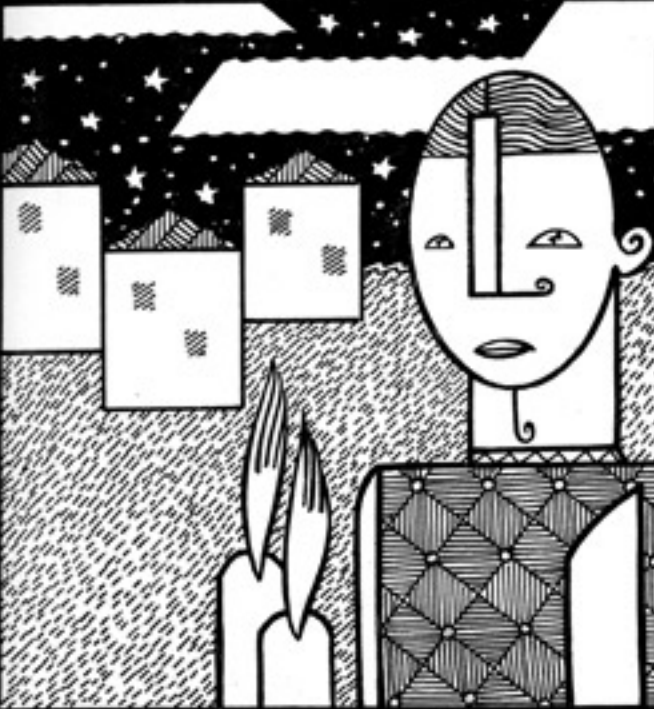
THEY MAY ENDORSE IT OVER TO AMERICA,  
AND YOU, TOO, WITH YOUR GREAT FREEDOM-  
YOU HAVE THE FREEDOM TO BECOME AN AIR-BASE.



YOU MAY PROCLAIM THAT ONE MUST LIVE  
NOT AS A TOOL, A NUMBER OR A LINK  
BUT AS A HUMAN BEING-  
THEN AT ONCE THEY HANDCLIFF YOUR WRISTS.  
YOU ARE FREE TO BE ARRESTED, IMPRISONED  
AND EVEN HANGED.



THERE'S NEITHER AN IRON, WOODEN  
NOR A TULLIE CURTAIN  
IN YOUR LIFE;



THERE'S NO NEED TO CHOOSE FREEDOM:  
YOU ARE FREE.  
BUT THIS KIND OF FREEDOM  
IS A SAD AFFAIR UNDER THE STARS.

Nazim Hikmet

