Stay Away from Me (Bangladesh I)

How can I embellish this carnival of slaughter,
how decorate the massacre?
Whose attention could my lamenting blood attract?
There’s almost no blood in my rawboned body
and what’s left
isn’t enough to burn as oil in the lamp,
not enough to fill a wineglass.
It can feed no fire,
extinguish no thirst.
There’s a poverty of blood in my ravaged body—
a terrible poison now runs in it.
If you pierce my veins, each drop will foam
as venom at the cobra’s fangs.
Each drop is the anguished longing of ages,
the burning seal of a rage hushed up for years.
Beware of me. My body is a river of poison.
Stay away from me. My body is a parched log in the desert.
If you burn it, you won’t see the cypress or the jasmine,
but my bones blossoming like thorns on the cactus.
If you throw it in the forests,
instead of morning perfumes, you’ll scatter
the dust of my scared soul.
So stay away from me. Because I’m thirsting for blood.