

Forgotten

The cell was like a kennel, they dropped him like a dog
Staring at cold metal, in a blurred and darkened fog
Plucked from his own work-place, innocent of crime
Taken, shaken, in the late daylight

The prison was a chasm, wind was in the yard
They took him out an hour each day, herded by the guards
Shuffling over concrete, with the other inmates there
Not allowed to speak in open air

And the iron bars, dark and hard, spider-webbed, human cage
Especially when evening came, they drilled into his brain

Left alone in shadow, not knowing noon from night
Mealtimes infrequent, rudimentary slop
The cell was cramped, inhuman, with a never-ending smell
He tried to pray, but every day, his thoughts went to himself

I'm forgotten, I'm forsaken, I've been left here on my own
I'm forgotten, I'm forsaken, left here to die alone

Cut off from his family, cut off from his friends
Where was Baha'u'llah, now he needed Him
Even Abdu'l-Baha, neglected where he was

He felt his consciousness slip down – to the abyss

I'm forgotten, I'm forsaken, You have left me on my own

I'm forgotten, my faith is shaken, left here to die alone

In the yard a prisoner brushed against his arm

No bigger than a finger-nail, it was squeezed between his palms

And in his cell when guards had gone, he found it like a star

The torn-off photograph of Abdu'l-Baha

And words arose, in the Master's tone, stirred up from long ago

Learnt by heart in a children's class, now they echoed in his cell

“Do not think that ye are forgotten, for one moment, do not think

Do not think that ye are forgotten, for one moment, do not think “

And the iron bars, like candelabras, they dissolved in a rosy gold

Angels soared within his soul, as the words spoke to his heart

“Do not think that ye are forgotten, for one moment, do not think

Do not think that ye are forgotten, for one moment, do not think.”