

## The Common Themes of Prison Poetry in the Poems by Abu-Firas Al-Hamdani and Mas'od Sa'd Salman

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### ABSTRACT

Poems of prison are a major part of poems by Abu-Firas Al-Hamdani and Mas'od Sa'd Salman. These two great poets have created elegant meanings and new and lively contents which deserve to be studied and scrutinized. Scrutiny of prison literature is equal to appreciate endeavors and sacrifices of great men who nourished chivalry, endurance, and bravery in their souls. Such literary works are familiar songs which penetrate into the hearth and may be blended to the soul, songs that bring serenity into the heart and polish human's spirit. Since these poets had experienced relatively similar political, cultural and social conditions in their lives, the comparison between their prison poetries is a considerable and important matter. On the other hand, both were among best poets of their age and prison poetry's foundations. The evaluation of their poems in prison in the present paper is performed based on their poem collection with focus on the common contents such as hardships in prison, zeal for homeland, friends and relatives.

**KEYWORDS:** Prison, Abu-Firas, Mas'od Sa'd, Prison Poetry, Comparison

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### INTRODUCTION

Prison literary works, regarding their motives, have different countenances and are often the innocence voice of innocents who try to clear themselves from any betrayal and disgrace, and are painful glows and sighs erupting from the glowing chest of lovers and deportees. These works have reflected their hard situations and longings for homeland, family and friends.

Prison poetries or Habsiat in Arabic are the painful cries of elevated souls who were separated from their relatives and homelands by others because of social, political and religious causes; and they were deprived of their most fundamental human rights in a humiliating way, therefore the origin of such literary works must be sought in the deep and pure human emotions. This not only gives a unique attractiveness to the prison works, also brings them beyond time and place and makes them alive and valuable in the hearth of literature. Because of these features the writer of the present paper is enthusiastically led into such fluctuating realm, thus among others two poets -Persian and Arabian, Mas'od Sa'd Salman and Abu Firas- were selected as the paper's subject matter. Studying Mas'od Sa'd's works it may be understood that his poems before imprisonment are about admiration of Ghaznavi princes, wars, the admired one's bravery and generosity, description of rulers' horses and elephants, and there is no sign of any complaint and agony in the works of this period, also they didn't enjoyed any firm words and new themes capable to impress reader and their materials have no diversity and novelty, so much of them are pure admirations. Despite firm words and eloquent expression, Abu Firas's poems also are empty of complaints and fine emotions before imprisonment. But because of prison hardships, longing for homeland, and distance from relatives, both poets have used mature words and meanings in their poems, and in the other hand, because of prison's hardships and pains which have shown their effects on the poems, the terms and the meanings have become finer and subtler. As it were pains and agonies were ingrained in their words. Therefore such expressions are influential and may impress on the soul of reader because they are emerged out of poet's deep inside.

### Poets' Biographies

Hares bin Sa'id bin Hamdan or Abu Firas was born in 932 AD in a monarchical family. He has lost his father in childhood because of power competitions between the court's affiliates. So the prince Seif Al-Dolah became his guardian.

Abu Firas has grown under the great price's protection and he battled against enemies specially Romans to keep the country's borders under Seif Al-Dolah's commandment. Abu Firas was a brave prince and accompanied Seif Al-Dolah in many battles. Seif Al-Dolah also paid high attention to him and preferred him to other princes and the court's affiliates. So Abu Firas was assigned as the governor of a border city, Manbaj, and later Homs

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(Kahhaleh, 175, 1957). He was injured and was captured in a battle to defense Manbaj (Al-Zarkli, 155, 2005; Al-Jabori, 6, 2002). This captivity has stretched for many years.

War's injuries and long captivity on one hand and because of Seif Al-Dolah's negligence about his freedom from long imprisonment on the other hand, have impressed on his soul and hearth distressingly. So he composed many poems known as Romiat in Arabian literature to cure his pains resulting from imprisonment. Romiat is equal with Habsiat and is a part of lyric poetry which "poet expresses his personal feelings and emotions directly in it and is about love, oldness, pleasure, failure, and patriotism" (Zafari, 16, 1985). And the much of impressions by lyric poetry are on person's soul and psyche (Abu Firas, 8, 1993). Thus the Romiat is a translation of poet's internal pains in agonizing and torturous period of the captivity.

### **Mas'od Sa'd Salman**

Mas'od Sa'd Salman is one of well-known Persian poets who is known out of Iranian borders. His father was an official and a treasurer during the ruling of first Ghaznavi dynasty. Mas'od was inside the Ghaznavi's court from his youth and when King Ibrahim Ghaznavi assigned the government of India to his son, Seif Al-Dolah, he became one of Seif Al-Dolah Mahmood Ghaznavi's close companions. After a while Seif felt into disfavor with his father and with his friends including Mas'od Sa'd were imprisoned. Mas'od was jailed for seven years in Dehak and Suo castles and for three years and in Nai castle.

Seven years beaten in Suo and Dehak,

Then three years so in Nai castle. (Lesan, p. 21, Introduction; 2000).

He learned astronomy and astrology in prison from a person named Bahram. Referring this, Mas'od has mentioned in his poems that despite knowing astrology he couldn't change his fate.

The knowledge of firmament didn't help me,

Nothing gained from future foreteller crystal. (Shamisa, 248, 1986)

He was freed from finally from jail by the mediation of Amid Al-Molk Abolghasem Khas who was one of King Ibrahim's companions.

During Mas'od bin Ibrahim's ruling, his son Azod Al-Dolah Shirzad was assigned as the India's ruler and he selected Bo Nasr Parsi, a Mas'od Sa'd' friend, as his minister, then Sa'd was chosen as Chalandar's governer by Parsi. After a while Parsi felt into disfavor and was imprisoned and so this was happened for Sa'd because of his friendship with Parsi. After eight years Sa'd was freed through mediation by Seghat Almolck, Taher bin Ali Meshkan, and was assigned royal librarian until he died. So Sa'd was imprisoned for eighteen years during the best part of his lifespan (Safa, 253, 1995).

### **Prison Poetry by Firas and Sa'd**

Their prison poetries were originated from their suffered and tormented hearts and exalted souls and tender feelings. Therefore their expressions are impressive and may penetrate in the heart of reader in a strange and painful way. It may be said that no kind of poem like Habsiat can plunge us into realm of sorrow and tears, since suffered poet is speaking about his inner sorrow and sometimes reader because of Habsiat feels as though has been in prison with exited emotions which make person crying.

Why both poets are timeless is because of their Habsiat, in the other words, such sort of poems made them famous in the literature realm (Noorian, p. 6 n.d.; Al-Bastani, 267, 1960). On the other hand, literature is ornamented by Habsiat's poetry style and emotional attractions in a new way.

Habsiat have manifested the poets' sincere emotions and romantic longings, and have put into words some emotions including yearning for homeland, and captivity's pains in the most elegant way by composition of sorrowful poems and with new themes. Introducing a beautiful, real, and truthful image, Habsiat have painted the poet's bitter fate and his pains during hard and burdensome captivity period. Such paintings and reflections of pains were crystalized in various themes which are described summarily as following.

### **The Common Themes**

#### **Imprisonment's Hardships**

It is very hard and costly to be imprisoned for as soul such Abu Firas's soul. The clock's hands move slowly for such soul in prison even the time is short, because happiness is eliminated from his heart because of imprisonment's cruelty and since all have forgotten about him unless a few of his friends. But he knows well that it is good if he shows patience with such hardships and he has hope that God will turn his painful state to a happy state.

وظئى بأن الله سوف يُدبِّلُ مصابى جليلٌ و العزاء جميلٌ  
و فى كل دهرٍ لا يسرك طولٌ تطول بى الساعات وهى قصيره

تتاسانی الأصحابُ إلا عُصيبه (Abu Firas, 260, 1993) ستلحقُ بالأخرى غداً و تحوّلُ

My pains are big and my patience is beautiful, and I guess that God will change my bad situation into well,  
These hours are long though in fact they are short; a lengthy time isn't always the cause of happiness,  
All my friends except a few have forgotten me; these also will do so soon.

Also Mas'od Sa'd has used very different emotions in his poems because he was in prison for a fourth of his lifespan. These emotions signified the poet's intense anguishes and pains, because of these even he has described his stature's bend and sorrowful voice:

با کوزی خم گرفته چوگانم با حنجره‌ی زخم یافته گویم

Saying with my wounded throat,

A bend like a mallet's bend.

Stating his general state in prison which may be similar with any other prisoner's, the poet has described many details of his imprisonment period. He said that like a bat his eyes were weakened because of sunlight lack and that he had no light in nights:

ضعیف چشم بی‌آفتاب چون خفاش همی بسوزم بی شمع همچون پروانه

Eyes weakened deprived of sunlight like a bat,

I am burning like a butterfly not having a candle (Shamisa, 11, 1996).

He described his bodily situation in an elegant expression. He described himself as a hen sitting on its eggs because prison is very small and tight and he is in chains, so he couldn't move in his cell. He must move with his chains even to get bread:

اکنون در این مرنجم در سنج بسته در بر بند خود نشسته چو بر بیضه ماکیان

رفتن مرا به زانوست یا به دست خفتن چو حلقه‌هایش نگون است یا ستان

دریک درم ز زندان با آهنی سر من هر شام و چاشت باشم دریویه‌ی دو نان

Now I am in Maranj behind a stubborn door,

Incubating eggs like a hen in chains.

Moving on knees or by hands,

Sleeping on back or head in between knees.

In prison with heavy chains,

Every dinner and breakfast in longing for two breads (Shamisa, 15-16).

Prison's difficulties and hardships were so much hard that even feasts and their joys couldn't to make Abu Firas happy because the poet's heart is in imprisonment and suffering.

He is living in ragged dresses lonely and is entangled in between himself and the times' events because these events took aim at him:

علی معنی القلب مکروب یا عید ماغدت بمحبوب  
أصبح فی أثوابِ مربوب یا وحشه الدار التي ربها  
لقد زمانی بالأعاجیب مالی و لدهر و أحداثه

O feast, don't visit a beloved one who his heart in imprisoned and is suffering,

O the house of fear, which its owner in the ties of slavery,

Astonishing about my situation and times' happenings, I don't know why the world took aim at me by strange events (Abu Firas, 43, 1993).

But Mas'od Sa'd is in a worse situation than Abu Firas. Since his cell is very tight as if he is bent. The poet even didn't forget to describe the prison's stony roof and brick door. He has explained that there is only a small opening in its door. This is so small that only one eye can see through it outwards. This opening is excessively small so that a star can be seen totally through it and the poet like a one-eyed person is looking the outside world. Therefore he is wondering how he could continue to exist as a living being:

در آن تتگ زندانم ای دوستان که هستم شب و روز چون چنبری

که را باشد اندر جهان خانه‌ای؟ ز سنگیش بامی زخشتی دری؟

یکی نیمه بینم ز هر اختری درو روزنی است که چندان کزان

در این تتگ منظر همی بنگرم بروی فلک راست چون اعوری

شگفت آن که با این همه زنده‌ام تواند چنین زیست جاناوری؟

O friends, in such tight cell,

Coiled in day and night.

Who has such home in the world?

Its roof made of stone, its door brick?

An opening in it,

Only a half of star could be seen.

Looking through this tight orifice,  
Like a one-eyed to the sky.  
Wondering how I could be living,  
How a being endure in such place? (Yasami, 497-498, 1983).

So Abu Firas has requested from Seif Al-Dolah that to be treated as a patient not a captive or injured one at least; a patient who is insulated so much and because of this he is looking at moving stars in his nights, and because he has no visitor in prison so travelers and passengers are crying for his loneliness and this is more surprising because before captivity he was so brave in battlefields that when he isn't there then all of his companions in battles will be afraid, so all lances remain in armory and swords remain in the sheaths:

و هل تعطفان على المريض لابالأسير ولا القتييل  
ت من الطلوع إلى الأفول يرعى النجوم السائرا  
فقد الضيوف مكانه و بكاه أبناء السبيل  
يوم الوغى، سرب الخيول و استوحشت لقرابه  
ح و أعمدت بيض النصول و تعطت لئلت سمر الزما

I don't say that be kind towards a captive or an injured one,  
But aren't you kind towards a patient?

I am a patient in waiting,  
All nights I am looking at stars from dusk to dawn.  
Here isn't known to my visitors,

Only passengers are crying for my loneliness.  
Heroes are frightened because I am not in battlefields,  
Lances remained unemployed and swords in their sheaths (Abu Firas, 263-4, 1993).

There is no solution except begging when hardships and difficulties are at their heights, so Mas'od Sa'd also has admired Abo Al-Roshd Rashid bin Mohtaj who was a general during king Ibrahim. He stated that I admired a person who all glories are only a part of his virtues and all magnitudes and dignities are in him intrinsically. The poet knows that his painful situation isn't unknown for the general. The general knows that the poet is sleeping in an insulated cell lonely like an owl and is awakening from sleep like a raven there; he is thirsty, and crying with a yellowish face because of pain with a weakened body. He is moaning about his burdensome pains every night like a thunder, and moving his head because of intense sorrows and tribulations same as wind and is sighing from the bottom of his heart, so he is coiling around himself like a snake and shaking like leaf; his life's joys have become bitter and his cell has turned into his grave because it is tight and dark. He is moaning and trembling and his tears have changed into blood:

وی از همه مکرمت نفس تو کرده شعار ای ز همه مفخرت عرض تو بسته خلی  
که من چه بینم همی در فزع این حصار دانم که پوشیده نیست بر دل بیدار تو  
چون بوم خسیم زوهم در شکم این مضیق چو زاغ خیزم ز ترس بر سر این کوهسار  
دولیم از باد خشک دو رخم از اشک تر گونه ام از درد زرد و پیکرم از غم نزار  
چو ابر هر بامداد گریسم از درد زار چو رعد هر شامگاه نالم در رنج سخت  
بلرزدم دل چو برگ ببیچیدم تن چو مار بگرددم سر چو باد بخیزدم دم چو دود  
کار زسختی چو سنگ عیش به تلخی چو زه جای به تنگی چو گور روز به ظلمت چو تار  
چهره ز خونین سرشک بر شبه گفته قار شخص نوانم ز ضعف بر نسق چفته نال  
سینه ز تیربلا چون هدف تو فگار قامت از بار رنج همچو کمان تو کوژ  
که بر کشی مر مرا از بن ازین اضطرار به حق داداقرین به نعمت شاه شرق  
ز آنکه امیدم به توست جمله پس از کردگار امید عالی تویی وفا کن امید من

All are proud of you, O you the great man,  
All are taking your greatness as their token.  
I know that you the sage man you know this,  
What I am experiencing in this fearful prison.  
Sleeping like an owl in this tight cell,  
Awaking like a raven fearfully over this mountain.  
Wind dried my lips and my eyes were wetted by tears,  
Pain makes sallowish my face and sorrow my body lean.  
Like rumble I am moaning every night for my misery,  
Like cloud I am weeping every morning for pain.  
My head sways like wind, my breath goes up like smoke,  
My heart trembling like a leaf, my body coiling like a snake.  
Things are in difficulty like stone, joys are painful like travail,

Place is tight like a grave, day is dark like ink.  
My lean body make me trembling like a twisted reed,  
Bloody tears make my face livid.  
My stature is bended by tribulation like your curved bow,  
My chest is injured like your target by destiny's arrow.  
Appealing to God the just and beneficence of the east's king,  
Free me from this damn misery.

You are my absolute hope, realize it for me,  
Since you are my only hope after the great God (Lesan, 94, 2000).

This tribulation also made Abu Firas agonized and its hardships were longer seemingly for him also. Recalling life's joyful moments gave him great relief for his pains. Although he is sorrowful in captivity, but not much time ago he was enjoying much happiness. Because everybody including the poet who is a bravery man pursuing a high position may be in power one day and in captivity another day. So he has no way except patience until God comes to help him:

|   |  |
|---|--|
| إن زرت خرشنه أسيراً<br>إن طال ليلى في ذرا<br>ولين لقيت الخزن في<br>صبراً لعل الله بئس<br>من كان مثلي لم يبت | فلکم أخطت بها مغيراً<br>ك فقد نعمت به قصيراً<br>ك فقد لقيت بك السرورا<br>خ هذه فتحاً تسييراً<br>ألا أسيراً أو أميراً |
|---|--|

If I visit Kharshanah city captivated now, which long time I plundered it during ruling it,  
If painful nights were lengthened in this city, but maybe because I before had joyful times here, time shorten for me.  
If now sorrow is my visitor,  
But I had visited happiness before.  
Be patient,

That God may open the way soon.  
It is for everyone who is a bravery man,  
To be in captivity or triumph (Abu Firas, 175-6, 1993).

Both poets were in conversation with birds because of their loneliness, and many times have described their hard situation for birds. Mas'od Sa'd has shared his loneliness with a nightingale and had chat with it, stating that it is in a sorrowful situation like him because of its songs. As if this nightingale is in chains as he is:

|   |  |
|---|--|
| نواگری بلبل که بس خوش نوايي<br>بخسبند مرغان و تو شب نخسبي | مبادا ترا زين نوا بي نوايي<br>مگر همچو من بسته در حصن نايي |
|---|--|

O nightingale, sing with your beautiful song,  
I wish your art gives you joy not pain.

All birds are sleeping in night but you don't,  
Are you in chains like me in Nai prison? (lesan, 216, 1379)

Abu Firan also has conversation about such theme with a dove which is singing in prison. He described prison's hardships for it and believed that they weren't treated in justice by the world. So their sorrows must be divided. The poet says about his weakness unprecedentedly. And he says that this weakness is wiggling in his worn and suffering body. The dove's song for the poet is like weeping. Therefore he is wondered about his laughs despite the hardships and weeping by the dove, and maintained that it is more proper for him to be weeping than the dove. And it is highly burdensome for him to be weeping because of misfortunes and mishaps.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| أيا جار تا هل تشعيرين بحالي<br>تعالى أقاسمك الهموم تعالى أيا جار تا ما انصفت الدهر بيننا<br>تردد في جسم يعذب بال تعالى ترى روحاً لذي ضعيفه<br>ولكن دمعى فى الحوادث غال لقد كنت اولى منك بالدمع مقله | أقول وقد ناخنت بقربى حمامه<br>تعالى أقاسمك الهموم تعالى أيا جار تا ما انصفت الدهر بيننا<br>تردد في جسم يعذب بال تعالى ترى روحاً لذي ضعيفه<br>ولكن دمعى فى الحوادث غال لقد كنت اولى منك بالدمع مقله |
|---|--|

A dove is singing near me in the prison,  
Asking it, O neighbor do you understand me.  
O neighbor, the fate didn't treat us in justice,  
Let to divide our sorrows.  
Come to me to see my weak soul,  
Which is wiggling inside my worn suffered body.  
More than you I must weep,  
But it is hard for me to be crying.

**Longing for Homeland and Friends**

Those poets who are in imprisonment away in the distance from their homelands will recall their homes and memories and miss their homelands, since some sages said that “love for homeland is integrated the human nature.” (Hamadani, 5, 1962).

Abu Firas is one those who occasionally in his Romiat recalled Manbaj city’s landscapes and places, and described every single of them:

ب و حَىٰ اَكْنَابِ الْمَصْلَى  
قِيَابِهَا فَالْنَهْرُ اَعْلَى  
قِفْ فِي رَسُومِ الْمَسْتَجَا  
فَالْجُوسِقُ الْمَيْمُونُ فَالْسُّ  
تِلْكَ الْمَنَازِلُ وَالْمَسَالَا

Wait a moment in Mostajab’s ruins,  
Wait at Mosala’s alleys a second.  
Then at Mobarak’s palace,  
And beside its runnels.

All are for guests and play, I hope God save them from drought. (Abu Firas, 268, 1993)

Sometimes he has considered his homeland as the subject of poems in an encrypted way (Abad, 325, 2001).  
Cleaving the prison’s walls in his imagination he goes to the familiar land which before separation was the residence for beauties and guests.

لَمْ اُبْكِ فِيهِ مَوَاقِدَ النَّيْرَانِ  
مَأْوَى الْحَسَانِ وَ مَنَزَلَ الضَّيْفَانِ  
لَوْلَا تَنَكَّرَ مِنْ هُوَيْثُ بِحَاجِرِ  
وَلَقَدْ اَرَاهُ قُبَيْلَ طَارِقَةِ النَّوَى

If I hadn’t the beloved memories of Hajar district,  
I wouldn’t have cried for recalling the reception fireplace.

A while before separation,

Here was a nice place for beauties and guests. (Abu Firas, 338, 1993)

This is the case about Mas’od Sa’d when he is in horrible isolation of prison and reviews his life and recalls his hometown, Lahoor, and talks about it longingly as child who is chatting with his parents:

بِي اَفْتَابِ رُوشَن، رُوشَن چِگونَه اِی؟  
بِي لَالَه وَ بِنَفْسَه وَ سُوسَن چِگونَه اِی؟  
اِی لَاهُور، وَ یَحِک بِي مَن چِگونَه اِی؟  
اِی اَن کِه بَاغِ طَبِيع مَن اَرَاستَه تُو رَا  
بَا مَن چِگونَه بُوْدی؟ وَ بِي مَن چِگونَه اِی؟  
تُو مَرغَزَار بُوْدی وَ مَن شَبِير مَرغَزَار  
بَا دَرْد اُو بِه نُوْحَه وَ شَبِيون چِگونَه اِی؟  
نَاگَه عَزِيْز فِرزَنْد اَز تُو جَدَا شُدَسْت

O Lahoor, alas, how are you without me,

How are you alight without sunlight?

O you ornamented with my gift,

How are without tulip, violet, and lily?

You were meadow and I was its lion,

How were with me? How are you without me now?

Suddenly your dear child was separated from you,

Now how are you with moaning and lament? (Yasami, 493, 1983)

In addition to hometown, distance from kin and relatives also is the cause to agonize the tender soul of the poets. Mother, among others, is the holy thing that has a specific place in the imprisoned poet’s hearth as a mother who is worry about her child. Abu Firas, in this regard, says that if I hadn’t my old mother, I wouldn’t have feared from death and I wouldn’t have humiliated myself as the sacrifice for freedom, and all of this humiliation and begging undertaking is for realization of the mother’s wish to be her aid and support in sudden happenings. Therefore, he demands his mother, from the corner of prison, not to be disappointed and despondent and to be hopeful about God’s help; because this tribulation for him is divine destiny and it is the most beautiful thing that poet offers his mother is invitation of the mother to patience:

مَا خَفِثَتْ اَسْبَابَ الْمَنِيَه  
لَوْلَا الْعَجُوزُ بِمَنْبِجِ  
ثُمَّ مَنَ الْفِدَا نَفْسَ اَبِيَّةٍ وَلَكَانَ لِي عَمَّا سَأَلْتُ  
مَنْ تَتَفَدُّ فِي الْبَرِيَّةِ  
وَلَكِنْ قَضَاءُ اللهِ وَالْاَحْكَامِ  
وَتَقِي بِفَضْلِ اللهِ فِيهِ يَا اُمَّتَا لَا تَحْزَنِي  
لِلَّهِ الطَّائِفُ خَفِيَّةً  
يَا اُمَّتَا لَا تَبْاَسِي  
فَاِنَّهُ خَيْرُ الْوَصِيَّةِ  
اَوْصِيكَ بِالصَّبْرِ الْجَمِيْلِ

I would not be afraid of death,

If the old woman in Manbaj wasn’t my mother.

Then there is a disobedient soul,

Instead of the redemption I demanded.

But what may be done,

Definitely divine predestination will be happened for the creatures.

O mother, don't be sad,  
Show your trust to the great God.  
O mother, don't be disappointed,  
Since the great God has many graces.

I invite you to be patient,  
Since it is the best advice. (Abu Firas, 353, 1993)

Also Mas'od Sa'd, similarly, is complaining because he is far away from his mother and is crying so intense that stone is cleaving by his tears and green plant arose from its crack. Because his heart is the place of the sorrow of his mother who couldn't see her child for a long time and she has beaten on his chest, because of this sadness, so much that it turns into livid. This parting pain made her dependent on stick, made her eyesight poor, and pushed her closer toward death:

|                            |                             |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| اشک راندم ز دیدگان چندان   | کز دل سنگ بردمید گیا        |
| در غم زال مادری که شدست    | از غم و درد و رنج شیدا      |
| نیل کرده دو بر ز زخم دو کف | کرده کافور دیدگان زبکا      |
| چون عصا خشک و رفت نتواند   | در دو گام ای عجب مگر به عصا |
| زار گوید همی کجایی پور     | کز غمت مرد مادرت این جا     |

So much I wept that,  
Plant has grown from stone's crack.  
For a sorrow-laden old mother,  
Her distance from the child made her crazy.  
Both sides of her beaten chest were livid,  
Weeping made her eyesight poor.  
Unable to move with a weak body,  
Even two steps but with a stick.  
Weeping asking where are you son?

Mother is dying for your missing. (Yasami, 19-21, 1983).

Abu Firas has experienced the tragedy of mother's death in Roman prison. So his most impressive griefful poems are composed about this event. "He composed some beautiful poems for his mother's death from the bottom of hearth and full of emotion and sincerity without any hypocrisy and poetical rhetoric" (Sharaf Al-Din, 169-170). Here there is no precious and verbal games in his poem.

|                            |                          |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| أيا أمّ الأسير سقاك غيثٌ   | بِكره منك ما لقي الأسيرُ |
| تحبّر لا يقيم و لا يسيرُ   | أيا أمّ الأسير سقاك غيثٌ |
| الی من بالفدا يأتي البشيرُ | أيا أمّ الأسير سقاك غيثٌ |

O captive's mother, blessing rain to water your grave,  
This captive one was encountered with anything horrible for you.  
O captive's mother, the rain falling over your grave is confused and perplexed,  
It not stay not move.

O captive's mother, blessing rain to fall over your grave,  
Who will receive my freedom annunciation after your death? (Abu Firas, 183, 1993).

As it is appeared in semantically discussions, repetition has certain objects. It seems in first look at these poems that the repetition is used as enjoying the word of mother, but after a precise study on these poems it can be understand that his moaning for the mother the lament of a soul for another one, which in fact both are one. When the poet starts his lament with the term of captive's mother, in fact he attaches his state to the mother's state and attributes her mother death to his death.

Addend and augend are concomitant of each other and are as one word, and it is impossible to separate them. And as this is common among semantics practitioners when addend died then augend will be died also, or end of one of them leads to another's end. The mother is the symbol of life and the last hopes for his life. After mother's death, symbols arrive at their end and also this is the case for his ideals and life's aims. So he cries from the bottom of his heart. He is pursuing, as it were, a reason to continue his life, but he doesn't find it. Therefore he has repeated O captive's mother three times successively. And this is a reason for the poet's tragedy. As if he doesn't recognize his mother's death, and he doesn't want to do this. As mothers cry for their child's death and they don't reach consolation by few moan, but they will cry plentiful to be tired at last and then they will calm down because of extreme tiredness.

The horror of loneliness will dominate the poet. So he doesn't know to find a shelter where, and to be companion with whom. He doesn't know to find compassion from whom and to be with whom in the time of sorrow and pain,

and to live under which light in his life. He wonders by hope to which truth and what assistance he can resolve life's difficulties? But this loneliness doesn't last for a long time. He recalls that all of us will go after dead ones, a remembrance that is the cause of calmness:

إذا ضاقت بما فيها الصدورُ إلى من أشتكي؟ و لمن أتاجي؟  
 بأى ضياع وجه أستتيرُ؟ بأى دعاء داعيه أوقى؟  
 بمن يُستفتح الأمرُ العسيرُ؟ بمن يُستدفع القدر الموفى  
 إلى ما صرت في الأخرى نصيرُ نُسلى عنك: أنا عن قليل

To whom I can unburden myself? To whom I can bring my complaints? What can I do when I miss you?

Whose prayer will preserve me? What light will bring brightness to my life?

Whose help will save me from mishaps? Whose help will solve my difficulties?

My only consolation is that we will come where you went soon also. (Abu Firas, 185, 1993)

Separation from children is a subject which Mas'od Sa'd Salman paid his attention to it in some of his prison poems. Separation has shown its impression on such poems. He recalled such memories for regret and to make a wish and sometimes for consolation and enjoying himself.

He complains, beside prison sufferings, about separation from his children. Separation from the children, as it were, is like an arrow shot at his heart and soul:

غم و تيمار دختر و پسر م تير و تيغت بر دل و جگرم  
 از غم و درد آن دل و جگرم جگرم پاره است و دل خسته  
 نه بدیشان همی رسد خبرم نه خبر می رسد مرا زایشان  
 غم و تيمار مادر و پدرم هم بدین سان گزادم شب و روز

The grief of separation from you my daughter and son,

I like an arrow and blade in my heart and liver.

My liver is shredded and my hearth is broken,

Because of deep grief for the daughter and the son.

I don't know about them,

They know nothing of me.

I am in fire of separation from mother and father also,

Night and day (Yasami, 331, 1983).

The story of friends also is appeared in Sa'd's poems. He remembered about his friend during his loneliness in prison and complained about their absence and his desolation. Using sorrowful words he talked with them about his mental pains. Remembering their words sometimes bloody tears run from his eyes. But he shows patience in fearing of exposing his secret:

چون ز گفتار هات یباد آرم از دو دیده سرشک خون بارم  
 به ستم خویش را فرو دارم. بازم ترسم که آگهی یابند  
 چون همه شب ز رنج بیدارم. من خیال تو را کجا بینم  
 غم دل زار زار بگسارم با مبارک خیال تو هر شب

Bloody tears running from both eyes,

When I remember your talks.

Fearing to be informed,

I hide my emotions from them.

When I can see your dream,

Cause pains keep me all nights awake.

With pleasing imagination of you,

I alleviate my pains all times (Lesan, 129-30, 1985).

Sometimes he went beyond this and claimed he became a worldwide legend because of his deep love of friend, and the grief of separation made him weak and subsequently brings him a bent stature and shaking hands:

به هر دیار زمن قصه ی دگر دارد. هوای دوست مرا در جهان سمر دارد  
 دو تا و لرزان چون شاخ بارور دارد ز بار اندوه هجران ضعیف قد مرا

My love of friend became a world-around legend,

Any place has its narration of it.

Separation grief has bent my weak stature,

And made it shaking like a burdened branch (Ibid. 38).

Similarly Abu Firas has turned his longing for friends into verse. His tears confessing this yearning, and his confusion is an evidence of this. Although the poet denies such love, but his vigilant conscience despises any lie and

hypocrisy; so inevitably he can't conceal his tears which are running as love rain from his eyes; because no distance can destroy friendship:

و يشهد قلبي بطول الكرب  
و لكن نفسي تأبى الكذب  
و انى عليك لصب و صب  
و انى عليك لجارى الدموع

My tears confessing to longing for you,

My hearth is an evidence of long hardships.

Trying to deny this longing,

But inside I avoid any lying.

Running yearning tears from my eyes in the separation from you,

Your absence turns me patient and insane. (Abu Firas, 28, 1993)

## CONCLUSION

Despite differences in their language and region, the themes and contents used by Abu Firas and Mas'od Sa'd have common political, cultural, and social conditions. So their poems have common contents. According to our findings following results are obtained:

- 1- Prison and its hardships have polished their words and have made their meanings more impressive and sorrowful. And because their words have arisen from their hearths, then they will penetrate in the hearth of readers.
- 2- Prison poetry's themes have demonstrated us a genuine image of imprisoned poets' personalities.
- 3- Prison poetry is an image of poet's internal pains and belongs to lyric poetry and is most influential in the reader's soul. So it is away from complexity and preciousness, and guides us towards internal nature of human.

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