

A lover to his beloved

This path of memory,
On which you have walked for so long,
Will end, if you were to proceed a few steps more,
Where it diverts to oblivion's desolation
And from there onwards neither you nor I exist.
My eyes, still on you, wait that any instant,
You may return, pass on, or just look back.

Yet, I am aware,
That it is merely an illusion:
When I believe that if my eyes
ever embrace you somewhere,
A new path shall erupt there;
And a similar encounter shall resume;
Under the fall of your locks,
The journey of my arms.

Then, the other situation is just a false,
Because my heart knows:
There is no diversion, desolation or hiding,
Which may conceal my beloved from me.
So, while this path erupts under your feet,
Let it be so;
And if you never even look back,
It doesn't matter.