

Again the sun returns

Again the sun returns, bathing the world in its journey,
Again the morning light goes hand in glove with the sky.

Again the fire roars in every merry song,
Again the flames leap from every weeping eye.

Again a madman leaves, having set fire to his house
And every path says something to every passer by.

That colour is implicated in the garden's very air,
Obscured the prison walls from the limits of the eye.

The glasses will rattle, whether the liquor flows or not
The clouds will thunder, whether it rains or stays dry.

Don't worry about shoes now, better look to your turban
This wave that laps at your feet will soon be head high.