

Ashes and blossoms

Today, again,
On the string spun from grief and pain,
I threaded blossoms; drawn from your memory.

And I plucked,
From the desert of abandoned love,
Buds which bloomed; when we were together.

Then,
I placed on your doorsteps,
Offering to the days of your memory.

Laid,
Side by side, in the vase called Desire,
The ashes of separation, the blossoms from our love.

Translated by: Sain Sucha