

## Don't ask me my darling...

Don't ask me my darling  
For the love we had once.

I had then believed,  
That you alone gave zest to life.  
The thought of you,  
Eclipsed other worries of the universe.  
This face of yours,  
Gave constancy to the realm of spring.  
What else was there,  
In the world, except your eyes?

If I were to win you,  
Then Fate would be the loser.

It wasn't so,  
Only I had wished it to be so.

There are other passions in life,  
Besides that of love.  
There are other gratifications in life,  
Besides that of reunion.

These dark spells,  
Which have stretched over countless years.  
These human entrapments,  
Woven from silk, satin and brocade.

These bodies for sale,  
On display in the streets and back alleys.  
These abandoned corpses,  
Covered by dust, bathed in blood.

The mind keeps thinking of them;  
What can I do?  
Your beauty though still alluring;  
Yet, what can I do?

There are other passions in life,  
Besides that of love.  
There are other gratifications in life,  
Besides that of reunion.

Don't ask me my darling  
For the live we had once.

Translated by Sain Sucha