

## Enchained by love

With the hangman's rope around the neck,  
The singers continued to sing each day.  
On the jingles resounding from their fetters,  
The dancers revelled in their own way.

We neither belonged to one row nor the other.  
Standing there on the pathway –  
We looked at them,  
And, silently shed the tears.

On returning home we looked at the flowers,  
Only the paleness remained, where once it was red.  
On feeling at our breast we discovered,  
Only the pain pulsated, where once beat the heart.

Sometimes an imagined collar around the neck,  
At times feet felt the dance of the chains.  
And, then, one day Love, just like them,  
With the bond of "Rope around the neck",  
Dragged us along with their caravan.

Translated by Sain Sucha