

## In the desert of my solitude

In the desert of my solitude, oh love of my life, quiver  
the shadows of your voice,  
the mirage of your lips  
In the desert of my solitude,  
beneath the dust and ashes of distance  
bloom the jasmines and roses of your proximity  
From somewhere very close,  
rises the warmth of your breath  
smouldering in its own aroma,  
slowly, bit by bit.  
far away, across the horizon, glistens  
drop by drop  
the falling dew of your beguiling glance  
With such tenderness, O love of my life,  
on the cheek of my heart,  
has your memory placed its hand right now  
that it looks as if  
(though it's still the dawn of adieu)  
the sun of separation has set  
and the night of union has arrived.

Translated by Ayesha Khanna