

## Is Spring Again-

It is spring, And the ledger is opened again.

From the abyss where they were frozen,  
those days suddenly return, those days  
that passed away from your lips, that died  
with all our kisses, unaccounted.

The roses return: they are your fragrance;  
they are the blood of your lovers.

Sorrow returns. I go through my pain  
and the agony of friends still lost in the memory  
of moon-silver arms, the caresses of vanished women.

I go through page after page. There are no answers,  
and spring has come once again asking  
the same questions, reopening account after account.

Translation by Agha Shahid Ali