

It's the Colour of My Heart

When you didn't come,
things were they should be -
the sky was as far as I could see,
the road to travel by was a road,
the goblet was a glassful of wine.

And now, a glassful of wine,
the road to travel by,
and the colour of the sky,
are like the colours of my blood,
flowing from my heart to my liver.

Sometimes golden, like the
shine of your eyes when we meet.
Sometimes grey and saddening like
the sickening feelings of partings.

Other times like colours of old
leaves, of trash, of dry grass,
of red flowers in flower-beds,
of dark sky, of poison, of blood.

Now I see the sky, the road,
the glass full of wine, my wet

robe, my aching nerves in a mirror,
changing moment by moment.

Since you've come, please stay.
May the things - the colours, the seasons,
stay as if they were in one place.
May everything be as it used to be -

The sky, as far as I could see,
the road to travel by, a road,
the goblet, brimming with wine.

Translated by Ravi Kopra