

## Let it be

Today,  
If the breeze, in the garden of memory,  
Wants to scatter the petals; then, let it be.  
The pain, resting in some niche of the bygone age,  
If wishes to kindle again; then, let it be.  
Although you behave like a stranger now, so what;  
Come and spend some time, face to face.

If we do meet, then afterwards,  
The feeling of our loss shall intensify.  
The exchange of few words between you and me,  
Shall enhance the ambiguity of every word unsaid.  
Neither of us shall refer to any promise,  
Nor discuss fidelity or oppression.

If my eyes approach you, laden with tears,  
To wash away the settled dust of the past,  
You may respond, or choose to ignore them;  
And words which make you avert the eyes,  
You may rejoin, or choose to neglect them.

Translated by Sain Sucha