

Memory

In the desert of loneliness, my darling; quivers
The echo of your voice, the mirage of your lips.
In the desert of loneliness, beneath isolation's debris,
Are blooming jasmines and roses of your charming Self.

From somewhere close arises the warmth of your breath,
So gently it smoulders, drenched in its own scent.
Far away, across the horizon, shining like pearly drops,
Softly falls the dew from your blissful eyes.

With so much tenderness, my darling your memory has put,
Just now, its soothing hands on my turbulent heart,
It appears, although it is still the dawn of separation,
The day of parting is gone, and has come reunion's night.

Translated by Sain Sucha