

My helpmate, My friend

If I were certain of this, my helpmate, my friend
If I could be certain that the weariness of your heart
The sadness of your eyes, the fever in your breast
Would be erased by my consoling, my love
If my reassuring words were the cure by which
Your empty, lampless brain should rise again
Your forehead be washed clean of these stains of humiliation
Your feverish youth be healed
If I were certain of this, my helpmate, my friend
Day and night, dusk and dawn I would comfort you
I would sing light-hearted sweet songs to you
Songs of waterfalls, of springs, of meadows
Songs of dawn, of moonlight, of planets
I would tell stories of beauty and devotion
How the ice-like bodies of proud beauties
Melt in the passion of warm hands
How one's once fixed familiar face
Upon gazing on it unexpectedly changes
How the transparent crystal of the beloved's cheek
Suddenly goes aflame from a ruby red glow
Or the way a rose bows herself before its plucker
Or the way the expanse of night is fragrant
I would keep singing, keep singing for your sake
I would keep weaving melodies while sitting, for your sake
But my songs are not the elixir to your sorrows

Melody is no surgeon, be it consoling and sympathetic
Nor is it a lancet, be it a balm for illness
There is no escape for your illness, save for the lancet
And this murderer-messiah is not in my possession
Nor is it in that of any living soul in this world
Yes! except for you, yourself, yourself.