

## Stranger

So much politeness, yet we remain strangers;  
how many meetings till we are again lovers?  
How long before we see a spring of unsullied green?  
How many rains before the blood stains wash away?  
Heartless were the moments ending the pain of our love,  
Lightless were the mornings following life-giving nights.  
I longed to beg forgiveness, even complain as lovers do,  
but my heart's crushing defeat gave me no respite.  
What I had gone to say, Faiz, risking all -  
remained unsaid when all else was done.