

The meeting

This night's tree stems from that pain,
Which is far greater than you and I.
It is greater because in its branches,
Caravans of millions of luminous stars
Came and, then, just withered away.
Thousands of moons, under its shadow,
Lost their lustre, broken with grief.

This night's tree stems from that pain,
Which is far greater than you and I.

But

From the tree if this very night,
Have fallen these few pale leaves of
The transient time and, after entangling
In your locks, turned into scarlet blossoms.
From its dew have also trickled,
These few drops of the silence
And became brilliants on your brow.

How very black is this night!
Yet, in its darkness one can see,
That rush of red – which is my call.
And, under its shadow is also radiant,
That golden wave – which is your glance.

This sorrow which smoulders to tepidly,
In the embrace of your soothing arms,
(the sorrow, which is an extract of this night)
Let it regain its heat by the warmth
In my sighs; and then be a flame again.

And, from the bows made out of its sticks,
All those arrows which were shot in the heart,
We have pulled them out, and then from
Each of them has made an axe for our purpose.

The daybreak for the unlucky and heartbroken,
Shall not arrive from the heavens above.
On this very spot where you and I stand,
Will rise the dawn, with its full splendour.
On this very spot appeared the buds of sorrow,
And metamorphosed into blossom at twilight.
It is here that the axes of devastating miseries,
After transforming into countless rays,
Have become garlands of dazzling fire.

The sorrow, which this night have bestowed!
This sorrow has evolved the faith in the dawn.

The faith which is far gracious than the sorrow,
The dawn which is far greater than the night.