

## The moment to lament time's death

The blue waters – Sky – stand still.

On the horizon has anchored,

Moon's pale coloured barque.

At the shore have landed,

All the sailors – every star.

The breath of leaves is choked,

The wind has fallen into a lull,

The gong demanding silence reverberates.

Then, stillness absorbed all the voices.

From the breast of dawn's nymph,

Fell the veil of darkness.

Instead,

Dark shadows of despair and loneliness

Have covered her whole being.

Yet, she is not aware of it.

No one is any longer aware, that at dusk,

When he left the town,

In which direction he proceeded;

There was no path, nor any goal.

No traveller, now,

Feels up to the journey.

This is a broken link of duration,

From the chain called as Day & Night –

This is the moment to lament Time's death.

On such occasion, quite subconsciously,  
After removing the cloak of myself,  
I too, sometimes, look at –  
Those spots of rebuke,  
And these blooms of affection.  
Lines etched by running tears,  
Stains left by the bleeding heart.  
This rip scratched by the enemy's claw,  
This image impressed by a friend's hand.  
These jewels bestowed by tender lips,  
These slashes gored by some evil tongue.

Still, this cloak,  
My covering for day and night,  
This torn mantle,  
Is what I despise; yet, love.  
At times frenzy demands:  
"Rip it off, throw it away."  
And sometimes love whispers:  
"Cherish it; hold it close to your heart."

Translated by Sain Sucha