

Don't Ask Me, Sweetheart

Don't ask me, sweetheart, for the love we've had before.

I had then thought --

as long as you're here, my life would flourish;

when I had your grief, grief of the world didn't matter.

You were the one who kept the world in eternal bloom,

but for your eyes, what else is there for me in the world?

If I have you, I'd have the destiny in my hand.

That was not to be, though I wanted it so.

Many other woes in the world besides love,

many other comforts, besides our togetherness ...

Translation by Agha Shahid Ali