

It Is Spring Again-

It is spring, And the ledger is opened again.

From the abyss where they were frozen,
those days suddenly return, those days
that passed away from your lips, that died
with all our kisses, unaccounted.

The roses return: they are your fragrance;
they are the blood of your lovers.

Sorrow returns. I go through my pain
and the agony of friends still lost in the memory
of moon-silver arms, the caresses of vanished women.
I go through page after page. There are no answers,
and spring has come once again asking
the same questions, reopening account after account.

English Translation by Agha Shahid Ali