

Solitude

Someone, finally, is here! No, unhappy heart, no one -
just a passerby on his way.

The night has surrendered
to clouds of scattered stars.

The lamps in the hall waver.

Having listened with longing for steps,
the roads too are fast asleep.

A strange dust has buried every footprint.

Blow out the lamps, break the glasses, erase
all memory of wine. Heart,

bolt forever your sleepless doors,

tell every dream that knocks to go away.

No one, now no one will ever return.

Translation by Agha Shahid Ali