

Solitude

Someone finally came, O my unhappy heart!

No, no one came;

He must be a passerby, to some other place he'd go.

The night is now over, the clouds of stars are scattering.

The lamps full of dreams are wavering in the winds.

Listening to the travellers' footsteps the roads are now falling
asleep

And the strange dust has blurred the footprints.

Blow out the lamp, O my unhappy heart!

Break the glasses, efface all memories of wine.

Bolt your undreaming doors.

No one will come here now. No one.

Translation by Ravi Kopra