

Wasteland of Solitude

In the wasteland of solitude, my love, quiver
shadows of your voice, illusions of your lips.

In the wasteland of solitude, from the dusts of parting
Sprout jasmines and roses of your presence

From somewhere close by, rises the warmth of your breath
and in its own aroma smoulders, slowly, bit by bit.

Far-off, across the horizon, drop by glistening drop
Falls the dew of your beguiling glance.

With such overwhelming love, O my love,
your memory has placed its hand on my heart's cheek,
that it looks as if (though it's still the dawn of the adieu)
the sun of parting has set; the night of union has come.