

THE MIRROR OF OLD FAITHS

In the mirror of Faith,
 now bright, now dark,
How mystical is the image
 of our Beauty, the Truth,
 in her dance of Love!
O enlightening Thought
Make me a prism of light
 amid the shadows;
Crush my ore,
 melt me,
 and mould me
 into a crystal cup,
And let me be filled to the brim
 with the pure wine of awakening,
Out of the veil of dreamy,
 intoxicating illusions.

It is a fatal avalanche
Rushing down the mountainside,
Pulling us along to our doom;
And yet you may think
 it is only imagination!

Man flies higher and higher
Across the realms of space;
And I,
 though sitting in a dull corner,
Have a heart burning with desire
 for a flight above and beyond
 all the horizons.

The old clothes of the past
 do not suit me any more,
For the designer of Time
 introduces new fashions everyday.

The past belonged to another world
 where I was also another person;
And today the world is a different one;
The horizon is not only grey sometimes
 and sometimes red or blue;
It bears thousands and thousands of colours,

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and mysteries,
Which must be seen
in the new mirror of a new faith.

(Zhaleh Esfahani)

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