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GLORIOUS SONG

The glorious tulip of desire will open
Again, and happiness will vanquish sorrows.

I will not say the past returns, or days
Once vanished reappear - it is enough
That to be happy is an art, but giving
Another happiness is an art indeed.
Are we content daily to wear the mask
That laughs with ignorance while miseries
Burden our neighbours' lives The biased eye,
✓ Cast with convenient blindness, stares above
✓ Low creeping sorrow; may we be clearer sighted.

I wish there were a mirror, with the force
To probe beneath reflected images
Into the soul and light a deeper truth
Than other glass can bear, then we would know
That hidden power which teaches us eternal life,
And how to live as messengers of hope
And triumph.

To be happy is an art,
Only when others share your happiness.
We live upon a stage where we perform
With more or less of skill - each sings his song
Then bows and leaves, only the stage outlasts
All songs and time itself: but glorious
The song that sounds for ever in the heart of man.

ZHALEH