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## 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,

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

( Zhaleh Esfahani )