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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 biassed 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

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clenched

ebullient and

The Tulip of our dreams will bloom again, spectacular
The ~~locked~~ rose bud of our hearts shall unfold
I do not ~~stay~~ that the lost springs will return
New days and fresh springs are to be discovered
To be joyous is an art
To give happiness even finer
Never to be content to grimace day and night
Like a distorted mask, a smile oblivious to all
To be untouched by another's pains, a void may we not embrace
A Mirror to possess
with which to reveal the souls
And what lies beyond silvery images
To enable us to see the liberating light that
Teaches to live and become eternal
To become a harbinger of hope and triumph
To be joyous is an art
Only when ~~our~~ ^{our} happiness transcends to others
Life is a unique stage for us all
But only ours for a brief song
The stage ~~is~~ is undying
Happy the song imprinted in the minds