

[4]

What is the sea?

An eye filled with all the earth's tears.

In her glance

a desire

that rises from her depths.

She would unbind her foot,

stretch her wings,

reach the mountain height,

become a spring,

gush forth on its peak

converse in intimacy

with that majestic high one,

drive herself

from within herself,

from inside herself

pour out herself,

quench thirst

from her own breasts,

offer water

to the thirsty

from her own soul.

.....

In dark grief

the sea lets out

this cry.

Her salty sea-blood

comes

to a boil.

Against the rocks

she beats head and breast.

From the body's frame

she struggles to attain

release.

With her weeping

she nourishes the clouds

so they will carry her message

to the mountain.

She implores:

“Oh once you have reached that place,
release your rain!

Tell our story

to the mountain.

Say:

Oh mountain,

From your shining height

look down on me.

I am a plant

at the bottom of a pit.

I am a prisoner

in the dark night of the sea.

From head to foot I am all weeping,

but do not blame me.

Recall for me the pure peace

of fresh-water springs!

Set me free

from my oceanic sorrow.”

[H. E. Sāye]

[5]

Are you threatening to cut off our head?

If it caused us fear to have our head cut off,

We would not have danced in the company of lovers.

[Mirzā Āqā Khān Kermānī]