

TEN YEARS GONE BY

Ten years gone by and each year I see  
a lonely spot in the park, flowers in a  
row.

A light rain marks the winter's onset.

A scene enfolding ten years and their  
secrets.

I see it before me as if in a mirror,  
face to face with clouded skies of  
yesteryears.

The wind comes and goes, I know not  
where.

Leaf by leaf the familiar world's  
undone.

I stand and wait here, although it makes  
no sense.

What's gone is gone. Lost days. Lost  
years.

Indeed, we are condemned to  
remember.

The flowers, how beautifully they seem  
to be.

Enough for this year; and will it not  
suffice

for the next year as well? Flowers in a  
row.

A light rain falls in the heart's lonely  
places.

—*Translated by Muhammad Salim-ur-Rahman*