

The Distance of Nearness

Both souls awaited that one moment,
The beginning became distant, excuses were distanced, as was flirting.
Far at a distance, planets walked the heavens, both
Moved towards the same destination—

The same old tale again, of the apple, of the fig.
Quickness clung to the trembling of the heart,
Racing blood approached the swiftness of a storm,
Just as the kohl-dark monsoon clouds
Bring wild desires,
The body tautened and relaxed
Like the strings of a musical instrument,¹
A melody awakened
A melody awakened
A melody awakened
Eyes widened, breath deepened,
Ah the fragrance of the rose danced –
A tremor, a quivering fragile petal –
A quiet call, the low waves of a cry
Wandered in the night's seclusion--
And then, at last, came the quiet fairy of sleep
Like the morning breeze that sometimes caresses the cheek.
A joyous contentment came over the soul, and in that moment
The heart brimmed with sweet tenderness.

Tin Rang

¹ We added a line because saz = musical instrument