

The closer I get to you, Beloved,
The more I can see it is just You and I
all alone in this world.

I hear A knock at my door.
Who else could it be,
So I rush without brushing my hair.

For too Many nights I have begged
for Your Return

And what is the use of vanity
At this late hour, at this divine season,
That has now come to my folded Knees?

If your love letters are true dear God
I will surrender myself to
Who You keep saying
I
Am.

Hafiz (1320-1389)

