

With glowing cheeks and rosy lips,
Like an angel of the silent Night.

And she stands before me
Her peace starts flows into my self,
Unveiling the hidden treasures
Of the innermost recesses of the mind.

4. Here's a winter to my journey
As I shut my ears to the sound
And turn to worldly pleasures
Which make the trail dry and dark.

But, here's spring to my walk
As I listen to the Sound,
And my tired self stretches out
To embrace the Self with joyful haste.

5. The journey was begun
In the midst of noise,
The twitter of sparrows
And the whispers of women.

But, when I turned to you
And my senses were silenced,
I felt your life-breath
Flowing within my whole being.

Then, in the inward stillness,
In the interior castle of my self,
I met silence, the tranquilizer
Of the mind and body.