

The Song Of An Escapist

Translated by K. Ayyappa Paniker

Take me my true love,
Take me to one of those unfamiliar shores,
There the fragrance of an exotic flower
Shall waft in the breeze,
And the light blue waves of the sea shall swing and sway
The hands of shore,
And our little boat shall repose in sleep
Her prow on the strand,
And all this world shall drift in a dream
Heedless of time;
There on the lawn where flutter about
Strange and motley moths,
Over a bed of flowers, under the shade of a tree
That is new to the eye,
I shall lie down weary in that lonely spot and
Cover my chest;
Lay on it, my love, your hand so soft and pale
And in a honeyed tone
Sing a new and unfamiliar song
With no words in it;
There shall sweet oblivion gently kiss the cheeks
Of celebration,
There shall death arrive to shroud my body
In eternal black,
There in the absolute void shall this myself
Dissolve like a stream
Take me my dear love,
Take me away to that unfamiliar shore!