

## STROM IN THE TEA CUP

If you want to sip hot tea in the cup,  
You will have to sip the storm in the cup too.

The smoke arising from the sweetened tea,

Put on the table by my beloved,

Said, O man seeking peace,

Give up your grief and get up quick!

Crooked is the way leading to the heights,

But if that sudden you, you will ever be sad.

Do not cherish any hope to stay quiet

In this village looking after your parents,

Confined to the will of your better half,

Stand on all fours while the kids ride on your back,

Wash yourselves in the pond twice a day.

Turn your life into a temple of eternal light

In silent meditation upon the lord's feet,

Suck the sweetness of wonder from the bitter gourd

Born of you leisure time sweat,

And light up the smiles of people around

With good thoughts and words, and propitiate

Guests at the porch with refreshments and betel nut.

Go to the rabble of the town and do

Whatever duties the Lord has assigned you.

Hand it may be, but where else can one find

The joy of performing one's own duty?

That today is the holy fountain, that is the sacrifice,

That alone is heaven on earth.

Tears of separation constitute the language  
Of this dust-dimmed age- love's touchstone is nowhere else.

I was getting up, having emptied the cup,  
But the storm in that cup will never subside.  
Behind me, as I go down the steps like a stone,  
The pathos in the eyes of my child glistening with tears  
Fills my five senses with weariness,  
The everlasting source of the strength of my heart.

*(TRANSLATED BY AYYAPAN PANIKER)*