

## **The Long**

*Dedicated to the Memory & Spirit of Shaadi's Babajonm*

Thou who in these instants bow

And curl to the sobbing hair worn and down

Thou who in this longing      Cannot hear me callin' fro' the thunder drowning out

O whom ignores the greater radiance

Alas will not recover fro' their wailing howl

We are returned to the fount

and from this glory ne'er cease to be loud

Thou cannot understand when we'll meet again

Thou may go ahead

Cry the thousand      And tell me      What will bend

Why did I part      Why did I say the Godprotect

When upon that bed all I loved saw me tread

And into gleams the spirit send

Ask me why      Howe'er who will answer then

Durst you question the guardians guerdon yet

I taught thee with my soul      With the life meant

Thou my blood e'en if I am now unbeget

Thou who I call thou

For in that life so vast and proud

thou are not the cloud of you I touched in my rounds

Thee art the thou

She I cherished then

and in these instants from where in secret I set the fence

See thee

ond in these longing pangs wish

could breath again

And whisper "Daughter come I comfort thee yet"

But prithee thee recall for what I adored the God

For what I wrote the poem      that thine name dubs

For what I lived as the man I was

Came my dusk but there is no time between it      and when I see thee as my dawn

For though their aspects change      and the illusion leaves us to yearn 'nd yawn

We must ne'er forget      They are the same sun

And time is nought ours but the Gods

What we think a thousand a million or some infinite sum

Should be to us as to it      but One