

Fairuz

"Ya Tair"

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O bird flying
on the tip of the world
If you would only tell
the beloved about me
O bird.

Go ask the one who is alone
and wounded, all remedies of no avail
pained and not telling
what pains him
and in his memory recur
nights of childhood.

O bird who carries
the color of trees
in which there's nothing but boredom
and waiting
with the sun's eye I wait
on coldness of stone
the hands of reparation shake me
and I am troubled.

I beseech you by your teachers
which are equal to my days
I beseech by the thorn-rose and the wind
if you are going toward those
whom I love
and were love to erupt again
take me even for one minute
and return me.

Thanks to razvan

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