Hope of Union

Cupbearer, I'd like a cup of wine this night
Give me several cups from that gay-wine

Come out from beyond the curtain my beloved
From our youth we had made a promise of love

Your black musk-scented hair caresses my heart
My hope of our love and union is like roots in need of water

From eternity my dust was created in the days of sorrow
I haven't a complaint to make, because this sorrow is the comfort of my life

When I gave my heart for your pledge, my beloved
Any other supposition became a dream and fancy to me

My sorrowful heart and I have many stories
The description of each story exceeds a book

Being separated from you is intolerable and my patience has run out
Why this riddle hasn't an answer for me?

The fire of your love burnt my life
Have mercy, for my life is but a bubble

I let fate take a hold of me in the hope of union
Sweet, says Zarreh, this is my aim

Manoochehr Fallah (Zarreh)