

## Separation

Whose Name so Gracious and kind,  
Whose eyes cups of Love and Grace,  
Mine eyes perceive nothing but to find,  
Your white turban and holy signs of Your face.

I was caught of Your one look,  
Became Your slave once for all.  
World is greedy, cunning, and crook,  
Lose the golden opportunity, stand not and fall.

Now I see not those eyes anywhere,  
Seeing nowhere – my eyes full of tears.  
Thought tried I to perceive everywhere,  
Now my days are darker than fears.

From where bring I the heart to forget You?  
My remembering Beloved, tell how to beget You.  
Me let live under the dust of Thine Holy Feet,  
I fnot, miy me under the dust of Thine Holy Feet.