

To My Master

*Whatever is written is due to Him,
Never I knew how to put in.
Never I felt the help of any literate,
Your Grace came and comes straight.
Wrote I as You helped me to write,
Never I knew how to pen and fight.
My salutation goes to all competent Masters,
I kiss the feet of the first¹ and the later.²
Losing no moment You loved me day and night,
How I praise Thee since You deprived my might.
Ah, my Master. You know, how You dwelt in heart,
Now we thirst for Thee, it is not our fault.*

1 The One who sent me in this world

2 Who takes us back