



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.
Though 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,
If not, mix me under the dust of Thine Holy Feet.

Dr Harbhajan Singh