



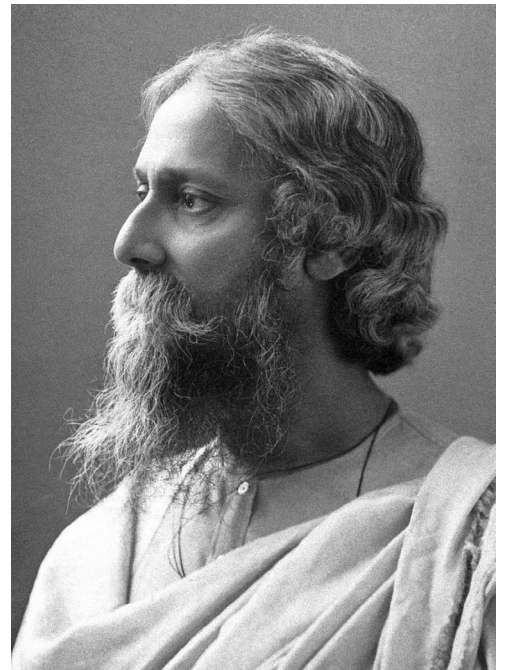
Early in the day

Early in the day it was whispered
that we should sail in a boat,
only thou and I,
and never a soul in the world would know of this
our pilgrimage to no country and to no end.

In that shoreless ocean,
at thy silently listening smile
my songs would swell in melodies,
free as waves, free from all bondage of words.

Is the time not come yet? Are there works still to do?
Lo, the evening has come down upon the shore
and in the fading light
the seabirds come flying to their nests.

Who knows when the chains will be off, and the boat,
like the last glimmer of sunset,
vanish into the night?



Lyrics by Rabindranath Tagore, Gitanjali
english version published in 1912
presented by Elfinn

I love this poem especially since it describes so wonderful this
period of my life, where one wonders: "are there works still to do?"
and when the time will come to let this lifeboat gracefully make the
transit into another realm.