

Pass through . . .

By: Anil Chavda

(A poem translated from Gujarati into English)

Come alike air, pass through thoroughly;
Come pass through me absolutely.

You must out of two turn into any;
Turn into some malady or into a remedy.

In heart like the first solar radiation;
You turn into some sublime fresh ideation.

That in my simple way to you I can love;
You turn into such an easy form to live.

I am too verdurous, steady and damp utterly;
You too be torrential, pour profusely.

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