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## When the beloved drinks wine

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*When the beloved drinks wine*

Flowers bloom on her cheeks, it's no wonder:  
Flowers always bloom when she drinks wine.  
Her hair falls in curls but she stands up straight.  
She has a healthy body but feverish eyes.<sup>43</sup>

*Submission to the beloved*

I want to stroke your amber-scented hair,  
Paint with kisses the jasmine petals of your face.  
If only you'd place one foot upon this ground,  
I'd make a thousand prostrations to its dust.  
I'll kiss the seal on your letter a thousand times  
If I see the mark of your signet ring upon it.  
Tell them to cut off my hand with an Indian blade,  
If one day I try to raise a hand to you.  
I was silent when I should have recited poems.  
But my tongue now turns with compliments for you.

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<sup>43</sup> "Feverish eyes" imply sleepy, half-closed eyes, which are a sign of the beloved's beauty.

اگر گل آرد بار آن رخان او، نه شگفت  
 هر آینه چو همه می خورد گل آرد بار  
 به زلف کژ ولیکن به قد و قامت راست  
 به تن درست ولیکن به چشمکان بیمار

گرفت خواهم زلفین عنبرین تورا  
 به بوسه نقش کنم برگ یاسمین تورا  
 هر آن زمین که تو یک ره برو قدم بنهی  
 هزار سجده برم خاک آن زمین تورا  
 هزار بوسه دهم بر سخای نامه تو  
 اگر ببینم بر مهر او نگین تورا  
 به تیغ هندی گودست من جدا بکنند  
 اگر بگیرم روزی من آستین تورا  
 اگر چه خامش مردم که شعر باید گفت  
 زبان من به روی گردد آفرین تورا