



Poem by Kabir
Translated by Tagore
Reworked by Susan
Photo by Georgia

*Tell me O Swan, your ancient tale.
What land do you come from?
To what shore do you fly?
Where do you rest
And what do you seek?*

*Now is the moment to awake O Swan
And follow me!
There is a place
Which is free of doubts and sorrow
Where there is no more fear of death.
There the gardens of Spring
Are ever blooming
And the fragrant scent of 'Here I am'
Is carried on the wind.*

*There the bee of the heart
Is immersed in the Divine Nectar
And desires no other joy.*