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## Snow has fallen on the fruit-tree blossoms

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Snow has fallen  
on the fruit-tree blossoms.  
Let each one love  
who his heart desires.

If she will not,  
let him not impose it.  
From imposing  
there can be no blessing.

Were I lucky  
rather than unlucky,  
and might I come  
up into your chambers,

I would sit there  
on your silken cushions  
like a pasha  
among his faithful stewards

And I'd kiss your  
lips of sweetest honey,  
lips of honey  
May no one ever kiss them!

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimovi?, Esma Hadžiselimovi?, and Wayles Browne.

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