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Snow has fallen on the fruit-tree blossoms

Author Unknown

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 Hadžiselimović, Esma Hadžiselimović, and Wayles Browne.

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