

Loving eyes can never see

Wake up, wake up

The little birds up the tree are chirping

And singing a jeering song

Already the blistering sun is

Lethargically crossing the blue horizon

Its face forlorn and censorious

And the dew from the grass

Has been wiped out

Wake up wake up

Let us go

You to your children and him

Concoct something

The tenth time death

Of your grandmother

Even if he expands like a bullfrog

He will not bring harm to you

Because loving eye can never see

I shall saunter down the valley to its green grass

Laid like a table

And listen to the waters

Of its river

Softly and tenderly

Whispering into my ear

Like the whimpers of your

Love making last night