

Last Poems 10

I'm lost in the middle of my birthday.
I want my friends,
their touch,
with the earth's last love,
I will take life's final offering,
I will take the last human blessing.
Today my sack is empty.
I have given completely
whatever I had to give.
In return if I receive anything --
some love, some forgiveness --
then I will take it with me
when I step on the boat that crosses
to the festival of the wordless end.

Rabindranath Tagore