

#4 Pain

Sun, you cry your eyes out.
Every evening they turn red
When on ocean's calm horizon
You come to an early death.

But you rise in splendor old--
Glory be to the shaded world!--
When you come back bright and bold
Like a mighty warrior.

How can I complain of anguish?
How, my heart, can you still grieve,
When the sun itself is vanquished,
When the sun sets every eve?

And if death brings only life, then,
Why, then, pain must bring us bliss.
Oh, I'm thankful Nature gave me pain
So I could witness this.