



88

See how I lack in worthiness for Thee ?
For though Thy grace is showered ceaselessly
That barren womb - my cup - is never filled
A vacant jest of your infinity.



89

So fill the cup or dash it on the door
Your pleasure's all that matters any more
What splits us is that You are safe at home
While wants impel me on from shore to shore.



90

Your Name! This Pain! These are my only friends
And they who laugh confuse the means and ends
As each desire dies the distance shrinks
Bhau has endured. When will You make amends.

.33.

