

## Too Late

Why did I not see you at the time when I was young?  
On the days of my young age, “the way it happens and you know”

On those days when I was the spring of happiness and blossoming  
When my garden had no news of autumn winds to sack me so

On those days when on my black hair, on its very topmost  
Had not yet made a home for itself the hoard of frightful snow

Lyrics I wrote went from hand to hand with love and praise  
Like Yemeni valued fabrics and the golden slates with glow

Everywhere in the land had reached the voice of people’s poet  
Every lane had heard the echo of the poems of so and so

No one was my match among the drinking legions  
Tavern magi or Khayyam or Fughani, no one I know

You arrived here at a time when I have no such disposition  
For the kissings, rendezvous or hidden pledges on the go

Oh spring of the perfume of tulip you have come so late  
Where’s the season, youthfulness, and where “it happens and you know”?

Latif Nazemi. Az Bagh Ta Ghazal: Daftare She’r. Pishawar: Markaze Nasharati Arash,  
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