

11 The Slave

What lover can say to another
Enough of your golden hands,
When one heart is the slave of the other
Bound by invisible bands?

I'll smooth your brows with my fingers,
Crown your forehead with kisses, bright stones.
Your body will sparkle like diamonds,
I'll pour your heart full of my soul.

We'll welcome the light of the morning,
Farewell the contemplative moon.
Hear the whispers and the yawns of the breezes
As they search for us in our room.

If only my need was like a wild bird
I could release it from my hands.
Spreading its wings it would fly away,
Free my heart from its strong demands.

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Passionate adoration in love is a beautiful gift from God. But the context is everything, as is the rank of priority. If we seek first the kingdom of God, then all other good things will follow. But if we seek another good thing and put it above God, we fall into the bondage of idolatry.