



Waiting



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The song I came to sing remains unsung to this day. I have spent my days in stringing and in unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly set; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.....

I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice; only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house.....

But the lamp has not been lit and I cannot ask him into my house; I live in the hope of meeting with him; but this meeting is not yet.