



from Gitanjali

The same stream of life
that runs through my veins
night and day
runs through the world
and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy
through the dust of the earth
in numberless blades of grass
and breaks into tumultuous waves
of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked
in the ocean cradle
of birth and of death
in ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious
by the touch of this world of life.
And my pride
is from the life-throb of ages
dancing in my blood at this moment.

Rabindranath Tagore