

**Bahram Sitting in the White Dome on Friday
And the Tale of the Princess of the Seventh Region**

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When she saw him, she found him finer than she thought,
His iron body brilliant as silver, yet his silver finer than gold.

The master, impatient for her love,
Approached that free and supple cypress with desire

He asked: What's your name? She said: Fortune (Bakht)
He asked: Where is your place? She said: Throne (Bed)

He asked: What's your essence? She said: Light
He asked; The Evil Eye from you...She said: Afar...afar...

He asked: What's your craft? She said: Music
He asked: What's your mode? She said: Charm

He asked: Shall we kiss? She said: Sixty times!
He said: Hmm...Is there time? She said: Yes, indeed!

He asked: Will you be mine? She said: soon
He said: Was it meant to be? She said: It was!

The master's marrow of his bone boiled with desire,
All the shame and grace melted away.

He grasped the curl of his lover like her harp,
Embraced her tightly like his lonesome heart.

He kissed and bit her sweet lips,
One kiss to ten, ten to hundreds

Their intimacy warmed their kisses,
The warmth heightened their ecstasy.

Aroused to itch (to make love to) the sweet fountain,
To unseal the Water of Life

When the black lion captured the zebra,
He grasped her with force beneath his claws.

Their place was loosen, from strain,
The bricks were breached.

The chamber was old; it came down (fell through)
May the good one's affairs do not culminate in bad ends.

They escaped this accident, tenuously and delicately as hair
One ran one way the other leapt another way