

Laughter

Sun of the smith's face!
Moon of feverish lips
Of anxious customers!
Breasts skip in their bags,
Glittering eyes wet with joy,
Because,
Like gun-shot,
You arrest the soul,
Causing fiery burst,
Of joyful cries
To break through dormant teeth)

Laughter,
Wild child of my land,
Sweet song of my heart,
Clad in white cloth.
With pearls of joy,
You dazzle the eyes,
Causing stick-scrubbed teeth
To dazzle and lure,
attract and seize,
for you are heartily infectious.