

## The happiness of Woman

## سعادة المرأة

God burst when He was alone  
From his fragments Man was born  
All His creations  
With the moon and the sun

وكل ما في الوجود  
والشمس والقمر

I'm a drop of this Great soul  
From me He procreated,  
A refined race  
A Woman, an artist,  
A bridge to great aims

وسرى تياره في شرايين الحياة  
أنا منه قطرة  
تستتبع أصفى القطرات  
فنانة مطبوعة  
جسر لأهداف كبار  
كم لوحة لوّنتها  
ثم آلت لاندثار

In the veins of Life, ran His soul  
How many portraits I painted  
To become effaced  
For others to be revived  
With those pale shadows,  
Life, my mother, was not content  
Experiments they were to better intent

هذي الظلال الباهتة

In my present life lies,  
An Eternal secret  
Why I am afraid?  
Death is not fearful,  
When I beget a child  
To surpass me, to carry light,  
To a better World

The greatest happiness to Woman  
Is to be the Mother  
Of man or woman,  
Attaining heroic advantages,  
To the Progress of Life

...!