Kabir

translated from: Kabir Granthavali

taken from *Songs of the Saints of India* by John Stratton Hawley and Mark Juergensmeyer

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Why be so proud of this useless, used-up body?
   One moment dead, and it's gone.

How nicely you adorn it with sugar and butter and milk:
   Once the breath goes out, it's fit to burn.

   That head with its turban so artfully arranged
Will soon be adorned with the jabbing beaks of crows.

   Bones: they burn like tinder.  
    Hair: it burns like hay.

And still, says Kabir, people won't wake up --
   Not until they feel death's club
   inside their skulls.