

SUPPLICATION OF THE STERILE BRIDE TO THE GODDESS KUA YIN

A tear drop lies
Like petal dew against her pallid cheek
Her prayers, her sighs
On incense laden airs rise up to seek
Compassion from the skies.

Kuan Yin, Kuan Yin
Mother of mercy, hear
Lady of consolation
Bend low in pity,
Hear me, I pray,
Barren I am.

At thy creative word
The Fish, the Flower the Bird,
Enjoy their yearly birth
Incarnate on the earth.

The sleeping gardens awakens
The almond will blossom
Birds will burden the cherry,
The fruits will come
Bare, oh Bare is my blossom.

Mother of solace and mercy
Pity my desolate womb.
Visit with touch that quickens
Goddess most mild.
Lady of consolation
Earth is with child.
Fill me with glad gestation
Leave me not alone.
Yearning I make petition.
Grant me the highest boon,
Give me to bear my son