Excerpts from Nizami

Like the moon's light, her face brightens the night,
Her dark eyes twinkle in the eternal light,
Full of love and affection are her flowing curls,
Her lips are rubies and her teeth like pearls.

The Goddess Shirin, with her sweet Armenian lips,
Walks from one bouquet of flowers to the next,
Sometimes her face's beauty conceals even the moon,
Sometimes she drinks her wine from the flowers' nectar.

Layla