

DASHDORJIIN NATSAGDORJ

On Knowing the Law of the Cosmos

TRANSLATED FROM THE MONGOLIAN BY OTTILIE MULZET

From a tender age
Much suffering is born.
Now this day has come
And with it, prison torment.

A building of five *žang*,
You're followed everywhere.
A cellar six elbows high,
Words of hate abound.

When they saw my whitened face
All my old friends fled the place.
He's a thief, so they say
Faces warped by loathing, hate.

Moving through the hue-filled world
Friendly faces are all around.
Prone on the stinking cellar floor
In all haste they run away.

Being in the sunlight world
Sweet tenderness and love abound.
Lying on this fenced-in ground—
Who knows where the hell he's gone?

How sweet it is to be outside
with sweet lovers at one's side.
Now in darkness's lair I lie,
And only one remembers me.

Thanks to the Regime of Light
soon I will be going home.
The fruit of innocent conduct born,
The path to the future shall be found.

One born into this world,
All kind of things must see.
Now prison's suffering
Must too be known.

When at a youthful age
Joy and sorrow exchange,
With knowledge of the law
Much skill is gained.

If one thousand sufferings
are to be passed though,
Even the fruit born of that
Shall prove to be of use.

Who shared worldly joys with me
is this world's enemy.
Whoever shares my suffering
Surely is my love.

This day's sorrow I have shared
With my dearest love:
The joy of the very last day
With you, love, I will share.

*One žang is about 3.3 square meters. The "Regime of Light" refers to
the Communist Government.*