



Opening Thy Palm, by Rabindranath Tagore

I had gone a-begging from door to door in the village path when thy golden chariot appeared in the distance like a gorgeous dream and I wondered who was this King of all kings!

My hopes rose high and methought my evil [hungry] days were at an end,
and I stood waiting for alms to be given unasked and for wealth scattered on all sides in the dust.

The chariot stopped where I stood.Â Thy glance fell on me and thou camest down with a smile.Â I felt that the luck of my life had come at last.Â Then of a sudden thou didst hold out thy right hand and say
â€œWhat hast thou to give to me?â€•

Ah, what a kingly jest was it to open thy palm to a beggar to beg!Â I was confused and stood undecided and then from my wallet I slowly took
out the least little grain of corn and gave it to thee.

But how great my surprise when at the dayâ€™s end I emptied my bag
on
the floor to find a least little grain of gold among the poor heap.Â
I bitterly wept and wished that I had had the heart to give thee my
all.