

The poet says my position is like a ship that sails through the wide ocean with the help and guidance of some star; but when that star is dimmed by a storm, the ship wanders astray from her course and thus loses the true direction. My condition is similar; the bright star that used to direct my way is now overcast with clouds, and I wander in darkness and dismay with hidden dangers surrounding me all around. Till then I wander, full of worries, comfortless in secret sorrow and pensiveness