

1.

Now see the signs of summer dying —
 the scant second magnolia flowers or dark
Brittle leaves curling already at the edge
 or the scorched insect choir submitting
To flight, time's passage through destiny's
 loop a thing that never was, or see
The peach tree in prostration, so loaded down
 its branches they could snap beneath the weight
And the late August moon fully pollutant
 in pink, think how we may never come
This way again to snatch the nonexistent
 dream in its appearance or dis-
Appearance, then choose your weapons wisely:
 you may also pick the fruit to save the tree.

2.

Let me tell you what's
That sultry September broke
Volte-faces, blowing un-
Precariously cool, and the
Us turning red a leaf
Color overnight, let me
The death of the year
Small accumulating heaps, first
To swell historically, my life
Upon yours. Haven't you noticed
Unpredictably with as
Haven't you noticed a double-
Equally pleasure and pain
This seduction of the senses
Not so much as nothing?
Possibly three thousand years
Did we dance the dance, the mad
Time we thought we'll keep
Except as God wills, attuning
His notation preserves, on some
Shore we'll paint, we'll write
We find and God, God
Instead of sitting in our
Obligation came and the world
Of our acts, whispers, rumors,
Thousand times a day my heart
A thousand thousand times a

on my mind now
after several not so subtle
naturally hot then
dogwood which teased
at a time changed
tell you that I feel
falling among the trees in
voices in the fugue we expect
falling catastrophically
pleasure or happiness comes
little premeditation as sorrow,
edged loveliness proliferating
in this *dunya*, this world,
which means nothing, no
Just three years ago or
ago for a handful of days
dance of the *dunya*, this
each other safe, no leaf will fall
ourselves to the perfect pitch
high mountain or quiet
such truth and wisdom as
will comfort us awhile.
safety we acted when the
still feeds me back echoes
dreams malignant; a thousand
breaks but it is not that —
day my heart melts but it is

Not that — it's the bridge you
Also refuse except if you
It is true new skin grows upon
Yet here we are crash-landing
And I do not know how

would not cross, this I
are with me. Ah beloved,
wounds conferred by the world
in the orange hell of October
to contemplate the scars.

3.

Outside the mosque I sat among the roses
 pale pink roses scented narcotically
And fell through their intoxicating obliteration
 of time, a rule by which only the present
Is, gone the past, gone the future, only the sky
 glittering its bright late afternoon lu-
Minosity, only the puncture mark, the first cry
 from a lone goose heading south before
The rush kept me here among the orderly
 ordinariness of dahlias and undifferentiated
Days; then memory broke rank, one among thousands
 and thousands whose slender filaments beguile
Me like roses, an old friend I will not give leave
 to go and we sat together beloved once more
Among roses outside the mosque. Ah the intoxicating One!

4.

Who comes to steal my prayers each night,
who walks intrepid on this dustless soil
strewn with thorns that break the skin, iron tacks
in a multitude of taps like a karmic jinn,
each reverberant hit knocking the house down,
who strolls so casually through this careful
cultivation, this reverential piety which burns
and strives and burns again, this plea aspiring
from the heart within, the heart within specific
liquefactions or nonocclusive dreams, tell me
who eats away, gourmandizing at my expense
the sweet scented vaults ascending in devotion,
who litters this deserted night breathing austerity
with crumbling karmic towers of salt?