

Woven Hand

"The Dryness And The Rain"

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First came a strong wind,
Ripping off rooftops like bottlecaps
And bending lampposts down to the ground
Then came a thunder shattering my windows
But you were not that strong wind or that might sound
That left the barn in shambles, the rabbit hutch in ruins
The split-rail fence splintered and the curtains torn,
All the cows out from the pastures trampling on the
pumpkins
And the horses from their stables ambling in the corn

Isa ruhu-lah 'alaihi-salat was-salam

I've flown unnoticed just behind you like an insect
And I've watched you like a falcon from a distance as
you passed
Then swooped down to be nearer to the traces of your
footsteps
To pick the fallen grain from the dirt beneath the
crooked grass
And I'm gonna take that grain and I'm gonna crush it all
together
Into the flour of a bread as small and simple and
sincere
As when the dryness and the rain finally drink from one
another
The gentle cup of mutual surrender tears

A fish swims through the sea,
While the sea is in a certain sense
Contained within the fish!
Ah, what am I to think
Of what the writing of a thousand lifetimes
Could not explain
If all the forest trees were pens
And all the oceans ink?

Nastagh-firuka ya Hokan
Ya Dhal-Jalah wal-Ikram
Isa ruhu-lah 'alaihi-salat was-salam
Ya Halim, ya Qahhar

Ya Muntaqim, ya Ghaffar!
La Ilaha ilallahu, Allahu Akbar!

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