

## **Sol Seppy** **"Hafiz, A Mime"**

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A mime stands upon the gallows for a crime he did not do  
When given the last chance to speak he remains true  
A crowd of hundreds has gathered to see his last performance knowing he will not talk  
The mime takes from the sky the circles of bright spheres  
Lays them on the table  
Expressing deep love for the companionship and guidance they have given him  
For so many years  
He removes his heart from his body  
And seems to arouse all life on this splendid earth  
With such a sacred tenderness  
There for an extraordinary moment it looked like someone was giving birth to the Christ again  
He mounts his soul upon the body of freedom  
And grave breeze comes by  
And the sun and the moon join hands  
And they bow so gracefully  
For a moment  
For a moment  
Everyone knows that God is real  
That God is real

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