

Qasida of the Slow Thigh

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What is that sound?

Fingers on the door.

What is the wind?

The voice of a sleeve.

What are stars?

Our far away.

What is the moon?

Something we should taste.

What are trees?

Cuttings of the sky.

What is the sky?

By and by, we will change.

What are clouds?

Clouds keep us safe.

What is that cry?

It is the rooster in flight.

What is a thing?

As if the camera didn't know.

When are we leaving?

Much remains inside.

When will we return?

When the film is in our eyes.

When should we not speak?

Our lips are paper thin.

When will you be quiet?

Rains run again.

When will we be known?

Now and then.

Why are you not sleeping?

I am paid to watch the night.

Why are we forever?

A parting and a knife.

Why can you not hold me?

Love is light.

How many nights will haunt us?

We haven't the ghost of a chance.

How often should one turn here?

If the straight-way is wide.

How will the darkness find us?

One by one, dream by dream.