HAFIZ

Hafiz directs his eyes to the horizon.
His fingers follow with a pen
deciphering the integument of beauty sense
can't reach.

This, his other hand, his left,
caresses. A peacock-garden, an oasis,
and simultaneously, the whole of space.
He writes: A rose.

By the tin can in the town square
an old man argues aloud:
What worlds might be disallowed
by writing!

A white-painted wall shrinks his garden.
No peacock. No oasis
but words. A single one outgrows
the writ of library.

There is a chemistry in calligraphy:
each fragment joined goes to show
a greater space which speaks. A rose
and no horizon.

Was it Hafiz I saw in the square?
A poet who refrains will not impale
pained thought on a rose, nor rail
against horizons.