In the lull, the afternoon sun warms
the linseed field. The flowers are quiet,
their bright subdued in the green
while the mind wanders

to the emerald mosque upon the hill,
built around a flowing spring,

the easy absolutions and ablutions
in that mosque where the spring water

has been let loose to meander
over marble courtyards and inner chambers,

across the geometric, green-tiled floor that
cools the heels of the faithful.


Source: *Grieving Shias* (The Sheep Meadow Press, 2006)