

The Morning Moon Over the Mosque

Forgotten Silence

Six stars and one more to them
Breathing in a dark-bright blanket
Heart starts beating faster
And I embrace the morning chill eagerly

Yet, it is strange to see the rotation of time
The moment when the black turns white and the silent begins to
die

The firework of doves decorates the dome
And wipes tears of the white Moon king
Like your last morning dream
Like sea wind... a dazzling white moon

Sun rises over the mosque
The night pulls black cloth down from houses
Air is warmer
Sky turns golden

Anyway I remember that moment
When black commits itself to grey
And blue crowd of bridesmaids behind them

Who will explain a topography of the sky to me and when
And the sign-search of bird wings and ways
Keys of clouds and spectral refraction of hopes...

Six stars and one more to them
Stone poplars hold the crescent of the moon
Sun rises over the mosque
And the feeling is unspeakable...
I would fill a hundred pages with it.