

# Phinder Dulai / MOURNING – A SERIES OF GHAZALS

*March 28/03 – 12:35am PST – ground campaign begins*

i.

Five leather fingers outward answer, blessed without  
the debris, its arc reaching a dome without

grace, crackling yellow phosphorescent tear to sear  
swift curve script against pale plaster wall without

flags of dead skin draped over broken stones  
fossils proselytized for future posterity, a prayer without

mourn the silhouetted fragments in the dry wind  
a shadow in the sun's shimmer left without

ii

this other cactus land, in this other land of straw men  
this azure seduction of two orthodoxies without

three epidural layers on pale brown dawn  
history's class lesson, a million half-truths without

a tempest still born lost from the ravaged hand  
the crimson river downward driven without

pupil, paper thin fingernails on site of learning  
blindness bled to escape one horror, a sight without

iii

infinitesimal wormed soil sandwiched between clay  
a murmur, the small spring, weary arms lift without

arched finger upwards, one question offered to the final prophet  
two fingers answer to supplicate, hang vertical without

facing east of station, the bustle of product placed tragedy  
water fronted, churning metal locks on rails, benign every days without

the flat palm an exasperated call to daily prayer  
echoes ricochet from a prayer mat never weaved to be without

iv

place, on grey cool pools of concrete, an industrial lineage  
beaten orange thread entreats the beloved without

the clean sheen of hardened sand, in answer and to emulate  
a mirror to tell you the fairest of them all, but without

a microphone prayer, a precise oration, the art of awe  
to shine from those who never live ... without

hands splayed, implore the phoenix toward peace  
this body chapped, another geography corroded, without

v

skin shrivels through dry heat, the armless ghost walks the dunes  
the horror in eyes, vipers hissing in the wind without

snug embrace, a red river dribbles down the frontal lobe, like lava  
khoon does that sometimes, seducing to slumber without

after the exit from the imbedded life, to join the ghost  
look into each other's ambiguated eyes walking without

the oratory mouth agape will almost say  
"This ... I ... not ... end ... this ..... without ...."

vi

the distraction and knawing synapse spasm  
translate from a starvation junkie to a heroin junkie

the wet mind shivers in the arid dream  
the muffled glass gaze will continue without

the hand .... the arm ... the tender body  
now dried and caked, it will not speak its mind without

its soul, the ephemeral twilight breath's brush  
dry leaves scraping the dead well without

this ghazal a deformed wailing to the sky  
this makta breath erases its own name without