

To The Bedouin Woman

Let me bring home your dark eyes
and the secret of their holiness,
your quick fingers and your fine
pride in the black tent they weave.
Let me secure your looped braids
somewhere in my tight house
where I can fondle their coins
when I forget the price of things.

Let your eloquent hand pronounce
its claims pressed on your sturdy
breast where that shy brown child
tasted his worth.

Come home with me, ample grandmother.
Let the desert, where your dry winds
seek out the pores like despair,
be sealed out by the resilience
of the black goat, as you spin through me,
ever and ever, leaving me never
the same.