

How to Enter a Poem

You can enter it like it is a mosque
where you leave your shoes outside,
carry with you a minor fear that they will probably be stolen
by the time you're done

Now head inwards into the stomach of the building
And perform the wuzu, the ritual act of cleansing:
 the precursor to all worship
 the precursor to all poetry

After this, find a corner,
 keep your face hidden
and wait for the poem to reveal itself to you
Let the religiosity of the moment
wash over you
like some great flood
 meant to teach you a lesson

Hope that no one catches you
when the poem comes, and you inappropriately
 snicker
like a change of spelling that may not bode well with true believers

Prostrate yourself every now and then,
see if there are pieces of the poem on the ground somewhere
that may have gotten away from you

Wonder if more women in the place could help the coming
of the poem?
Wonder if more menstruating women in the place
enrage the poem out its hiding places—
the smell of blood injustice

Have the domes in the mosques
always been this perky? will they, at some point, droop
with age,
 too many men, and their ministrations?

Seek out your favourite Namaazi,
The man with the burnt face, and see him seek
 meter
 and rhyme
to a limerick about hell and heaven, pure and impure

Thank your luck that your poem when it will reveal
itself, will not be about the fear of some unseen God,
but will rather, provide wonder and solace,
a feeling of being loved finally— You are the creator,
this mosque was built to venerate.