

DJINN

When I was the warrior
my hair hung blackly below my knees.

I studied the service that is the blue holding the sky.

At sixteen I shed the turban,
cut my tress and gave it to mother to wear.

She will know what to do
when it's coiled at the back of her head.

What is hard is hacking off the face from desire.
I was moving between two camps.

I have stayed too long in places unvisited by monsoon.
In all my time here I've seen only one cat.

I remove my hands from the wire hive of sleep.
I am afraid of myself.

I always leave the lights on in my chandelier.

After the many hours flaming,
my body begins to shake with the thousand bulbs.

I dip them in the sweet water of burn
where every night my steel knife puts the river to sleep.