

## LEAVING BHIT SHAH

Under the willows a strange light comes,  
maybe religion—water deciding, leaves  
that prophesy. Is it the wind, or is it  
more than the wind? These devotees that murmur are  
only larger leaves: holy sounds come  
from farther than the wind.

Outside the mosque, God limps forward  
to bring my shoes, while back there in the shrine  
the blue keeps on, reflecting in mirrors.  
Fans of the faithful wave. Above,  
in the sky, in the cold, where the first  
things come, no touching of a stone  
or bowing will mean anything, but here  
the sounds that happen, the heavy feet, the way  
we trudge forward—these have some  
clear, still meaning.