Tonight

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar

—LAURENCE HOPE

Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell tonight? Whom else from rapture's road will you expel tonight?

Those "Fabrics of Cashmere—" "to make Me beautiful—" "Trinket"—to gem—"Me to adorn—How tell"—tonight?

I beg for haven: Prisons, let open your gates— A refugee from Belief seeks a cell tonight.

God's vintage loneliness has turned to vinegar— All the archangels—their wings frozen—fell tonight.

Lord, cried out the idols, Don't let us be broken; Only we can convert the infidel tonight.

Mughul ceilings, let your mirrored convexities multiply me at once under your spell tonight.

He's freed some fire from ice in pity for Heaven.

He's left open—for God—the doors of Hell tonight.

In the heart's veined temple, all statues have been smashed. No priest in saffron's left to toll its knell tonight.

God, limit these punishments, there's still Judgment Day— I'm a mere sinner, I'm no infidel tonight.

Executioners near the woman at the window. Damn you, Elijah, I'll bless Jezebel tonight.

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The hunt is over, and I hear the Call to Prayer fade into that of the wounded gazelle tonight.

My rivals for your love—you've invited them all?
This is mere insult, this is no farewell tonight.

And I, Shahid, only am escaped to tell thee—God sobs in my arms. Call me Ishmael tonight.

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