

After a Line by Rumi

Yes, I want to see the moon split open by one throw,
all the dots fall from the die and the roulette wheel

stop spinning. It's only common sense, like plaster casts
falling from babies' arms, the paper on which

treaties are signed turned to diamond-encrusted gold,
a beggar's hand full of pieces of moon. I want to see

so many commonsense things: our bodily fluids
replaced by pomegranate juice and stars heaped

in a wheelbarrow, fed to the mourning flowers.
So, please, hand me the moon, I'll chance my arm,

toss me the fruit, my veins are raised, show me
the beggar's hand, and I'll show you my own.