

SELECTIONS
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ghazals & rubaiyat
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WATER

A Ghazal of Water

*All water has a perfect memory and is forever
trying to get back to where it was.*

Toni Morrison

For 21 days you can live off only water;
you'd survive just a few without water.

Keats wrote of himself, *Here lies one
whose name was writ in water.*

In a long shower, I wonder,
who else has touched this water?

Along the Ganges, a billion liters of raw
sewage a day pours into sacred water.

After killing Desdemona, Othello says,
She was as false as water.

There are three states of matter,
I've found all in love and water.

Without oxygen and two atoms
of hydrogen, there is no water.

The scripture says, *He who believes in me,
out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.*

In Mali, a girl walks for two hours, carrying
on her head, a day's supply of water.

Malinda C. Miller

EARTH

Lover's Lament

The gods make mad poor fools who love
look down with mirth from up above

my love has fled from my embrace
has left my bed without a trace

I am most mad with love for thee
I pledge my heart with fealty

eyes grow dim heart grows weak
for want of love I cannot speak

my hopes were high my dreams aglow
this cursed love could end in woe

fires burn and scorch the earth
the gods find me a source of mirth

the games we play must soon be done
our passions fuel the rising sun

the vision burned within my mind
will never fade tho' I be blind

the woeful song has now been sung
my heart lies deep beneath the dung

Maggie Rowlett

AIR

Ghazal: The Just Begun

...when the adjective becomes a noun...

Here it comes, one moment's incipience: call it inchoate.
Poof it's gone, another incipience arrives, another inchoate.

Should you decide to take a nap, you'll miss it:
the mist shrouded, slick, sweet, fleeting inchoate.

All my life I've longed for a really solid fleetingness.
This adjective sounds like it should be a noun: the inchoate.

Not the moment, but the inchoate just before "the moment."
Then come the next moments each with its own inchoate.

Say it as though it's the noun you've longed for all your life,
and it becomes, with amazement, a noun: the *inchoate*.

It's here for less than a second. How fleetingly sweet is that!
Breathe—you have to anyway. Embrace—as you must, the inchoate.

I'm breathless from so many appearings and disappearings,
and yet I breathe on, one inchoate after another inchoate,

the "about to" moment a moment no one can refuse,
not even you, entering the bright gate of the inchoate.

Quibble if you want to, but I'm declaring this adjective a noun.
Off I go into the splendor of the zillions, each a single inchoate,

and now fear fizzles. Poof: it's gone. Ours is a world
in which it's impossible to blow it, thanks to the inchoate!

Marilyn Krysl