

THE ROSE NOIR SERIES poem 5 ~ The Girl In The Souk
Unknown Works from The New Writings ~ 1441
Honouring Sufi Poetry and Spirituality

THE GIRL IN THE SOUK

Rose laced faded riad doorway... closes
crumbling clay
advent of night
labyrinth corridors still
after cramming chaos

Hours before midnight countable on one hand
could be any century
watchman gazes upon lantern
out of archway, shawl mirages, evaporates
quiet as mist dank musky

Later... she crosses square
thin leather on charcoal cobbles
this time glancing keeper of the gate
notices purse of lip
carnation of cheekbone

Vanishes in the call of night
urgent unknown destinations
ocean liners crossing vast nocturnal seas
passports foreign lands hopes tangent memories

Her heart camel humps, tender youth
wrinkle of Sahara
a future distant horizon, even a myth

Still night bore down
weighing another finger to palm
door etched calligraphy
suspended in closed collaboration
a Fez in waiting beholden to the hour
a Ramadan fasting to feast
a mourning to end
a bell to extinguish the last peal

*Her perfume delicious smile
dark eyed mystique
lavish sophisticated poverty
humble majestic peasant Berber
carpets the stairwell
peppers the grindstone
spokes the wheel
colours the easel
tenders the darkness*

*Nonchalant wafts, myrrh frankincense sandalwood
frangipani violet spiraling in planetary vortex
cross in circle sparking chandelier sphere*

*Stranger from far flung well
lands beyond Atlas
outside spice caravan
compasses poorly in labyrinth souk*

*Dire need hammam bread pillow
salon of purple burgundy silk
meeting was elegant even preordained
her instinct responds naturally
infusion of tangle, instant immediate*

*Ishla leads him blind, silent deeper darker web maze
past fountain, madrasa mosque
another finger rests to palm*

*Parlors across medina candle inside sleep
Ishla delivers Eloquin, hammam porch
their eyes pond... moment of forever
peel apart
two solitudes one heartbeat*

*Not a word
hammam door clams shut
breathless moist tropic hot*

*Ishla rotates, corridors
creases in cold mist
taps across square
Stops. centre
arms sufi crossed
turns into midnight universe*

*Eloquin exits hammam
pulsing bergamot amber rose geranium
corridors
disappears in fogging mist
saunters across square
Stops. near centre
circumambulates Ishla counter clockwise
endless circles
the maiden Stops. turning
shudders, gasps, shrieks like a vixen
knowledge of carnal innocents
cherries the air*

*Meanwhile in the madrasa
the late and final reading
Ishla runs across square
lioness in full flight
curtains into labyrinth*

*Eloquin walks across square
led by invisible thread
astonished Open, fully awake
enters perimeter shadow*

*Gap in fog
gibbous moon skirts alley
inside a strange bubbling
outside alone... lost in her web of maze
night slumbers on dreaming day
baker kneads salt, water, to flour*

(Fez ~ Moroc)