

GHAZAL OF THE PRESENT MOMENT

Steffen Horstmann

There is no act you can undo now.
Every unpaid debt is due now.

Harbored within you is a dreamless sleep.
One whose advance you cannot subdue now.

So many undone tasks remain.
Which will you choose to do now?

Your mind had raged like last night's storm,
Whose body of water is dew now.

You think of kisses that escaped your mouth,
The vows of love you cannot renew now.

For what guidance do you beckon God—
Whose hopes for you seem few now?

Think of how the wind cannot be bridled.
Regard the distances it will pursue now.

& see from your window streets strewn with flowers,
Pink light torn into a sky that is blue now.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006