

REMNANTS OF SONG

Steffen Horstmann

I built with words a shrine for you.
What new purpose will God assign to you?

Above the Himalayas stars are sown.
Kashmir's sky reveals their design for you.

Srinagar's lights resemble shattered glass.
Its curfewed nights pass without sign of you.

You left in your absence remnants of song.
Words search for your voice, sift through time for you.

I read prayers, lit the sacred candles.
In my mind their light still shines for you.

You lent me your shadow when I didn't have one.
I write the verse, recite the rhyme for you.

In Memory of Agha Shahid Ali (1949-2001)

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