

How you Died?

THE SERMON ON FRIDAY

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on the pulpit, the imam stands
with two heavy things—the robe and his eyes.
how you were found dead and naked
is what makes him shiver.
he could have said it last friday,
but there is nothing to talk about
except that;
“we are from dust, and to dust we shall return”
today, I ask him why he didn't say;
“we are from God, and to God is our final return”
in a hushed voice,
he said you were not from God

how can you not be from God
when you were the one who led
the congregational prayers?
you even stood on the pulpit
to speak about hell with flamy eyes.
you taught people some
of the things they knew today.
you called God's name in languages
mother didn't teach you while
dragging rosary beads with reckless abandon.

how can you not be from God
when He was the one who created lust
in the wildest way possible in you.

you climbed different mountains. you crossed seven rivers.
you were daring. those frozen skeletons on everest were once
like you.

danger is having your room
opposite a woman's room
— she never draws her curtains down.

when her lover came,
you were worried about how she
made dracula proud by impaling her body on men.
when her friends came,
you heard syllables of hushed laughter
begging you to help her.
when she was alone,
she invited you in with a wink.

danger is having your room
opposite a woman's room
— especially when she's your sister.

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