

Fox, Doe, I

To one who lives in a place unlike mine,
I keep company with a fox nowadays.
A fox with a palate for crime.
With fox, I flay.

I feel a serene Eye without a husk...
An Eye with no cusp.
An Eye green with life.
A center with wonder, without strife.

A doe roams in Eye with boisterous bounces befit of cloud.
Antlers like branches of great oak.
A doe meant for humble, gentle folk
yet a display meant for a cosmic crowd.

Fox sees doe in Eye...
Love—the crime.
Fox—part of I.
Yet, one—a far cry.

- Tayseer