

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