

Nameless

Pray, dear saint!
Your bruised beauty
filling me with pain,
the trial of my love.

Your kingdom of moraines,
spread roots in your skin,
leave a trail to the river
of history.

Your bronzed corpse,
a spade, a sword,
cutting, digging
the relics out of the turf.

Sinner, you lie there
decaying in peat.
Who will pray for you
my adulteress?

Jeed, Ahlam, Mira, Saherish and Despina