From behind a niqab of words
I observe life as it slumbering flows
spread out on a leaf of hushed voices
a humming of thoughts disconnected
roots of a thorny acacia
set in the lukewarm seed of rock
left to wither in the winter sun
while through eyes of needles
of clouds there flies single an eagle
lost in a gust of the stale wind
by a moon ray unusually silent

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