

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Metamorphosis

By Leila Farjami

There is a buoyant planet of silence
over a sea of gelatinous darkness
between the cedar trees.

Sunflowers unfurl
towards the predawn
like whirling dervishes
searing at the root,
or light rays that penetrate all continents and time,
glimmering arrows
bending the bow.

The journey ends now.
The cacti will remain devoted to the sun,
though their temples will be buried
inside the rattling earth
by sandstorms.

Dust settles over the ragged blue parasols
of this moment.

Look through this world's veil—
it will not
and cannot
be removed.

Look for what shines—
though it cannot be seen or touched.

This passing light is
a wild leopard.