

The unknown Dervish

I am Al-Kahira, the comparer of nonsense and flowers.

I am grateful for my stupidity, admitted easily, yet I am concerned with specific details of style as I sit here in rags.

By circumstance not by choice this scrub has blossomed: by choice and not by circumstance this life has been kept plain.

I made an effort and found stuff to ignore, leaving rusty strings unstruck. I neglect the spectacular and overlook the apparently important with deliberation.

I've waited aeons for the reversal of my interests: Now life has become the joke and the sweetness and hilarity of my own thoughts have turned into a point of fascination for me.

No matter what anyone tells you: I don't belong to any creed or sect, culture or race, nor any period in history.

My only qualification is the age of my soul: I own three hillside palaces of quiet pre_dawn moon sound.

Humiliation is my clothing that I wear to sit and bark with the dogs. I disconnect like dusk and most likely no one will bring flowers to my grave.

I am ardent without deed and I am information zero, unimportant iridescent: Grand Palace of Mercy.

Till now I stayed in one place not avoiding you: now that the traditions are beginning to dissolve, I put on my wintercoat and walk away. Business done.

My contemporaries have declared society to be the central item and are discussing things of importance as I'm speaking to you now.

As my mother taught me to, I keep to myself a lot.

I am the lover of trees, found worthy of loneliness.

I could be the postman, the milkman, the sick person, the transvestite.

It takes 1, 2 recognize 1 ...

I am the unknown dervish.