The Thorn and the Petal (A Ghazal*)

In the quiver and the sigh of us,
there is a child waiting in the wings

Where do I end and you begin?
Separate as the thorn and the petal

And even when you are still,
I can hear the wanting and the song

The owl comes always at night,
singing — the child in the womb is safe

I am empty as the new moon,
the stones I found in Greece, smooth as eggs

Molly Murn

* Persian lyric form dating from the eighth century onward. The word ghazal comes from the cry of the gazelle when it knows it is going to die. The ghazal is made up of closed (self-contained) couplets. The theme of the ghazal is usually love and wine, mystically understood.