

To Run

There's a dulcet secret
Hidden between the folds of dawn and dusk:
The steady beat of well-worn shoes
Hugging every arch, every curve of my feet
As I chatter with the homely weathered street,
Give *salaams* to the wizened path,
Wave back to the bashful morning glories;
Smiling chrysanthemums at the cerulean skies,
Humming to the melody so sweet —
The Earth's heartbeat.

There's an amber mystery
Encased in the rhythm of
Arms and legs and branches and clouds and
Up and down and back and forth and
In and out and in and out
And in, and out,
Breathe in, step out,
Step in, breathe out,
A lullaby for the troubled mind —
This is earth to tread;

Run on to the Heavens, O weary one.

There's a potion for rebirth
In ragged breath;
Heart, body, and mind shattered and
Fit together by the constant pumping,
Thumping, out, in
The forges of spirit
Welded anew in the shape of
Purpose.

There's a formula for peace in the world;
Ponder as you chase it,
Find it
And run to the Heavens.

Epigraph: The Holy Quran Chapter 53 (“The Star”), Verse 42

وَأَنَّ إِلَىٰ رَبِّكَ الْمُنْتَهَىٰ

And that to your Lord alone is the ultimate return of all things.