

# Three Ghazals

by [Jeffrey Burghauer](#) (June 2020)



*The Poet*, Doris Lindo Lewis, 1930

[1]

“What shall I my lady give?” *Your trembling.*

“Tell me what a person’s for.” *For trembling.*

“When did you last know what anguish signified?”

*When the stars were neither still nor trembling.*

Poet, here’s a stubby pencil & a grid.

Yours must be the hand that keeps score, trembling.

[2]

Here’s the birth & simple death I’ve been between,

Smelling smoke and hearing all the din between.

Here’s my sternum; here’s my thirteenth vertebra—

Loci for my frantic heart to spin between.

Here’s the model. Here’s her painted counterpart.

There’s an acre of sequential kin between.

Here I am; and there is Hell—with nothing but  
A dense, chthonic cladogram of tin between.

Show me pairs among the ocean's fabulous  
Sinews only fit to fit a fin between.

Thoughtful Poet, promise that your words be so  
Mason'd that you cannot fit a sin between.

**[3]**

Damson plums are slowly stewed in rosewater.  
Darkness offers a divine cuisine of pain.

Poet, you've surveyed the whole of History  
From this Mughal-crimson mezzanine of pain.

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