

A Halva Vendor Bemoans a Legendary Calligrapher

By Shadab Zeest Hashmi

I see you about town
trying on sandals
mumbling
but the doves laughed

over and over
Cheeks puffed with
fig halva

You don't know your name
An egret stretches
from end to end of your nebula

I have studied your delicate strokes
Your volumes
fill the caliph's library

Here
Try these pistachios
in hot syrup
Yes, you need good shoes for
the court in Cairo.