

# Poems by M. Ali Lakhani

## Aaron's Rod

Out of thin air you produce a white dove  
As your cane collapses into your glove.  
There is a secret to your sleight of hand  
The marveling audience cannot understand.

How curious the mind is to find things out!  
But what room is there for wonder without doubt?  
Could we eliminate the unforeseen  
By knowing the workings of the machine?

Beyond all mechanisms is the mind,  
Whose alchemical source we seek to find.  
But here, the magic is within our selves,  
Within the spirit that, enchanted, delves.

When Aaron and the sorcerers competed,  
The conjurers of Pharaoh were defeated.  
Though they too could perform tricks, the great God  
Swallowed up their serpents through Aaron's rod.

Our heart is that rod, a devouring force,  
The intimate mystery that is our source,  
Not the Pharaonic heart that will harden,  
But like Adam's, enchanted, in the Garden.

## Crucifixion

Here, through flesh and sinews and bone  
The cruel nails were driven in,  
By fists of iron, hearts of stone,  
As firm as faith, as deep as sin.

The burnished timber's splintered stain  
Bore witness to his voiceless screams,  
The metal agony of his pain,  
His anguished gasps, his fevered dreams.

Not heard by those who played at dice  
The final prayer of his breath,  
Nor by the mute uncaring skies  
That gazed upon this scene of death.

But only he whose spirit rose  
Received his prayer, redeemed his loss,  
His only comforter at the close—  
His neighbor dying on the Cross.