

# Two Poems by M. Ali Lakhani

## The Crushed Flower

“Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you,  
that God should raise the dead?”

— Acts, 26:8

Brokenness is prelude to healing,  
Drops we suture from waters of love.  
Goodness and beauty are liminal,  
Incipient in fragility,  
Each wave stitched into the ocean's void,  
Engulfing all desires as one.

See how the crushed flower is made whole  
By the conjoint efforts of both heart  
And mind, rising out of the deep soil  
From seed to stem, from bulb to petal,  
Resurrected out of the darkness,  
Sap that glows gold within us like light!

### **The Gathering**

“O God, drown me in the essence of the Ocean of Divine Solitude, so that I neither see nor hear nor find nor feel except through It.”

— *Abd as-Salam ibn Masbish (Moroccan Sufi)*

Dark as a fish's gaping mouth,  
Swallowing vowels like water,  
A passage within us - somewhere  
Inward as a prayer - opens.

Not a sound - only the immense  
And holy ocean of silence  
Summoning us like a perfect  
And empty O to its threshold.

We are, none of us, strangers here.  
The shoreline is always shifting  
Beneath our feet, drawing us back,  
Beyond ourselves, to each other.

In such depths there is no swimming,  
Only drowning - and the great sky  
Gathering into its embrace  
The ocean, a drop at a time.