

Dilruba Ahmed  
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### Petition

What god will catch me  
when I'm down, when I've taken  
sufficient drink to reveal  
myself, when my words are little  
more than a blurring  
of consonant and vowel?

I'm drunk on spring:  
branches of waxy leaves that  
greet me at my driveway,  
a family clutching  
trays of sweets.

How can I sing of this?

If I cannot sing, then  
make me mute. Or lend me  
words, send me  
the taste of another's prayer,  
cool as a coin  
newly minted on the tongue.

### Ghazal

It's wine I need. Is it a sin to have another?  
No harm in merlot, no harm in another.

In Ramadan, we'll break our fast with dates and wine—  
Must we pray in one room and dance in another?

Crushed blossoms at the end of the summer, teach me  
how to coax nectar from the bloom of another.

Burned rice on the stove again—what's to love  
but my imperfections—you'll forgive me another.

Butter by a kettle always melts, warns the proverb.  
Heated, greased, we slip one into the other.

When, inexplicably, you enter my prayers,  
I hear messages from one god or another.

*Me encanta cantar, cuando estoy sola, en el carro.*  
My mother tongue dissolves. I speak in another.

Heart-thief, enter the fields like a woman in love,  
vase in one hand, shears in the other.