

# Crescent

Through sandy deserts, over sandy waves  
On sandaled feet I walk through the sun's rays  
Trails of footprints on the sun stricken dunes  
Swirls of sand dancing to the hot wind's tunes  
My heart and soul uplifted to the sky  
Where the sun and crescent shine bright and high  
On this small Earth with sandy plains so vast  
Whose ground I tread around me encompassed  
Heart in despair and soul in paradise  
I fall to my knees with tears in my eyes  
More alive than in speech can words express:  
The presence of God in my consciousness.  
The sand is soft and hotter than fire  
It glitters and swims, a dry quagmire  
This sea of sand around me stretched so far  
The embrace of God whose children we are.  
Her eyes appear against the blue expanse  
Shining with beauty – my heart's burning lance  
To be wounded with love is pain made sweet  
And to be healed by love is life complete  
This gift God has granted to us mere men  
To give life richness, purpose and children  
But why me, the world's forgotten outcast  
At every step afraid and embarrassed  
To be chosen to give her paradise  
To be gazed upon by her loving eyes  
To be clasped in her embrace so holy  
To be lost in her presence so wholly  
To be chosen to wipe away her tears  
To hear her gentle whisper in my ears  
Too much! Too much! 'Tis more than I can bear!  
My heart will break and soul plunge in despair

Paradise can blind in excess of light  
For those of black heart's, for those of weak sight  
I fall to the sand, my head on the ground  
Only the wind hums past; no other sound  
Her beauty and purity have laid bare  
My unworthiness – no more can I bear  
To watch her fade away in my own arms  
When, had she fallen for another's charms  
She would bloom and glow like a Persian rose  
Far away from me, my shame and my woes.  
I roll onto my back to see the sky  
My whispered words to God float upward high  
For only he can give her paradise.  
I have failed, I have lost! Oh God, arise!  
Let her bloom and glow like a Persian rose  
Let her dreams be sweet when her eye she close  
Let her feet never walk on thorny ground  
May her soul never see evil around  
Let our children be her purpose and light  
May on her shoulder your spirit alight  
Hear me, oh God! Her heart is in my hands!  
Your mercy on me for her sake commands!  
For she is an angel – show me a sign!  
And in response I see his crescent shine.