Aztec's Talisman: The Humming Bird

I look at you, with eyes of wonder
as you chirp, squeak, whistle, and buzz
and flap your wings incessantly
umpteen times in the flicker of the human eye
and move from one flower to another
searching nectar, singing, and dancing
forward and backward energetically
with your iridescent crown, and gorgeous feathers
O ruby-throated flying beauty
tiny, pugnacious, and jewel-like
most magnificent child of South America
beloved of native-American Aztecs
O humming bird! Talk to me
in your charming voice
with your lovely dancing style
O flying beauty
you are the bird of paradise
flash of green and red ruby
I'm in ecstasy, come again, come again.

Ode to the Harmattan

O dust-laden cold wind
daughter of the Great Sahara
they call you the good, the bad, and the ugly
but I call you `Mystery`, hidden in haze and fog

O destroyer, and preserver blow gently
you give relief from the oppressive heat
and yet we humans are ungrateful
but some call you darling Doctor
as you touch their skin tenderly

O destroyer, and preserver blow gently
you blow away the dead leaves
turn untended embers in to fire
usher in invigorating dryness
and drive away your humid tropical sister
O destroyer, and preserver blow gently
you are tame less, swift, and proud
as your mighty breath announces
the coming of rich farming season
Africans rejoice and dance in festivity

O daughter of the Great Sahara, hear me!
blow gently, blow gently, blow gently.

Blessed are the Peacemakers!

The catalysts of love-divine
the harbingers of trust and mercy
the Messiah for the suffering souls
the true servants of God Almighty
as they cling to humanity, beyond the walls of faith
as they build bridges and wipe tears away
as they are loving in the midst of hatred
as they know what makes us human
as they brave the forces of darkness
as they feel the agony of the unspoken word
as they share whatever little they have
as theyspread compassion and goodwill
as they inspire mutual respect and empathy
as they are the rays of hope and mercy
as they strive hard but expect nothing
as they feel the pulse in the midst of chaos.

– Zafar Khan*

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