# The Vortex

The deformed midnight moon
Is about to fall away from sky's brick wall
To the deep crevices of night
Like a dwarf tiptoeing on the needle's edge.

The dwarf midnight moon
Is about to dance in the compact ring of roses
To prick the needles of its ailing light
In the sore eyes of petal's bud.

The ailing midnight moon
Is about to coil like snake in moaning eye
of wailing life to wane its end
Like a twirling, whirling sway of frantic path.

The wailing midnight moon
Is about to chant a sesame song
To open the blind alley of damping life
With golden stick of thousand and one night lore.

The damping midnight moon
Is about to lean over the wrinkled corner of smile
To smile the life in its full zest
And to collect the tears gathered on the dusky mirror of smile.

**– Kaneez Fatima Syeda***

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