

## A Halva Vendor Bemoans a Legendary Calligrapher

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I see you about town  
trying on sandals  
mumbling  
*but the doves laughed*

over and over  
Cheeks puffed with  
fig halva

You don't know your name  
An egret stretches  
from end to end of your nebula

I have studied your delicate strokes  
Your volumes  
fill the caliph's library

*Here*  
*Try these pistachios*  
*in hot syrup*  
*Yes, you need good shoes for*  
*the court in Cairo.*