

Transportation

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Published online: 2 April 2009
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“Among the folds of Mohammed’s woolen garment a kitten was born
so cats are sacred.” Wool is sacred. All scraps kept. Bread is sacred.
Grapes are sacred. I imagine the grapes as the tears of those who suffer.
There are kilos of grapes.

Plaintive complaint snarls out a speaker followed by handclap
chop chop cuts to beggar’s moans. Corner cats sleep heaped
threads back to the music, light blink like rain. A fast drift
to be nowhere in the *gnaoua* night begins again and
again, each phrase lit by tune then stretch
the music edging towards trance
Your red things are your artifice
You get sick from that veneer
The muezzin sings when
because he must and the time for that’s now
Afternoon slowly lowing, how an oud loves its crooked scale.
Gulls mark the deeper blue surface where
the water is cool. White skid narrows west
Sea lit by milky surface slow reflects
the machines to take us there from here
That invention. To be here. This elevation

From the collection *Mekhtoub, Lyrics & Invocations*

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