

Suha Kudsieh

Crossroad

The caravan halted

Undecided

At the crossroad of civilizations

The cradle as they say

Silk and spices travelled this way

Gold and silver that way

The camels blinked under the scorching sun

Apollo's lyre lay on one side

Krishna's flute on the other

The heart knows best

But not when the sun occupies the eye of the sky

Ganga beckoned and I followed

Like a sunflower

Along with my thirsty camels

While the guardian dogs barked frantically

Far in the distance