

# **The Dawning**

by Zahra Bhaiwala

A journey long and hard 'twill be  
To bring the sweet and gentle sound  
Back from the Hell where I had found  
My hope restrained and sorrow free

As all my joys collide in time,  
There blows the wind to dark and space.  
These dreams of mine I laid to waste  
Revive with every step of rhyme.

I choose to bask and lay to rest  
In all the form and all the beat  
That conjugates in sonnet feet  
So that my words by heard and blessed.

Desire calls and fills my breath  
While grief performs the dance of death.