

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

*Sheikha A.*  
**Rewound**

The river by the curb couldn't be held  
bridled,

it didn't come to being from incidence,

it had neither reneged nor sundered

under rococo temptations,  
however rapaciously cascaded

the temerities of the deep-hung  
moon at an olive night

when your breathing fell  
like a scent snared in a drop

of dew hanging at the tip of a rain-  
quenched leaf,

like the truth in the first stroke  
of the early bird's awaking wing

the river was an accessory – formed  
from many smaller pools that met –

found habitation in mutual extremes;  
the ground sinking further into the beds

the water rising like a new conferred

and the space between moving  
to the will of the many feet

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imprinted on the benign sands  
of my age-stilled heart;

it grows old in facts  
between the fine lines of immortality

and eternity, while the river courses,  
mingles with the future

into achieving continuity  
from baring without disclosing.