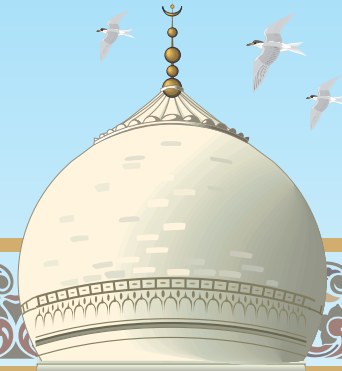


Laments of a Lonely Mosque

BY: MAHBOOB ESMAIL



An Empty house I am, of marbles and granite
abandoned in day, and deserted at night

My minarets are high, kissing the sky
my domes are pretty, a beauty to the eye

Dressed with carpets and Persian rugs
clean and neat and free of bugs

Adorned in beauty with crystal glass
but few to attend the daily mass

All you do is praise my arch
but why is it I'am left in dark

I see no colour, caste or race
all I like is your glorious face

To come to me what took you long
and why is it that I'm left alone

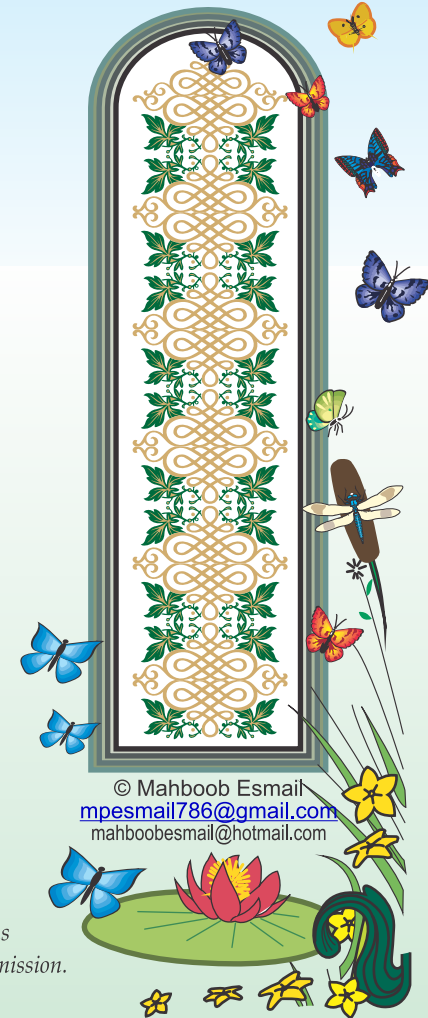
On Eid day you came, shy as a guest
prayed so fast and left in a haste

Ever since then, you have been lost
but I am here, your awaiting host

Come to me and bring a friend
do it now and set a new trend

Cry I will, on the 'day of just'
for treatment I get, lesser than dust

So what is it that stops you now
come to me the place to bow.



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