

# Deity

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On this day, a blinding sky  
holds ribbed reams of clouds,  
staccato against staggering blue.

Below, the market is a broader palette.  
Every pigment is here, running thick,  
spilling rich trickles onto vision.

Black-clad bedouin pass through.  
Three women, shifting figures of shadow,  
blot the kaleidoscope of colours.

The eldest, her face behind a gold mask,  
is slowly wheeled by the others.  
An ailing deity, not long for this world.

Purchases made, bags hang from the chair.  
Her folded body rests laden with spoils,  
as if they were grave goods for another realm.

