

## Urban Moment

From beneath the niqab I saw smiling eyes  
and "Oh!" the surprise that I became lost in,  
but she could see stars in my rural disguise

as I hid behind Founding Fathers so wise  
in the moonlit eclipse of my Brahmin Boston,  
still from the niqab I saw smiling eyes

that matched my Boston windswept highs in  
which man controlled the price that could cost them,  
she could see hope through my rural disguise.

If devotion's a journey at least I could try  
to link our two hearts with something in common  
for from the niqab I saw smiling eyes.

Perhaps she has traveled and seen different skies  
or this is the place that has made her downtrodden  
for she could see fences within a disguise.

When testament should be a plan I could try,  
not knowing if talk could add up to a sum,  
yet from the niqab I saw smiling eyes  
for she could see stars in my rural disguise.