Fragrance of His Love

see the radiant faces of the closest ones

buried in the folds of His unwashed sadra

they dive into the lingering fragrance of His body

they drink, they say, from a sea of roses from heaven’s garden

or perhaps that perfume the contrail of His love

pluming across the sky of their hearts

the sense of smell

unique for stirring memories

surely that scent

is flying them all the way home

into the ravishing sensual delight

of His original embrace

given the chance

to submerge our faces

in the sadra He wore

what difference that might have made:

a softer smile, a slower walking

a certain tenderness, an unwavering passion

pluck any rose, press it to your lips

and inhale with the desire to one day

bask in that fragrance of His love