

The Quran Cries

On shelves I am placed with pride
And kissed with love on every side
Turned into charms with sacred care
Washed and drunk, a ritual prayer

Then rain of perfumes falls on me
And I'm enshrined in fragrantcy
Like parrot I'm taught to speak in rhyme
They teach me thus, time after time

When oaths are sworn, vows are made
Then for their help they seek my aid
They lift me high with trembling hands
But fail to act on my commands

**With reverence, they lift me high in their hands,
Yet without shame, they cast aside my commands.**

**They claim to love me, yet turn away,
And let the rules of others guide their way.**

Eyes stay dry though hearts should burn
My verses read, yet none discern.
Each gathering recites my name
But souls remain forever the same.

Now evil triumphs over what was good
Deceit prevails where truth once stood
Once they make me smile, in vain
Make me weep hundred times again

Their love for me they loudly proclaim
Yet bow to others' laws in shame
Thus they mock me, and thus betray
Both scorn and sorrow mark my way

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Yet without shame, they cast aside my commands.**

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And let the rules of others guide their way.**

They pay deaf ears to my admonishing
Stay heedless to my lament warnings
They follow blindly if no brain is there
They think paradise is theirs without care

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