

Awakened by wild birds singing in the tree above our heads. Sweet songs of birds. Fragrant odor of wild roses. Low, sweet, rippling of the ever-murmuring river. At sunrise. In the wilderness. Made everything as lovely as a poet's dream. I was just wandering into paradise. I could see the dim shadow of the dark-eyed houris. In white. With a smile. With another. With the mirror. I could see her staring back when I was startled by the cry. Shattered glass. The mirror cracked. Again.