Dirge for his mamma

Too late on arrival,
At the threshold of
The flute-player,
That extols the sweetness
Of our mutual love.
Sharper than the call of the muezzin,
Cleaner than the news of the crier,
Her flute beckons sky and earth,
To come and see, to come and hear,
The beauty of a song,
That praises the greatness
Of our mutual love.

But,
You forsake flute and all,
Abandon drum and dance,
Leaving my foot in mid-air,
Before its trembling touch
Reaches earth In throbbing answer
To your last ing voice,
Sharper than the muezzin,
and clearer than carrier
Of oracular songs.

Mamma,
Shall I wriggle in dance without. music
Because you forsake flute and chant
Leaving me in mid-air,
To play tricks with passing winds?