

Less able to pollute the night
with artificial light, for him
blue-dim embroidery
sets in silent silver Milky Way

While any park in Pasadena
blots out the sky with comfort
For me the wealth is mostly stolen
swept away in electric haze

His, the flame of cavemen
paintings of the gods and myths
ever since sparks of consciousness
ignited human brains

For him their light still flares
he stares with ancient eyes
ponders mathematics
myth and science from the source

while from my brightly lighted street
I read them from my books
Faisalabad is brighter, richer
studded diamond in the night