



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