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THE MATHURA WEAVES

Early in the morning
we crossed the ghat,
where fires were
still smoldering,
and gazed,
with our Western minds,
into the Ganges.
- Mary Oliver

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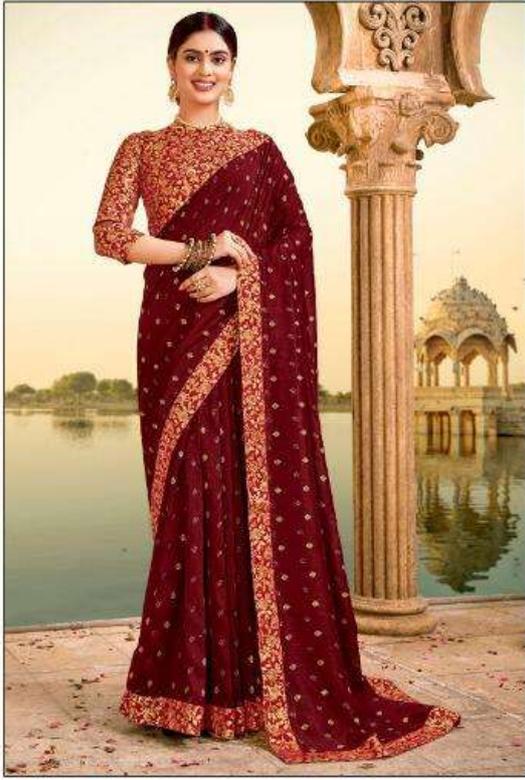
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