



BAKU

Cove of the Caspian

By Wayne Visser

The scattered seeds of history
Lie sheltered in the desert shade
And watered by the crescent moon
Rise up to form a sickle blade

Minarets and sacred domes
Caravans and loving homes
Maiden towers, rising blocks
Tireless cranes and bustling docks

The past now seems a distant shore
The present rides an oil-slick tide
And as the trade winds bluff and blow
The city chugs and churns with pride

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