

reminding her of the wind that, at Arba, carried fire towards her  
as she sat before the tent, reminding her of her glorious days of  
liberty, of the passion that came to her soul like fire in the desert.

But she does not rebel.

For always, when night falls, she sees the form of a man  
praying, who once fled from prayer in the desert; she sees a  
wanderer who at last has reached his home.