

Raga

Oddly, the roof of Hell is glass. Foggy with the breath of our lost souls. But the radio is always on. Tuned to the shimmering raga. Turning through itself. Unweaving. Mending.

Meanwhile, we sit side by side in our marriage. It sways like an old boat. What might have been, you say, is not what is. Unweaving. But it is everything we have had the power to make. Mending.

The raga is like nothing. We know. Until a cluster of pitches rushes us from out of. Nowhere. It rings here. Clear as the bell of our only sky.

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Pandemic Raga