Song

aspens dance
beneath ‘Himalaya-like’ clouds,
piling up in the heat
over the flatlands

then an opening in the sky,
blue as Siva’s forehead:
but are they the Doomsday clouds? darkening
into gray ash
floating over, dusting
those naked in ‘fear & delusion’
who wheel
towards Kali’s jaws

& has the Road become the Soul of creation?
with its roadkill ditches, its billboards
that cows & humans
labor under? the Road,
stretching endlessly, or
disappearing
under the sky’s garment of
‘patience, forbearance, non-injury,
passionlessness, indifference to
honor & non-honor’

later,
the aspens lean towards the sky,
trying to catch a whisper,
a zephyr of their incarnation
coming from Soma,
the new moon

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The Pangolin Review, Issue 13, November 2019