

## 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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