

Nocturne in the Afternoon

Rain of course, morning's misty drizzle turning to all day silvery lightness.
To report on this is a sort of comfort now that the world is less loud
if smartly tuned out so that these hours going slower allow reflection to take stock.
Imagination too is a useful passage, that mask a babushka pulled down, turned diagonal,
exotic around the chin and smoothed-over nose so exposed eyes intrigue with secrets.
Better yet, a Burqa even of mysterious beekeeping devotions, something sacred to respect
though often the men still stick mostly to handkerchiefs like stage coach gun slingers,
cowboy rustlers dusty on bucking broncos, but for starry spurs Nike-gleaming on boots.

Maybe one day this time of pandemic will be like old black & white Westerns
and the hoarded toilet rolls seen as a ward against bandits.

There has to be some dark giggling way deep down in this strange nostalgic music
so formally melancholy to shun panic with quiet fingers on keys, each a black and white
Ouija summoning past spirits we could consider sentimentally as if this were 1918
and a simpler time for folks to be good citizens amid the Word War I virus called Spanish,
yes, Spanish, the Press said to minimize the tolls growing concurrent in New York City,
even Kansas.

Think of board games and jigsaws, the global household rhythm of cards shuffled and spread.
Think of the news like those puzzle pieces on hinged cardboard tables put up for kids.

It's almost another pall that last words from loved ones now may come over cell phones
and laptops, the protecting astronaut medical staff prop like mirrors were once used to detect
breath, or its lack so yes, go for fantasy like a magic balm again,
and all of those passing actually just falling back as if off a stage onto waiting hands which lift,
the palms warm as candle tongues, wave upon wave of them gently carrying around touch
until what is on the other side of this realm when crossed is just another country
and we can call up, ask how the weather is, what the change in time is like or if perhaps there is
memory, familiarity, any refrain of companionable accompanying soul-intimate music.