

Class Notes

Who were we and what was that dark place
when and where we met behind our public eyes
frightened of that other place we went alone,
our lives undeciphered metaphors,
our chance encounter less chance than we could believe.

But those weren't ordinary times, those days
when towers of finance kept crumbling
on flickering screens, pentangles of power
were penetrated from above, the market was collapsing
and you and I met in the middle of a poem
written by a man gone mad before we were born,
a crystal ball of words we saw ourselves in.

You who were spending your nights giving up to the void
your body, mind and everything else in the hope
that would keep your beloved safe on the mountain
she had chosen to climb over in Nepal;
I who was trying to climb out of the hole
I had dug myself into — the quicksand bed
of government lies, hopeless love and border
gestapo after the fixed election and coup.