

In Hiding

Today, alone on the farm
in the tedious afterglow
of a series of migraine auras
two days ago,
I lie like a shipwrecked sailor
in a thin layer of mental mist
on Odysseus' Ithaka shore,
on knees & elbows,
breath weak, heartbeat distant,
senses wandering shaman layers
of consciousness,
Hariprasad Chaurasia's Raga Darbari Kannada
spiraling up the staircase with it's magic potion,
slowly reviving me from my inner depths,
Henri Bosco's MALICROIX spread across my chest,
dense snow falling around the house
dampening the stirring of a life in hiding

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