

A Ghazal in the Night

Constellations cold with nothing to tell in the night
twinkle above us with a faint tintinnabulation - a knell in the night.

I look up and pretend the dotted maps will lead me back,
waiting for the taste of your prose to excel myself back into the night.

Silent stillness echoes across the waves and the moon.
To the stars, I beseech you: Cast your spell in the night.

The constellations and stars begin to dim, darker
and darker saying farewell deep into the night.
As our worlds slip into ruins, history etched on the walls,
scavengers prowl, appraise who is left, rising like kelp in the night.
Earth is foreclosed, the domain of hell, a den of thieves
as demons, running amok, swell into the night.
As I sink deeper, I lose track of ever distant starlight,
falling towards the tolling bells of hellions in the night.

During this dark, Covid year, I've survived
scouring my hands with Purell in the night.
Fates braiding our lives with ink and words:
Voyagers of 4566 - what do the skies foretell in the night?

*—Amber Alexander, Andrew Allen, Mitchel Hendricks, Alex Harris, Elias
Kirker-Napiorkowski, Ashton Platt, Jessica Rushing, and Stuart Lishan*