

Moving houses, Maya pumps a music that cannot offer —

PURVI SHAH

— **resolution.** You have been unpacking
cavities — with every discovery, a memory

floods. You are expecting

Mozart, or torn

requiem, caged
haunting. This

unrelenting harmonium,
unenveloping lives

over time, creases
corners, erects
furniture — Witness

hope before
moan, compassion
before break, joy

before bereft, or bereft before
a more bereft. You want

to put back what you have
released, seal what you have

dislodged, as if what can be

thought always can be
mastered: answers

as fresh
worlds —

star-chambers sung. Your
constellation is partial. You

have a flesh, body
to puncture. You cannot

bear the sound of this sound
that always persists, biting

ear, singing
neck, twisting
thumb, droning

eye
thrumming — — —

You would control the rung
bell. You would like

for memory to have to walk

through a door. Even your breath
suffers you now. And here you are,

in one room, with a concert of half-
spilled boxes & beaten sorrows

yet vibrating to life, yet plaining immensity in this finite night.

