

Prartho Sereno

RIGHT NOW

It hasn't rained here for months,
but somewhere on the planet puddles
are mad with it, and in some otherwhere
it hangs like fishnets in the air.

Now, like all nows, morning breaks somewhere—
cows let out to graze, runaway colors
returning to the cupboards. Somewhere the sun
has just vanished with a flash of green into the sea.

Right now a porter in Mumbai is asleep
on the cement at Victoria Station; India's pandemonium
of heat and colored light has opened her cool
dark mouth and taken him in.

In Guatemala, an old woman leans on the
dock post to watch the shade of the volcano
make its daily slide across the lake. In Istanbul,
a grief-stricken man sings out in the streets.

Right now on this planet an olive is midair
in its fall from the tree, a moonflower closes
on its trellis, and a pale pomegranate root
breaks through its seed.

Somewhere an old man falls down the stairs,
the lost ring is found where everyone looked
a thousand times, and the veil has been lifted
from someone's eyes.

Somewhere on this bright ball, women come home

with jugs of water on their heads, a family's only
camel dies in the dust, and a band of neighbors
manages to put out the fire.

Whales breach, elephants kneel to drink,
and hundreds of parrots drop a bright
single feather—all of them aflutter now
together in our sky.