

Poetry

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I would have journeyed the Silk Road
From Chang'an to Constantinople
To find a trader with a cure
For the growths in your heart
I would have traded all of my lapis lazuli

I would have slept in Dunhuang's caravanserais
Dwelling in the fantasia sung by the sand grains
And followed the slowly fading footsteps in my fever dreams
For the hope of a better prognosis

But the disease is too heterogeneous
It's a shapeshifter eager to spread
Like invasive weeds in fertile verdant lands

So even though I cannot go on that journey
I will hold your hand
And ensure you do not explore these newfound times alone

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