

A theme perhaps for the plague

by [Suzanne Underwood Rhodes](#) in the [June 3, 2020](#) issue

It's the memory of your harmonies and the grim house
lifting in your ebullience that I'm holding against
this deadly fugue, the flight from everything and nothing
we the world have known.

I would be singing somewhere in the house
and you'd come streaming into the song,
your strong alto current bearing my higher notes
into joy that was, I see now, a resistance

against the rage smoldering within those walls
as you found the balancing notes from an inward spring.
How good to think of that now as I stir soup
inside my home holding strong from what's outside.