

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.