Jaspal K Singh

**Contemplating Seppuku with an icicle in the Month of April in the Time of Coronavirus: A UP saga**

Breaking off a piece of icicle

Dangling from the roof of your home

you look at the pointed tip

and wonder, what would it be like

to commit Seppuku

with the point

will you stop feeling the cold?

The snow on the ground

in the middle of April?

will it just melt away?

will the Pandemic looming

for the next few year

disappear?

you take it and stick it

with a vicious thud

in the snow blanketing

the landscape

when suddenly

in the half frozen ground

you espy buds of tulips

& crocuses valiantly

trying to peek out

and you think, no, Spring,

even though it looks like

it is eons away

is just around the corner

you remember the tiny buds

and the green shoots

under the snow

you remember the sparkling

eyes of your granddaughter

your daughter and son’s

sweet and naughty faces

and gently remove the icicle

from the snow

and look at Lake Superior

across the street from your house

and think of a lover

in far off India

whose dark visage

and pucca Hindustani voice

vibrate in the darkness

in Michigan Nights

and your heart flutter

once more, with hope,

that Spring, after all,

cannot be stopped

that love, after all,

cannot be stopped

that the world turning

cannot be stopped

that the Pandemic

will eventually be handled

so, arming yourself with

the last rays of the setting

winter sun, you say goodnight

and wait for a sign,

a love note

from afar, for another day.