SHAMAN'S CURSE

some trickster lays a hand on us
mirrors someone's wishes

the light turns black
troubles' constant hurdles—

broken roof, fridge, dishwasher,
ripped street in front of our apartment,

construction every day at 7 am, crashed
computers, cancelled courses, sick family.

in a span of weeks, death—
we, half mad, search for an antidote

a charmer's root, alexicacon
visions to guide

could it be my grandfather
that we transgressed

our bid to conjure the raven
that severed the light