

## **Epicenter**

Tashi Bhutia

From the hills of God  
to the pit of misery

flashing,  
changing everything

Hope crumbling, thoughts lamenting

fighting to hold ground  
in this desert of apathy. Clinging

to strains of life

Every passing moment reminding  
what could be.

In his prime, the quake struck—  
a crater, hard to cover up,

from the hills  
of God  
to the pit of misery

\*This poem was during after the poet's experience in prison and the COVID lockdowns.