

Turned to Stone:
Exorcising Corona

Sapphire and ruby colored
you dazzle, and could be called beautiful,
dancing before our eyes, unseen,
like an anemone in crests of blood.

But, like medusa,
while you,
an alien invader,
a galaxy of spiky globes,
spins and spins and spins.

In a world
suddenly united
by alteration,
we are all of us fingers in a socket,
shocked
by the halting
of our previous orbits,

while you,
an alien invader,
a galaxy of spiky globes,
spins and spins and spins.

We pull masks across mouths,
and visors across faces,
And with gloved hands
walk past shuttered shops
in all our cities
dead from pandemic,

And dream of the sea,
and of the people we can only touch
through data and waves,
and of the forbidden highways,
and the grounded planes,

as we fall to our knees
and search for the axe,
the razor-sharp antidote
which will cripple you,
slice you to your very core,
and return to us our lost lives.