

## Bare skin, shadowed necklines

April 4, 2020

Individuals are so sensitive.

Bare skin.

Soft, exposed necklines,  
slightly curved torsos,  
angular elbow turns.

Lips seeking to know if.. 'you really know me.'

A trusting, wide-eyed doggie curls up besides and one rose candle flickers across the floor.

Fingers to lips,

slowly,

slowly.

A rounding out of red ovals, breath, markers of time.

"I really miss you," as a heavy wool coat, its patches in pulled-up warmed collar, clothes the thin and the living.

A violin next morning cries for us. Pajamas warm, flannel patterns the day, and with an open window to a lattice terrace, a cool breeze touches her face. Reminds her of blue lit early mornings, the touch of fingerpaints and necklines bare. His scratchy, gentle voice. "I'm not even trying to love you. I just love you."

She later asks, "The need to be with someone... does it fade with time, mama?"

But, the piano keys and birdcalls of a blue lit morning become the bustle of central stations, trains whistling above the din. Men in overcoats stomping, quickly leaving stopped cars to look down, bump into one other and soldier to the crowded office. Corrugated boxes, heavy boots, and ... numbers emerge.

When does... the individual become... the species?

A handmade, feminine-hipped curve of fine china,  
holding hand-brewed, grounded arabica beans close to its bosom.

When does the delicate tea cup become a factory-boxed mug?

When does the species reveal itself... as the bare, the individual?

A collective with hourly updated death tolls;

a city clerk who thought she had years left with her mother at the home – the mother who glowed when her grandchildren would visit, dance, cause trouble weekly.

Cobbled port alleys become paved, paint-dotted efficiency. The plague becomes us, or does it become you... and I?

Chuckled snickering to flirting, electric smiles. Shied from camera beauty become errant policy and improving the supply chain dynamics for ventilators, generators, reducing impacts on the

system. A system, a system. A species, a system... burdened by peak curves, women in cloth masks, strained fears as smiles fade.

Her breasts are welcoming, round, and shadowed in the candlelight. Angular elbow turns become body tightened strength between life and lightning breaks. Another kiss before the glass of wine... and, before the toes burn and curl once again.

Do toes curl at... the level of species? Can they? Is *it* in warnings and toll numbers reducing? When history captures us – the us – through virus episodes, is it only then we reflower our bare skin, our candle-shadowed necklines?

# Nature's brute

March 20, 2020

It waits and sits,  
we writhe betwixt fucking fits  
and empty, restless fixed bliss.  
Hunger fangs ravage hunger pangs.  
Nature's dance's a spit of chance.  
Hurled in black,  
"you sleep until the serpent attacks."

A rhino's horn is only flat in pictures torn. A book depicting yesteryear,  
when humans roamed with lion's pierce.  
But, it seems our books have come to wrought,  
all suppressed what humans brought.

"A world of vaccines will do you no good now. "

Evolution is an ugly cow –  
a cantankerous revolt by virus bolts.  
Reminding us of nature's wrists and fisted turns,  
wringing fates from garment burns,  
unleashing serpents through the ferns,  
"not immune to *our* germs," and humanity...

lies in wait.

## Together

*April 6, 2020*

"We're here for you," says Wells Fargo online bill pay.

"We are here to help," affirms my Capital One credit card.

"I love you... I need you... You deserve flowers and mulberry jam, a sexy haircut, shining white teeth, and one of those Hemsworths' sparkling love lives. I'm sorry I ever charged you interest, gave you worries about debt, or even spilled coffee on your loafers... metaphorically," says the Central Bank of Riches and Trust.

Says all the banks...

and the anonymous hotel you once stayed at, and the Panera whose membership card you still have somewhere but never actually used.

"We are here to help," says an email from Cambridge University Press, from Staples' advertisements of crayons for sale, and from my local credit union.

"Emm. We can't offer you anything at this moment," replies Wells Fargo young man over phone.

"I'm sorry, no. We can't lower your APR right now. No, we can't offer you a 0% balance transfer at this time either," tells me my kind friend at Discover.

Thank you.

A cloud of muted grey hugs me. Cartoon uniform solid cloud with a marked black outline. Safe, muted. Love & day trades, safe.

"The seasons are discriminated only in the sky... A town without intimations... completely modern" – Albert Camus.

Thank you, capitalism, thank you. My wallet is here for you; my energy, my efforts, and the intermediary of this effort transmuted in cash, in debt, and... in our relationship, is here for your taking. Thank you.

We will get through this together.