

**4/6/2020: 9am:**

Standing the required six feet behind  
A woman whom, I imagine, just came  
to buy wine, (Such things are acceptable  
in these days of waiting to be next).

The lines, marked in perfect intervals,  
attempt to better the response given  
to Katrina, Andrew, others...

Different and yet the same

**I have moved 6 feet.**

convergence

hope, severalty, survival...

The food ques are the same

Soles slapping against hot concrete;

Souls in need of food and peace

Eyes looking downward,

full of fear.

Is it wrong to ask for help?

**I have moved 6 feet.**

The wine lady obviously disapproves of

My unmasked face and ballcap.

There was no mask for me,

regardless

I have attracted attention.

A Memory comes uninvited,

The Rush of leaping from the cliff;

My younger body trusting

its own ability to

torpedo into ocean depths.

I have moved 6 feet.

Once I was 17 and invincible

The bull's horn cut neatly,

Blood gathered at my feet.

The scar has faded.

We feared nothing,

We live in fear.

I have moved 6 feet.

Our children now

wear masks

everywhere

Everything "safe" is 6 feet away.

What is left for them?

Social distancing,

school closures,

"virtual graduations".

Ragged coughing behind me.

A collective whispering

The barrier is visible

I have moved 6 feet.

Fear gives way to unencumbered

Boredom.

The woman ahead of me starts,  
grabs at her mask but does not bolt.  
She lets out a breath-looks at the  
21+ counter  
The girl looks young.  
Too young.

No one seems to notice.

The woman is reunited

With a few cases

Of her wine -

**I have moved 6 feet.**

Red, microscope images

bloom inside my mind.

Hurricanes announce their

Game-plan up front.

we are not yet accustomed to this,

the invisible yet deadly

destruction of targeted hosts.

However, the food ques seem the same,

In both cases.

It is just sad food for sadder people.

**I have moved 6 feet.**

Having settled for a ballcap instead of

A mask, I have attracted attention

(the missing arm might brand me just  
as guilty).

I look away and remember  
The rush of leaping from the  
cliff; my younger body trusting  
its own ability to  
torpedo into ocean depths.

**I have moved 6 feet.**

Once I was 17 and invincible.  
The bull's horn cut neatly.  
Blood gathered at my feet.  
My scar has faded.  
We feared nothing.

**I have moved 6 feet.**

Our children have masks  
What is there for them  
Beyond social distancing  
and school closures?  
Not prom, not graduation,  
No midnight raids...

**I have moved 6 feet.**

How did this small virus  
From the wrong  
classification chart  
steal humanity's future hope?  
Ragged coughing behind me  
The man's face reddens  
Everyone looks  
An eruption of

collective whispering

followed by

The smell of sweat

And fear

While cases of cheap wine

Are transferred

Into the trunk of a green bug.

**I have moved up 6 feet.**

The woman has left.

We follow the twisting lanes,

Stomachs and nerves

Shifting-threatening to

Jump the track.

I have moved up 6 feet.

As if on a rollercoaster.

We move towards

Frozen foods.

While optimism is already collecting dust

in the back room.