

Two Corona Poems

Turns 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,
you stare,
and the whole world turns to stone.

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.

The Little Things We Have Lost

Another year marked with song,
we'd pull in our breath,
blowing out the candles.
Misting the cake, exhaling germs,
which anyone could handle,

then pull in gates with naked hands,
no thought of who palmed it before.
No post-touch swipe of alcohol,
to render the impure pure.

At full cafes, only a time estimation
of whether it was worth it to wait.
We'd sit anywhere on the crowded floor -
Now a waiter pulls in a table
two meters away,
to customers out-of-doors.

We would hug without regard,
expressions were always clear:
A turned-up lip,
or a grimace of fear,
not masked by cloth
pulled in over our ears.

We'd board,
pull in our carry-on,
then lift into the clouds
and soon were gone.

Lockdown was for criminals,
not something to pull in a curve:
keep numbers lean,
a response to a spike,
going for full quarantine.

A bride and groom,
were pulled to the center,
hundreds of hands in a circle together,
Bodies and feet shaking free.
Never imagining
an eerie thing
like a plague
could exist in our own century.

Some things are too large,
like the fiscal cost -
What feels most pulled away, is
the little things we have lost.