

Darling Son Gone

Shall I bring a stone?

First it was baskets. Peace lilies. Bright. Hopeful!

And water in juice bottles to quench their thirst.

But came the deer.

I tried roses with thorns.

The fawn ate the buds.

Then summer ended and there was the heat of September.

By then it was back to work and no longer once a week.

Once a month.

And then winter.

Snow.

And now it is more than five years of parching sun,

feeding does,

winter snows.

Shall I bring a stone?

Suppose

Suppose it were that easy . . .

Each day to pick up a pen
From which words spewed forth
With recognizable cadence
And breath-taking imagery
About an earth-shaking event.

But it is not that way.

Poetry comes in sliced slivers
Eked out in times of hardship, despair,
 insight,
 loneliness,
 ecstasy,
And only oneself listens
 and wonders
 and writes.

Pandemic

July 16, 2020

Roberta M Roy

One hundred and thirty-eight thousand gone.

Just here in the USA.

Me? . . . One hundred and twelve days

At home

Alone

. . . with computer

. . . and television

. . . and phone

But alone.

Difficult.

Just difficult.

And distant learning.

Children prefer the computer for play,

Face time to talk

Not to learn.

And the day . . .

Wake up

Wash face

Brush teeth.

Shirt, skirt, shoes.

Breakfast.

Do a crossword puzzle.

Check the email.
Check Facebook.
Check the Times.
Check the stocks.

Maybe there is an investor to help me build my company?

Maybe there is a literary agent who will like one of my stories?

Talk to sister number one today.
Talk to sister number two tomorrow.
Talk to sister number three toward the weekend.

Text one grandson. Will he answer?
Text second grandson . . .

Write

Watch TV
(but not until after lunch . . . preferable afternoon)

Who might I email?
For what reason?

Lunch.

Supper.

Remove shoes, skirt, shirt.

Wash face . . . brush teeth . . . watch TV . . .

Oh! A snack . . .