

Corona Time

Corona time.

You know what that's like,
don't you, my friend?

It's when a day goes by
but it seems like a week,
and a week creeps along,
stuffed with an obsession
with numbers: 6 feet, 14 days,
2 million people, 400 masks,
rate of spread at plus 3.

So full of news and numbers,
I think a week is a month.

The whole month
is filled with Pandemic paralysis
and I find it difficult,
if not impossible,
to accomplish anything.

The laundry piles up,
the toilet needs cleaning,
the weeds obscure my roses.
I don't clear out my closet
or put away my winter clothes.
I don't even sew or bead,
which is crazy, because I've always
craved more time to sew and bead.

But occasionally, with luck,
Corona time is eclipsed
by a tiny pearl at the center,
by a glimpse of the great pause,
by a restless spirit,
by a desire to contribute,
by a fathoming of who I am,
who you are,
and what we have done
to the now-naked world.

In these moments,
I ask myself
What really matters?
What is really essential?
In these moments,
I know with certainty
the wonder of love,
and of deeply connecting
with my loved ones,
like you, my dear friend.