

TO KEN

I awake no rush  
clothes face teeth hair  
downstairs start the fire  
then crackers a smear of tahini  
slivered tofu with dead herbs  
apple slices music.

Over black coffee check  
the latest numbers figure out  
new mortality rates  
mind gasping  
each time it tries to touch  
this ungraspable cataclysm.

Bring in logs  
not enough left to last  
this damned spring cold  
sweep the wood chips  
survey the problems  
the mind spasms the heart rends.

Evening now and the mood sinks  
daytime it heaved and plunged  
I wrote and posted five short poems  
slowly resuming work  
the *Black Spots*  
acquiring new significance.

A month ago we had glorious hope  
*take on the bastards change the world*  
then an eyeblink  
an airless free-fall  
time compression  
house arrest.

Now we wash hands  
wash again again again  
*out Black Spot*  
*of judgement*  
while having a good chat  
with god.

- Diane Sophrin  
Vermont, 3.18.20