

6 Poems for 2020

Aubade

(April 1, 2020)

*It's hard to get up
from heaven, I say*

as I rise from your
arms, from sheets

fragrant with funk
of our mingled sleep.

*What? you mumble
to the pillow, Umm.*

Then the furnace's
hum, then the sandy

sound of the cat casting
litter bits backwards.

Then the silence before
the news.

What would the dead say?

*What defiles their calm eyes and their loose brows?
Not this. For through their tiny smiles they mutter:
“live now, live now.”*

(excerpt from a reading by Anne Sexton of a version of “The Truth the Dead Know”)

*Our people are drawing close to us,
says Claire, and so it seems
in dreams and apparitions,*

Mother in the doorway, father
smoking in the ether underneath
a tree in which a blackbird sings

They sing and smoke and smile
and stare, the dead do, saying
nothing with their mouths, by silence

*Saying, words would interrupt,
condition what we have to give,
their presence says, and does.*

Earlier in the Apocalypse

Occasionally we ate in restaurants, shared from our plates,
always tipped the waitstaff with unsanitized bills.
We hugged our friends often, and even strangers
occasionally, and occasionally shook hands without
washing them later. Occasionally we shopped in stores.
We bought toilet paper only occasionally, and only
then when we were almost out (ditto liters of bourbon).
We never bought ten pound bags of pinto beans or grains.
Often, we touched our faces, and often rubbed our eyes.
Occasionally wore latex gloves, to clean out the cat box
or for dyeing our hair. We missed our siblings occasionally,
and occasionally we hiked with friends. Occasionally
we fantasized about how it would be to live with nowhere
to go, no one we had to see, and nothing we had to do.

The Difficulty

was green then blue. The difficulty bloomed red in a warm room, walked in rain, returned, ran a fever after then a temper. Tea was brewed to quench the bloom's thirst, and the temper quelled. The cool gelled to a harsh slush which eventually warmed again, and again the difficulty bloomed. The difficulty had a blast-from-the-past aspect. This aspect amplified the scale of the shadow the difficulty cast. In fact, a file of facts in the Akashic records described the difficulty's past and future aspects and displays. At times it was possible to cope with the difficulty by drawing, then blowing on the made lines. At times, this could brake the difficulty's downward plunge, reduce it to a dip, recovery and rise. Sometimes the difficulty was more difficult.

Quarantine: Day 24

COVID19: A Message From Our Founder
your amazon.com order #_____

COVID19 update: lobbies open by appt. and face covering
your amazon.com order #_____

donnacate, will you rate your transaction at amazon.com?
You signed “COVID19 Pro Executive Health Order”
receipt for your payment to _____
transaction receipt from _____
your amazon.com order #_____ has been shipped

A client accepted your invitation!
A client accepted your invitation!
your amazon.com order #_____

your amazon.com order #_____ has been cancelled
donnacate, don't forget to leave feedback for your order!
your costco.com order #_____ was shipped

FW: Measures to help control the virus
Your Zoom meeting attendees are waiting!
your amazon.com order #_____

your amazon.com order #_____ has been shipped!
COVID19 update from Columbia River Acupuncture
A client accepted your invitation!

COVID 19: Emergency Provider Network Opt-In
Your Zoom attendees are waiting!
your amazon.com order #_____

your amazon.com order #_____
donnacate, don't forget to leave feedback for your order!
Your Zoom attendees are waiting!
donnacate, don't forget to leave feedback for your order!
A Note from build.com regarding COVID19
donnacate, will you rate your transaction at amazon.com?
Our commitments to you – an update on our response to COVID19

Zoom meeting link for Friday

your amazon.com order #_____ has been delayed

TRICARE Coverage of COVID19 testing

Webinar: Telehealth During a Pandemic and Beyond

your amazon.com order #_____

Your Zoom meeting attendees are waiting!

your amazon.com order #_____

donna henderson, tell us how COVID19 is affecting you!

We moved so fast

through our last days in the Holocene.
Our worry hurried us, whether or not we knew.

I tried to slow myself, to break the spell of rush.
But even that felt urgent in the imminence,
and so I hurried to.

How we tried to outrun our undoing.
How trying hurried it along.