

Lockdown

Days float like blank pieces of paper
drifting in the cold, damp
Spring wind
In front of me and behind
I try to grasp them but they dance
Just out of reach
Friends depart and doors shut
The brass door knockers
Banging on themselves
Emphatic slams saying
Stay away
Was staying home
Ever a luxury?
I don't remember really
But going out now
Feels special
Like a wedding, when the sun
Lights up the bride's hair in a golden halo
When the heat of the day gives cheeks a rosy glow
Of dewy sweat and excited joy
Or a garden party
When the crackling ice
And herby gin
Mix, with a stir, into the glass
With a splash of summer flowers
An intoxicating laugh
That floats to the blue hills
In the distance

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