

## Chorus at 4:02 AM

by G. H. Mosson

Computers drain me, these quarantine days,  
muting this most intimate universe, muting the maker  
    always making, while watching a *Tic Toc* dance video,  
        what's on *Twitter* or the "breaking news"  
            on the sidebars of *Google*,  
                dinner conversations about a movie  
                    as June abounds with returning birds.

Now the first cheep out of the dark hush  
    sparks across the porch  
        under a cratered moon  
            gray-and-white as driftwood  
                as I sip too dawn's tiptoe.

At 7 a.m. around my neighborhood, the first daily walks begin.  
A linchpin since this "sheltering in place," now I get to glimpse  
    other locals on my round-trip  
        in this essential orbit  
            of our mutual passing.

Bending to inhale from a mini-carnation, I sense  
a prehistoric man before the pyramids arose  
along the Nile who glances  
seven thousand years our way and says,  
    *Birds awoke you*  
        *into the pregnancy*  
            *of the world's pulse.*