

Pandemic Housecleaning

by G. H. Mosson

Look at this sunspot
having travelled
far to dwell
as an afternoon splotch
on the wall above the fern.

With textured gold,
it teases our touch, yet
if clutched, morphs to a glove,
melds with the air, and blushes
back to the intimate.

Well, time again to mind
this cleaning, though with so much
shut down, the scrubbing and double-
checking calls me to welcome
what's stilling.

Boisterous voices
ricochet within the vice
of sheltering times.
Who? What?
Where? Listen.