

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.