

Chorus at 4:02 AM

Computers drain me, these quarantine days,
vacuuming up what's intimate, maker always making,
into emails, word processing, the Internet: a *You Tube* dance video,
what's on *Twitter*, or "breaking news" on the sidebars of *Google*
before dinner conversations
about a movie
as June abounds
with returning birds.

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

At seven a.m. around my neighborhood, daily walks begin,
a linchpin since "sheltering in place" set in, where I glimpse
locals on round-trips
in this essential orbit
of our mutual passing.

Bending to inhale from a teeny carnation, I sense
a prehistoric man along the Nile who squints
seven thousand years our way and says:
*Birds awoke you into pregnancy
of the world's pulse.*