

## Pandemic Housecleaning

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

Its textured gold  
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.