

CHORUS AT 4:02 AM

Computers drain me, these quarantine days.
The mental pastiche—internet, emails, word-processing—vacuums up
this most intimate universe, maker always making,
 traveling to be known
 as *TikTok* dance video,
 what's on *Twitter*,
 the “breaking news”
 on the sidebars of *Google*,
 dinner conversations about a movie,
 and June abound
 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”—I get to glimpse
 other locals on my round-trip
 in this essential orbit
 of our mutual passing.

Bending to the 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,
 The birds awoke you
 into the pregnancy
 of the world's pulse.

Mosson