## Release us, Corona, O Viral Crown of Drops

If *I love you* is whispered to nestled collar bones or shoulders do these bones resonate or only if love is felt by both listener and speaker?

Once a simple clear glass of water was filmed with the word *yes* written on its surface. Microscopes closed in disclosing the lucidity of molecular health from that monosyllable's common affirmation, an enriched fresh oxygen component concentrated throughout. The word *no* or one equally negative created an opposite effect. Consider sensitivity as scientific and what element humans are most composed of, our flesh, a page for notations, our pores, parchment blotter message after message canvasses like landscapes and portraits.

When the Holocaust camps were about to be liberated and prisoners, if capable, fled out at the risk of being shot, so many, if they made it to woods, left names, devotions, places to meet on scraps; paper or cloth, for the trees to hold secret, like a forest of matchbooks waiting in case, in case...so did bark and phloem take on what was sacred, vouchsafe it for good whether found ever or not?

Pondering existence, what happens to us, is itself a forest of questions life forms throughout time for the global horror houses of twins vivisected by Mengele to the jungles, tropics, deserts, glades, flats trafficked for commerce of all sorts from the vanishing indigenous, the underground immigrants cartels process as oil, guns, drugs, sex...

Getting *that* picture requires shoring up souls as rocking figures who've had bad news hold one another in a slow weeping waltz.

Getting that picture is to acknowledge the dawning shock that, after all, pestilence might not spare us and gone centuries hence will be all human remnants.

## Fuuuuuucccccckkkkkk!

Faith plea against this. Faith speak, sing, plan, focus instead on positive balance, a vision, lantern-lit from within for here even in New York amid the whole world's latest pandemic queer, contrary spring is rising up in buds pushing through, in pulsing bulbs as pop-ups, daffodil, tulip, crocus, and these alms are armed against the pall, are multi-tasking with bird, insect, rodent, so that the whole season glows as waves of nature coursing, an earth resurgence in our faces, our senses, our blood, hearts and guts.