Still in Lockdown

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Still in Lockdown
by L.L. Walter

First things first, I throw myself to ground
three times a week to plank
before I know what’s hit me.
One by one, I pull back curtains.
Dawn is still. Cold blue laps
walls, desk, kitchen counters.
On Fridays, I allow myself
a good cup of coffee, a second slice of toast
timed to pop once the water heats.

Outside, squirrels whirl up oak trees
as before. Green anoles sun
on bricks. My dog follows
her wiggling nose, instantly knowing
wildflower spice, chipped
dollhouse on the curb, locust
husk, each white stain we pass.
In air now empty, birdsong carves
its ancient hieroglyphic.

Today the sidewalk bends. I follow.
Beneath a parked car, twin cats
shelter. I reach this spot
as if in dream—three cement squares
lined by four crape myrtles, pale
pink flowers rippling, opposite an oak
blanketing all in shade. Here I stand
in stillness.