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2020: After Six Months in Quarantine

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2020: After Six Months in Quarantine
by Jessica Bowdoin

Seasons are noted: the loquat fruit falling from weighted trees, the azaleas in bloom, the silver silence warbling back and forth in search of echoes. 695,353 total.

April. I left my birthday card in the augustine and the heat of the pine needles, forgotten, like most everything else. 1.8 million

on the list when the fireworks buried themselves behind fences and oak, alone. In some backyards, single sparks thrust themselves upwards. A child claps. A faint singing of "Oh Say Can You See"

stirs a quiver of consciousness. On our day of labor, we sleep through 4.7 million ringing alarms. The husky smell of brisket and fire sits warm in our mouths. My neighbor laughs as I decline a pool party.

Three months—a rise. I notice the browning leaves that gather in the corners of my porch to jostle for a place to rest. 8 million. My neighbor has a skeleton wreath, asks me: Are you handing out candy this year?