

Pass

This too shall pass.
What passes as a smile
behind my masked face.
What children, in their adult years,
will remember of their past.
How soon will *lockdown*
and *shelter in place* pass
out of our daily lexicon?
How now do we assess risk?
On what or whom
will we take a pass?
How to look past the specter of virus?
The number of deaths
are the dead, not the passed away.
Few schools re-open, no students
in the halls who might've needed a pass,
desks empty where once
exams were passed.
How casually, in our past, we used
the word collapse.
Oh, the innocent ways we used to pass time.
This, too, will pass into history,
though not the simple clutter
of analog and dial phones.
No easy way to pass through this.
Scars define. Pieces, fractured,
require re-memberings.
Stories that bind us, stories to be passed on.
Moments, precious and fragile,
we can't let slip past.
Today: one of the days I have left
to live my life.