

COVID FEVER

TONI SCORSESE

Whisper to me from behind the film that hides us.
Wrap me in the ties that bind us.
Choke me with the lies that blind us.
COVID my soul that apprise us.

Calls – hoarse, unheard, forlorn: no surprise.

Peek through the mask that shields us.
Leap over the quarantine that separates us.
Picket in the land that divides us.
COVID my heart that despise us.

This petition, repetition, contrition: falls flat.

Heed the rumor – or fact that belies us.
Own the reality that defines us.
Trust the shit that maligns us.
COVID my life that reprise us.