

Pandemic 2020 in Myndsight

Each moment is an instant gram
of gilded and glamorized gab
intended to link, but just-not connect
people to person, without the parade of
paralyzing, pomp and circumstance,
ubiquitous political parlance, or
steady stream of sterilized platitudes
plying for pity, participation, or
angry, anti-established, active
hand washing or waving or wringing.

A zooming in and out of interactions
intended to imitate intermingled intimacy,
a stream of beleaguered books of faces
flashing by like an isolated subway rider
watching through window after window
of the weary world waiting
to leave their stationary lives,
wishing to wander aimlessly or
arm in arm with strangers and friends again.

Line on line employed virtually
to maintain hope, hearth, and a healthy life
masked by screening all togetherness,
leaving family locked into flitting
from foundation to foe
each moment the dog daze days aren't
inoculating their inaction with
distractions that dampen the dreary, and
each cat or wallowing moment knows
one nine-life, lifting, fuzzy feeling or
nine tails of time dilating,
baked and bloated, by standing or
more likely sitting to death.

Amidst this are still small silent stretches,
holy and wholly whelming,
where disconnected here reconnects THERE, and
reflection on who I AM leads to pools of insight and
new soul salutations to an old and familiar savior,
singing like a lion roaring in love
at the dawn of a renewed world within.

So alien and yet so familiar is this life.
It seems only yesterday and yet years away
when this experience was only different
because it happened isolated only
by the cacophony of life together,
in contact but still not connected,
not known as we are Known,
but unknown face to face
without grams of instant gratification interactions or
books of faces tic-toking and
clocking our time together.

Maybe those sole, soul moments
in monkish habitation
will manifest more ravishing hunger
for intentional knowledge and being
bound bending sojourners
seeking sight of the eternal
inside each perceived fellow pilgrim's progress.

Pray maybe.

Let it be.

Inshallah.