Love in the Time of Coronavirus

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Dave Schelhaas

We wear masks to the grocery store. In March we wiped down everything we bought with disinfectant, but now we don’t. We wear masks to church and keep them on when we sing. The preacher takes his off to preach. Sundays we eat backyard roast beef dinners with our kids and grandkids. We live on the lawn and on the deck. We name the birds as they jostle and bustle around the feeder: downy, goldfinch, house finch, sparrow, dove. Butterflies sip nectar of aster, phlox and zinnia. “A garden of earthly delights,” says an old friend who stopped on his way from Michigan to Idaho. We sip beers and enlarge our past in maple-dappled shade. Every other day grandkids knock and ask for popsicles. They jabber and drip and dance around the deck. We ache for hugs. Before they leave they dive into our arms like they know what’s good for them.