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Love in the Time of Coronavirus

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Love in the Time of Coronavirus

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.