

Fear of Breath

By Glenn Currier

A tragic result of this virus
is our fear of others' breath,
of being right next to death.
Yet when poets breathe
it is the words they leave
that render light and life.

May we again
on our faces feel the wind,
a gale of passion
a tickling breeze to tease
our imaginations and wit.
May we soon smile
or even laugh in a little while
and be close enough to hear whispered
a naughty limerick
or an intimate loving verse.

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