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Quarentina

Lauren P. Hand
Gettysburg College

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Quarentina

Abstract

Original poem by Lauren Hand.

Keywords

poetry, Lauren Hand, quarantine, COVID-19

Disciplines

Creative Writing | Poetry

Comments

Written for ENG 305: Free Verse and Form in Poetry.

Quarentina

Lauren Hand

Is this the way time moves,
when no one tells us when we should eat lunch?
If today were a song, we might read the music
in three-four time, that's one-two-three and back
to one, ticking out a slow
waltz of the hours between sleep.

Last night I could not sleep.
Everything was still except for moving
shadows of branches, backlit, swaying slow.
I snuck down to the kitchen for midnight lunch
and then tiptoed back
upstairs, the steps squeaking, almost like music.

My brother and I spend hours making music.
We are children again, who do not want to go to sleep,
and so my brother sings, and I sing back,
two canaries in a mine. The sound moves
between us, two children who only want to sing and eat lunch—
how fine it is to take the days slow.

Every day without you is so slow;
I miss the sound of your heartbeat, which to me is music,
and the simple joy of talking to you over lunch.
I feel your absence most when I try to sleep.
You are hundreds of miles away,
in your own bedroom, lying on your back.

Still, if we could go back
to the way things were before the great big slow,
I'm not sure I could be moved
to race against the steady music
of the outstretched day that tells me when to sing, and when to sleep
and when to eat lunch.

There is joy in taking a midnight lunch
and in lying on one's back

when the body wants to sleep.

There is joy in how slow

the music

moves.

When it's over I hope we'll spend hours at lunch, walk slow,

run it back, make music,

tiptoe up the stairs to sleep, and in stillness, be moved.