

THE QUARRY

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Spring where you can see it during Covid-19

3/30/20

I live here now, in my old country house

With the barn out back

I fold clothes

Empty the dishwasher

Take dirty diapers straight out to the big plastic bin

(No more diaper pail; the mice got in)

I pitch, to no avail

My stories go nowhere

Neither do I

Some days, the sun comes out to green the grass

Crocuses wave fingers through the soil

But then, a storm of snow counteracts

We stay inside

Watch movies

Drink wine

After the snow melts, we step into the ungovernable mud

(I cling to my child)

In the city (I used to live there

Until quarantine,

Two weeks ago) people are dying

Hundreds each day, they say

The dying are there, while I am here

(Am I all here?

Yes, I am here.

Every limb, every molecule)

I'm not allowed to leave

Today is gray, so it's just as well

There's nowhere to go anyway

Tomorrow the sun will come out

Maybe

I'll go out to stand in its rays

Of course I will

(I can't miss the sun)

But it's not going to feel

Like it did last spring