

THE QUARRY

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Learning Curve

2020 rollercoasters

on twos and zeros insolent with power.

It frets in graphs of lives and deaths,

of fear

in curves that must be flattened,

in figments of plans delayed

to a future hollow with maybes,

betrayed by frozen hours

pulsating with religious or pagan zeal

with gods surprised

by sudden altars

by noise of curse or prayers

by faith unearthed

in spears of anguish or of certainties.

Face shields sometimes do not protect

from the smell of desire,

corners of inertia,

collective phantoms,

public or private headlines.

The silence of the streets

broadcasts fake news of learning and resilience.

Sunless shutters disguise Morlock eyes

on the hunt for plagues suffered and defeated,

playing hide-and-seek between the footnotes

of history lessons never learned.

The bible laughs off parables of bread

shared by hands that will not touch,

hold

or embrace.

The fourth commandment guffaws on the sign
demanding 1.5 between the bodies
and the souls,
it snorts on hostile eyes
fighting for the right to live or die a life
chosen or accepted.

Pink hearts hand-stitched on a mask
come to the rescue of fashions (always absurd—today more so)
drowning and proclaiming urges of strobe lights
nostalgia for present moments
fidgeting inside

a tomorrow that lies in wait
in reticent test tubes
in hopeful phoenix ashes
in wishes riding roguish shooting stars.