

HOW THE PANDEMIC KILLED ME

*Top U.S. Officials Warn of ‘Our Pearl Harbor’;
Deaths in Country May be Undercounted*

—New York Times *Headline*
April Fifth, Twenty-Twenty

*Too many lives taken—
I say to myself—
too many lives.*

So I touch the petunia out of hope it can save us,

nothing.

I let the big ear of the geranium
run through my hand,

nothing.

I clip the stalk of the rust-colored daylily,

nothing.

I’m so gone,
I poke my finger at the long-thorned cactus:
it bleeds...

Nothing. I feel nothing.

Nothing.