On the Tenth Day

Clarence Wolfshohl

On the tenth day of quarantine
the sun breaks out, a yard full
of brilliant triangles scuttering
with the wind. A full show—
obtuse and acute, equilateral,
a few isosceles, but most scalene
like deformed snake heads,
the craquelure of a rocked window pane.

To err on the side of caution,
someone sweeps all the slivers.
How could he err otherwise?
I always whistle Dixie
when I err. If it be incautious,
we'll at least be tapping our toes,
wishing for a fiddle or kazoo.
And suppose that sweeping gesture
is not cautious, for in times
of *the new reality* who can know?

Not a soul hums a note
behind his broom. All we hear
in *the circumstances permitting*
is the swush of those brooms
synchronized with the wurssh
of pulses flickering
the dulling sun lights
as the triangles melt.

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