

## 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.