

Window

by Ron Riecki

Window. The COVID ward, modern consumption itself—
Bodies in sheets, cold, shivering, fevers' fire,
meditating in boredom in rooms numb with television hovering
over their scalding heads, the geography
of poverty, how hearts coagulate, how some can't move, paralyzed.

COVID ward window. The dead monologues. How I look out, see shadow
of trees, a park, a basketball rim haloing nothing, a brick wall,
behind it, kids playing, in secret, passing a football back and forth in Redding's sick air,
rusty with fireplaces set on fire, smoke everywhere,
planes opening up to release fire retardant something that does nothing at all.

Window. A spider sitting
and sitting while the center of the ward wails for a loveless prayer that they can breathe.