

Covid Dreams

By Marilyn K. Moody

It's my house but all these people are laughing, laughing, having a party,
playing loud music I don't like, they say it's alright, they have permission.

But it's my house and I'm alone here distancing, go away, go away,
my fingers can't seem to manage the slick screen of my iPhone, it's slow
motion, am I in a movie? Why can't I think what to do to get rid of these people?

I'm in a bar and there's so many people and everyone's drinking beer,
I'm trying to herd them to the testing station set up on the back counter
where they're passing out free sizzling hot dogs as bribes.

But everyone is just munching on the hot dogs with lots of mustard
and relish and pickle spears, no ketchup, we must be in Chicago,
nobody cares about testing.

What am I doing in a bar anyways? Why is it up to me to do testing
when even Fauci hasn't figured it out?

I try to leave but the bodies are pressing against me, a woman
grabs my hand and says to me, Why do you want to be a writer?
Because I want to, and I've never done what I wanted my entire life.

I'm wearing a sparkly black mask, I can't breathe,
I wake up, face buried in my thick pillow with the blue cover,
I am alone.

© 2020 by Marilyn K. Moody

An earlier version first published in *The Great Isolation: Colorado Creativity in the Time of the Pandemic*, Western Colorado University, 2020.