

In the time of Corona: Pulling Through

A series of photographs with accompanying lines of verse displaying the pull of depression the Speaker had through lockdown and steering their will to push on another day.

Pic 1: *As Winter ebbs away, a rush of nostalgia takes its place.
A solitary figure wends the way right to the water's edge:
This is no Wanderer Above a Sea of Fog,
There isn't a cliff or curling fingers of obscurity
Just a figure, some thoughts and the mighty river.
Calm, in a pool of sunset, ruminations stray to the changes
Of a year gone by.*

Pic 2: *A crumbling bank. A rivulet
Streams down to join the bigger body.
Such is Time
Wearying down bodies,
Scratching age into contours.*

Pic 3: *In the distance, signs of life:
Laughter, wind, and moving points
Of light. Is this misery solely mine
To battle as if movement after a year of sleep
Is nothing to rouse out of?*

Pic 4: *The face of upset is sometimes tranquil.
The serene belies
the depthless currents.
Agony swirling
Unseen.
Perhaps this is Charon
and this my Styx.*

Pic 5: *Or perhaps, this too, like the river,
Is in motion. What prevents one from going under
But the promise of daybreak after twilight?
After this year of stillness, I look
For another ruse to shelter this
Unmoored mind.
Tie me up to the shores of winter:
Spring tides in gently.*