

## Resurrection

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months of breathing our own hot foul breath, averting our eyes, judging the nuances of proper mask wear. we became experts at monitoring symptoms and measuring distance, throwing stones with our micro focused eyes. alone in our isolation, attempts to break free went unrewarded. no fun in shopping, standing in line for empty shelves. confronted with violence people riot, calm, march, and riot again. so many dead, of covid, of bullets, of despair.

still, we found freedom in distance. we walked the empty sidewalks of the city, bought tickets to hike in parks. cooked breakfast, lunch, dinner. roasted chicken and pork, baked coffee cake, cookies. logged on to work, clicked the camera off, folded laundry, pet the cat, shopped amazon as meetings wore on. weekends, an empty slate. we formed bubbles, drank too much wine, poolside. we reconnected with ourselves, discovered gratitude in those months of solitude.

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months after, our lives returned, those days mostly a memory. although in quiet moments our dead come home to visit. the elders who lived their last days alone, the sick who took their last breath in sterilized room, the ones left on the sidewalks, losing their lives under a killing knee. in shock, we buried them, our beloved, in virtual funerals saying goodbyes we were ready to give.

in this time of rebirth, let us give our dead a new death. click off our computers. don ties of silk and dresses that swirl, wear their images on our sleeves. gather together, shoulder touching shoulder, shed tears in soulful embrace. share remembrances, sweet sorrowful tales from times gone by. feast on roasted chicken and pork, drink too much wine. lift ashes to the wind, place flowers on graves, seek solace in the resurrection of their lives.

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