

## CORONAVIRUS

Can I envision the

Old life anymore? its faded rays

Refract off my dead grandmother's mirror.

Of every innate dilemma, I

Never suspected my body as enemy:

Alone, suffering a social death—

Viscous blood fills my lungs and we drown on air,

Insist on remembering any

Refusal of care. our people are our patient,

Under anesthesia, and this

Sleep may become permanent.