

On the cusp of the pandemic

Poetry in the [June 17, 2020](#) issue

in the grocery store tonight  
the persnickety cashier  
smiled at me as though I were  
a so-loved friend she knew  
she would not see again

the sun was going down  
the sky was pink and full of wind  
O world I want to take you  
in my arms: the trees the colors  
the seas full of pufferfish

every warm and frightened  
animal body that relies on the  
rhythm two lungs make to go on  
being what it is