

Dear millennium, on quarantine dreams

by [Karen An-Hwei Lee](#) in the [January 13, 2021](#) issue

As I wake in the morning, facing the risk
of viral air wafting in open spaces

such as the market, a gas station, or dog park,
I dare to linger at the rows of fat peaches,

in no haste to choose one with a gloved
finger, a paper mask filtering the aroma

of ripening fruit palmed in my right hand.
The daily hours slow to the rate of dough

rising in an oiled bowl, the floured wood
petitioning silently for another round

of dimpling and kneading, for sweet rolls
instead of sourdough. Praying for loved ones

at a distance by making bread, I sugar the yeast
of kindred spirits with pleasure. In my dreams,

the loaves of bread fly all over the globe
like satellites radioing the old solace of toast,

the fierce reassurance of butterflies winging
south for winter in the mountains, their wings

fiery and crisp as buttered rye, oblivious
to the violence inflicted by an invisible

coronavirus wreaking havoc on civilization,
a virus so small, it is barely even a living thing.

