

Portrait of the Virus as Origin

The anniversary of this
unbearable blue:
this year, I spend it
the same way as last:
in the woods, amber
crunching under feet:
brown as my camouflage:
safe from possibility: last
year, it was not lonely
the way it is now: the wind:
only known by the season
between winter and spring lures
my sweater: the sun tempts me
into yellowing like a daffodil:
today, I will not light a candle
for this birthday: I will eat
a piece a cake: allow
the sugar to swell on my tongue.