

# In Quarantine

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Cotton balloons  
Washed far too many times  
Knitting around yarn  
Books read over  
Thoughts turn to dust  
Body falls apart and  
Sifts to the corners  
Birds crawl on legs  
With wings made of  
Fingers and bodies made of  
Too many hands clenched  
The sun from the sky  
Has gone and the world is  
Gray. Color suns in chalk  
Around music not in tune  
While, and all the while  
Staying far, and away.