

## **DAYS PACKED AWAY**

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Doors locked, keep the outside out and the inside dry-wiped,  
Sweat-streaked hot days, locked inside,  
And fan blades whirr the hours away.  
The days trickle by, and eventually weeks and months.  
Each moment is a mirror-image of the last,  
And I fold it up and pack away into a box of lost things,  
And every night I feed tears to the sunset.

The mornings are glacial, locked in shape  
By ice in the joint spaces,  
Fingers plump and pumped drum-tight  
By whatever pains crept in at night.  
If I can make my knees bend,  
I can inch my way out from the bed and  
Tiptoe to the shower walking on golf balls.

I line up pills, one for each friend I won't see today,  
Then assemble myself at my desk.  
Work still demands its own completion,  
But I'm grateful that I don't have to wrestle onto the bus  
And I can sneak a nap at lunch.  
Out in my garden I'm reminded that  
Masks protect against sunburn.  
Each face, a window with the curtains drawn -  
Another way to remain anonymous.