A Critique of Coronavirus

Elana R. Osen

Why did the quiet descend?
Does this plague not know
that apocalypses come with fanfare,
wails of lamentation,
howls of wayward dogs,
explosive blasts?
Or, maybe, silence.
Just shop-window glass crunching underfoot
puncturing the eerie nothing.
Not quiet.
Never quiet.

Why does the sun still shine?
Can it not see what transpires
from its lofty throne
above the Earth?
Read the room, sun.
Now's the time for greyscale filter.
Or, maybe, an eclipse.
One last blinding ray of blazing flare
to scorch the land,
to boil the sea,
to serve up des hommes brûlés
to whichever vengeful deity
dines with us tonight.
Not sunshine.
Never sunshine.

Why can I smell the tulips? I thought the virus wiped olfaction from our paltry list of powers? Or, maybe, smoke. You know, from voracious flames feasting on our foliage and flesh, the smog of industry, of mushroom clouds. Why does that not sting my nostrils? Not flowers. Never flowers.

Why does life go on inexorably? Is Ragnarök not supposed to happen around now? Where are the horsemen? Where are the double gates of Paradise? What a lame apocalypse: we've been sold a lemon. Or, maybe, pop culture eschatology isn't all it is cracked up to be. I thought the zombies would be roaming all my haunts by now. Not life. Never life.

About the Author

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