

VIRUS DIARY

First, a thrill of nerves. Then a desire
to be told what. Doctors, appear. Do your windup,
commentators.

Then, a desire to be told how
to move: training. Weights
heavy as possible, hexes. Recipes

to pursue. "Insert your index finger
Into dough ball and revolve it,
making a 2-inch hole that will later
partially close." Then, internet

of delectable
arcana: the horoscope
of Jesus. The hair
of the Virgin Mary. The last remaining
spaceship house, staircase
not reaching ground. As before

the great storm named
for a charming girl. Silken wind
soughing. Yellow cat slipping
through hands of green leaves
that till now had filled us
with such attention.

Angela Ball