quarantine

do i dare
to open a window
and let in doubts in an
otherwise
thoughtless day?

the news came in so
my bed is my center
for work and school and play.
i sleep in it and eat in it
and sometimes think
of places far, far
    from this room.

do i dare
to open the door
before i die in this bed
that i sleep in and eat in
and live in
and dream in?
still i mean,

sickness and illness and
a state-imposed curfew
could not hold me down
unless i meant it to -
i have hours and days
of unfulfilled wishes,
prayers of
fantastical kisses,
dreams i trade in for the next,
packaged away before
they can spark
a hope.