

**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.