

**The Bind**

I only have one life to care  
for; one's enough to keep breathing  
passages clear, afford Ensure  
twice daily, check contagion; &

keep breathing easy enough too,  
if shallow, & temps fine—so I take them  
twice daily to check—for contagion  
lies in wait. I can only think of him &

though shallow, I take not-fine temps  
hard, slip him ice chips, slip outside,  
can only think what lies in wait:  
tides reclaiming our shores bit-by-

lip; hard ice chipping, slipping out; side-  
stepping pat downs, lockdowns; e-  
everything tying us, claimed. I am sure  
of no next move, save a dry Depends.

Step by step I unlock tabs, pat down  
skin with a clean wipe, focus only  
on dry Poise, depend on next to move  
me from my own paralysis. No form

of which wipes clean onus to a world  
of kin, or ensures clear passage forward—  
from paralysis, know I don't  
own my life—only have one, to care—