

Post-Pandemic Echo

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April 2022

In my post-pandemic search for Wonder,
I wonder

if Wonder is possible any more.
The more

I look, the more I force "pre-" onto "post-"
Close-

fitting comparisons reduce the near
fear

of what's to come. Can I once more ignore
spores?

Stay clean without sanitizing in every space?
Face

friends and neighbours with a naked smile
while

muscle memory lifts atrophied lips,
flips

smiling eyes back to utilitarian sight.
Might

mouth return as key signal of mood,
attitude?

Is a visit with grandparents possible?
Possibly,

if you ignore pangs of guilt
built

from possibility of bacteria breath
death.

So what does one do?

Like Flu,

accept COVID as a once-yearly,
dearly

annoying friend who visits—wanted, or not?
The thought

provides a cold comfort paradigm.
In time,

an illness that's repeatable—infinately
treatable

by over-the-counter,
any hour,

survives as pharmaceutical cash cow.
Now

that pandemic profitability is uttered,
nothing's shuttered.

Choice whether to wear mask is yours,
in stores

while you wait to purchase (and you will)
new COVI-Quil!