

Transfixed to a Curve

When

will we

begin to truly see.

We watch screens tinged with

red circles and ascendant, ski-slope curves.

We start to feel that desperate need to escape all that

is happening around us. We seek what we know or are familiar

with, as ways of re-assuring us that we're just in something temporary.

It's like we must watch a mythical global-games commentary, truly transfixed

to see if our curve has peaked and if there is a place where this force of nature

prevails. Where our capacity for resilience and coping might just emerge as we

embrace practices of cleansing hands, wearing certain clothes, covering our

faces, socially distancing, herding, proximity - a vocabulary that was

there before. Now, it means new things. Some of us live

in an illusion that things will return to normal.

We're redefining that word. What we once

expected no longer happens.

The newly typical

is emerging,

Slowly.

What

we most

fear is this curve

beginning to rise again.

We push this away as our new

social anxiety. One that we would rather ...

Curves inevitably change direction

We wait for ours to

flatten, sink

away.