

GLENN SWEAZEY

# I. Innocence Lost

## Hopscotch, Spring 2020

Long lines outside storefronts -  
like a strange game of  
hopscotch  
we stand at marks on  
sidewalks, attend strict  
distancing, now the  
social rule, when we'd  
rather be hopping from  
one chalked square to another -  
with one foot, two feet, one foot,  
no need to flatten a curve.



Retired from teaching high school English, **GLENN ARTHUR SWEAZEY** lives in Ottawa. His writing often blends poetry and prose to paint narrative canvases. The poem "Innocence Lost: Hopscotch, Spring 2020" is part of his verse narrative *Season Our Dreams Turned Nightmare*.