

out from COVID's umbrage

Sidney Bechet's soprano sax in his '39 recording of "Summertime";
the seventh inning stretch of a sultry, lazy August afternoon;
countryside in the Impressionism of Monet's *Poppies*;
or, perhaps like Scout Finch, utterly
unimpressed by languid streets, the town square, of
Maycomb, Alabama, in Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

long passed
those first days
 ... the minutes
 ... weeks
 ... months
 ... now years

when the Sun
 – everyone's Sun –
stalled, became fixated somehow
 behind COVID's grey cloud
time slowing right down
 our days then spent
 peering out
from bay windows
 – the global lockdowns

Languid. I've always liked the sound of the word,
if somewhat less so the sense of it.
Whatever happens when we're talking
 'bout languid,
it does so at its own pace
setting no records for speed,
 rather the lacking of it.

days became longer
 in COVID's umbrage,
 than 1440 minutes of
 the before time ...

So, what happens now, with mandates near all gone?
Does life have us accelerate like Olympic sprinters,
 watches fast ticking
 – life's rat race back on?

GLENN ARTHUR SWEAZEY's writing blends prose and poetry to create narrative harmonies. Recognizing the importance of style and structure, his writing sometimes uses comparative "relics of poetic structure," such as iambic pentameter, to evoke unique characteristics defining an ever-receding past. One past work includes a verse novel manuscript, *The Lost Papers of Tom Thomson*. He lives in Ottawa.

