

The Lost Year
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It's a slow-motion train wreck.
I see it coming.
Taste blood on my tongue.
Feel constriction in my lungs.
We have four walls to keep us safe.
All we can do is wait.
Tread water until we drown.

What day is it?
What month? Still March?
March forth to April.
The longest April
Days into weeks into months.
May we stretch into Summer?
Shall we ever return?
I don't think I want to.
Let it all Fall away.
Into oblivion. Darkness. Silence.

White Winter blankets the stillness of
The Lost Year.
We are all connected in our isolation.
Until yellow crocus Spring up from snow.
And we can begin anew.