

Today I will make another to-do list.

BY Emily M Goldsmith

I download TikTok instead of doing my work.
A pile of emails builds up in my inbox.
The coffee shop where I work makes me come in for a shift
not enforcing any precautionary measures.

The CDC can't make up their mind about face masks –
The bloggers I follow are still telling people to use essential oils.
Sometimes I think I have a fever knowing our thermometer may not work.
I probably don't have a fever; I make my husband check anyway.

I watch all eight seasons of Game of Thrones in 12 days.
When Game of Thrones ends. I feel less like I want to get out of bed.
Getting restless, staring at walls,
I can't fall asleep without Benadryl.

I go on a bike ride and see too many people.
Biking home in a hurry, the air rustles my shirt.
Watching Tik Tok videos, thoughts of reading a book emerge –
I do not read a book.

I place a teddy bear in the front window because
families are playing a game.
My husband plants lettuce, cabbage,
peppers and beans in our Spring garden.

I make muffins, and cookies, and sheet cake, and focaccia, and sheet cake again.
Wondering if I should reorganize the office, I decide I will add it to my list.
I keep a running tab of to-do lists now
knowing that the tasks will go uncompleted.

I say, "maybe tomorrow" and slump toward the kitchen.
My slippers *pfft* against the ground as I go.
I poke my head through the doorway.
Seeing a pile of dishes mounting in the sink, I turn.