

Conclusions in Quarantine

By Pheba Colfer

Bright, unyielding weeds
thrive and persist through hardship
but I'm more the cloud
flailing through the turbulence,
waiting to embrace the ground.

Isolation

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Time melts like roadside snow banks as I
Scramble to keep track of deadlines buried in the slush
Of what was previously called a day.
Past mistakes and current trajectories,
Now introspective realities,
Play like projectors across the
Silent set of walls we can no longer avoid.