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
By Pheba Colfer

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.