

Alberta Doctors' Digest

Into the Unknown

A month ago

Elsa awakened elemental spirits.

I watched with my daughters

on the big screen.

Snuggled close. Scooched in.

No hands washed. No sanitizer. Snacking on popcorn,

licking butter off fingers,

sharing water bottles,

savouring sour cherries.

Today, *Into the Unknown*

plays as I drive to work,

like an anthem calling me;

an echo off houses that shudder

with silence.

A blue mask, gloves and yellow gown,

passengers to my stethoscope.

As spring awakens

the playgrounds are wrapped

in a yellow bow

not a gift, but barriers.

Eliot did say April is the cruelest month,

mixing memory and desire.

The thought of children laughing,
the wish to see them playing.

The bright sun rises over hoodoos
as it did once for dinosaurs,
now extinct.

A sun that sparks
fears of crowds
who don't believe
this is happening.

Human beings forget
how bodies are fallible
until disease stops the
easy rhythm of doing things
over and over and
over again.