Quarantine Weather Report

She asks about the weather where I am
and I think about the pressure

of empty time, the temperature
of communal grief, the death toll

rising like heat over our heads.
She says to show her the evening

sky so I point my phone's camera
at the lingering light of another day

of isolation lost to quarantine.
I tell her in the mornings

I still check my weather app
just to make sure I don't miss

what's ahead. If we can predict
our degrees of separation, if we can

forecast our collective sorrow,
then we might see a way through.

The days ahead may be cloudy
but all I know is she makes me feel

like an open summer afternoon
when this is all over.