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Cabin Fever

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Cabin Fever

Walls balking. Turn the sound off;
silence those glassy words.
Somehow too alone, though,
to extinguish the vicarious life,
black and white. Turn out the lights
to harmonize with a sunless sky.

Whoosh—there's air out there, "Come in!"
Peacefulness permeates a fog of depression,
rocking it to sleep.
Let the wind romp with the curtains
(they haven't been let out today).
Day is amiable,
delightfully sinister,
swishing its cloak on the porch.
Mischievous musings skulk by
with begrudging clouds.
Montra, "Go."

Being chronicled somehow
perhaps by the voyeur within,
but who told that sunbeam to spotlight
and faded the scene to "another dimension of blue"?
"Hello? Hello?"
Muses. Prank calling.
They're blowing kisses
to only mystically fathomable things.
Weird wind, weird sky . . . loving it.

Dogs on balconies above look annoyed,
wanting no giggles—just answers,
but details that shamelessly press noses
against the pane (or pain?) of souls
fade with their foggy breaths,
giving way to God given glimpses
for a while.

Turning back to black and white images,
they have taken on the hue of clouds,
and the talk-show hostess peeks mutely
through the whipping curtains.
In the eerie flicker of cloud satellite
her voice
the garble of a puppet of light.

Jinny Pearce