

Sonnet Scroll

The City's April 2020, Seen from August By Shaune Bornholdt

At our mountain cabin, on our porch,
in this sweet lull I'm separate, too, from scenes
I didn't photograph that day. My phone
shows bluestone paths and formal hedges, peacocks
poised and strolling, cherry blossoms (fallen
now), magnolias, a clear blue sky pierced
by campanili. Safe, I scroll through beauty.
Masked then, I'd passed the hospital, the white
sepulchral trucks, and walked to St. John's Close,
the garden refuge holding the Cathedral.
It all seems long ago. We're *here*—I buckle,
I clutch my arms and sob, then stop, ashamed.
How can I cry? None of my loved ones have died.
Those blossoms in my phone—what right have I?