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Until We Hug Again

Mike Wilson

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Mike Wilson's work has appeared in magazines including *Cagibi Literary Journal*, *Stoneboat*, the *Aurorean*, and the *Ocotillo Review*, and in Mike's book *Arranging Deck Chairs on the Titanic* (Rabbit House Press, 2020), political poetry for a post-truth world. Mike resides in Central Kentucky and can be found at mikewilsonwriter.com.

Until We Hug Again

April 10, 2020

Today is Good Friday, social intercourse is a
venereal disease and capitalism clicked on *pause*.
I watch old movies where strangers are kissing
and reckless crowds aren't social distancing.
After I drown the voice of Donald Trump
in the bathtub of common sense I see
something peeking behind the trunk of a
fast-growing pine pungent in sap that's
rising to the occasion. I fall to my knees believing
Sunday movies will disappear and everyone
will take their clothes off and hear trees preach
the sermon of centuries from an astral plane.
I raise my eye to the sky and chant a song –
the uncloudy day – and everyone sings along.