

After the Quarantine, February 2019

A Communique from the Women's Huron Valley Correctional Facility

What is this stranger lurking undetected in the hallways
The silent noise and odorless being lingers and lives
It wafts into the noses of authority figures, mandating us one and all
This spirit's seeking out an entity in which to inhabit
Singing without a language in some unknown knoll, yet to be discovered
In order to give name to a slow mayhem, arbitrarily calling it a rash

Decisions made in some far off place, on a rock—defiled—
awaiting vaccination and there is nothing we can say
Words cannot change that we are not sufficiently human enough
to warrant effective treatment since, to the world, we are animals.
Caught in a political tug of war, knowing *you* are the scabies.
Rash? Someone is swinging from the rafters—
Is this part of the extermination plan?
Emerging from the most disturbed caverns of clamouring language and fear
But the Bible does say in Romans 8:28 that
“Everything that happens, happens for the good of those
that have the lord and are called according to his purpose.”

Teach me the good of standing, hooves and paws, swallowing dignified humanity
I recognize injustice, my eyes stay open, they cannot close
The more I learn, the more I understand I do not know
What luxury of poetry could it take to be in cooperation against the order imposed?
Voices peeping in the cracks of white brick calling for a refusal
Harmony—not orchestrated cacophony—would have been the sweeter sound.

Heave your chest in the direction of coming together at just the right moment,
Seizing power in the palm of our hands
And if death didn't grab their attention, what else, what else?
What about a resurrection on the predawn horizon?
Would they be able to call it that? *divine intervention*?
Standing toe to toe, in mounting rebuttal.