

# Megillat Covid

## 'Jeremiahs without a jeremiad'

*devon spier*

or lamentations  
for those with pages  
of unwritten loss  
lamenting  
Jerusalem  
and everything else  
they never had  
but Are  
somehow  
we are

some(how?)  
on  
Tisha b'Av-

what of the prophets  
who don't say a word

whose bodies are  
abandoned highways  
and vacant city lots of unspoken griefs and ill completed thoughts

devoured!

the Greatest Mourning's  
set calendar day

what is the way to you  
Jerusalem

when you are travelling  
in your own fearful  
circles to get through a day

and in Sickness' time  
inside resting restless time  
who is a day

“And she can only sigh.  
And shrink back” (Eicha 1:8)

confined  
in this house of lies

and i don't mean lockdown  
quarantine  
there were villains in masks  
and politicians pocket books  
full filled up fast

before time slowed

and we learned we  
collectively couldn't  
and hadn't moved  
in some time

some owner's privatized time

the world has stopped  
the bill has come due

“Zion spreads out her hands” (Eicha 1:17)

we are unclean  
removed  
and i scream in parking lots  
past curfew  
on Av

if the sword is out  
and the plague is in  
we have to get real sick  
for a new world  
to break through the deep of our skins

Old world has gone out swinging  
And yet  
Jerusalem is me is you

out of the mouths of captives  
who never sung  
the flower  
the fury  
of fiery songs  
surge

the only way back  
is furthest from  
and through