



POEM

IN A TIME OF CORONAVIRUS

She heals
she is my Jesus
she doesn't broadcast it
but she heals

she can fix us
with just a touch
light as a feather leaf
not even as much

the trick is to believe
you can outlast it
that her hands are enough
as they stroke your hair
for the caring love
to overwhelm fear

Julian Nangle, 19–20 April 2020