Virus

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When you consider the virus
moving as it does without malice
without intention without even
being alive, like amoebae,
oak trees, or salamanders
are alive without the blessing
we expect on a mild day in late spring
or companionship in old age
without love especially without
love when you consider the virus
in its nakedness in its utter
dependence, like every one of us
on others without a self without
the endless forms most beautiful
or music or even a whisper.