

The Quickening

With restrictions on free movement set and enforced
explorers ventured in alternative directions of discovery.

Many began voyages into the past;
their own, their family's bloodline,
or into the folds of larger historical trajectories.

Those around them noticed how they began
to fade from the present, gradually dissipating,
dissolving into all of those accumulated yesterdays.

Others blended with music and travelled
along waves of sound, they glowed
with the brief, bright lustre of a carillon
before burning out, crumbling to conical piles of dust.

Others endeavoured to chart the territories of stillness,
learning to overcome the body's desire for action,
its rampant restlessness and its love of kinetics
and eventually they entered The Palace of Placidity.

Others explored the dynamics of exercise
in limited, locked down spaces, filling the rooms
with volatile gesture, bringing their bodily vibrations
to such a pitch they shook themselves apart;
you'd be forgiven for mistaking them for smoke.

There were some who poured themselves
into the intricacies of new pastimes, some cooked
and served themselves up to the day after tomorrow
and there were even those who untangled themselves
by teasing out a thread, tugging it free, wandering
through the labyrinth while reeling themselves out.

And so this was how the last explorers during
The Great Isolation disappeared into extinction,
flowing one by one out of time.

Bob Beagrie has published numerous collections of poetry and several pamphlets. He lives in Middlesbrough and is a senior lecturer in creative writing at Teesside University.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

The Pangolin Review, Covid-19 Issue (April, 2020)