

## Holy Saturday

After the pathos of Lent  
upstaged by a paranoia-inducing pathogen,  
the fingers of wind along Ingersoll Avenue  
snapped with a lightness lacking in  
the stagnant air of  
a calendar crammed with immuration.  
A sally to an “essential” business  
became as exhilarating  
as an excursion to the Grand Canyon,  
and I grinned through my blue mask  
at the profusely pink Lucky Lotus logo that  
jibed with the jumper I’d planned to sport at  
tonight’s (nullified) Easter Vigil.  
Takeaway is the watchword of the day  
since dine-in is *interdit*,  
and a restaurateur relieved that  
customers carrying credit cards  
still crave curry and rice  
set out a sack marked “Slonaker.”  
Instead of kneeling for a Communion wafer  
at Eucharist inside a cathedral  
rendered dreamlike by  
candles and incense and echoes,  
I now consume spring rolls on a spring night with  
Diet Dr. Pepper from a can  
replacing  
consecrated wine from a chalice  
in my  
(God willing)  
Covidless lair  
and murmur a prayer for a  
resurrection of normalcy.



When not in quarantine, **Adrian Slonaker** crisscrosses North America as a language boffin. Under quasi-lockdown, Adrian is still fond of opals, owls, fire noodles and *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour*. Adrian’s work has been published in *WINK: Writers in the Know*,

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~ \*♦\*♦\*♦\* ~

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