

Getaway / Get Away

Day Four

Men, women, families with children
walk, run, or bicycle in the sunlight
on every street as though the pandemic
released them from shackles, no golden
gods overseeing their quarantine.

When I go to pick up prescriptions, I, too,
feel as though I'm escaping something,
also risking a different kind of cell.

We each may have but a moment left.
We've learned the mean stare of Stand back,
the silent down-look of no reply.

I don't want to be under the sun with them
while freedom counsels celebration.
Freedom is the harshest prison
any of our gods has locked us in.

Ace Boggess received a fellowship from the West Virginia Commission on the Arts and spent five years in a West Virginia prison.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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