

POETRY

John Zedolik

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Home Remedy

Love in the time of COVID*
requires one to break a thick

slice of time with the other
who shares your steps and board

without a thought to shorting,
with a peeved and selfish twist

and a secreting away of a larger
chunk to devour in a darkened

close, separate but within sight
of the co-resident, the partaker

of most waking minutes, so severing
that spell of together we have been

tending in these months of extreme
selection sealing us snugly

into angles tailored by the turns of walls
that keep out the viral contagion

but keep our vital care within.

* With a nod to Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Perspective Presence

She waits for I know not what,
but her gaze reaches far down

into the block, secured within
a grimace and a face contracted close

as if the end were on its inevitable
approach or what was wanted

refused yet to appear, so desire
deferred into the vanishing point

around which an Italian master
of the *renascimento* might have

arranged the scene if composed
head-on instead of in this profile

where that point is doubly invisible
so squared mysterious, where anger

can cohabit with fear and frustration
in this figure whose focus is right

and out of sight towards the expected
object that could be the remainder of the world.

Auto-Atavism

Canned chicken soup is the odor
my armpits exude after a workout

and the work, walk, and jump
of a full day and the expression

of self's own sweat that brooks
no ever-damming by perfumed

deodorant that silks over hair
and hidden skin for a morning's

worth of scent and a slew of *apres-midi*
hours before the patient river bursts

to release the ancient, inherited scent
that would have reared after toil

in wood, field, or mine so yokes
my self with those centuries

in effusion and flesh-empathy
even as the digits have diminished

to cold red zero on the stationary bike,
which concludes my efforts

to excel until the next twenty-four,
whose salt, water, and what-have-you

will eventually pool to flow and stain,
so always take me so far back.

BIO- NOTE

John Zedolik has published poems in such journals as *Aries* (USA), *The Bangalore Review* (IND), *Commonweal* (USA), *FreeXpresSion* (AUS), *Orbis* (UK), *Paperplates* (CAN), *Poem* (USA), *Poetry Salzburg Review* (AUT), *Transom* (USA), and in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. In 2019, he published his first full-length collection, entitled *Salient Points and Sharp Angles* (CW Books), which is available through Amazon. Recently, he published another collection, *When the Spirit Moves Me* (Wipf & Stock), which consists of spiritually themed poems and is also available through Amazon. John's iPhone is his primary poetry notebook, and he hopes his use of it to craft this ancient art remains fruitful.