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## Loss

Karen Poppy USA

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for E.K., in memory—each unravel only unshrouds death.

I always tell you the worst Of me—how I gained Fifteen pounds in this pandemic. More, if you count muscle lost.

My lines have also lost their muscle. Lung infection left everything enlarged, Inflamed. In stasis, nowhere to go. Slowed down, I've lost that diligent hustle.

These days, I wear her Carhartt jacket, pace, Wander halls. Sleep on clean sheets. Lost in your lost response. Silence. Time folds over, straightens in parallel space.

We thieved from each other's minds, Like fresh oligarchs plundering gold rooms. Wordless in our warp and weft, Penelopes weaving at spider-sense looms.