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Screen Time

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Cover Page Footnote

Artwork by Isidora Monteparo

Screen Time

By Terry Park

From leagues away, with you I converse.
 Though our plans were canceled, I can see your face.
 We laugh in delight, spending time reminiscing,
 About years gone by, despite present distance and space.

On the small screen I can see your curly hair.
 But surely this is no touch screen, for I cannot hold you,
 Cannot feel your weight in my arms, nor your hand in my hand.
 So close, yet so far! We can no longer meet like we used to.

We chat for the holidays, showing our tables groaning with food.
 Your eyes light up as we gush and begin storytelling.
 We wish each other good fortune and health, a stinging reminder,
 Of the ever-looming threat which keeps us in our respective dwellings.

We chat again, about the news that I heard.
 Your eyes seem dimmer and hearing weaker.
 But your voice is strong, and hope held stronger,
 As we promise future feasts, my voice barely heard through the speaker.

As the sun sets and tide flows, we cannot hold back time.
 Rage, plead, weep as we may; There's naught we can do to change fate.

On a warm, sunny day you passed on,
 Carried by a gentle breeze, up to the pearly gates.

All I have is the memories, your lessons and affections,
 Your melodic voice and your perfume in the air.
 I am who I am, thanks to your kindness and love.
 I choose to celebrate our time, rather than over its shortness, despair.

Thank the heavens we were able to talk,
 To see your face and hear your voice once more.
 I have treasured memories of you, lasting and sweet.
 May we overcome this pandemic soon, may the world be restored.

L. Monteparo