Not weak

if I need a hug to keep me going right now
will you stay socially distant from me?
we broke the rules but I had to
separate ourselves to stay well
feel the weight of your arms
memory of normalcy
I’m not fragile for crying in public
(what’s public anymore)
having trouble sleeping because of panic
streets cleared of cars, parks empty
the uncertainty of how long this is
6 feet — just distant enough
our new normal
to stop the spread of virus
I didn’t realize how much solace I take
use a napkin to press the elevator button
in knowing what comes next
move aside for others on the sidewalk
having a schedule
physical distancing
believing I have control over the world
avoiding you to protect you