Choice
By Monica Fitzgerald

We who complain about restrictions on going to the park
We who huff about long lines at the grocery store - are they really
Still out of flour? Can you look in the back?
We who order take out, who can buy 2 weeks of food in
One day. Who can receive a full paycheck
Wearing a robe, walking our dogs in the sun
At noon.

My husband keeps the pump running in Aurora,
Assuring all of us who bought crates of bottled water
That we were tricked by panic.
We will be okay.

Things are tense at work, for him - and yet -
The contractors assure the laborers that no one is sick
That they don’t need to worry
And actually, a cold is going around
So if you feel that tickle in your lungs,
Sore throat,
It’s probably just the cold.
His sixty-five year old coworker,
Getting radiation treatment,
A wife with MS,
Doesn’t believe in it.
It’s overblown. Doomers.
Someone’s gotta work.

Maybe it’s easier to not believe it,
When you don’t have a choice.