

In Which I Envy a Pot-bellied Pig

The pig
on a leash
in the yard
that I pass
munches grass,
in contentment
it seems.

I see the pig daily
on my walk
(the only time
I venture out),
mostly napping
in the shade,
unruffled by
the memes.

Unperturbed and
unaware,
no hostage to
the HEADLINES
there,
the pig sleeps well,
the pig sleeps on,
with no
pandemic
dreams.

--7/21/20