

Long Hauler

Alex Masse

the fog that once filled my lungs
now breathes in my brain
every sigh a cyclone, a flood,
a muddying of thoughts

it was cruel as it climbed
cutting my throat, crushing my voice,
my flesh nothing but footholds
for its ascension

i fight to sing again
scales, triads, trying to graze
notes i once hit with ease

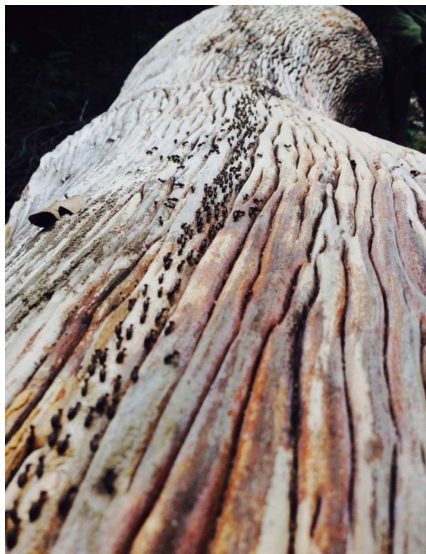
i fight to taste again
yearning for all things sweet
but even chocolate is just dust on my tongue

i fight to wake up energized again
the mornings are the worst, consciousness a crack
in a stone wall i can't squeeze through

it comes back slowly, in distant extremes
the zing of lemon, shower melodies,
being able to say good morning before noon

these little milestones
are my battered body's new normal.

they mean it when they say long hauler.
they really mean it.



untitled by Shenella Silva