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This is all to say

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This is all to say

my existence feels like a rumor.

Quarantine made me the most
elusive cryptid in the culture.

I lumber around the house like Bigfoot;
if Bigfoot is 5 foot 3 inches tall, fits a size 6 shoe,
and wears plaid pajama pants
exclusively.

I am the ghost-pale creature
that stalks through the neighborhood
cringing at sunlight
and flash photography fired
under the Moon's sole shine.

No pictures please!

This wretched thing is not for show.

Pay no mind to the bleary eyed biped, just stay indoors.

Staying indoors saves lives, so I do not leave my cave.

I roost like a flightless Mothman, wings clipped
by the cutting echo of the word 'lonely'.

Isolation cast me as a boogeyman,
seen only in the shadows stretched
along bedroom walls
and scared-second glances shot over the shoulder.
My daily walk caught once, on grainy video,
gifted me a cinematic mythos
so legendary that the Wolfman
grew green fur in envy, whined
to his celestial mother,
safe in her own starry seclusion.

I am the titular

Creature from the Quarantine Room.

Now playing in select theaters: my living lagoon,
with empty popcorn bag company
and soda-canned laughter from the dollar store.

Nessie has a lochs-worth of space to grow
while I am swimming in circles,
hoping to meet the Moon,
who knows too well the cold of solitude.

She sings a soft, siren song to close the distance.
A lowly, reaching howl
for every miserable monster
stuck living only in old photographs pinned
to cork boards hung in worried rooms.
The Moon gifts new wings to me
and my Jersey Devil friend.
She sends light through the window
of my Mummy man tomb
and a whisper that says:
you are lonely
but never alone
with me.



Here in the Garden. Laura Schechter