

Working in a thrift store during the pandemic

by Madeline Holl

The ant climbs
the mountain range
of bumpy concrete
Alone

Does she move in fear
Or in company
As I watch

Where do unpaired shoes die
And lone people fill
Their time with chat
And arms with stacks
Of pants and plates
And still
Come back the next

Synced work of an anthill

Not my heart for you
But my arms
Ache
Feel suddenly loose
And more awake

Running breath, Lonely stretch
Tonight, a slice of moon
rests in her pocket
like butter in its dish

The planes sail
Like boats in water
Machines through air
A man throws fire
for an audience in the sand

If the marble of blue and green
which I've never seen
heats to orange and red,
Watch death and regret
rushed silhouettes
I will wait for the moon

Carry with me
Needle and thread
A button untouched by dread
Sew it to the sky

See the ant is safe in the grass
And the shoppers have amassed
More than hats and glass

See that I make it
After all has been sold
To the one I wish to hold