

**Corona Chronicles**  
June 2020  
Orono Public Library Writing Circle

**Wednesday 3 June 2020 – Sandra Dunham**

**Still Point**

Dreams are funny.

Longings, regrets, fears, ecstasies, moments not forgotten.

Present, past, future all blending together,

No beginning. No end. No judgment.

Impressions, emotions racing towards images, disjointed and fragmented, yet free flowing.

No real destination. Similar to the way my mind works while I am awake.

Just wavy imaginings springing from the latest news on the corona virus, the book I just finished, and the movie I just watched, the activities I have done, and the thoughts that have crossed my mind.

Sometimes I wake up gasping for breath, the haunting replay of feeling abandoned, lost and frozen in time, unable to make a decision about what to do next.

My husband is working from home now. He took a vacation this week and during the sunny, dry weather has been power washing and staining the house. I have been gardening, mowing and cleaning out a garage for use as a garden shed. We have been active, getting plenty of sunshine and exercise, eating well, and the quality of our sleep is better than ever. We are content.

Maybe it's my age; I mean how many more years do I have?

Maybe I like quarantining; I have considered myself a hermit at times.

And maybe, just maybe, I like having the love of my life home.

My latest dream was totally different than the past ones.

People "came to me" from beyond the grave and from the here and now.

It was a pleasant experience and

I awoke satisfied with a longing to "do this again"

Because I enjoyed this life so much.

I am pretty certain I meant I wanted to live a life again after I died. Not the same life,

New body, same soul?

Next level on a higher plane of consciousness?

Riding in the ethers,

Pleasantly content.

Feeling thankful and hopeful.

**Joyful in being alive.**

## Thursday 4 June 2020 – Mac Herrling

First of all, Barbara: My gratitude for continuing to teach us and lead us Outside of the Upper Room as it were. Your bright and wise spirit is much needed. I hope you continue to be well and loved and safe from harm, psychic and otherwise. By the way, the irises and lilies you gave me are ready to burst forth!

Secondly, as Sandra shows, our inner lives are sacred and nourish us continuously if we sip from the springs they offer. I am finally at peace with the intermittent chaos of the anxious and ravenous consumers flooding the store; I befriend their shouts and crazed eyes. Otherwise, I will flood my body with cortisol that could blacken my heart. My work sentence will be up on Halloween or before. I have too many other important things to be or do before my race is run.

Thirdly, the Hopi have as word for our outer world now: Koyaanisqatsi – “life of moral corruption and turmoil” or “life out of balance.” I am literally practicing balancing on one foot to inoculate myself against such forces. Of course, Phillip Glass – who else – created a cacophony of sound to portray this state. I try to counterbalance the noise with Bach and Kitaro and the Aphorisms of Tich Nhat Hanh.

The characters I created for the novel demand my attention and I try to accommodate them in between events. My wife is home all the time since she cannot practice massage so I tap dance quietly to the music of William Byrd and write between events.

Finally, here is a poem by Maxine Kumin. It speaks elegantly for itself:

### *Our Ground Time Here Will Be Brief*

Blue landing lights make  
nail holes in the dark.  
A fine snow falls.  
We sit  
on the tarmac taking on  
the mail, quick freight,  
trays of laboratory mice,  
coffee and Danish  
for the passengers.

Wherever we're going  
is Monday morning.  
Wherever we're coming from  
is Mother's lap.

On the cloud bank above, strewn  
as loosely as parsnip  
or celery seeds, lie  
the souls of the unborn:

my children's children's  
children and their father.  
We gather speed for the last run  
and lift off into the weather.

It was originally published in 1979 and then put in a thirty collection in 1990.

## Tuesday 9 June 2020 – Barbara Wicks

The attached poem may not be appropriate for our *Corona Chronicles*, but as crises overlap, this is what I'm thinking today.

### Homo Sapiens 2.0

is widely available  
after millennia of development,  
has heightened (not guaranteed sapient) ability to  
organize  
monetize  
politicize  
rationalize,  
comes in a wide range of colors,\*  
kneels in protest and prayer,  
reaches for stars and roots,  
extends hands in harm and healing,  
requires the energy of two D cells (devotion and discipline).

\*Colors sometimes not compatible and have no relation to other qualities.

## Sunday 14 June 2020 – Gary Schilmoeller

Midst the trifecta of challenges ( inequality [racial, ethnic, gender, social, economic, to list several], pandemic, economic disruption) we experience, Kathy and I watch for signs of peace and beauty on our Webster Village walks. Here are several we notice in our neighborhood.

- Pond #1 & #2 4-6-20 - a home several blocks from us that shows the barren winter status
- Pond #1 & #2 6-2-20 - that same home, sharing beauty and color for all passers by
- Jizo 6-14-20 - A Jizo statue offering peaceful greeting to the sun and all passes by





