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**Until We Hug Again**

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**Mike Wilson's** work has appeared in magazines including *Cagibi Literary Journal, Stoneboat*, the *Aurorean*, and the *Ocotillo Review*, and in Mike’s book *Arranging Deck Chairs on the Titanic* (Rabbit House Press, 2020), political poetry for a post-truth world. Mike resides in Central Kentucky and can be found at mikewilsonwriter.com.

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**Until We Hug Again**

April 10, 2020

Today is Good Friday, social intercourse is a venereal disease and capitalism clicked on *pause.*

I watch old movies where strangers are kissing and reckless crowds aren’t social distancing.

After I drown the voice of Donald Trump in the bathtub of common sense I see something peeking behind the trunk of a fast-growing pine pungent in sap that’s rising to the occasion. I fall to my knees believing Sunday movies will disappear and everyone will take their clothes off and hear trees preach the sermon of centuries from an astral plane.

I raise my eye to the sky and chant a song – the uncloudy day – and everyone sings along.