ISOLATION

No one's touched me for months, yet so many folks have entered my home: Trees planted by some long-ago owner relaxed under the May sun, cajoled by each breeze to squander petals

for me to track along the floor. Each bloom bore fruit. I quelled my hunger, ignored the exact flavor of each plum. In June, lavender wafted through my window. I did not note the buzz of

bees, but surely they were here all this silent year, their humming quests unregistered by my careless ears. What else explains the fresh raspberries, the zucchini I picked every day in July

and bequeathed to my vegan neighbors? It's easy to suppose I grow such wonders from scratch, a wizard magicking every jot from my own exertion. Easy, before I consider the fact

of my whole house—joists to fixtures—built by other bodies, my entire environment—prized desk blemished with ink, bed where I curl tight on these sequestered nights—pieced together

on assembly lines I will never see. If I've fussed over a complex meal or made myself queasy gobbling pizza in my pajamas before a screen, I've done so via hands who plucked and milled,

who processed, extracted, packaged, and conveyed all the elements of my pleasure and ease. Now, bulbs blaze along eaves up and down the street, beacons equal to the abject gloom of

December. They uplift me when I am wintry—all blues, never jazz—quash the rash belief that I am truly secluded, my residence a shuttered exhibit. After a walk in that glittering dark,

my privacy is porous, a leaky ship set adrift from its jetty. I am capsized, flooded with visitors, the flux of their breath through my hull. I quiver at their caress, let it swim all through me.