

Stolen Roses  
By Mary F. Striegel

I have stolen roses  
for our table.  
We eat sweet scallops and butter  
on the Victorian porch  
in the twilight  
and think of a time  
when we can touch  
Six feet feel as vast as  
a chasm between us.  
Candles flicker to the music  
of our youth.  
We hurry for the curfew.  
Death may be our neighbor  
or the man who stands too close  
In the checkout line.  
Do not fear love  
In the time of this virus,  
I will not fear love  
but wait anxiously  
for this distance to end.