

## Lavender Touch

By Paula Nordstrom Miranda

Dear Monday, how all dread and loathe you.

My feet ache walking home every Monday evening

You work? During a pandemic?

'Tis community work, I reply in return.

Dear Monday, my heart flutters for you.

My hands smell like alcohol with a lavender whiff

And they crack from dryness.

Our hands cannot touch, but they pass along bags.

Floss, hand warmers, pads, shampoo, snacks, masks.

Now, their hands smell like alcohol

With a lavender whiff

and they crack from dryness.

Build, build, build, they justify.

We pass out health bags, but the community we serve

May one day, be replaced by expensive buildings.

Build, build, build, they justify.

The laughter of the children flies in the open sky,

This is how I feel whole.

Distantly, I think of my other community,

One down south, another continent.

One household, each sharing line of blood with me,  
They all got sick; this is how I feel empty.