Covid-19

What did you see coming, you purported epidemiological sages?

12,000 corpses in New York, exhumed of breath,

Unable to be buried, dying sterilized intubated alone?

Did you see “Chinese Virus” and other monikers of trickle-down racism in

everything from your slides to your stethoscopes,

22 million Americans sheltering in place with toilet paper and no paycheck?

Or did you only see the pathological back pedaling,

Dumped shares on the market and oval office escapades,

And all my hungry neighbors eating cigarettes in the rain?

What is punishable by song?

Chattel neglect.

Magnitude: every day.

Not only that, but his worst presidenting lies ahead!

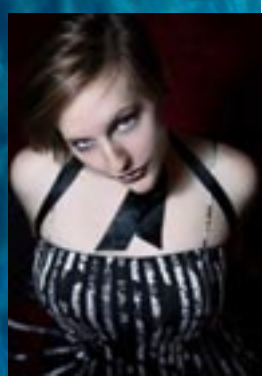
Golf-course of thieves furrowed with mistrust,

A caddy full of no fucks given—

My fellow Americans, my fellow disposable:

Say nothing, say everything—but say it six feet away.

Ruth Christopher



Ruth Christopher is a Senior at UC Davis majoring in English with an emphasis in Creative Writing. She lives in Davis with her life-partner & poet-in-crime Cyrus Sepahbodi, and their cat Louie Prima Armstrong Christopher Sepahbodi. Besides being a poet and a student, Ruth is interested in music, painting/collaging, cannabis activism, feminist theory, and works as a Salsa/Bachata instructor at Studio18 in Sacramento.

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