

Quarantine

You know that feeling
when you're running
a chainsaw and you start
getting a little too comfortable,
just a little careless, so
you reach in to mess with
the log or something
and you feel your glove
yank a mechanical yank
and registering what happened
seems to take a long time,
but then you see the torn
canvass finger and know
any microsecond now
blood may gush forth
and agony will fry your brain
as surely as if you placed
your head in the oven
with the broiler on high,
but as time inches
you know you're ok,
close but a miss, and so
you sit for a bit and
stare at nothing?

Yeah.

It's kinda like that.

– Jeffery Greb