

My Mother's Covid by Diana Raab

This morning the phone rings,
my mother's rehab on the line.
It's 5am on my coast, 8am on hers.

Confused and still in REM,
I pick up and abruptly mutter, 'yeah.'
The physical therapist woman

in her hurried New York voice
calls to give a report—
'Eva's your mother, right?'

Yes, I respond in my stupor,
and drop the phone
to the floor beside my bed.
'You know you're calling the west coast.'
'Oh,' she replies. No remorse. No apologies.

I gather my composure
and ask how my mother's doing.
'Today was her best day,' she says:

'two steps, but still uses oxygen.'
Baby steps for her, who in a few months
celebrates 91 years on this planet.

Who knows if she'll make it there
or even back

to the assisted living place
she's been at for four years now
after crashing her car and umpteen
near-death falls off her horse, Impression.

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the Time of Covid Chronicle.***

What a name for an aloof
and challenging horse, her best
friend for decades. I sold him for a dollar
to her trainer who retired him to
Kentucky. Who knows what else to do
with an old horse, like an old woman
who just wants to die, but survives Covid.

One day at a time is my mantra.
Buddhists wisdom of mindfulness practice
is all we can with seniors during this
once in every 200-year pandemic.

Wait, I'm a senior myself
At 66 with compromised immunity,
I am also hunkered down and for protection
trying to detach from the drama
until of course ripped out of bed by a call.

I thank the woman, named Zen,
and wonder why
she is *not* her name—
something we need now
during this seemingly
never ending panic-stricken pandemic.

Off to my morning meditation
and prayer for all sentient beings.

