



CON-COVID-19-EASTRE

April 12, 2020 – Easter, or more accurately the day of *Eastre*, the Anglo-Saxon name of a Teutonic goddess of spring and fertility, to whom was dedicated a month corresponding to April. But this year we do not find *Eastre*'s fertility rabbit, or its colored eggs, painted with bright pigments representing the sunlight of spring, used in *Eastre*-egg rolling contests or given as gifts. No. This year we celebrate a much older pagan tradition: epidemic. Eggs are rotting, and we bury them in lines stacked three deep.

The world is in quarantine, mask-clad and social distanced, with us still here, separated, stuck in limbo from years past, wearing cotton mask made at the womens' prison with frilly panty elastic. The mens' prison now looking like someone panty raided the womens' center, fulfilling the fantasy. "They could have at least wore them a little and jogged around, or something." Some of the men say, smiling through the stretched cotton/poly blend, reminiscing.

The masks are made MANDATORY for all prisoners to wear, AT ALL TIMES AND PLACES, immediately revealing the douchebag nozzles of the group: knuckleheads refusing to wear a mask, downplaying the danger, and pretending not to worry – or worse, not *understanding* why they should, why they need the mask, and why the older, the sick, and the healthy prisoners all need the masks: the liturgical color of Easter/*Eastre* 2020 white, adulterated.

Ivory over the nose and mouth of each prison captive quarantined with no end in sight, confined in wait of a white sheet to *Eastre*.