

Transformations

Robin Peace

Ovid?

He wrote the *Books of Transformations*
and messed with myth
to challenge what we knew.

Corvid is close.

Coterries of rooks, jackdaws, jays, and magpies.
Ravens turned black by gossip and Gods to stone or bats.
How prescient.

Now, there is this new word.
We feel it in our mouths daily.
Read it, hear it, sound it.
Unfamiliar, like the sun in an eclipse.

A little *covert*
as in secret, undercover.
A little *covered*
as in not thrown open or exposed.
Bovine, a bit,

like a cow—connected to things that are animal—
which we are.

Coved

as in heads smashed in
and coming sideways
out of rage.

Co

as in together / with.

And *vid*

as in to see the evidence unspooled and improvised.

Invisible corona rewriting books.

The image is everywhere
—a gelatinous star
not fully of us, not yet,
but all of us hunkered in the feel of it.
Strangely, humanly,
transforming
through our fears.
Turning, perhaps,
on the gift of—a bat?
Startled by new
capacities.