

Sense of Number

This was my attempt to grapple with the scale of loss during the pandemic, and the emotional toll on those who cared for them. What if each person who died was someone I knew and loved, and I got a call every day to tell me that yet another one was gone? My phone would ring every day for more than 10,000 years.

I lost a friend tonight and then again tomorrow
For 900 long years, every day I lost a friend
Each died alone, no words of love, no tender hug
As we grew numb, and number

Sirens careening in the streets; I heard a mourning dove
Through silence in defeat, I knew that love
Could only go so far when those who cared for those who died
Were stranded high and dry, and held in disregard

I lost your number; were you five or fifty, the millionth or the first
I can't remember, was it breath or fever, delirium or thirst
That took you down, with only one goodbye
From two kind eyes behind the hooded gown

Every day I got a call, every day that same ring
Another gone, you know the one we loved
Who brought the joy into the room, who was the glue
Who held this world and knew the worth of every living thing

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This song appears on the album, *Ride in the Light*
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