

Public History
Poem
Anonymous

Covid Dreaming

It was precipitous and underestimated
In itself and the minds it has deteriorated
Income the broken hearts with their memories confiscated
As the pre-existing conditions of living are concentrated

Meretricious politicians still so blithe in their statements
Masses so invective as they castigate the masked & mask-less
Hope seems so specious with these perspectives

Alack, am I dreaming or are my nightmares scheming?
Time continues bleeding, when were Covid Dreaming

An unbidden lockdown, blocking out the noise living in the background
Reanimates a cell in my mind in which a despondent walks around

In this mind so reticent with the Dasein caged in its own snare
But who am I, so invidious, to compare?
When I birthed this state of despair
No solace without closure, no exposure without air
Who is there left to care?

My perfidious mind has escaped amongst the air in my lungs
Misinformation spreads like Greek fire, by silver tongues
New nooses from which to be strung
Covid Dreaming has begun!

Death comes in different phases
Lugubrious and wearing different faces
Covid Dreaming leaving our souls, oh so, tasteless

Asking what is a mask to the faceless?

This poem touches on many aspects of consequential problems that arrived with the pandemic and lockdown. It takes an outer view of the sad state of affairs of the politicizations of this horrible pandemic. While dissecting the problems of the outside world, this poem relates it back to the trouble that already have existed in the minds pre pandemic and how the outside world has exacerbated and influences these problems. This is done through news, social media, family, politicians, and usual those who haven't experienced it personally. Mental illness is the broad stroke in the poem but also the way it intertwines with everything that is currently going on around us. The use of pretentiously big worlds is a nod to our ever-growing hubris to appear as to be having the right answers, rather than looking for the right answers. I also looked the perspective of can one compares their struggles to another whether it is happiness compared to financial or mental illness compared to Covid? This poem echoes an existential view on not only life but also our internal struggle and how we suppress, feed, adapt, or even are comparative to the outside world and the struggles of others. I think to future researchers and viewers this poem will give insight to not only the mind of someone with internal struggles of the mind but also the philosophical questions that arise from the questions that it asks the reader. I don't believe there will be many perspectives like this, but I would be remiss if I said I wouldn't be happy to see more on what I have wrote about. Whether it be mental illness or any other internal struggles in the pandemic or the politicization of the Covid 19 Virus or the question of is this all intertwined and is even comparable. My final line and possibly one of the most important in the poem, poses the question of what does this all this mean or even matter to the

underrepresented minorities in this country who for far to long have not been properly heard or represented and this can be seen throughout the pandemic from the government, politicians, and police force. Even with people coming together to face this pandemic, would it be worth it if it comes at the expense of ignoring the pre-existing problems of our country, justice system, and ideology.