

MY COVID POEM

By: Jeremiah Suber

Here I sit
In complete isolation.
All of us separated by the invisible.
I would reach out to you,
But a simple elbow touch wouldn't do.
Lysol spray has become perfume,
Hand sanitizer has become hand lotion,
The news has become the bible.
A simple virus,
Whose name resembles royalty,
Has done the unthinkable.
Destroyed businesses,
And has ruined relationships.
The death toll rises,
And hope decreases.
What to do?
Everyone scrambles to find a solution.
Maybe it is found in the empty grocery shelves,
Or maybe in the fear of going outside.
Online assignments plague the uninfected.
But I believe,
We will all get through this together.
We will all get through this,
Just not with each other.