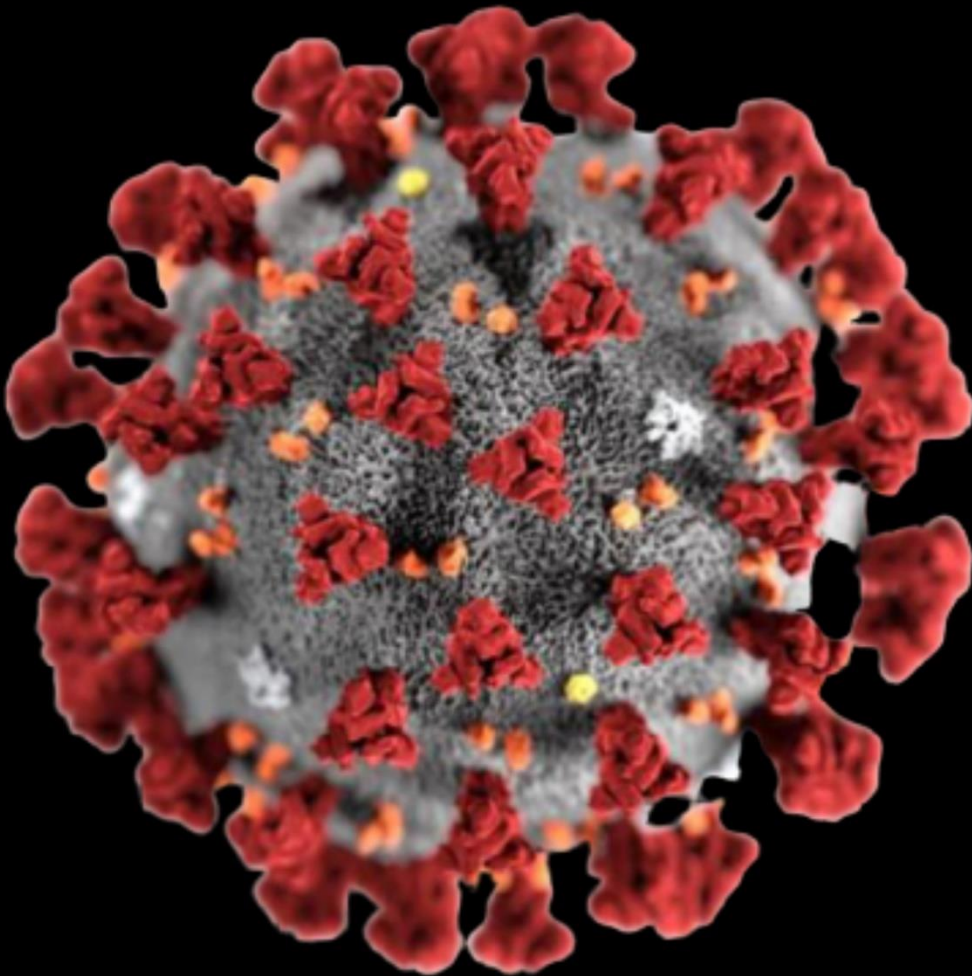


Corona

Social Distancing



Poets for Humanity

Corona . . .

Social Distancing

Poets for Humanity

inner child press international

Credits

Authors

Poets for Humanity

Editor

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Cover Design & Graphics

Inner Child Press International

General Information

Corona . . . Social Distancing

1st Edition: 2020

This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a “Collection”. All rights for all submissions are retained by the individual author and or artist. No part of this Publishing may be reproduced, transferred in any manner without the prior **WRITTEN CONSENT** of the “Material Owner” or its Representative, Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Law. Any queries pertaining to this “Collection” should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

Publisher Information:

Inner Child Press

intouch@innerchildpress.com

www.innerchildpress.com

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws

Copyright © 2020: Inner Child Press

ISBN-13: 978-1-952081-17-0 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 24.95



Table of Contents

<i>Proem</i>	<i>xiii</i>
<i>Introduction</i>	<i>xvii</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>xix</i>
<i>A few words from Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy</i>	<i>xxi</i>

The Poetry ~ Corona ... Social Distancing

Gail Weston Shazor	5
Asoke Kumar Mitra	7
Kimberly Burnham	8
Anwer Ghani	10
Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy	11
Hussein Habasch	12
Menduh Leka	14
Irene Marks	15
Solomon C. Jatta	16
Clelia Volonteri	17
Muniam Alfaker	18
Shernaz Wadia	20
Rafael Jesús González	21
Francisco José Casado Pérez	22
Jeton Kelmendi	23
Kamani Jayasekera	25
Demetrios Trifiatis	26
Rita Stanzione	28

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Welkin Siskin	29
Hema Ravi	30
Rohini Kumar Behera	31
Ernesto P. Santiago	32
Brenda C. Mohammed	33
Ameedah Mawalin	34
Khalid Imam	36
Pankajam Kottarath	37
Ranjana Sharan Sinha	38
Anord Sichinsambwe	40
Xavier J. Frazer	41
Luzviminda G. Rivera	42
Othmen Mahdi	44
Anna Nicole D. Velez	45
Ketaki Datta	47
De'Andre Hawthorne	49
Tianju	52
Noreen Ann Snyder	53
Vijaya Bhamidi	54
Alicja Maria Kuberska	55
Anthony Arnold	57
Olfa Philo Drid	58
Ashok K. Bhargava	65
Hayim Abramson	66
Geeta Varma	67

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Jaydeep Sarangi	68
Gita Bharath	69
Brindha Vinodh	70
Zaldy Carreon De Leon, Jr.	71
Iwu Jeff	73
VenomM	74
Izza Fartmis	76
Santosh Magazine	77
H. W. Bryce	79
Ratan Ghosh	81
Chijioke Ogbuike	82
Omar Gadling	84
Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’	87
Paramananda Mahanta	88
Eden Soriano Trinidad	90
F. M. Ciocea	91
Joan McNerney	92
Otteri Selvakumar	93
Fahredin Shehu	94
Sayeed Abubakar	95
Pragya Suman	96
Sudarsan Sahu	97
John Eliot	99
Alan Summers	100
Tyran Prizren Spahiu	102

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Thryaksha Ashok Garla	103
Sangeeta Sharma	104
Antonia Valaire	105
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed	108
Aneek Chatterjee	109
Rahim Karim	111
Dragan Dragojlovic	112
Debbi Brody	113
Josep Juárez	114
Kairat Duissenov Parman	115
Ahila	117
Himasri Barman	118
Lilla Latus	119
Mandour Saleh Hikel	120
Manisha Joshi	122
Diego Bello	123
Eliza Segiet	124
Dilip Mohapatra	125
Pratishta Pandya	127
Willie Jones	129
Sahaj Sabharwal	131
Sridevi Selvaraj	132
Loretta Hawkins	133
Steve C. Sikora	134
Bob McNeil	137

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty	138
Louise Hudon	140
Kevin A. Boens	141
Ibrahim Honjo	143
Tom Higgins	144
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	145
Norbert Góra	146
Supratik Sen	147
JoAnn Smith	149
Sujata Dash	151
Chad Norman	152
Hong Ngoc Chau	153
Tali Cohen Shabtai	158
Elena S. Eyheremendy	159
S. Pathmanathan	160
Milagros Sefair	161
George Kurian	162
Saroj Mahobe	163
Varanasi Ramabrahmam	165
Adyasha Das	167
Stephanie Elaine Brown	168
Kamala Wijeratne	170
Aditi Roy	171
Zanka Zana Boskovic Coven	172
Anju Kishore	174

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Lizzy Anthony	175
Sumita Dutta Shoam	176
Sunil Sharma	177
Christopher Stewart	178
Mohammed Nurul Huda	179
Raja Rajeswari Seetha Raman	180
Valerie Ames Middlebrook	181
Vidya Shankar	184
Warda Zerguine	185
De Vincent Miles	186
Lakshani Willarachchi	187
Mohamed Bourhanem	190
Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris	191
Varsha Das	193
Antoinette Coleman	195
Keith Alan Hamilton	196
A. Annapurna Sharma	198
Suma K. Gopal	200
Siti Ruqaiyah Hashim	201
Kalya Temertey-Canta	203
Dr. Sigma	204
Gino Leineweber	205
Safia Hayat	206
Jyoti Kanetkar	207
Monalisa Dash Dwibedy	208

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Jodel E. Agbayani	209
Mario C. Lucero	210
Md. Khalilur Rahman	211
Shruti Goswami	212
Monica Gray	213
Lana Joseph	214
Nataša Sardžoska	217
S. Sundar Rajan	219
Preety Sengupta	220
Gurdev Chauhan	221
JuNe BuGG	223
Orbindu Ganga	226
Christeen Saparamadu	228
Najma Mansoor	229
Sidra Sahar Imran	231
Vasuprada Kartic	232
K. V. Dominic	235
Aakash Sagar Chouhan	237
Anuradha Bhattacharyya	238
Piyankara Ganegoda & Lakshani Willarachchi	239
Teresa E. Gallion	240
Setaluri Padmavathi	241
Edna Garcia	242
Queen Sarkar	243
Mallika Chari	244

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Tangirala Sree Latha	245
Caroline N. Gabis	247
Gopal Lahiri	248
Pushmaotee Subrun	249
Takatoshi Goto	251
Christine Von Lossberg	252
Avijit Roy	253
Akshaya Kumar Das	254
Shubha Khandekar	255
Nutan Sarawagi	256
Colombe Mimi Leland	257
Elizabeth Kurian Mona	258
Avril Meallem	260
Hiranya Aditi Godavarthy	262
Usha Sridhar	264
Marcelo Sanchez	266
Sylwia K. Malinowska	270
B. V. Siva Prasad	271
Sujatha Warriar	272
Ayo Ayoola-Amale	273
Maria do Sameiro Barroso	274
Rubab Abdullah	275
Muhammad Azram	276
hülya n. yılmaz	277
William S. Peters, Sr.	279

Poem ~ Front Lines

Guns, bullets, bombs, and such
Protecting a freedom
We never had

The slaughter,
The killing
Of our brothers and our sisters
For false ideologies fed
To the unaware

Shall we call it patriotism . . .
Or something else?

I too served the agenda . . .
And then I woke up,
To see that my cup,
And many like me,
Was still empty
Of the promises proffered
By the rhetoric from
“The Land of the Free”

Protecting us from an invasion
That never came,
But from . . .
Within . . .

The 1st being
The “Greed Merchants”
Who manipulate, exploit
The media,
Our government
And all else they can

To not just get all that they want,
But all that they see
In this 'Land of the Free'

You see,
They and many who
Drank the Kool-Aid
Sincerely believe
That there is much to achieve
In the killing of others,
Our sisters, our brothers
As we beckon to the agenda
Of those demonic 'others'
Who use humanity
To fulfill their own demented inanity . . .

Insanity by any other name
Is still insanity

Now here we are,
Drawn together as 1
To face an enemy
That is capable of destroying,
Not only all that we believe in,
But every-damn-thing . . .

Think about that!

Yet, I bet,
A dollar for a doughnut that
They, the merchants of all dastardly things
Are positioning themselves
Once again
To profit through the suffering
Of you, I, we . . .
Just wait and see

We again
Are on the 'Front Lines',
And there is not a damn thing
We can do about it!

But do allow me to take the time
To salute
The true warriors
Who are working in our hospitals
And other essential services
To care for perhaps
The last vestiges
Of our humanity
As we Socially Distance ourselves
From what we comfortably thought
We were.

Front Lines

'Just Bill'
William S. Peters, Sr.



... said the Dreamer to the world.

www.iamjustbill.com

I ntroduction

P
erhaps our voices will not make a difference . . . but more than likely, they will . . . to someone.

A
s we face these globally challenging times, I, along with many others, feel it is direly important to speak out. There are many issues that not only affect us individually, but in the entirety of humanity as of a result of this COVID-19 pandemic with which we are all suddenly confronted. On one hand, we are warned to maintain safe distances from each other to prevent the spreading of this dastardly contaminant; when on the other hand, it has brought us together as a species because, simply put, it is a potential threat to our very existence. It has also made all of us keenly aware of our vulnerability and the ugly potentialities we may be subject to face in our future. Additionally, this disease cares naught about our age, culture, religion, ethnicity, convictions, political persuasion, country, age, gender or sexual persuasions, or identities.

S
ome of the considerations we now ponder heavily is that of relationship . . . with family, friends, co-workers, associates, service people, and even strangers. Each of these categories has now become more prolifically present in our thoughtful examination of our own life, and consequently, our mortality. If we are to survive this assault upon us as a species, it will be achieved by a collective effort of cooperation, hard work, sacrifice and patience. None of us succinctly knows how long this ‘ride’ will last, despite the projections coming from our medical industry, politicians, corporate entities, friends and family, or just the ‘man on the street’. What we do know

is that we are all deeply concerned, if not for ourselves, fearful for our loved ones and our brothers and sisters around the globe.

As a writer, poet, story-teller, I feel it is important to chronicle these times with my own commentary, thoughts and possible insights. Our company, Inner Child Press International, is assisting in doing just that. For this publication, we have launched a global request from poets to submit their conscious work. This book is available as a free download as well as for sale in a print format at a nominal cost. We encourage readers around the world to take a few minutes while we have time to visit and see what our contributing ‘poets for humanity’ have to say. We hope that you will share what you may find meaningful with others. This offering will be eventually relegated to history for the generations to come. As I stated in the opening of this communication . . . “Perhaps our voices will not make a difference . . . but more than likely, they will . . . to someone.”

Thank you.

Bless Up

‘Just Bill’

William S. Peters, Sr.

F oreword

Poets share unique perspectives, and the emotions swirling inside manifest. Commentators on the world around us, poets breathe life into ideas, random thoughts about the beauty and ugliness alike. Succinctly, poets grasp and set thoughts to paper on what is changing. Shifts in consciousness like a flowing river leave their mark. Some marks go unnoticed by the world until the poet magnifies them bringing a sharper focus.

We understand, everyone feels during a pandemic, the poet puts feeling into words here shared in this volume of poetry and essays about our collective history.

We will remember, look back on 2020, the time of the corona virus lockdown around the world. We will remember who we were quarantined with, where we lived, and whom we lost. Certain words, memes and images will be forever locked down, surfacing where we read words written during this consequential time of life and death.

Some poets write about what we see in the faces and hearts of the people sequestered with us, in the moon and landscape surrounding us, the impact on our animals and the light in this universe—in our universe.

Take notice of these words, look around, feel deep inside, and see what is changing, what is important, and what you are feeling in this moment of life.

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

(Integrative Medicine)
Spokane, Washington

GRATIS

A few words from Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy

Why Poets Must Speak out on Humanitarian Issues

Poets are always a class apart. They are not bound by any barriers and possess an innate freedom of expression to speak out on any issue that impacts humanity.

The entire humanity is currently passing through a crisis called COVID-19 that spread quickly and took away many lives. What can we as poets do in these difficult times? Well, this is the time for our creative expressions to come to the fore to bind humanity with inspiring words of courage and fortitude to face what God has willed upon us at this juncture. We shall surely overcome this, as this too shall pass. Meanwhile, we as poets must rise and stand together through our conscious work and heal this world in our own little ways, as we have been doing in the past with respect to various humanitarian issues.

Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy, INDIA

Poet, Writer, Reviewer & Editor

World Healing World Peace
2020



Poets for Humanity

Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com/world-healing-world-peace-poetry

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

www.worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

The Poetry

for

Corona . . .

Social Distancing

by

Poets for Humanity

Corona . . . Social Distancing



*In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and the Light appeared
and I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Disclaimer

In our attempts to maintain the integrity of the voices of the poets worldwide, we have elected to do minimal surface editing. We felt that preserving the original entries was critically important for you, the reader, to enjoy each poet's authenticity.

You may encounter a few challenges in achieving total clarity of the messages shared through poetry, but I indulge you to let go of your critical thinking and embrace the spirit through words offered, pertaining this meaningful theme of *Corona . . . Social Distancing*.

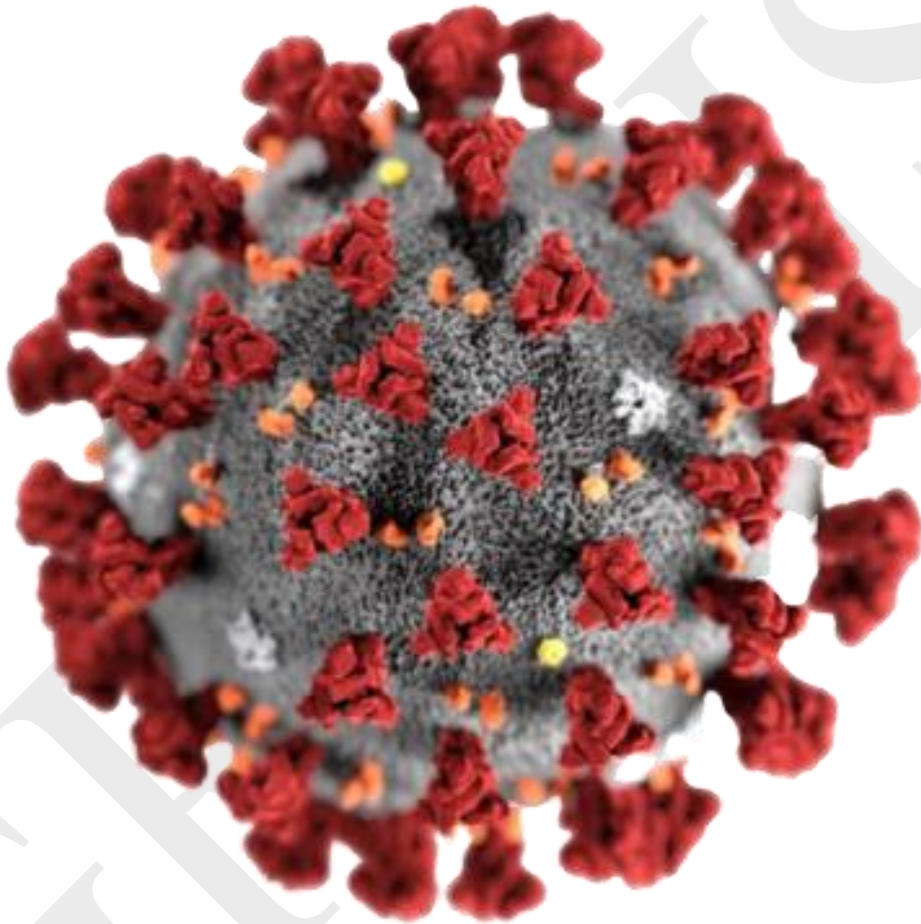
From the desk of hülya n. yilmaz, Ph.D.

Director of Editing

Inner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

Corona . . . Social Distancing



Death Has Spared Me Yet Again

By Gail Weston Shazor

Death has spared me over yet again
I do not think of death often
I plan my days for the next and the next
Without the thought that it is not promised
For in my small idea of humanity
I am not finished with the dream tasks
I have stored in my head
And my 56 years are fortunate
The non-discriminatory timeframes
That border our waking and sleeping
Our rest and activity, our praying and praising

I do not think of death often
I wish to think that it doesn't think of me either
That somewhere the reaper is too busy
To give notion to my threads
And time keeps on moving
Whilst it attends to other tasks of fate
The words come heavy with dry breath
At the mention of death
As if any of us could escape notice
By only whispering its name
Without the fanfare that could draw attention
To what time we have remaining

I hold no notion that I will not die
And when I am forced to think on it
It is always with the thoughts of
Those I will leave to live without me
For even I know that death is for the living
The finality of the last breath
Does nothing for the breather
And the pain ceases with the end of mortality

On this day and in this week
Death has brushed by raising the hairs on my neck
And I realize that I am sad for me

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Sad for everyone who feels the touch of ending
Old and young alike, freed from the bondage of dreams
From remembering what it was like to be near
The vibrancy of love and community
No one knows what will happen
Or even when it will happen
But because of this week, we know it will happen
Whether we do or do not think on death often

Corona . . . Social Distancing

A Private Wound

By Asoke Kumar Mitra

In this setting sun of the spring
Thousands wet eyes under the azure sky
Thousands already dead
Life is fragile, so is love
Tired souls
Time never waits
Moss grows in the bleeding heart

Lock down at home
Silence of graveyard, deepening fear of virus
At a distance,
Chime of temple bells, prayers
Bidding adieu
Left behind the syllables of life and death
Terror hides in this deceitful spring

Barren roads, voices lost in the wind
Sun will rise again
From the ruin of death
For you leaving behind
Tuberose burnt
And my heart
Into pieces . . .

Corona . . . Social Distancing

April 7, 2020 Super Moon with Neighbors

By Kimberly Burnham

Around the world
a supermoon shines bright tonight
brighter than all the rest
as Spring inches forward

Look up and feel hope in the early evening
this is our time to shine, too
all through the neighborhood voices call out
staying six feet apart

Birds build nest and lay under the Egg Moon
rich green grass pushes upward towards the sky
salmon swim upstream to spawn
as a huge full moon lights the way on earth

All of us share this space under the Pink Moon
named for the color of moss creeping phlox
marking the season under the Sprouting Grass Moon
we begin again a new cycle of life

Some of us celebrate the Passover Moon
hoping as every year for freedom from oppression
for all who are in a narrow place
rising above the challenges to honor liberation

Some of us will call it the Fish Moon
commemorating the salmon's struggle upstream
returning home to spawn
giving birth to new life

Some of us see the full moon
just before the celebration of Easter
this year a time of families separated by space
still new life arises resilient

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Some of us will rejoice
at the Hindu festival of Hanuman Jayanti
the birth of Lord Sri Hanuman
as life continues to cycle

And some of us call it the Bak Poya Moon
with Buddhists in Sri Lanka
remembering an ancient war's end
with a visit from the Buddha

Some of us note this bright night sky
near the middle of Islamic Sha'ban
a month before Ramadan
time to prepare for fasting, prayers and good deeds

Tonight, in our separate units
divided by time, space and traditions
we will go back inside together and still apart
knowing we are all here beneath a supermoon

Corona . . . Social Distancing

New York, Close Your Doors

By Anwer Ghani

How do you sleep now, O city do not sleep? These rubble and ghosts came in a basket that did not know to smile. Oh, the sleeping city, how did the death happen? Warm death is having hands in your garden; a very blind death, New York. How can your happy heart endure all sorrow and fear? When the birds go, and when your feet move to distant islands, something hidden and strange comes to your door; something very strange. New York, stay home between your walls so you can see your face in the mirror. New York, close your doors until the smile calmly returns to your heart.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Dark Night

By Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy

The rustling leaves in a tussle with the gentle breeze,
The sounds of silence travelling with a graceful ease,
Serenade gently into one's senses with calm and peace,
And provide the day's stress and strain, a happy release.

The calmness, stillness and the quiet of the night,
The rustling tree leaves and the crisscrossing light
Of the moon playing hide and seek with the clouds,
Are soon wrapped up by a sky in a thick, dark shroud.

And then suddenly, screams pierce the silence;
The dark clouds and the crisscrossing moonlight
Stop in their tracks and watch all the violence
A lockdown-frustrated male inflicts on his wife.

My poetry too stands still,
It forgets to rhyme at will,
And just watches in horror
Those eyes filled with terror . . .

The abuse and blows continue to shower
His addictions are not within his power . . .
As darkness envelopes her sobs and sighs,
The Corona clouds fully envelope her sky . . .

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Corona Era

By Hussein Habasch

Today

I noticed the bird that sings all the time in front of my window.
I didn't notice its singing before.

I noticed the three trees standing in front of my balcony, with its fresh rosy flowers,
its tiny green buds and its brown hugging branches.
It never drew my attention before.

I noticed a swing and a thin wooden horse at the children's playground
in front of my balcony.
I didn't notice their existence before.

I noticed the Lilac trees at the nearby garden, that look like Walt Whitman's birthplace
in New York state.
I didn't notice their existence before.

I noticed two rows of stones in front of my kitchen's window.
Five on both sides.
I didn't know that the stones have that magnificent beauty,
even without cutting and carving.

I noticed my neighbor's clothesline.
Now I know the bright colors of her underwear and daywear.
I didn't know the beauty of her clothesline before.

I noticed the orchids hanging from the old Polish lady's balcony.
I didn't know that she likes orchids, and she is Polish before.

I noticed the two beautiful children playing on the divorced Russian lady's balcony,
the complexion of one of them more of a black, and the other more of a blond.
They told me that the first is from her African husband, and the second is from her
Russian husband and now she is dating her German sweetheart.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The neighbor's gossiping told me that.
I said bless her heart.
Of course, I didn't know that before.

I noticed that my sixtieth German neighbor smokes on the balcony.
He smiled at me and I smiled back.
We never did that before.

Translated by Muna Zinati

Take Care of the Harmony of Echoes

By Menduh Leka

They have the right to play hand in hand
to dance to the rhythm of the breeze with no contaminated taste
Give them the divine right not to hear the noise of grenades or COVID-19
when they fall down and break the smiling faces
Little serenity until they paint dreams
Did you ever follow
erratic flight of a butterfly when automatic rifle strikes
Or did you ever observe the sun when the smokescreen cover viewing
when blown up with dynamite then flesh and iron and souls disappear?
You would do well to slow down the pace.
Take some of their time
Take care of God's desire
And the harmony of echoes
Horror will not last forever
But music and peace
When you armor someone's love and your day ends
you lie on the corpses for a nap
with hundreds of consecutive questions
that come to your mind?
You would do well to slow down breathing and pace.
life has the advantage so please do not destroy it so quickly.
Time don't exist, mind energy is Essence
Only the music lasts forever.
And the harmony of echoes for peace around the globe.
And you who fire on a flower or a bird or a man or a butterfly
have you ever heard the music of life?
Do not rush because you have forgotten to take away the voice of peace
Here should remain the Planet of Peace
And climb somewhere to the Dark Planet and dance the deaths' dances
In that planetary madhouse far away from souls that dance
Hand in hand and smile to the God and Freedom
Allow the to enjoy and live in Peace Planet
In the harmony with all echoes.
With music that will definitely live forever.

The Medieval Plague

By Irene Marks

The dying
the weeping
the fearful
the hungry
the needy
We cannot go out
Or we will die infected
Or we will murder others

Like the medieval plague
It was brought by the Haves
and affects the Have- Nots
the oldest
the most helpless
As usual

The medieval plague
Silence spreads and widens
Our words attempt
to reduce distances
between hands
With my beloved I am
And I feel lucky

I am sending this poem
as a bridge
from the heart
To all of those I love
Until we see the end
of this medieval plague

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Virus

By Solomon C. Jatta

It seems the world is dying,
We, the blessed failed
Generation to tell of its movements jailed,
Streets free from hustling, clubbing and schooling.
Prices hiking and economies shrinking.
And here my daughter! She's crying,
Sneezing and Coughing
Like she's going
In the coffin.
I can't help but only watching
Her illness that's defied science and forbidden touching.
In her agony how can I show loving
Without caring?
What tenderness without kissing?
What comfort can I give without hugging.
If this be your last, surely not a memory of me avoiding,
Gladly will I leave behind the happiness of living
For if you be gone none exists to keep me driving.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Circular Poem

By Clelia Volonteri

The perfect form
the circle with no beginning or end
The Earth imitates it
round and fertile
generous mother's breast

The plague is also round
and wears a royal crown
indifferent monarch
despotic assassin
Unprecedented perplexity
Weren't we the owners of the planet?
So tiny and invincible
the virus flogs us

But there is also a circular
shape of hands reaching out
travelling through networks
with the perhaps biblical punishment
of not being able to touch
to kiss each other
to love each other
This lesson must either kill us
or transform us

Translated by Irene Marks

A Trace on Water

By Muniam Alfaker

I am unknown semen
the Earth was pregnant with me
then
it released me
on to the scream

the scream
is the echo
of lust

I am a star
that became lost.
the Earth housed me
and
wrapped me in rags.

I am
a trace
on water
who am I . . .
some pieces of a body
in trousers.

I don't even know
how I've become
or who called me
"some pieces".

I would wish
that the lust, I, the world
were of glass.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

the world:
one half is a tragedy
the other a comedy
that bribes
the pain with laughter.

GRATIS

Being a Part of History (COVID-19)

By Shernaz Wadia

Man felt powerful riding on the back of insecticides.
Today he is being mowed down by a microscopic entity
The grim reaper is having a field day as it globe-trots
disregarding borders and frontiers, changing destinies
and world dynamics. A seemingly unvanquished force
is chiseling a vague reality out of the bedrock of panic.
The human world is stunned, stilled, looking for succour,
united under the same awning of apprehension and hope

Nervous, tremulous hands rise up in invocation
some pour blessings into the lives of the less fortunate . . .
hearts and purse strings have opened up
clouds of charity lighten the bug-laden skies
but elsewhere starving migrants, are fed consolation;
more propaganda than food is pumped into them;
visions of homes and the vulgar dread of death
dumb their depressed minds into dull acquiescence

Yet silver linings gleam across this ominous scenario . . .
Under this unforeseen freedom from human meddling
ecstatic Nature orchestrates a delirious symphony of life
Away from the bedlam of routine existence, enforced calm
is gradually reuniting mankind with its inner self
Internal clocks, stripped of societal obligations, are reprogrammed
We are learning to deeply contemplate the true essence of life
to exult in its fullness; in its richness and glory, as we should.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Crowned Virus

By Rafael Jesús González

Pale horse, pale rider
from the hallucinations
of mad John
gallop through the deserted streets.
Sequestered in our houses
we peer from behind the shutters
fearful that even the sun motes
could infect us.
Gone are the kisses & the hugs
& even the shaking of hands.
The plague runs through the world.
It will destroy what needs to be destroyed
& will destroy much of what does not —
From what will remain
let us make a better world.

After the Lockdown

By Francisco José Casado Pérez

the cage opens and never
will return the bird
because the nature of doors
it does not know about,
their dialogical dialect:
freedom and return,
inviting border
(provoques)
To be pierced
(indefinitely).
It does not know
about time and struggle
that happened in order
to keep some doors open
and (finally) close others.
However, the jailbird
(almost) ignores the haughty
need of other jailed birds
of *being* from nine to six,
birds migrating towards the coast
 invincible islands
 of open doors
that should be
(temporarily) closed.
Know how (not) to un-fold the wings
will be a (conditioning) factor
of survival?

Friendship in Pandemic Times

By Jeton Kelmendi

I

Only myself accompanies me
took the place of all the
friends
all dear girlfriends.

And now only myself believe me
when I approach him.
All my people begin
with numbers,
in fact, some with letters in
the Messengers,
it strikes me that they keep
me away,
I keep them away too.
You sir
you are the only one who does
not scare me
nor does it frighten you
Sir yourself.

II

The days we spend closed,
without any exit;
only thoughts and a few words
come out
around the meaning.

Every day we climbed to the
top of
memory,
at night I go down to myself

Corona . . . Social Distancing

time stays there in its bed
how to wake him up,
or even time is scaring him
from the pandemic COVID-19.

III

Today's life over the frame
of tomorrow
when love does not dare to
love
properly,
so, in these pandemic times.

The fancy imagination
out of delight equipped with
dilemmas
extinguished almost without
occurrence,
just like someone
that I have dreamed, seek me
something more,
is it me, the one who
transcended time
or time is running out
on me.

COVID-19 ~ Of Lessons Taught

By Kamani Jayasekera

The statistics and the graphs show
That there has been a considerable
Control over the epidemic that spread
Over many countries destroying lives,
Confidence of humans and their stability.
The sense of security had vanished when
Confronted with the unexplainable destruction
Which refused to crumb before attempts
At control by not one, but many a country.

Men were falling victim like leaves on a tree
The difference being not only the old but the
Young and able too. – proving that all discrimination
Was null and void before Mother Nature. –
That all born were to die irrespective of
The imaginary illusions man had imposed
Or believed in - rich-poor, educated or not.
East West, white, black, yellow or brown.
Be he a royal, leader or a pauper on the street.

When graphs were analyzed, confidence
Slowly returns, voicing the fact that they had
Survived the mighty threat, though how and
Why nobody exactly new. Yet man would be
Victorious, and cautiously stand on a positive note
And regain his stability though the process just
Might be slow. Though nature had to be the guide.

Nature had taught a lesson to man – that he was
Liable to suffer, was insecure and vulnerable
Nothing was stable in this transient world –
Something philosophers and religious leaders
Over the years had been unable to convey.
Hence, he had learnt to obey orders – though
Exactly from whom he could not comprehend.

Spring's Mourning

By Demetrios Trifiatis

Anticipating the rebirth of nature
onto the fields I walked the other day
hoping to marvel the outburst of beauty.

On my way,
unexpectedly, Spring I met herself just passing by
very surprised I was indeed
when
to my dismay I noticed that her sparkling
vitality had gone. She looked like an old maid!

No longer was she beauty's incarnation-
her face was grim, the light in her eyes dim
and her lips tight were because of much pain
thus, just sadness, desolation and melancholy
remained.

Saddened
by Spring's deplorable appearance,
cautiously I approached her and as
politely as I could, asked in this way:

“Oh, ethereal spring
whose beauty is admired by the Gods and
by all mortals alike,
may I ask you why in this condition
do I you find?”

Spring
in desperation looked at me and after
pausing for a while, these words managed
to utter with a sigh:

Corona . . . Social Distancing

“I am mourning the death of my mortal friends
who so anxiously have been waiting for my coming
but
now that I am here, they, unfortunately, cannot
witness my blooming!”

Thus, replied Spring and paused for a moment.

It was then
that I detected on her lips a faint smile as she turned
her eyes towards the sky, whispering these words at
the same time:

“Rest in peace my beloved friends, for although you
have missed my arrival, I promise to each of you
a flower to grow, a flower to keep you company in
the eternal spring of paradise!”

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Frame

By Rita Stanzione

Then from a shore
we are waiting - on our fingers
the decay of unsolved things.

The voice of the water
returns, however afar,
our words – some sculpted sand
and the no more of those harmless ones
like a divinatory stasis.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

COVID-19

By Welkin Siskin

Pass along the news of coronavirus
Among people like us;
For it sucks up life in minutes
What should let us stay calm yet?
Unborn, infants, teenage all
Under its prey fall,
What should let us stay calm yet
Relay the message that anchors beget
As a precaution to control the spread
For it eats us inside yet
Uphold quarantine for many lives have gone,
Like lives fallen on the lawn;
Uphold quarantine for life has yet to cope with the disease;
And maintain distance at least
To never be attacked by the disease.
Save humanity by distancing yourself
And make a call to help
From your house, and bit by bit the world around.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Killer C

By Hema Ravi

Farmers have no means to send to places
The crops are ready after harvesting
Helplessly, they sit, waiting at bases
When curfew is eased, people are buying
while elsewhere, more and more are succumbing
Death toll rising alarmingly each day
Even wild animals are falling prey-
The Predator C!

Hospitals flooding with newer cases
Lockdown only way to prevent spreading
Avoiding public meetings in spaces
Best to maintain social distancing
From personal hygiene no use shying
To mitigate, and not permit its stay
Washing and disinfecting helps to slay
The Deadly C!

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Ah, Corona!

By Rohini Kumar Behera

Whole world is in panic
Due to spread of Corona
People have slowed down
And are in utter confusion
How little could they control
The virus being spread out
Yes, there is point of isolation
For being confined to seclusion
There is sickness all around
Death hovers on our head.

So, one has to be cautious
Careful living is ever a bliss
Just to stay inside the house
And may not entertain guests
Hands not to touch the face
Specifically, mouth, ear, nose
Death cases are in abundance
Let we remain cool and calm
To tame the horrors of Corona
May the Lord console us now.

Keeping My Distance

By Ernesto P. Santiago

It is sensually self-indulgent work to be alone,
Smooth silence fills the pause between each breath.
From dis-ease to ease, I smile in the new order
And hold life so it won't be lost having no one else present.
I move forward, grabbing a handful of old self,
To the first twilight of staying safe from spit and droplets.
What unheard verses lay in my presence!
Social distancing, so very hard for the soul, and yet
Within the hour I, a small dot inside a circle,
Am learning and gaining more of myself with trust.
The time slowing down, the time slowing down—
And my only clock is acute consciousness.
How subtle it has been the half an hour or two
Like an old bull frog on a leaf in the pond?
Free from the tireless sound of peer handshaking,
Stress dries out in the song of evening birds.
“Stay Home” is such a meditation: breathe in, breathe out;
I only break the process for a good espresso coffee,
And with each sip I aim to feel the waves of the sea in a cup.
Eh, even the recluse or a bone carver can't cope with the lockdown,
Without having clear thoughts and sensual sentiment.
Now does it really matter the color of cup to satisfy thirst
Of my clan of affiliations, against the obnoxious virus
COVID-19—already dominating the world's conversation?

Corona . . . Social Distancing

A Topsy Turvy World

By Brenda C. Mohammed

On a very steep hill your brakes cannot hold.
You try your best but the car begins to roll.
You begin to panic and you suddenly lose control.
It switched into reverse gear and in a downward spiral roll.

This has happened with life over the many days.
Countries are locked out and locked- in their own space.
Leaving us melancholic, but what can we do?
This pandemic's purpose is to control me and you.

Wash hands often, don't hug and shake hands too.
You must not touch your face which is closest to you.
Keep a distance from your loved ones and friends.
Family and friendly gatherings have been brought to an end.

Trade and International relations are at stake here.
Coronavirus virus has brought this on us to bear.
Universities and schools abroad are giving online classes only.
All students in dormitories were sent home immediately.

Sports activities, gatherings, drama, and school plays
Have all been put on hold for better days.
No praying in Churches which also closed doors.
We all have to stay at home and pray indoors.

It's a hard lesson in obedience some persons may say.
Others believe it's a time for all to repent and pray.
Let's hope this sudden change won't last forever my friends.
All we can do is pray and wait to see how it all ends.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona's Wake

By Amedah Mawalin

Rona was like a viper.
Tracherous in her wake.
For everywhere that Rona went,
A life she'd surely take.

She'd caught a nasty cold.
Spewed droplets all about.
And traveled to and fro.
To everyone's hangouts.

Rona with bare hands.
Would wipe her nose and sneeze.
And cough throughout the land.
Without a hanky nor her sleeve.

The warning signs were clear.
Upon the death toll soaring.
Many chose to adhere.
While others kept ignoring.

Spewing her deadly spit.
A Typhoid Rona she'd be.
When folks got wind of this.
Social distancing was decreed.

A call was made for heroes.
And many paid the cost.
And as the PPEs neared zero.
Over a million lives were lost.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Rona is for real!
She's not playin' with our asses!
Following all the rules.
Is the key to ending her madness.

Social distance is requested.
And wearing masks & gloves.
Staying home hence protected.
Saving lives and those you love.

GRATEFULS

In Fear of the Dreadful

By Khalid Imam

Today, we all live
in the strangest of all seasons,
the spousal shaft and its light that
brightens our night like the merry moon
has to sadly self - isolate.

In fear of the dreadful,
the tree and all her caring roots should kiss not
or take the others' hands
in a firm loving clasp.

This dark cloud
of the monstrous virus grudgingly bans
all the papaya fruits in us to flock together not,
true, the stern unbiased warning now is for all
to keep a life -ventilating social distance -
no cave or palace is safe!

To stay safe, no heedless stem
is free to go shopping together with any
not - mask - wearing leaf
nor shall any go partying
with no hand sanitizer nearby.

But, soon . . .
yes, soon our swirled life
and the solitude visited by this virulent strain
shall vanish and the sun shall smile all day
again, and again
because the resilience
of our unyielding human spirit -
the spirit of love,
of bonding, of care,
of compassion and of wellness
shall surely triumph by next morning.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Isolation

By Pankajam Kottarath

Kisses unborn and stillborn
conceived in obsessed hearts,
fly like white fluffy cotton strands
masked
in the grip of the pandemic
in isolation wards
in sterile corridors
in house quarantines
hiding like meanings in words,
in gowns, goggles and gloves.

Hugs, hesitant and half-born
keep a distance
from sanitized hands
smelling antiseptics
confined within dotted lines
in market places and elsewhere,
in love-dale valleys
not allowing roving senses
of the psyche
to surpass their limits.
Modern 'Hand-shakes',
cooped up
in digital conferences,
wallets and files
with shredded masks of defeat,
give way to 'Namaste'
and go into self- quarantine.

Pandemic to Poetry

By Dr. Ranjana Sharan Sinha

The world screeches to a halt,
Brooding besets the brain--
Dark like grey-black asphalt
Worse than a hurricane!

The time of spiraling chaos,
Inexpressible losses endured--
Quarantine and helpless echoes,
Uncounted deaths, how many cured?

Locked in a titanic struggle
With the pandemic peaked,
The moon conquerors try to juggle
Trying all the effective shields!

Amid social pain and solitude
I take out my heartache in poetry,
Turning to words with gratitude,
The realities bitter and scary!

I know words are powerful
Provoking potent emotions
Offering comfort-- tender and soulful
Amid coronavirus.

Pause, listen, and reflect--
Small gestures of love and kindness,
Make you reach out with your heart
Conquering the sea of hopelessness.

Feel the beauty of being alive,
Do things for others and pray,
Never lose the zest and drive,
Let hope light your way!

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The magic montage of blue skies:
Wait for the silver lining,
Somewhere within the shrouds,
You'll find the sun rising!

Don't give up; don't give in,
From failures bounce back,
Let courage blossom deep within
Amid the major setback!!

GRATIS

Corona . . . Social Distancing

And I wonder . . .

By Anord Sichinsambwe

I am in my space
They have restricted my movement
Confining, red-taping me,
Confusing and taming me.

I wish it could be reversed but
There is nowhere to go
Where can I go?

Church closed
School closed
Bar closed
Life closed
Confined
Home open
Heart closed
Mind closed
Mouth open

Fear patrols the street.
As this monster does its work
But I aint afraid of this monster.
People, why are you afraid?

The Love Epidemic

By Xavier J. Frazer

I survive everything meant to destroy me,
Yet, you're the one I couldn't avoid,
Like a victim, ailing from COVID-19
I have quarantined this pain,
Isolating all these disoriented emotions,
Like David vs Goliath,
I had to fight your giant of a love.
Though it appears I have won this battle
It turns out I have lost the war,
You sold me a dream
Then delivered me a nightmare,
You've acquired a front-row seat to my suffering
Only thing remaining is my inevitable death.
And I can see the changes,
So much that I don't face myself in the mirror,
Being Stephano DiMera,
Our situation was young and restless.
I felt like Bo from days of our lives
I thought I would never lose Hope,
Being around you are the source of my strength
Of late it felt like you're kryptonite,
My weakness.
Fatigue taking over
I hallucinate on the hour,
It feels like I am being persecuted by an unjust love,
Tortured by a heart that gave you its trust.
And I am at war with my whole being
For nothing works in accordance with each other,
Now, the future I saw in your eyes,
As become this cursed reality I have to live by.
I wanted us to chase the stars together
Using their connection to lasso the moon,
I am left to watch them go up in flames.
I blame myself,
I shouldn't have given you more than your weight,
Now the burden is overbearing
And I am left in this miserable state.

Only You and Me

By Dr. Luzviminda G. Rivera

Tell Me?

How can I be still?

When the world is in chaos
people were slowly dying
to a health threat that is pandemic
Which cause is still unknown.

When countries with enough resources
and technology seems so futile
Brilliant scientists are on double time
to invent a dose for this unseen threat.

When front liners are risking their lives
medical doctors, nurses and health care assistants
fearlessly taking care of PUI's and PUM's
without enough Personal Protective Equipments.

When people are getting panic
to safeguard for their lives from
the pandemic threat and starvation
With time that is still unknown.

When the governments are
applying measures such as
locked down and social distancing but
people don't seem to care.

When everything is uncertain
and what tomorrow is ahead of us
Nobody can give assurance and
It seems hope is slowly fading.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

A voice from afar
Answered me:

My Child . . .

In everything there is a reason
The beautiful world I've once created
With its purpose to serve your God
Is now tainted with the love of power and greediness.

The battle of "who's more powerful"
in terms of resources, technology and weapons
is a never-ending quest for power and
My creations are losers in the end.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona at the Door of the Writer's House

By Othmen Mahdi

This time death was not selective
Arranges all names as sheep in a slaughterhouse
Then without asking them about their gender, race or class
Leaves them in the first mortuary intercepted
The world will change after Corona
Cotton and silk dreams put their heads on my pillow
It will become a metal that is not suitable for planting a rose
My feelings will become salty and tasteless
After the emotions stop flowing like a river
My old ideas are romantic and revolutionary
will dry up after the leftists resign
And the world is turning into an abhorrent capitalism.
I'll keep eating books like never before
Until the epidemic is over or the books are over
.....
Books don't end unless the world is over.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Pandemic

By Anna Nicole D. Velez

In a siege where the real oppressor leads with invisibility
With no full capacities to stand up and strike against the pandemic COVID-19
The promises of hope, devotion, and affection
Keeps us on the stream

Though we stand apart by a one- meter distance
Hearts never ceases to fight
Continues to run
Never shaken
Nor be fallen
By a pandemic that overshadows
The colors of lineages dreams of tomorrow

In every promotion
Imperilment is always next to the vision
Brainpower, strength, and courage
What makes our modern-day heroes
Stick on their missions

The warriors of today
Are born to fight
Willing to die
Ready to be wounded and scarred
The delicate forces they have
The face of injustices that comes
The transmission that multiplies
And the pandemic's power
They choose to disregard
Just to protect you and their Motherland

Treasure your health
Is what they preach
It's oftentimes the center of stories

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Be it in or out of our dwellings
But these long discussions
Always lead to one destination
High sensibility towards forgotten truths
Voices of the voiceless that speak
Vigilance on government's incompetence and injustices
Is what we see
What we hear
What we can get
And what we can access
On these trying times
Prudence is what we call nice
Staying awake is a must-have
In the next elections
Choose the leaders that will firmly stand for the people's rights
One who gives a service by heart
Never listen to false promises
Sugar-coated lies
And infecting ignorance's
Be ashamed with the power vested in your hands
Learn to vote responsibly
Give the crown to a leader who deserves to sit on a golden seat

Bidding Adieux, Sans Touch

By Ketaki Datta

Do not touch the banister,
Do not touch a man,
Do not touch your nose,
Don't . . . don't . . . don't touch!

Maintain a minimum distance
Of one meter from him
Who coughs and convulses
Under high fever and restlessness,
If it be your dear one,
Report him with the
Concerned cell.

They come to take him
Off, where none knows,
To the bourn of uncertainty –
On recovery, he may show up
At the turn of the road
Just at that point,
The van toting him
Recoiled to a dot and vanished.

If he met with the last hour,
He would never show up
Round the corner of the
dusty road,
Rather the distance will grow
For ages, for eons,
As a graveyard
Would swallow him
Behind your eyes, lady!

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Is it the grace of distance?
Is this social distancing?
Or letting people hide himself
From himself,
The near ones are just a façade,
An excuse, the man cheated on
Deliberately, many a time!

GRATIS

Corona . . . Social Distancing

My Corona Perspective

By Blaq Ice, aka De'Andre Hawthorne

Regarding this subject right here
I have a whole lot 2 say
The government already canceled March and April
And they're thinking about canceling May

Everything is on slow mo
All this during an election year no news coverage 4 Bernie or Joe
At nobody talking about the election no mo, Trump card

I've never seen a sitting President predict
That in the following week there is going 2 be a lot of deaths
It all feels like chemical warfare 2 me
Somebody went into a lab, created something and it went left

Same script, different movie
This is just another remake
Just like the movie Contagion, 28 Days Later
Quarantine and Outbreak

Every 2000 years or so
It's the same behavior
This happened during the birth of Moses and Jesus
Maybe they see something in the stars
Maybe it's time 4 a savior

And what started off in Wuhan China
Has now spread throughout the world moving the line of scrimmage
And when it was 1st reported in China it was an epidemic
28 days later it's a pandemic

And if it did start in the Wuhan food markets
With the Chinese eating things like bats
They could've prevented that by reading
Leviticus 11:19 God got a dietary law for that

Corona . . . Social Distancing

But check facts, there is a reason why blacks
Don't trust the news coming from these people
These same people sent small pox in blankets 2 native Americans
And at Tuskegee they injected 100 Black men with syphilis, pure evil, but we see U

Today the enemy ain't using guns
They are using chemistry
Not 2 mention that in Chicago, over 70 percent of COVID-19 fatalities
Look just like me

And U telling me that all this smart technology
Couldn't stop the economy from Falling 2 its knees
Seems like we're not so smart after all
Maybe we can learn something from some of these 3rd world countries

They ain't got no chemicals in their air
Or no led in their waters
No hormone injected foods
Maybe it's time 2 pray 2 the father

What is this really all about
Why is the president, The Governor and the Mayor of Chicago Lori Lightfoot
All telling me 2 stay in the house

And U better listen
U don't know what they are spraying in the air
Hell, U ain't never heard of Chemtrails

What are U doing outside
That U don't want me 2 see
And if we found out years from now
This turned out to be some type of conspiracy

It wouldn't be no surprised
We use to the government telling us lies
Event 201 Pandemic exercise

Corona . . . Social Distancing

And are U really looking for a cure
Y'all musty think we crazy
Why is it that every Herbalist come up dead
Rest In Peace Dr. Sabe

My condolences 2 all the families
But I want U 2 understand
That the Lord said, If my people, which are called by my name
Shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face
And turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven
And will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.

It still feels like a nightmare
What happened to the American dream
Exposure, Infection, 14 days Quarantine
This has been my perspective for the Corona Virus and Covid-19

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Be Happy, My Friend!

By Tianyu

On a warm afternoon,
I picked up a cup of coffee,
My free heart was full of the spring.
Always thinking about something, that photographs like landscape paintings,
Let me have too much good feelings.

In today's world,
Although there had been many disasters,
I always looked forward to the stars every day.
I always bly in that all the sad things,
Will only temporary obstacles,
I bly that once the sadness is gone,
It'll never appear in rings.

Life in now the world who hadn't had a difficult time?
But you can get through it if you're brave enough.
You needn't have to cry to win all the time,
Be happy my friend,
Just show me your smiles,
Let your loneliness be changed in my eyes' catching.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Take This Seriously

By Noreen Ann Snyder

Listen to me
this world is falling apart.
Coronavirus is deadly.
Stay away
isolate yourself.
Wash your hands
I repeat, wash your hands.
Take this seriously.
It's spreading rapidly
like a wild fire
going on a rampage
out of control.
No fun to be alone
isolating yourself from others!
Ain't it worth it?
Yes, oh, yes, it is!
So, let's be safe than sorry.
Come on, folks,
take this deadly disease seriously.
It's no joke!
Stay inside,
stay away from others.
Wash your hands
I repeat, wash your hands.
And most important of all,
get right with God,
ask Jesus into your heart.

Ask forgiveness of all your sins
and cleanse all your sins
with Jesus' precious blood
before it's too late.
Jesus is coming soon!
We just don't know when.
Please, please
take this seriously!

The Brave Child of Time

By Vijaya Bhamidi

For every brave child of Time,
Hesitant on the threshold of prime.
Go on flying, soaring higher again,
Knowing for sure, what's the bargain.

Use the oxygen mask on you first,
Then dance, sing to quench your thirst.
You are needed, alive and satiated.
By the caring, loving, afar situated.

Touch base and take the home run,
To revitalize and live each new turn.
Flow peacefully with renewed energy,
To grow with ever changing synergy.

Plenty to give and abundance to take,
Find reasons to wholesomely partake.
Spread your branches, on brave pursuits,
Standing tall, on supporting strong roots.

As Home is where your Heart is,
And Heart is where your Home is,
Be present, with loved ones all afar,
Holding door, to happy memories ajar.

So, for now, just hang in there,
It's all the same, no matter where.
It's time to virtually, lean on each other,
To talk and share, deep feelings with one another.

*This poem is for all our young ones, who have flown the nest in search of faraway greener pastures.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Virus

By Alicja Maria Kuberska

The virus in the crown began to rule the world.
Within a few days it changed reality.
It locked people in the cages
and gave the planet to nature.

Paris lost its charm.
The lovers disappeared from the tiny cafes.
The boulevards on the Seine are deserted
and the last love confessions passed.

Water in the Roman di Trev Fountain
rustles monotonously and quietly.
The splash of coins is no longer heard
- the time of dreams of a quick return is over.

Tired New York
dimmed advertising glows on skyscrapers.
The heart of city beats slower
and silence spread like fog along the streets.

On the Australian coast
ocean waves caress sandy beaches.
They blurred the last traces of human feet
but left birds' tracks and a few feathers.

There is no crowd at Mumbai markets.
The wind blew the smells from street kitchens.
There were not enough sellers and customers
- fear told them to hide in homes.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Mother Earth is resting.
She mended the ozone hole.
She repairs the losses made by humanity
and leaves a message for man.

“You are not my ruler, but a guest.
You can live in peace with me or leave.
The world will continue without you
- perfect in its beauty and harmony.”

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona

By Anthony Arnold

In the plains of Wuhan, it was born
Who was patient zero? No one knows
How did it start? No one knows
Does anyone know anything?

Yes. It kills

It doesn't discriminate
It kills with impunity
Black white Jew gentile
Young or old, male or female

Now stores are running on empty
Walmart, Sam's club
The local grocery stores
It doesn't matter

All their shelves are empty

Is there a cure? How long will this go on?
How many more have to die?
No one knows
And that's the scary part

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona's Speech ~ The Queen of the Globe

By *Olfa Philo Drid*

The promised year 2020 has finally come!
all of you are now on a preventive detention . . .

all your daily rounds and earthly concerns
are in an undetermined suspension . . .

whether you have a full or empty brain,
you all need a cleanup campaign . . .

whether a scholar, a daily worker or an insane
residing in mansions or sleeping under the rain
your (high or low) position in the hierarchy is now vain . . .

whether a Christian, Muslim, Buddhist or Jew
you're all guilty of being greedy and inhumane . . .

you're all on an equal footing and now subject to disdain
seems confusing?? No problem, I'll explain . . .

Come on guys!

every one of you shall review his evil deeds and repent
otherwise I'll come and cut the breath in your lungs . . .

the one who robbed, oppressed, kidnapped or lied . . .
& those who opted for apartheid . . .

the one with corruption and vices preoccupied
& those whose jobs and crowns are unjustified . . .

the ones whose diplomas and "chairs" are never certified
& those who nepotism and favoritism prioritized . . .

Corona . . . Social Distancing

the cunning, the betrayer, the adulterer
& the ones before the webcam with legs untied . . .

the ones who allowed envy in their hearts to reside
& their egos glorified and gratified . . .

the sorcerers whose terrible crimes can never be verified
& the gossipers who spread rumors worldwide . . .

the ones who enjoyed insults, blasphemes and obscenities
& whose filthy tongues have never tasted fluoride . . .

the ones who have mountains of money to hide
but never accepted Miss. Charity as a bride . . .

the corrupt, the fraudulent, the swindler
& the ones telling perjuries with such a pride . . .

the ones who used violence in their homes and outside
& mistook it for power unparalleled and justified . . .

those who cheat in measures and weights to put filthy money aside
& ruined their consumers with their disguised insecticide . . .

the ones who profit from their posts to harass the weak
& their insatiable desires and bellies deified . . .

who neglected and disgusted the poor and down-trodden
and their agonies ridiculed and intensified . . .

who used religion to reach high ranks even though unqualified
& those disobeying parents and their hearts ossified . . .

who blackmailed their citizens and their lands occupied:
killed and slaughtered thousands with weapons magnified . . .

Corona . . . Social Distancing

who brainwashed and orchestrated wars worldwide
or invisible viruses in labs developed and modified . . .

who used knowledge to make bombs, fill tombs and commit genocide
& who polluted the globe and shouted “We are freedom personified!”

who disbelieved and claimed “Lord is Dead!” with pride
mind you, God’s wrath may befall us but His Mercy is to none denied . . .

O guys! After all this, why are you still perplexed and terrified?
taste now this “detention”! you may get truths clarified . . .

all of you are now guilty and imprisoned with no exception worldwide!

still have arguments and pretexts??? No! No! you’re unjustified!!
what? some of you are angels and innocent from all crimes?!
sorry guys, didn’t you keep silent? this is a crime against humanity!
why didn’t you cry out loud? didn’t you withhold truths as if satisfied?
this makes you accomplices, even if you feel in the off-side . . .

Corona is not a terrorist! hey guys, don’t need to be horrified!
I have no weapons, no explosive belts, not even a biological bomb . . .

I’m not on earth for a premeditated homicide!
I am the voice of Justice . . . meant to invade your dormant hearts and minds . . .

I am your dead conscience, a mysterious messenger unspecified . . .
YES! The one (by writers, foretellers & filmmakers) prophesied . . .

I am one of the Divine’s soldiers . . . have you never heard of us?
if you pray and beg the All-Merciful bona fide,
I’ll get eclipsed step by step with no trace behind . . .

I have no shape, no smell, no color to be identified
but my power (like that of the All-Seeing Lord) cannot be visually testified . . .

Corona . . . Social Distancing

you made me laugh, believe me!
you look like ducks with your gloves and masks . . .

how weak is your faith and how shallow are your minds!
where is your ego? your arrogance? no longer dignified?!
where is your power? your political muscles? no longer ratified?!

have you really missed the world's hustle and bustle?
artists . . . celebrities . . . parties . . . football . . . and all those futilities?

Come on guys!
aren't you ashamed of your personas?
is Rihanna or the team of Barcelona more famous than me now Corona??!

all the news and channels are now talking about me . . .
magazines, newspapers and webpages are racing to contain me
doctors, experts and researchers are begging me to unveil my face
governments, princes and the army went crazy with my grace . . .

I travelled the whole world and arrested minds with my speed
oblivious to all your opposing beliefs, breeds and creeds
I stopped the clock of economy and made time bleed
when will you clean your inner garden from all the weeds?
when will you plant and care only for the fruitful seeds?
If only you had done that, your salvation would have been guaranteed . . .

now all the chapters of your life, you need to reread:
that of Morality is on the top if you want to succeed . . .
that of Hygiene, God's expectations, you need to exceed . . .
that of Touch, you must carefully heed . . .
that of the Family, you have to reconsider and proofread . . .
that of Money, you have to revise and think of those in need . . .
that of Time, learn to save and invest in fruitful acts indeed!

Why am I furious??

Corona . . . Social Distancing

well, your corruption has transgressed all bounds!
all the laws, oaths and rules you broke or put aside
even the laws of nature, you nullified!
crimes, you enjoyed & diversified!
morality, you silenced & crucified!
religions, you disremembered & belied!
prophets, you marginalized & derided!
God's Entity, you mocked & denied!

DAMN YOU! who's gonna stop you!
who's gonna resurrect your faith in your Creator?
who's gonna cleanse your hearts?
your families & parents, failed!
your schools & universities, failed!
your mosques & churches, failed!
your rulers & leaders, failed!
the mainstream mass media, failed & lied!

aren't you conscious that you -the human race,
with the brain gift, you were distinguished & fortified?
& over all other creatures, you were prioritized?

Alas, God's trust, you accepted but put aside
and with Lucifer (instead) allied . . .

when will you stop worshipping mere humans?
how come a sum of head, trunk and limbs is glorified?!!
football players, singers, actors, models, comedians . . .
and the list of trivial humans is unspecified . . .

why didn't you take doctors and scientists,
or researchers and inventors as a guide?
who stood on the frontline to fight against me?
who sacrificed his time and health to unearth me?
who offered his chest for illness and death,
while others behind walls holding their breath?

Corona . . . Social Distancing

why don't you listen to authors and poets too?
the ones who have mystical insights beyond your brain,
the ones who are often judged abnormal or insane . . .

Well,

forgive me right now . . .
I'm done with this "farewell speech"
I shall leave and die soon . . .

I hope you ceased to amplify your self-worth
& accepted this "pause for thought" ordained by Mother Earth . . .

and if you reshuffle your cards and restate your priorities and concerns,
you may deserve the coming relief and mirth . . .

Sorry again for locking you down in your homes
had no other choice to grab your attention
& reduce your hypertension . . .

had to deprive you of many divine gifts, you took for granted . . .
had to take some souls to scare you and force you to believe . . .
but don't feel depressed . . . no . . . no . . . don't grieve . . .

even the dead ones are for God deemed as martyrs . . .
you don't need to shed more tears . . .

Now . . .
your supplications and prayers reached the sky
and God now ordained me to tell you good bye . . .

time has come for me to quit the land I surprisingly occupied . . .

the floor is yours now to have your souls purified . . .

as if we were acting in those movies of Hollywood . . .
but its director (this time) is not Clint Eastwood . . .

Corona . . . Social Distancing

as if we lived together a collective nightmare . . .
and none on earth (whosoever) had I to spare . . .

that was Mother Nature's unleashed cry in the air
to freeze life on earth and about her care . . .

that was a global lesson to teach you how to be fair
& on the oath of Justice to solemnly swear . . .

to fathom that total (instead of smart) freedom is a snare
for in the absence of (human or Divine) Constraints,
the floor is left for chaos and despair . . .

that was the All-Seeing God's wink to peoples everywhere
to thank Him for the (disremembered) welfare . . .

that was a tangible proof to dissipate all doubts
about the Supreme Ruler in his Divine Chair . . .

don't be sad . . . relax now since you're totally aware . . .
yet make TRUTH your guide and always support and share . . .

be among those who are likely to transcend and bear
afflictions with patience and for spiritualities have a flair . . .

Corona . . . Social Distancing

In this next moment I will...

By Ashok K. Bhargava

start a new day
 a new dream
and walk into what I am
 an image of a giant bird
made of clouds
 in the skies.
I will wander explore
mountains, forests, rivers, seas
 and barren cities
 locked down so what.
Here I am not alone
I am with the hopes, feelings and anxieties
 held in layers
 tightly woven together.
Each moment
 new each time
eternally whatever
happens happens
yet we'll make it
through COVID social distancing
 journey through it
 together.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona Highlights

By Hayim Abramson

Ah! Corona is at the head of the queen of fears
quite rightly so with thousands of deaths.
Watch out for cough, sneezes, and surfaces,
but if you get it, God forbid, chances are you'll recover.

Get used to the idea that it can be around more than a year.
It won't help at all to persecute Oriental-origin persons.
What you need is to wash your hands and wear a mask,
stay home insofar as you can. What else do you want?

No need to get racist; it all began with a single bat,
but that's just a guess, right off the bat.
Over a billion students use the computer at home,
in a tug-of-war with parents in alternative job sites.

Besides the fire and smoke to deal with the problem,
see the consolation in all this grave desolation:
There is enough food meanwhile, and less pollution!
Even rivers show up clearer with more fish, a wonder!

This plague, too, shall pass. Yet nobody knows when
or how, or the extent of deaths.
For the past ten years we have heard of swine flu,
polio, Ebola, Zika, and Kivu Ebola besides corona.

You can't escape by flying; there are no flights!
How would you get back home from a foreign country?
Facilities and government offices curtailed everywhere
but, to cheer you up, a very small wedding costs much less.

Researchers are working feverishly towards a solution.
Breathe a bit more at ease, there is an open data base.
Thousands and thousands of investigations will make a hit
and we all will thank God for that, every bit!

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Borders

By Geeta Varma

It is freezing cold
The wind is against us
As we walk on the winding path
Up the mountain
Everything looks the same –
the earth, the humans, the buildings . . .
On both sides
Except the flags.

We reach the top,
the last point,
One foot over the barbed wire fence,
It is a different country
But we stop
There are soldiers with guns
On both sides
Borders are made.

We come down
There are people from both sides
Talking, selling wares, exchanging jokes
They serve us a meal
It is the same warmth,
Same friendly smiles
There are no soldiers here
Borders are certainly made.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

A Life-Changer

By Jaydeep Sarangi

You look far way, something in the past
for a bigger idea as a game of deceit.

You spend all the time
looking at the material
Until you find an image
that tells you everything.

A holy inspiration, power within
oozing out of lips, hard and sharp.

Breaking all false notions
slides of truth with strong muscles.

The raw Sun is blazing.
Words are riding on the lion faith.
After a dummy social distancing
life sketch is on wall of fame.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Walled-in

By Gita Bharath

Yesterday my life was
A circus:
Busy cars, blaring horns,
An overcrowded bus
Fun, movies, vacation trips,
Neon- lit bustle and fuss.

Today I wonder
What resources I have
When I barricade myself
When I'm forced to dwell
In my protective shell
In my virtual cell?
Old books to revisit that I've never outgrown
New books to browse through,
To download, to own,
Catching up with an old friend on the phone
Who's been distanced by routine
And long left alone.
Listening to music, sipping hot tea,
No commute, no deadlines
No alarm clock for me!

And yet, caped and masked
Busily at work are
Superheroes amongst us
Doctors, service providers
Battling the coronavirus!

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona Teaches

By Brindha Vinodh

My metaphors fade into shadows of the past
in these times of Corona,
blindfolded all these days by illusions
painted in colors bright
exacerbated by touches of deceptive hues
whereas in the myriad shades of jade,
the virus seemed to be lurking
waiting to attack from ambush
through chains of community
to teach lessons to humanity
in cocoons of wisdom and hygiene,
the hypocrisies of modern milieu
as the world boasts of artificial intelligence
whilst the aesthetics of Nature lost in ladders of greed.

Nature offers clues and cues of onslaught
to invite benign baskets of essence
in ethical realms of human compassion.

We Heal as One

By Zaldy Carreon De Leon, Jr.

Time disdain, of flaws, and the roughs,
Stars weakling light unto human eyes,
The fainting bliss in their hearts and stomach,

reaching not too far than their morrow's dream,
the singers were silent, but not anymore,
they brought their voices together in praise

of a God that should have run their mind,
but forgetful, forgetful, our hearts with time,
forgetting the beauty that has first landed

on our heart: until, shame caressed us,
and the air made some of us lame and dead,
the heat of your sun is not enough to forgive

the floating phantom whose claws is death.
Is this nature's flaw, or man-made, forgive
them for they do not know what they are doing.

Of Your name, O listen mighty One, we praise,
Sway away the air, burn trouble around,
Until not one of us may tremble, get wasted.

Time is old, but still new to us, keep our lives
bountiful again in the bliss of Your springs!
Silent yet the roads that were once so busy,

This curse of time, the woe of the day, afflicting
the kings and beggars, sinners and saints;
The sky's clear, and the flaws have to be untangled,

Worst of all, there may be nothing left,
but dreams and stuffs had to squander a while –
while the days are still here, and we breathe

Corona . . . Social Distancing

again the air that made angels fly from heaven
to earth. But until now, we're not sure where to go,
or fathom what. Give me no feet to transport

fear. But time has tried to keep itself alive,
But life seems to go off, dying like a rose,
Beautiful once – once and for all. Time
is nowhere to be found: nay, not in the sun;
nay, not in the moon; or among the stars,
but, surely, time disdained, flawed, and

rough . . . O mighty One, among the heavens,
we call unto you, kneeling down, we cried
for our children and our nation's fate.

Days and nights are numbered while we
were waiting for your golden ray of hope,
but long as we waited, the more we get

frustrated: what is to fathom? O this virus
of death! Slumbering our nation for a month
or two. Killing people that may never walk

the silent roads, to carry their dreams and
aspiration. We kneel, O mighty One,
We kneel until we knees bleed in prayers

Of hope. We live as one, or die as one?
Nay, mighty One, but we heal as one. This,
Listen to the sentiments of your people!

O Manila, do not cry, my country *Inang Bayan*,
There is tomorrow guiding our lights amidst
this oblivion and the dark, the curtain down,

Time disdain, of flaws, and the roughs,
O mighty One, cover our noses from this air,
Until our prayers reach You, we heal as one.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Death in a Battle (COVID-19)

By Iwu Jeff

At cockcrow,
death strayed the dragon's walls,
& flew in,
wearing masks,
of Kith & kin—
unchecked but cleared.

It became a gunman,
shooting sporadically,
killing thousands in cities
& marching forward for more . . .

Unannounced,
we became warriors,
fighting without arms—
a war of hygiene—
distancing souls & bodies.

Well equipped,
it started winning the battle
& like porcupines we paced,
all warriors confined indoors,
fighting now the wars of the stomach,
forgetting soon the monster
coming for our souls.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Quarantined

By *VenomM*

Wait one minute you mean to tell me there something
That makes the whole world take notice
So powerful to stop Wars from happening
More lethal than swine flu or the plague
Can kill or make sick millions of people who walk the earth
It can instill fear to stand next to a stranger
Because your life could be in danger as well as theirs.

The Government doesn't know what started it some say their,
The REAL cause of it NOT TRUE
People in mask walking around like robbers
So they won't catch the Corona Virus
Can't even give a description: Sir they all look the same to me hoodie mask and gloves.
People lining up to get inside of stores
But have to keep a 6 ft distance or you might be the next casualty
People can't even cough (cough cough) Wait a minute or sweat
Without people saying they got the RONA
Have you tried to go out for dinner nope can't do that either,
Just grab and go just to get a meal
Talk about the real "Meals on Wheels". Not funny
What's the deal schools shut down, kids and parents on quarantine lock down,
Stores shut down, I've never in my life time seen this go down.

Even amazon has to slow down. This stuff is so bad
You don't see cops on the streets for they are in fear of the RONA
Heard a message on the phone saying if we need to visit your home
We ask you to stand six feet or more from the tech what they heck
So, I guess we just gotta yell through the house to say what our problem is
You drive down the street some area's lost like ghost town
Stores are closed that normally have people shopping some have even boarded
The windows until there able to open back up
Unemployment is at all time high since we have to practice social distancing

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Can't go to parks, beach, clubs, barber shop, or even church
Women can't go get dolled up at the nail & Beauty salons
Because they closed people out here looking tore up

I'm just being honest

You know who needs all the prop in the entire world

The Nurses and doctors at the hospital who work endless amount of hours
To save those they can and perhaps getting sick themselves fighting something
They have no clue as to what to do. So, what are we to do? As we reside inside our
homes

Let me say this enjoy the time with your family, read a book, learn more about yourself,
Become more in tune with your mate and most of all protect yourself and others by
grabbing a MASK, some GLOVES and WASH YOUR HANDS

So the dreaded Corona Virus
Won't make you a victim.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Stay Inside

By Izza Fartmis

This is one of time's ironies indeed,
Out is a silent battlefield,
War between life and a ghost,
Wherever it wants it can coast,
Stay inside,
A sweet home's a warm cloth of pride,
It sounds hell, it smells bad outdoors,
Death doesn't rain, it pours
Inside's so cozy, more secure,
Together worries are easy to cure,
Stay inside,
And keep away from genocide
At home, there's care, there's harmony,
Together, you may attune a symphony
You can update its shaded notes,
You can soften, clear out your throats,
At home, the storm will abate,
There's your mind and heart to update,
You can grow flowers in every side,
But do stay inside!

Delusions

By Santosh Magazine

Laugh, kookaburra laugh, laugh;
this poem keeps ringing in my head
and I laugh and laugh. [I am no kookaburra though.]
But trapped inside the four walls of the house,
socially distanced from the rest of the world,
I might be deluded into thinking so.
Do you still sit in the old Gum tree?
Will you sing your song for me, Kookaburra, O?

Tell me O Narcissus, do you still bloom, untrammelled
under the clear, blue skies?
In the claustrophobic confines of my room,
my nerves are on edge; energy sapped, I am trapped.
Trapped. Isolated, furiously flapping my clipped wings.
My level of anxiety increases every moment.
Is there some glimmer of hope? O, Narcissus!

Yes, from my cloistered existence,
I have seen the peacock dance a spunky dance.
But, I am lost, totally!
"Lost your way in the snow, I suppose?"
as the Rat asks the two hedgehogs in *The Wind in the Willows*.
Yes Rat, I have, I have.
Is there some magic potion, some miracle waiting to unfold?
A flattening of the curve, when I too can plunge out of the house,
put on my dancing shoes, and dance with some verve?

But, before I once again break into a merry jig,
let me not be bogged down under waves of impatience.
Let me maintain that six feet of social distance to survival.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Land ahoy! I hear the victory cry, or is it just a case of tinnitus?
My ears shriek, my heart weeps, my eyes look around
frantically for chinks of hope,
as I desperately try to cope with a crisis, unprecedented .

As I lunge for the big, fat rat romping
within the four walls of our house,
I hear, I hear, that the curve is plunging,
and the azure blue of the sky is recovering itself
with a merry laugh, or is it?
May be, I am hallucinating,
but what does one do when trapped?

Silent Are the Streets

By H. W. Bryce

Silent are the streets
While pestilence rides
Upon his sturdy steed,
People huddled in their homes,
Imprisoned by a microbe, the tiniest,
Most powerful of enemies, sneaky,
Deadly.

The people remember the fright and the plight
Of the people in the War of the Worlds.

But while people may find hope
In the fact that the Martian intruders
Were brought down by a microbe,
Today a microbe is taking down *our* people,
In our beloved world. Fear is a deadly weapon.

Since then, the people have studied Mars
And found it perfectly safe, in space.

Those microbes have taught us how to
Fight. And while we were taken by surprise,
We will win this war. And like any war, we
will suffer losses and we will bury our dead.

We have learned much from that Martian Landing.
We can turn the microbe upon itself.

Klaatu will be pleased.
Perhaps he will allow Gort to unleash
His destructive powers upon our
Invading killer microbes. Just to
Cinch the deal and release our people.
People are dying to be released.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

And out of chaos, we shall arise, not only in hope
But in positive action, as collectively we rise.
To salvage the day, and from thence, we
Shall, triumphantly, with humility and properly
Chastised, live life better. Together. All.
Together.

We shall be led with better thoughts
To better deeds, to gather once again,
For we shall have learned to listen to:

THE WHISPER OF OUR SOULS.

We have learned to speak microbe.

We have learned to connect, while being driven
Apart like salt and pepper in vinegar. No darn
Microbe, virus or bacteria will ever drive us
Into our own separate compartments to live.
We are stronger than that.

We shall take back our silent streets.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona . . . of Human Civilization

By Ratan Ghosh

It seems the volcano erupting
In the planet of sins and sinners
Though it was a heavenly abode before the urban planers
The eerie of unknown uncertainties is engulfing the whole earth
Living in quarantine we are trying to fly away from this place of birth
Never looking into the facts and inhuman deeds
We are only shouting in time of crisis for safer earthly needs
Never knowing the sins we ever commit without sigh?
When the world is a heap of hatred, debris, explosions and mortal cry
Technology, technology and technology we need
Never do we try to control our greed
Flying in the realm of consumption we often forget to say
Earth is the only place where we can stay
Greedy and hungry breeds are gradually eroding its base
Diseases and mortal viruses appear with new phase
Praying to the unknown almighty we run for safer and a free earth
Never do we try to save its actual ecological parts
Death of eco balance is the death of human souls
Corona is nothing but the result of our insensitive roles
Let's save the silent friends to save our mortal earth
Who knows we may vanish from it before our birth

Miracles

By Chijioke Ogbuike

The miracle believe-able to humanity
is the one yet to happen
The more we aspire
The more we are stuck in the quest for this
The sum total of what we are not is summed up by Renes Descartes strange logic
'I think, therefore I am'
Which has now become what we are 'I have, therefore I am'
How many houses do you think you require to have an adequate shelter?
How many rooms in the house do you require to have a sound sleep?
How many security men do you require to know you are safe?
How many cars do you really need to satisfy your bug for movement?
How many women do you require as a man to fulfil your rampant libido?
Same also goes for women especially those who spout equality like a tap
whose control is faulty
Perhaps you even imagine you a star
Good luck to you when your over bloated ego begins to sag, as it certainly will
There is no sidestepping how what we acquire
Become what we justify ourselves that we require
Do we indeed?
And if we do, why is our world so unhappy?
Spiraling migrant cases
Domestic abuse
Spiking dislocation of family
Consistent rape of the environment
Increasing wars and threat of wars
The real reason is... the miracle we seek is here with us
But our ambitions are stuck in a paradise that will never become
In the midst of this abundance
There is also stark deprivation just standing by
Yet between this two, there is no common bridge
Through which one could cross to the other.
There is a sanctifying grace that comes with facing up with the truth
Yet the drabness of this reality flees the leg to embrace the glitter of make-believe
Where we accept those because we are accepted by those

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Where we give to them because we are given by them
If our charity is only open to those who are charitable to us, of what use is it to us?
The refrain 'what is truth is quite common'
For what our supposed enlightenment does is actually make us uneducated and ignorant
Every day a miracle is happening around us
But the noise of our illusion deprives us from hearing it beckon
There is a common gag imposed by culture
The gag of indifference
We continue to walk by transformational possibilities
In very much the same way we continue to bemoan the dearth of miraculous realities.
The world is currently grappling with this Chinese virus
Most government all over the world is going on lockdown as a checkmate
The flip side of this drama is that the syndrome of all fingers not being equal
is also playing out
Some folks will have stocked up enough for as long as this lock down lasts
While some folks will be looking up at the sky wondering where the next chow
will be coming from
Already organizations have begun downsizing
Even without being given a choice some have already become victims of the sacrifices
that has to be made.
This is the time for the manifestation of the extra ordinary
Or would you rather settle as usual for the ordinary?
The time for miracles is here with us

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona

By Omar Gadling AKA Brother O

My dear brothers and sisters
Due to the current coronavirus pandemic
All of my extracurricular activities and dating life until further notice
I'm under a mandatory stay at home order issued in the state of Indiana until the spread
of this modern-day plague is brought under control
Isaiah 26:20 declares: "Come, my people and enter into my chambers and place
yourselves under quarantine and go into your place of hiding for a period of time until
My anger has called down
Brothers and sisters, this coronavirus ain't no joke and will put you in the hospital for
several days or weeks or kill you or someone you know
Stay home unless you have to do essential travel

Technically, I'm in one of the high-risk groups due to my pre-existing medical conditions
If I happened to test positive for the coronavirus, I would be in the hospital for at least a
week and my recovery period would be at least 3 to 6 weeks
Worst case scenario: I would die if I didn't practice social distancing

At first, I was afraid of coming into contact with someone infected with the coronavirus
Afraid of never being able to ever go out again and being confined to home like an
inmate in jail or prison placed in solitary confinement
Afraid of never being able to connect with my friends and go out on dates with women
again
My first reaction "Why do I have to go through this again?"
Being isolated and quarantined for an extended period of time I was hospitalized
three times last year
And I didn't intend to go through that hell again

My dear brothers and sisters
As major sports leagues either postponed or cancelled their seasons
As March Madness and other tournaments were cancelled
As schools and colleges closed down as bars, restaurants, clubs, casinos
and other public places shut down
Social distancing became the norm
As gatherings were reduced in number or prohibited

Corona . . . Social Distancing

As most states issued stay at home or shelter in place orders
And as the numbers of cases and death spiked across the nation
I came to the realization that it wasn't worth risking my health and
gambling with my life
Therefore, I decided to stay home until further notice

“Brother O, how are you dealing with and handling the coronavirus pandemic?”

My dear brothers and sisters I'm taking it all in stride and dealing with this serious
medical crisis
I'm approaching it with the mentality of seeking the rainbow in the midst of this dark
cloud
I'm actually enjoying this extended season of rest

I'm spending more time with my family
Writing new poems every other day
Became a permanent co-host on Voices Behind The Pens
And beginning the process of selecting poems for my testimonial poetry book

The ironic thing about this situation
I'm learning more about myself and doing a lot of self-reflection
I'm learning new ways to communicate and stay connected with friends using technology
I'm still talking to several women
I'm spending more time reading the Bible along with prayer and meditation
I'm more appreciative of who and what I have in my life
And I'm in a great place in my life right now

Right now, I'm trusting in God to bring this coronavirus under control
Riding out this storm until it passed over our nation
And looking to resuming my activities in a matter of weeks or months

To close out this poem, I'll be quoting the 91st Psalm
Those who live in the shelter of the Most High will find rest in the shadows of the
Almighty
This I declare about the Lord He alone is my refuge, my place of safety
He is my God and I trust Him
For He alone will rescue you from every trap and protect from deadly disease

Corona . . . Social Distancing

He will cover you with His feathers
He will shelter you with His wings
His faithful promises are your armor and protection
Do not be afraid of the terrors of the night nor the arrow that flies in the day
Do not dread the disease that stalks in darkness nor the disaster that strikes in midday
Though a thousand fall at your side, though ten thousand are dying around you,
these evils will not touch you
Just open your eyes, and see how the wicked are punished
If you make the Lord your refuge
If you make the Most High your shelter, no evil will conquer you
No plague will come near your house
For He will order his angels to protect you wherever you go
They will hold you up with their hands so they won't even hurt your foot on a stone
You will trample upon lions and cobras
You will crush fierce lions and serpents under your feet
The Lord says, I will rescue those who love Me
I will protect those who trust in My name
When they call on Me, I will answer I will be them in trouble
I will rescue and honor them I will reward them with a long life and give them My
salvation

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Quarantine

By Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

I am quarantined with my love,
In four walls, for an unlimited time,
A place to be loved with my love,
No one is allowed to come or leave.

No hurrying, no rushing behind life,
Nothing needed to accept each other,
We are together, loving all the time,
Staying in the cozy nest of thoughts.

No fear of losing, no fear of loss,
We are born to stay together,
Accepted our forever quarantine,
Always inside each other's heart.

CORONA: The Greatest Divide

By Paramananda Mahanta

Stay Home stay away from Doom

Hello dear!
Wake up wake up
I am at the door
Calling you loud
And calling you long.
Wake up wake up
I can't go indoor
I had been in their country
Who are fighting with unseen misery.
Of death and disease
Of fear and seizure
For this unknown invader.

Hello dear!
I find her in my country
People are hiding
Quarantined and enveloped
To dodge her
From length she offers.
She is dancing everywhere
With her spreading venom
In her hidden form
Her extending arms
Pluck all lives
Within its span,
See she is like a fire
And men are lesser flies
Fall prey to her.

Hello dear!
Don't come out
Watch my clan

Corona . . . Social Distancing

She might stop my breath
As of many others
Rich and poor
Powerless or in power.
Moves in trains
Ships and planes
With men and women
Please stay home
Stay safe from doom.
Don't die like fools
Lacking grace and honour.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Social Distancing

By Eden Soriano Trinidad

We must all stay at home
the whole world is in a battlefield
with the invisible attacker
searching for human blood this butcher,

It's a must to avoid in any way
this world is in humungous trouble
bringing the proud to its knees

Instilling beautiful lessons
to Narcissus and Venus of this world
to liquids and the super riches
the Magna cums' and the Ph Ds';

No kings or queens in their grandeur
can claim they are the untouchables,
we have not seen anything like this before
conquering our civilization
not due to mass killings or nuclear bombings
but due to this unseen COVID-19.

“All its beauty is like the flower of the field
The grass withers, the flower fades
when the breath of the Lord blows in it:”

We only have but one life to live
I love you, stay at home
I love you I will stay away from you.

This is the only way
Don't live outlandishly.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona

By F. M. Ciocea

My dreams are born in the white country,
And sometimes in the blue country they are fulfilled,
Dripping longing in the clouds of heaven
The rain will spread to the land where
Our dreams are building crystal palaces.
Don't ask me how old i am;
People's hopes are not age
And not longing,
Nor love . . .
Looking at me in the morning in my white angel suit,
White, white,
You will think of the country where dreams die,
But dreams, my dears,
People's dreams never die;
They dissipate in the universe and sometimes,
A cosmic breeze warms the heart of the planet,
And the world is getting better
And the solitary souls vibrate
As one, in unison.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Tonight

By Joan Mc Nerney

I feel myself slipping away
into this dark hole.
Longing to sleep sleep
long deep sleep
through an endless night.
Slipping away through
wells of sorrow.

I remember bright
constellations shining
in their orbit. Now
there is nothing but
this bowl of blackness.
When did all the
stars collapse?

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona's Teaching

By Otteri Selvakumar

. . . What came tearing you ask,
But . . .
The questions seem
Logical that if the right
Reason corona had not properly lapse
Started this hand washing is

Why for centuries
We are taught that it's consequence of

Cholera, tuberculosis . . . swine flu . . . diarrhea . . . Hepatitis . . . and then other . . .
Infectious diseases
Faced lose have the thing
Now seemed far
It looks clean and there is nothing else . . .
But today's
Corona's teaching
So simply fine
Washing hands
Masking face
Anything Every where
Touch with "be careful . . ."

Remnants of the Nowadays

By Fahredin Shehu

The saddler in the front of his workshop
braids the smoke of heavy tobacco
 in a mildly hot summer day
observing the passengers
 with the cellphones and
 prolonged noses
on it, one may think they are
all Pinocchios crafted liars and
deceivers in an old city quarter
in its very heart of past occasions
pigeons flying over without fear.

There were flies on
the decayed fruit remnants
 on the pavement
thrown by careless pupils in
their procession toward the school.

A siren of berserk machine
 Warned.
Woke up all those who stood.
 there bewildered

Corona . . . Social Distancing

COVID-19

By Sayeed Abubakar

We all were running like machines;
Suddenly he came and said, "Stop."
Our mouths were talking much and fast;
Suddenly he came and said, "Stop."

Since then, everything has been stopped,
Everything silent.
The waters of intoxication
Have retreated to the black sea.
Tumult, uproar,
Procession, meeting,
The outcry of the aggressive
Bombing planes--
Nothing can be heard now.

Everything has been stopped.
Only awake is our heart, in which
There lies only the fear of ghostly death.
Our thirsty ears look for a tune, a song
Of rain and peace in the endangered air.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Sisyphus Would Smile

By Dr. Pragya Suman

The bacilli of Algerian Oran
laid in oblivion of ocean
has come in another way.
Trite of absurdism has gone
in a meandering vicious ray.
COVID-19 is spluttering the stone
of the staggering silly Sisyphus
Bacilli beaches are basking
in naked beauty of comely "Camus"
I know Sisyphus would smile again.

Dharavi Is Still a Dharavi

By Sudarsan Sahu

The biggest slum in Asia
Dharavi
Within Mumbai
the city of glamour, wealth and grandeur
perhaps we are proud of it
We arrange for trips of tourists
people take photographs
we educate our children about Dharavi
as if, it's a showpiece
of human civilization
an ideal piece of society

Dharavi!!
with an area of 2.1 square km only
gives home to 7 lakh people
around 3 lakh in each square km
where the alleys
allow only two persons to pass at a time
where sewerage drains come
overspill during rains
it is still perhaps an ideal
a living space, to boast upon

Dharavi!!
over the years
has raised it's own culture, economy
for survival of its people
where, industries, factories
of textiles, leather, pottery and many more
thrive in that 2.1 square km area
and life goes on
generating about 1 billion rupees
of annual turnover
and still,

Corona . . . Social Distancing

perhaps we don't have any duty
obligation to Dharavi
for perhaps, it's an ideal one
and, we feel proud to say
we have the biggest slum in Asia

Dharavi!!
pays the biggest price always
during epidemics
the Plague in 1896
killed half of its population
and now, perhaps
it's the turn of Corona
fear and anxiety hovers around
for the largest crowd in the world
that permanently dwells
in a space, even not enough
for free breathing of everyone
hygiene, sanitation are big questions
when we campaign for
Swachh Bharat
is it not the high time
we should think
even after 73 years of independence
Why??
Dharavi, is still a Dharavi



Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Messenger

By John Eliot

410am. I'm not looking for someone awake.
Just saw you there. Don't really know you. We met.
I found you a bit cold. My wife tells me you are warm, kind.
Maybe it was just me. A bit full of himself. The poet.
Concert, signed a lot of books.
The warmth and beauty of the small Italian town.
Now we are both awake. Frightened, I expect.
Guns and terrorist belong somewhere else.
Soldiers defend us then. Us against them.
Bombs happen to someone else. We watch in horror.
But this. We lie in our separate beds.
In the dark. Waiting. The air we breathe may be deadly.
For me. For you. For the ones we love.
There is no reply. Are you the next victim?

Eleven Is an Even Number: The COVID-19 Chronicles

By Alan Summers

different windows
the movement of the sun
around confinement

house arrest
the plague runner
enters our breath

friendly cat
its owners become
the front line

street applause
we recognize our heroes
are nurses under fire

birthday cards
in their protective casing
the evening shudders

blinkered sun
two meters translated
in wrong numbers

night zoning
streetlights pick out
the sputum

Easter Quarantine
the daylight sparkles across
yet another nail

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Easter Sunday
I fill another hollow
with antiseptic

Easter Internment
moonlight carries a warning
across my backyard

new day rising—
I spread the butter
and talk to my egg

GRATELS

The Virus Terrorizes

By Tyran Prizren Spahiu

We are sensible, weak
what will happen to us today, tomorrow
behind the shutters we breathe in self-arrest
news terrorize, what's going on in this beautiful world?

The castle cage welcomes us
being willingly arrested
never ending threats of microbe
boundlessly scares us, being suffocates.

Mankind is defeated
advanced techniques suffer extreme violence
medicine, eh medicine brought us back to the Middle Ages
isolation, fear at glassy people has found shelter.

It will pass, the victims will be forgotten
time will bring calm after the storm
families will be built, multiplied
at the home table smile will return.

Tomorrow, tomorrow we will run after the money
hurry to get the crates refilled
how quickly days of the cockroach criminal will be forgotten
how simple we are, simpler than the corona virus itself.

In front, nature will dispel all magic
sunset brings the desired breeze
the garden will be full of chrysanthemums, violets that adorn the surroundings
we see nothing, nor this beauty, our eyes are amputated.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Luminescence

By Thryaksha Ashok Garla

Your feet pad softly against the tile of your floor,
As you make your way from the couch to your bed,
Another day passed by scenes flitting away,
As you watched the dance of the clock hands.
So much like the scenes in the movies,
With the routines and breakfasts being skipped,
The soul-less monotony that doesn't shape the character,
The lacklustre parts no one wants to see.
The four walls around you your only scenery,
The ceiling your only pretty blue sky,
Your skin itching for a breath of fresh air,
Your taste buds begging for an adventure.
You look into the depths of the mirror in front of you,
As your empty eyes blink back lazily at you,
Missing their bright spark because they miss the sun,
The luminescence of the neon dulling their glint.
But the smallest swell of pride wells in you,
For today, you saved so many by staying home,
You didn't empty aisles of their goods, unfair,
Today, you saved lives. Yours and so many others'.

Dharavi, Asia's No.1 Slum-Area

By Sangeeta Sharma

The government says, 'Social Distancing'
But what will the poor do?
They do not have the luxury
Of private bathrooms
How do they maintain hygiene?
For daily ablutions
They use soiled public toilets
That too not for free
The major cause
Of the spread of COVID-19
In slum areas
For workers who are jobless
And penniless
Survival is on donated
One meal a day
For the family
No soaps so no wash
How will they pay for a bath?
Bathless, days and weeks in a row
In sweltering heat
And scalding tenements
Crushed under debt
They are constantly
Under pressure of the bullying landlords
Who demand rent
The most vulnerable
In COVID-19 scenario
Is the poor who borrows debts
Has no means to repay
And ultimately
Fall prey
Due to malnourishment,
And
Visit to these high-risk zones
The filthy slum-toilets.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Since the Virus

By Antonia Valaire

Since the virus
It is like time stopped
It is like nothing else matters
We could do nothing
Think and feel nothing, but virus.

Since the virus we were told to wear mask
Should I take off the one I am already wearing?
Since the virus we could not go outside
A curfew and embargo on Human interaction
Could not be seen after 8pm, sharp
You could end up in jail for 12 months or pay a fine of a \$1million dollars
Or you could end up in a state of panic, dead, in Montego Bay,
19-year-old Carmichael Dawkins,
Self-isolation was too much, you could jump off a building in New York,
Suffering from mental illness, bipolar, 34, name withheld.

Since the virus
A sneeze that welcomed, God bless you!
Became a death sentence, a farmer almost beaten to death, Westmoreland,
38-year-old, Garnet Blair
Since the virus cough and sneeze was now classified as a biological weapon
Since the virus
Many slept because of how tired they were from the many aches of their bones
Some had to keep working because we needed them essentially
Like sacrificial lambs
Doctors, Teachers, Grocery stores....

Since the virus we could not but stay in
Forced beyond our will
Extroverted, hell became a reality
Introverted, dreams came alive.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Since the virus I could not hug or kiss Sister Hook at church
No more than 20 people gathering at the same time and space
Failed to follow would be against Disaster risk management order
It could land you behind bars.

Since the virus hand washing became a mantra
Sanitizers and disinfectants became a scarce commodity
Nervousness and panic bought all toilet papers off the shelves
Since the virus
The elderly was all we cared about
Since the virus we now know that online learning could work
Stay home and flexible hour's was not a millennials betrayal to traditional
It was one of many ways
Only if we gave it shot.

Since the virus
There was no cure
Vaccines was push
And AFRICA declared itself not a testing ground
Since the virus USA Soared and scored beyond the origin
And we all got scared as it became very real for us
WHO praised my little island for swift governance and
Preparedness with its meager resources
Cuban Doctors deployed all over
As the pandemic ravished our world
Like a reminder of 1918, swine flu
That cause us to stop and think
As the world began to heal during our calamity
We could not continue with the Rape of the world, Tracy Chapman.

Since the virus it was a test of our faith in our fate
Many who did not even care of a God
All of sudden wanted prayers
Wanted a word
Since the virus
We were all too distracted and our political leaders tried to pass laws
NIDS.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Since the virus more love showed on
Tik Tok, Instagram, Twitter, Facebook and WhatsApp
We have never felt so connected in a disconnected way
Information shared all day
Ever second of every minute and of every hour
Some were false and malicious
Others, Political propaganda
Some were label conspiracy theories as we grapple with reality
It became too much for some
So, they made hilarious videos to ease our minds
Some played games
Others talked on Facebook live and YouTube
It was judgement
Revelation was coming to past
The beast and 666; or was it depopulation
Or world domination in disguise
Biological warfare
We all lost, LIVES
Innocent people
Supermarkets became empty shelves
The streets so empty only the animals roamed
Social distancing was enforced
Only for a privilege few could afford
Since the virus France scored in domestic abuse
Quarantined left the most vulnerable in despair
Since the virus starvation continued and who cared?
Jasmine Dean, visually impaired student from UWI, disappeared before the virus
It was a nationwide cry, a man hut
She became a small problem since the virus
Since the virus people could not sleep or cope
Since the virus people realized the effectiveness or non-effectiveness of their leaders
Since the virus,
People stayed Home; Kathleen O' Mara; Kitty O'Mara?

Corona . . . Social Distancing

give up the glory

By Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

evil amped up
lies don't stop
ignorance galore
wealth, power, lust
their lord
but even so
mercies poured from
bottomless cup
nobody deserves
but mercy abounds
even though the recipient
often to proud
to give thanks aloud
maker don't stop
knows what we know
not
so, he wakes us up
mercy full stop
could be to shed light
sending microorganisms
in flight
up, down all around
invisible
thief in the night
taking lives incredible
cutting through butter
with hot knife
leaders, nations can't stop it
if maker says "Be"
it's popping
nothing can stop him
so dem hurt own souls
brought wrath down
it don't play around
wanna bet?
you ain't seen nothing yet

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Summer

By Aneek Chatterjee

When first cries from Wuhan
crossed the Great Wall,
don't know why,
I was reminded of Gustav Klimt
& his painting 'Death and Life',
where death on the left patiently
watching the celebration of life.
What a celebration this had been:
celebration of life
in all possible colors . . .
Mothers holding aloft
new born babies,
men & women embracing
the joy of life.
Death with an ugly skull
on the shoulder, watching
& waiting patiently for his
turn, which he knew
would surely come

When a lady was put on ventilator
in Bergamo, the signals from the machine
reverberated around the world
doctors, nurses & policemen,
ordinary citizens plunged again
for saving life and humanity

When the ugly skull laughed
took away some,
more & more came out of the
clutches of death

Corona . . . Social Distancing

after four months, when I know
with certainty that recoveries outnumbered
death, I was reminded of a laborious work
of Pieter Brueghel, the Younger,
his 'Spring',
which showed a community
joining hands to prepare the soil, plant seeds
& readying the livestock for summer
in a lovely & lively village

I'm now waiting for the summer,
patiently.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

An Error?

By Rahim Karim

Why did the coronavirus spread so quickly around the world?

Probably, our mistake was that every country,
instantly returned to his homeland his citizens,
infected with this insidious virus abroad.

Apparently, it would have been more prudent to leave them there for the time
when they stuck to this terrible disease.

And the countries could help their sick compatriots remotely, until their full recovery.

Or each country took responsibility for itself:

to take care of the sick, not to look at what
citizen of which country this patient is.

So we probably won this faster

A global pandemic.

Or the decision had to be taken by the citizens themselves:

to stay there for a while, where they got sick.

Little ones, the sick returned exactly there,
where they were born and registered.

Themselves, we helped ourselves
this disease is spreading all over the world.

That is, with the help of their own planes
brought the virus in its own home,

exposing the dangers of all your people, all of Humanity.

Now, unfortunately, the whole world suffers from this disease.

We ourselves have turned the epidemic into a pandemic.

Usually when cleaning rooms, dirt is collected in one heap,
and do not spread the dust on the entire premises.

Humanity has brought its diversity.

Damn . . . But this is my personal point of view.

The Invisible Enemy

By Dragan Dragojlovic

Standing on the terrace,
Awaiting my sweetheart's arrival.
I look along the street -
to one side and to the other.
The time of his arrival is long overdue.
I stand and wait,
the coffee's turned cold, the ice cream's melted.
I keep looking at one
and then at the other side of the street,
and hear someone saying
that a mysterious and invisible enemy
has occupied the whole city.
On television, the speaker is talking
about the corona virus.
I do not know what that means.
The street is deserted, there are no people,
no laughter, no joy.

Throughout the city, an invisible enemy
Has been erecting its tents,
above our houses it raises its flags
that flutter towards the sky.

Empty Nesting with the Pandemic

By Debbi Brody

The hound howls and our
one outdoor light turns
the orange lid
of the bird feeder neon.

In the backyard, remembering
the times you met me in Bangkok, in Santiago,
places I never would have gone
had you not been waiting.

We, not confined, not longing
for adventure but keeping
ears wide open for unusual
cries, chirps and singing in
our neighborhood as we review
the adventure of 42 years
with joined hearts,
leaping in and out of fire.

The City ~ Mexico

By Josep Juárez

In this city it rains hopelessness
It rains fear
It rains inside the houses.
While the streets are deserted
Drop by drop inside the houses
Rivers that crash at the gates
The water wants to come out
People who don't rain anymore
It rains, it rains fear
And the water runs down my waist
People look out the window
The sky is blue and sometimes they sing
And other times they are sad
Like the birds in their cages
We lock ourselves
We create a monster
That now has us in cages
But the sky is blue
And you'll see our wings again
and like a little bird
My soul sings in the morning

A Carnival of Death

By Kairat Duissenov Parman

Today the whole world
In evening moves to and yearns the carnival,
And puts on masks that everyone choses for himself.
But it is not a dance in which you can have fun,
It is a torment for thousands of people arranged by Satan.

The world seems to go out for a dance
With covering of the mask on the faces.
It is not the dance that twists and raises the mood,
It is a chance to fall under the yoke of enemy.

All have come to this carnival,
All people young people are older, poor and wealthy,
But it's the evening sans clear in love,
We are not sure whether we shall escape the chasing death.

The world today seems to fall in asleep,
Death plays havoc with fate,
And winks at everyone mischievously,
We barely get rid of the yoke of Satan,
The fellow beings leave the world piteously.

The coffins are not led by the procession,
Neither dirges are sung nor are obsequies performed
Them bodes covered with suits like spacesuits,
Big cities towns and villages are close in quarantine,
The plague has created a breach between hope and faith,
And hiding in masks we hope
They will protect us all, from the impending death.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

O! My poor people,
May God grant you the carnival safe
And may the plague pass like a nightmare
Without damaging human life, you always hope for the best,
Share your sentiment in the carnival
And do not wait for the death,
Do not for fear, enjoy the time you have henceforth
By putting on masks only for the sake of humanity.

Translated by the author, edited by Muhammad Shanazar.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Priced Voice

By Ahila

'Brinjals are fresh, come and pick'
Vendor shouted in meek through his mask
Good old market is not like this
Vegetables and fruits, stacked, bulked
And sold up to evening, but now
Queued and slowed, no quick money also

'Keep Queue, Keep Distance
Two meters, two meters . . .',
He shouted aloud smelling a policeman

One woman after the other stands in a line
Four men walked in with giggling spirit
Flocked in front the shop, roving back and forth
No queues, no distancing, no masks
His mind pulses the quick money, muttered,
'Quick men, Quick women
Pick up quick and give the money.'

'Don't pick up the virus from the crowd
Remind that elders and children are in the house'
Harsher as a charred roti, his wife's words
Shouted through his veins and tendons

'Keep queue Men, Keep queue Ladies
Two meters, two meters . . .'
He raised his voice
Priced to the pandemic.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

COVID-19

By Himasri Barman

The road is so dark
And the black colour plays something with me
It is trying to draw something
Yes, I am able to understand it
Drawing has shown many live pictures
People are suffering
Heart is crying for losing their favourite people
They are living like a tree without its leaves
They are bearing pain of losing the leaves & Branches of life
Its look like a barren heart
My heart is full of tears and crying loudly for them
I wish I could be near them
To hold their hands
I wish I could wipe their tears
I wish I could share pain of their heart
I wish I could say even if situation if unbearable
I am with you
I wish I could draw a smile in their face
But still
I can do one thing for them
That is, I pray to god for making them so strong
I know I can't hold their hands
But still I believe in god and True love
And at the end it will help them to feel inner pleasure

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Until Tomorrow

By Lilla Latus

today the air is contagiously
bad

all letters sent to the hearty address
are coming back to me

even time
is running away

and as far back as
yesterday

life made sense with
my hands

tomorrow . . .

tomorrow
is the most beautiful
day of the week

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Globalization Has Fallen . . . for Good

By Mandour Saleh Hikel

Globalization has fallen
Political globalization
In Corona test
The result is positive
Politically confirmed
Political globalization has fallen
Has gone for good
The day that corona virus
Detected the truth
THE TRUTH OF THE FAKE GLOBALIZATION
Just slogans
Rotten policy has fallen down
Along with politicians
Emperors and poles of policy
They care about nothing
But their own interests
Keeping their countries isolated . . . (FOR SAFETY . . . THEY CLAIMED)
Leaving the rest of the world . . .
IN HELL
But . . . from the womb of suffering
A new globalization was born
Real globalization
Where peoples of the world
Are united
In face of the virulent virus
Releasing their sincere feelings
Beautiful human feelings
Removing the fake borders
Among the peoples of the world
With their hearts turned to God
In supplication and prayer
Doctrines and religions

Corona . . . Social Distancing

ARE ALL . . . UNITED IN ONE
And so, were all . . .
Languages and tongues
In such a great confidence
That God will help them...
On the malignant Corona virus
AMEN

GRATIS

The Tule Fog

By Manisha Joshi

Just as the sun rises and disappears
Behind the tall city landmarks
They live and hide, out in the open
In this provincial city of San Francisco.
No, they do not own homes
But they claim the streets of this city
Just as the tule fog settles low to the ground.

Some days you only get to see
The tip of the Golden Gate Bridge
Underneath the blanket of rolling fog
Some days you only see the dirty toes
Popping out from the rugged sleeping bags
Of these homeless souls, fast asleep on a street.

An indifferent fog gatherers new momentum
Their faces not memorable yet picturesque
Stay with me like those artistic murals
Adorning the walls of the Mission District.
They wander in the alleyways
While the city cleans pavements.
Littering on the streets is not allowed
But the littering of life is.
Wide awake at night
They witness all petty crimes
And drunk in the morning
They ignore the office goers.

The streets of San Francisco
Smell of their sperm but the tourists walk by
Mesmerized in a magnificent city.
Soon the homeless will be shifted
To an underground colony of the invisibles
And there will be nothing left on the streets
But the tule fog.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

No Title

By Diego Bello

A handhold to the flow of emptiness

along the plank wall.

The thirst of absent leaves

in the light.

Dethronement

By Eliza Segiet

Between people
the enemy circles.
Haphazardly he aims at his target.

Young, old, a woman, a man,
all the same!
It's not about gender, or age.

Quantity, quantity!
To him it's of utmost importance.
To tilt the numbers on the scale to
his side
– the more, the merrier.

To spite the aggressor,
people
dressed in *cosmonaut* suits

– to the microscopic
enemy, they say:
stop!
They don't allow the killing.

Human wisdom
dethrones the crowned.

Translated by Ula de B

Reclusion

By Dilip Mohapatra

The death of the dawn
lamented in the breath of the flautist
that dies in the cacophony
of the morning birds
who feel no longer threatened
the dark walls of my bedroom
gaining gold in slow motion
through the ominous
cumulonimbus
of the virulent virus
as I lie on my back
on the lumpy mattress
that I am used to
my eyes wide open staring
at the residues of my dreams dissolving
in the chiaroscuro
of the shadows of the window bars
fanned out on a glamour less ceiling.

The dreams that I chased
once upon a time
the dreams which sometimes eluded me
sometimes goaded me
and played hide and seek with me sometimes
the dreams which pulled me
out of the doldrums
shook me off my reverie
made me run
made me sweat and toil
to climb the hills
and scale the peaks
are almost gone
swallowed by the black hole
of insomnia

Corona . . . Social Distancing

and I sweep my vacant gaze
unto the window for a glimpse
of the rising sun
that gives me the slip
and chooses another path
and another time.

I have a long day ahead
and my to do list is still full
even in the confines of my cell
I got to get up
and peel off my images from the mirror
sit in the lotus pose
to reflect and contemplate
and prepare the blueprint
to sweep off my shadows from the pavement
and to wipe off my footprints
from the wet sands
and all the traces that could
prove my existence
and then fade into
eternal anonymity
and lose myself in the mass
unrecognizable
unidentifiable.

Just another face in the crowd
with or without
the mask that had
grown on me over the weeks
and perhaps there would be no need
to maintain any prescribed gap
for then the finite would
lose its identity in the infinite
and that would be
the final cosmic osmosis.

The Lady and the Lamp

By Pratishtha Pandya

Mother places a tiny lamp next to the tulsi in the balcony. She has been doing it every evening from the time I can remember. Now past 70, feet and hands unsteady with Parkinson's, mind hallucinated, she thinks her lamp looks dark. Other balconies in the apartment seem all lit up for Diwali. Is it Diwali today? She wonders. Her memory is no longer to be trusted. But now it is all dark again, darker than before. She hears chants that seem familiar; some sound like the Gayatri Mantra. Or was that the Hanuman Chalisa? Did someone just say 'Pakistan Murdabad'?

She looks at the starless sky and shudders. Suddenly, she hears voices in her head, and they are driving her insane. Voices warning her about Muslim bakers selling contaminated bread. Voices asking her to boycott Muslim vegetable vendors spitting to spread disease. Voices asking her to light lamps of unity. Voices of hungry stomachs growling on the roads to nowhere. Faint voices of scriptures of love and kindness. Voices of dark winds blowing away her lamp. She feels dizzy, wants to go back to her bed, but it is too dark to walk back. She struggles to light her lamp with her unsteady fingers, one more time . . .

A dark lamp
I only lit a tiny little lamp
and it got pitch-dark!
How come?
How quietly it was hiding
till now
in that little corner of the house
and now this *tandava**dance
in front of my eyes and
all around!
I had confined it
to the basement
all the way down
with threats and warnings.
Had placed weights
of cast iron shame
on its head
to stop it from conspiring.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

had gagged its mouth
Had even remembered
to latch the door
on its face.
How did it break loose?
What about the barriers?
How does this darkness roam
shameless and naked?
Infiltrating tiny, hazy
love flames
it turns all light
dark, black,
poisonous red,
vicious, and bloody.
Light that once was
warm, yellow, and bright.
Who moved the weights
from its head?
Who opened the latch?
Who pulled the gag out
to unleash its tongue?
Who would have known
lighting a lamp
would be unleashing
the dark?

* *tandava* is a vigorous, divine form of dance performed by the Hindu god Shiva and often associated with destruction.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Don't Take It Lightly

By Willie (*THE AUTHOR*) Jones

Woke up this morning cleaned myself and prepared for my daily routine,
As I fixed my coffee, I hit the remote and was devastated by what I seen.

There were bodied stacked and piled like sandbags trying to hold back flooding waters,
Grandparents mothers and fathers sons and daughters.

By the sight I would have bet it to be another mass shooting but I was wrong,
Walked closer towards the tv increasing the volume to hear what was going on.

The news reporter said body count up to 800 I was numbed by what he said,
But the second part of his report was even more numbing instead.

So many lives extinguished at one time is something I've never seen,
But I was more confused when they said the killer name . . . was COVID-19.

Finish preparing for work out the door
In the car and as I travel up the road,
The thought of what was happening was about to send my mind into overload.

Refocusing on the road as I shook myself out of such a confusing mind set,
I started to pray for all the deceased and their family not knowing about the news that I
was about to get.

Notification alert on my phone for a message I had received,
As I read it, I couldn't breathe cause these words I couldn't believe.

A message from my mom wasn't the regular routine saying I love you,
It was a message that my cousin Robert was in the hospital with this virus now what am I
to do.

All the way to work I prayed and at work couldn't focus,
But kept praying that the Heavenly Father would deal with Satan for playing this dirty
joke on us.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Made it through a couple days still holding my faith that God would hold his hand.
The entire family is praying in hopes of us seeing him again.

Few days later while I was asleep after praying for God to hold his hand,
I awoke to the news that God had other plans.

It angered and hurt me, I yelled out you're taking everyone that I love,
Then I fell to my knees and asked for forgiveness, what in the world was I thinking of?

He had forgiven me before my knees touched the ground,
He knows my heart and out of humanly pain my guards were down.

I started praying out loud I never meant to question you father... I was just weakened by
pain,
And the love for my lost cuz was clogging my brain.

I could feel it in my heart and deep in my soul,
That though it was tragic to me... God was still in control.

So, for everyone dealing with this virus please don't take it as a light understand me?
Cause it comes like a thief in the night
and you never know when your night could be.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Corona Virus Lockdown

By Sahaj Sabharwal

The most necessary step taken in the whole town,
To prevent Corona Virus, is the lockdown.

It is for our own good,
To stop Corona Virus, Governments of different countries took steps
to the extent they could.

COVID-19 emerges as a big threat,
Having symptoms as dry cough, high fever and shortness of breath.

The best way is to self-isolate,
No doubt, remaining at home only, everyone hates.
The precautionary steps, we need to concentrate,
To keep this fatal virus out of our gate.

Some people take Corona Virus as a source of laughter,
Doing nothing but being a hafter.
Making memes and jokes on it, thereafter,
But only one person, in form of God, save patients, as a doctor.

During such a long lockdown everyone gets bored,
While some careless and unlettered people being untutored,
Use unfair means to go out and all precautions, they just ignored,
Due to them only, number of Corona patients get high scored.

As no one has any alternative,
During lockdown, could not meet friend or relative.

Some people get to know their hidden talent and do something creative,
While other search vacancies and ways to get rid of this virus
with respect to their nation, being native.

Following every advice of the concerned authorities and experts carefully,
Then, it is guaranteed that there will be no problem as such balefully.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Good and Evil

By Sridevi Selvaraj

There is a time when smoke
Hides the earth from sun.

The sun does not worry
About this modern fact.

It knows the rains will
Soon absorb the smoke.

The rain takes over
Takes charge of situation.

The smog simply disappears
Gets back to where it belongs.

This cycle keeps repeating
The earth will tackle it.

Humanity has the will
To live on and conquer.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Sheltering in Place

By Loretta 'Firekeeper' Hawkins

We are sheltering in place and it is only by God's grace
that we who live, have thus far survived a global apocalypse.

Earth has survived the ultimate hurt of sumanis, fires, earthquakes, storms of dirt,
and myriad seasons of turbulent hardships.

But we humans have always found a way to survive another earthly day,
fueled by hope, our families and loving friendships.

So, we shelter into place - our homes become our safety base
While outside – the planet silently, yet thoroughly unzips.

We are confined within our homes. Outside - the silent killer roams,
unable to destroy or kill our precious human kinships.

We struggle to stay cognitively sane, as our lives dwell in dread mundane,
as the world outside swirls in geopolitics.

Separate, but connected by the internet, we shelter in our place,
thanking God, we have food and inside space, where each of us falls on our knees,
praise God and desperately and quietly worships.

This serial killer travels through the air, invisible and silently it dares to inflict upon
our species extreme and seemingly total dominance.

We shall stay sheltered in our place, thanking God for His mercy and Grace,
as we strive to defeat plaques, catastrophes, or a ubiquitous apocalypse.

Untitled

By Steve C. Sikora

A flood of varied emotions
Instilled when surroundings and habitation
Suddenly becomes threatened;
Shaken from the structure of its foundation
Until its contents are in disarray of panic,
Pan demonic uncertainty,
The universe placed in massive crisis,
This heart and this brain is filled with reactions
Which I cannot conceal from within
And therefore, must be revealed in print.

Long before, I have confronted growing pollution
Spread carelessly by mankind's excess
Until its grey haze of grime
Had tainted each street which I've traveled.
In deep concern and disdain,
I had foreseen and interpreted
A warning which nobody has heard.
If their poisoning of the environment had continued,
A moment would arrive in the mere future
Where the air, once healthy, would be contaminated
As communities would be confined
Behind protective oxygen masks.
Therefore, the joy of fragile faces
Once beaming with innocence,
Would soon be forced into extinction.

At the moment, this model of thought
Was condemned to be morbid and deranged.
Once, the prediction in my mind's eyes
Others had considered it a sickness.
Before, I had been the grim reaper's forgotten son.
Today, I respond with no laughter
At my past's impending vision.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Before this world's powers,
Self-proclaiming to be,
Had presented a threatening pandemic,
Daily routines redundantly maintained
For those reliant on accessible excess;
Imprisoned in their luxuries,
Serene in the confinements
Of their vehicles office boxes and cellular phones.
Whilst others crept freely from their safety spaces,
Some had spent quality time socializing with friends;
Celebrating love for another shaking hands,
Spreading smiles and embracing in hugs;
Whether the mind were drunken or sober
The act of cherishing can never be denied.

Today, a flu-like virus,
Contrived from a distant land sickened with disease,
Had spread around the atmosphere
Like a filmy layer of parasitic organisms
Lingering over the earth.
Similar to any contagious illness,
The mist is invisible from sight
Yet it's transmitted by one simple touch
Or through the tiniest release of breath.

Though the effects are described worse than a common cold
And more life-threatening than pneumonia,
The demons of the media;
The wicked geniuses that specialize
In brainwashing the public's consciousness,
Had sought a grand opportunity
To fabricate a medical epidemic
And build a wave of filth and germs
Into an induced cloudy mass of asbestos.
The devil's advocate reporters with pens paper and camera
Witness the demise of sickened victims
And predict in the newspapers and the television screens,
'Armageddon is in the air.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Doomsday is attacking all around
Like activated chemical bombs randomly strewn about.'
The media hounds had created a story
Sinister enough to resemble a science fiction horror movie come to life.
'Do not breathe in the fog which cannot be seen.'

'Bolt lock the windows and doors of your happy homes
And hide in your shelter from the outside world.'
The fear machine demands and like cattle, we obey.
The angel of death had spilt its venom across the land;
Doom and gloom repossesses human lives.
'The end of all we have known has arrived
And we need not to perish to witness damnation after all.'
'The smiles are all gone; love is now exterminated.
No human embraces;
Friendly handshakes are now forbidden.
For, we shall certainly risk our lives
If we dare reach out to another's lonely cries.'
Satan's dream of a world without harmony,
And without unity, has been granted.
Humanity's new mission is to protect only ourselves
With no more concern for anybody else.
If the judgement day were truly present upon the creator's race,
There would be repenting forgiveness for self-serving ways.
Instead, many are taught to shrivel in fear
Waiting to exit into their captive graves.

I do not subscribe to fear.
Instead, I feel outrage and anger.
I am angry because my fellows had chosen
To believe the apocalypse had dawned its grip of demise
Because the media had finally manipulated their minds
To believe their world's ending had been reached.
Mostly, I am angered
Noticing mankind had lost faith
That a loving spirit above shall provide their hearts with strength
To overcome and once more shall arise.

The Blight That United Us

By Bob McNeil

With the legs of a thief, the plague came,
And victims from the living spectrum
Fell into a feverish vacuum,
Rivaling the fires of a crematorium
As the strangling pain of suffocation
Wrung their lungs.

With the legs of a thief, the plague came,
Giving us the obsessiveness
Howard Hughes knew
By stealing our option to go ungloved,
By stealing our partiality to be unmasked,
By imprisoning us in paranoia
Behind physical and emotional bars,
It split our hearts into many sad parts.

With the legs of a thief, the plague came.
For that time, there were pleas to something divine.
Every sphere of the atmosphere could hear
Petitions for salvation.

With the legs of a thief, the plague came.
Nonetheless, many blest the first responders
And hospital workers
Who were stationed in adversity-drenched trenches,
Who were providing the tests and giving medicine
When certain politicians only shared a lot of wind
From their chins.

With the legs of a thief, the plague came,
And people spoke of the pandemic in the past tense,
Waiting for a time hence
Where there is no scourge,
And less viral lives will emerge.

Waiting for a Better Tomorrow

By Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

You are the soldier
You are the general
The battle is yours
So also victory and defeat
Means and end
The end is to come out of
The unacceptable present
With the coronavirus searching for
Human flesh in streets and lanes
The end is a better tomorrow
When the fear of coronavirus will be no more
The means is to stay home
Reduce your needs to the minimum
Live with whatever available
And never cry for more

Forget not
Our system has limits
If we stretch it beyond
It will collapse
When the system will collapse
We will be nowhere
It is our sacred duty to see that
Our system does not come under stress
Let us be with our system
Whatever may be the situation
Listen to its voice
For the sake of ourselves, our state,
Country and humanity
We have to stay inside

When survival is at stake
Nothing, absolutely nothing matters
You are to remain alive and let others

Corona . . . Social Distancing

If you love yourself, love your family
Your father, mother and grandfather
And the world around
Never go outside, be with your loved ones
Let the coronavirus
Starve In our lonely streets
Struggle for its survival in deserted lanes
And die without getting human cells to prey
We can live with
A minimum of food and other amenities
But we will not allow coronavirus to feed on us
We cannot meekly surrender
Before a virus
We are made for bigger things
With the victory and defeat
In our hands
Let us stay inside and patiently wait
For that glorious tomorrow
When we will come out from our quarantine
And self-imposed exile
An exile from all that mattered till now
To bask under the golden sun

Corona . . . Social Distancing

A Deadly Virus

By Louise Hudon

Many people are dying
From this virus that is spreading
My beloved universe
Has been tormented since this winter.

People dying of all ages
In all the villages
This global pandemic
Very hard on the mind.

Our elders departing quickly
Alone and without visitors
Receiving no love letters
This only saddens me.

Armed with a glimmer of hope
For this story will end
From the lasting chaos
Too many souls will be lost.

Universal prayer
From my mourning violin
People are dying everyday
We need to continue to pray.

Cities without food
Without written words
The virus infecting them
It truly is malevolent.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

When I Spit

By Kevin A. Boens

When I spit my energy goes so hard- it can be mistaken for being mean,
I spit Christ like blood verses that eradicates viruses like COVID-19,
I bleed Faith,
So, no need for a band aid because my whole body is covered by blood,
My words are so blessed that viruses run for cover like animals headed for Noah's ark
during the flood,
I could care less about how things look according to the media or how it may seem,
Hebrews 11:1 tells us that "FAITH IS THE SUBSTANCE OF THINGS HOPE FOR
AND THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN",
I have A CHRIST-LIKE MIND,
So, I think supernatural thoughts,
This peace that I have that surpasses all understanding came with a price-it had to be
bought,
When Jesus died and laid down his life giving up the ghost,
I am an heir and joint heir with Christ so I'm proud to boast,
So, when I spit,
I spit line upon line,
Because God has not given us the spirit of fear but of Love, and of Power and of a Sound
Mind,
When I spit- I don't give off a disease but,
When I spit,
I spit verses that hopefully cause a sinner to drop his or her knees,
Pray and accept Jesus Christ,
To be their personal Lord and Savior so they may inherit eternal life,
When I spit!
My voice sounds like thunder or some may say Dynamite,
When I spit, I refuse to lay down but rather stand and fight,
When I spit my words gives life to a dead state of mind,
When I spit my words open the eyes of the blind,
When I spit!
I spit rhymes that will last to the end of time,
When I spit!
I spit words of confidence,

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Knowing that according to Isaiah 54:17 No weapon formed against me shall prosper,
Which means not even COVID-19,
Can stop this young man now a minister who grew up in the streets of Cabrini Green,
Because I have already placed the blood of the lamb across the sides and top post of my
door,
The Lord said in Exodus 12:13 that when he sees the blood, the death angel
will Passover my head,
It's cool to operate by faith but, according to James 2:26 "Faith without works is dead".
Stop being afraid because the media is saying it's a strain of the flu we've never seen
before,
It was man-made,
So, open the word of God and toss out scriptures like hand grenades,
While wearing your face mask and having sanitized hands,
This pestilence that we see now,
Was always apart of God's plan,
When Adam and Eve sinned in the garden,
They brought death into this world upon all men but,
Don't fear!
The Bible says no one's knows the time nor the hour,
So, stop acting like this is end of days,
When I spit!
I spit words of praise,
So, no matter what comes my way I won't be moved,
I won't be phased,
When I spit!
I spit verses about a God who can save all Nations,
Because what I spit is only about us receiving our "SALVATION" when I spit.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

They Play Hide and Seek, Or the Peekaboo Game

By Ibrahim Honjo

The land has opened its doors to the innocent
I breathe in the gentleness of death and sowing heavy sighs
I cannot ignore this boiling moment
In which the invisible riders of the apocalypse are sowing death
On the planet and take their tribute
To the luxuriant greed

Someone was spreading a virus around the Earth called corona
It sprouts like mushrooms after rain on the planet
Rulers worried and perfidiously unskilled, they are going around in circles
It is known in whose house the virus was born
And how it came into the world
It is not a product of evolution, nor is it a gift from God
It has a father and a mother, and it is conceived for a reason

Fear and silence are on the planet and we are only talking about corona
It extinguishes all life, as slowly as a fire in a fireplace
Someone is secretly summing big profits somewhere
Hunger and poverty are knocking on our doors
We were slaves and we will be even bigger ones
It seems to me, or I just may be dreaming

Do not fear my dear people, and do not sink into black thoughts
There is still hope for new awakenings and victories
This is just the game of invisible rulers
Standing with one foot deep into the grave
Everything is skillfully created, that man does not believe anything
I wash my hands of everything and carry my burden
I wonder what is hiding behind the hill

Dancing in Isolation

By Tom Higgins

On the first weekend of the lockdown
Music began to be heard
From balconies and windowsills everywhere,
The sounds of varied cultures emerged.
From back gardens in towns and cities,
From country cottages and flats above shops
Eclectic choices of people's favourites boomed out loud
From hard rock, through to hip hop.
In Darlington, Dave danced with Doreen
To the music they knew from their teens
They rocked and they rolled as if going for gold
If you love music you know what it means.
In Nottingham, Neil danced with Norman
To their favourite tunes from the Petshop Boys,
They danced in tune together
Surrounded by the growing noise
Of music from the flat next door
And flats above and below
And this was just the beginning
No one knew how big it might grow.
In Manchester, Mark was headbanging with Mary
Black Sabbath were warning of doom
Whilst down the street twirling frocks and sliding feet
Moved Northern Soul into the room.
In London, Lance danced with Laretta
They swayed to a Bob Marley song
That reggae which held them together
And helped them to keep getting along.
Yes, dancing together in isolation
Now there is a contradiction in terms
Two people moving to the tunes they love
Safely sheltered from any viruses or germs.

The Plague

By Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

In the midst of this plague,
The ones who are well
Are those who are walking dead,
More than the ill
Waiting for their healing.
The ones who bear witnesses
Are forced to lock themselves up
Fear gripping their veins.

As the Plague of the New Millennia
Creates a global frenzy
I, who do not fear death
Feel pity on those who might be dying out of being scared
Than those ailing ones fighting for their lives.

Most absorb themselves on their plight
Being selfish instead of being selfless
Wishing to go to heaven
And yet don't want to die alone-
Heaps of coffins in line
To make it to the crematorium
But yet the undead are already burning themselves in
Their self-inflicted hell
Blaming each other
Continuously stoning hurtful words
Instead of becoming compassionate.
When all this madness finally ceases,
Will the Earth ever go back to what it
Once was?
Or should the plague teach us a lesson,
That we should carry from now on
For there's a grand reason
Behind everything that happens.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

We Haven't Lost Yet

By Norbert Góra

increase,
the cuckoo of every hour
goes out for the soul
that left the body,
but on the front,
soldier helmets were put on
by nurses, doctors and paramedics,
glory to the everyday heroes.

Humanity wades
through the ocean of tears,
salt burns open wounds,
faith is the light that
illuminates the darkness of doubt,
like colorful butterflies
we will fly away,
on the wings of hope
far from this hell.

The State of the Global Village

By Supratik Sen

We are in the anteroom
in a castle we knew as world,
playing out perhaps the last act
of a drama; men, women, children
all at once engaged
as the sleepwalking Grouch,
cleaning the dirty hands;
caregivers are failing,
so are the perfumes of Arabia
to wash the scarlet guilt away.

What a spell has fallen upon us,
that we are outwitted
by an invisible,
so-far-invincible virus.

The historian inside
trembles to paint
the grim picture in words,
of how an invisible petite germ
failing the intelligence
of the unprepared
disabled, challenged world
that has successfully cracked
into the outer space.

News, tracking the countless
figures falling as flies,
as though keeping the scores
of a horrendous Olympic game,
every continent, losing lives,
liquidating businesses;
putting work to an abysmal
standstill; lockdown, the sole remedy

Corona . . . Social Distancing

to this pandemic peril,
confinement, the only prescription
waiting for the underestimated
enemy to perish. Everyone is jobless
except for the relentless, indefatigable,
resilient doctors and nurses.
Realization that too much greed
is of no use, other than the futile
effort of getting rid of the guilt;
globalization was merely to
grow and develop, uniting the world
was never the business, a concern
it ignored the decay, the screech
of the tonsured world; deglobalization
that the world's facing now
could finally unite humans with humans.

On witnessing the countless procession of hearse,
perhaps the stage is tired of wars;
disunities, differences might wither from within,
soul-searching might very well begin;
a new way of thinking might emerge
old and failed methods, purged;
global citizenry will perhaps concur to win;
world, a waiting room, tired of losing,
now, in the last act, eagerly washing
its hands of all the erstwhile, countless sins.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Viral Destruction

By JoAnn Smith

Like a thief in the night COVID-19 unfolded
Struck like lightening
Setting the world on fire

This invisible threat will not let up
Its disaster in motion
Spreading like wildfire
A Growing inferno

Who would have thought a sneeze or cough
would cause existential destruction
It's taking the old and robbing the young
No one's immune

Please don't sneeze

Raw hands from washing
Overwhelmed with news don't know what to believe
We all suspect, look around
PPE, N95 and plastic gloves is designer wear

This diabolical menace has tightened its grip
Look what it's done
Pain and despair
Schools are closed
Ghost towns developing
Unemployed soared
52 footers turned in to morgues

Is 6ft enough

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Keep your distance
Forget a high five
Don't need a hug
A simple nod will suffice

Was it constructed?
It does not matter
We must fight and unite
Address the threat
Maintain resilience
And stay at home

GRATIS

Corona . . . Social Distancing

A Strong Spell

By Sujata Dash

A strong spell of dread and fear
has tightened up grip on body and core
normal life and living have been challenged
thrown out of gear

Blooms wither blossoms fade
comfort is put on hold
threat has all say

Roads are vacant
social distancing per se is prevalent
masks have performed their role with elan
no soul exhibits contour
the truth is both scary and blatant

We belong to society and to us . . .
the society belongs
isolation has told upon our psyche as such
life remains boring and devoid of interest
no exuberance in this so-called house arrest

Yet, we ought not falter
nor should we fret and fume
this offer to be with kith and kin
we need to renew and sing paeans of yore

Perhaps, this is the time granted to each of us
to read comprehend and introspect
keep God in our prayers...
wish the best for all on this earth
win Almighty's belief and trust.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

COVID-19

for Ruth K.

By Chad Norman

I sneak outside
during the virus invasion
to privately witness
vigilance comes
in the form of
a wee purple crocus
poking out of
our morning snowfall.

The Living Will of a Dead Lover

By Hong Ngoc Chau

The love story is so beautiful but tragic
Commonly, we're predestined a love romantic
We will go to a happy marriage as thinking
We failed as meeting the scene of mourning

We don't work for the same company
We've loved three years so far, you see
Having promised to get married at large
The wedding will be held in the West in March

He's still been in Wuhan city, China
Working as an informatics engineer
For a fashion exports company, I like
We meet every day on WeChat website

Hearing news Wuhan spread the virus
I received his message sent me as such
"I get a cough, my body at high temperature
I'm worried to be infected with COVID-19 as ever"

I scolded him to say unlucky things a little
Wuhan has over tens of millions of people
Not easy for you to be infected so quickly
I comfort, reassure but I'm also not happy

I wish for safety, it is my true attitude
I'm waiting for his news every minute
Bad Luck, I pray, please, don't fall down
On an honest person who loses faith now

In the sad afternoon, on WeChat talking
I received news he went to the hospital for testing
Got an order number but he couldn't enter at all
I asked: "Why didn't you go to another hospital?"

Corona . . . Social Distancing

He sighed: “Everywhere is the same, oh, Lord!
Lots of people in fever are patiently waiting for
Most hospitals are full of patients at present
It is hard to be cured as our hope or consent.”

“How are you, my darling? On the whole
My body is tired, the stomach is abnormal
I feel nausea, cough, fever, chest pain
Symptoms of pneumonia have I gained.”

I thought he must be infected by Virus
I worried to find the means or way, thus
Helping him to be diagnosed with his disease?
I asked my friend's husband to help quickly

Helping him to be diagnosed on the whole
My friend's husband worked at a private hospital
So, he refused to receive anyone of fever
Many patients are waiting for him to take care

My heart in pain, but I didn't discourage
He really needed me I couldn't quit
My impatience made me choke the throat
I rushed to book a ticket, able to approach

At midnight they canceled the trip of visiting
They ordered to blockade Wuhan that morning
The pandemic spread overcame my imagination
Then I didn't know who could help me in action?

I called a video chat to meet him
So close, why couldn't I touch him?
Warm arms were full of longing
I couldn't hear the sweet-talking

He was lying, covered with a blue blanket
He tightly hugged a teddy bear I gave indeed
Near the bed on a cabinet was a lot of medicine
“Call your company right away, have you seen?”

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Or local managers, ask them to help some
Sending someone to visit you at home.”
He was bored, shaking his head lazily
“Not okay! They don't have only me

“Many infected people are in critical condition
Need to help right away with their urgent action
Busy with difficulty under great pressure
I can still go, it's my temporary pleasure

Many patients are in critical calamity
The pandemic spread fast, unexpectedly
People in the whole town are in panic
They can't deal with the pandemic.”

He felt better the next day if I could behold
I thought he might only catch a little cold
But being so scared I was constantly crying
All the street was full of corpses stinking

He said: “Peace of mind, don't worry
Oh, at this moment, my wife is ugly!”
With tearful eyes, I smiled wryly for fun
His comfort words don't make me fun

Temporarily not thinking of instability
A few days passed over quietly slowly
Urgently, he called me on WeChat website
The voice was slack, painful, and tired

He said, “Darling, promise me
I said this with all my sincerity
Obey me, don't cry, don't be sad to panic
Our unlucky fate, you must be optimistic.”

“If I can't be with you to step forward
To accomplish being engaged with each other
This life we can't finish our wedding
We have to postpone, is it such thinking?”

Corona . . . Social Distancing

“Although our dream of marriage is broken
I still want you to get happiness golden
So, I have some words on my will paper
Remember to hand it to your future lover

For sure, your future lover will read it
He'll change my role as a groom to create
A little bit of the dowry I leave for you
You feel free to use it later, it is true

Curious I opened the will file
When reading my heart seemed died
My heart seemed broken into pieces
My tears wet the phone screen soulless

“As soon as you read this will document
I congratulate you to be her boyfriend
Winning my girlfriend's heart, great
I'm not jealous when you're talented

The following is my secret confide
There is some important advice
Certainly, you remember to remind
She is a bit stubborn sometimes

You tolerate her unconditionally
As her protector, you should be ready
To protect her all the life, not to blame
Vestibular pain, her anxiety has such a name

You should not be easy to talk miscellaneous
I gently rub her forehead if she's unconscious
I make her feel asleep, after her sound sleep
She wakes up in the fresh mood, all pain relieves

This is the method of Eastern medicine
I've learned it, you have to trust in
She still has another defect more or less
I've tried to help her fix her wrongness

Corona . . . Social Distancing

But I can have no more occasion
I leave this task to you for action
She is a film addict at night
She loses the concept of time

She watches film until 3 early morning
With a tired body, then she goes sleeping
This is bad behavior to harm health, you see
Sleeping time is not enough to rest, obviously

Try to help her to fix, you love her
When two of you are life partners
There's a lot of obstacles in love naturally
I wish two of you have a good sympathy

To respect, tolerate each other, you understand
I don't know where is your native land
Where is the place you will earn a living
What I remind you is not a big thing

But it is rather important to note, I hope
You need to know-how is a true love
As deep as my love I've given her as ever
I want to thank you a lot to care for her

Since you substitute me to care indeed
I wish both of you run good business
You're happier and happier with children
If missing me, at my grave, burn incense

At the lower part of the document file
He wrote to me his last words for my plight
“Here is my name, bank account, and password
That is a property for your dowry, so I word

It values \$100.000 Chinese currency
It is the save of my working money
All my life I love only you – my honey
You deserve to inherit all my money.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Such a Therapist

By Tali Cohen Shabtai

I play games in my mind – behind papers never
Written about the tired person I am –

She's trying to praise my grief
On papers gone to early retirement
On shelves of book stores
Where the bourgeois are the first clients to borrow
The fairy tale that's posted in Friday's edition of a
Leftist Magazine

She's trying to decorate me with
A lower analogy of R.I.P. poets
Who produced the best comedies
Of their life
By blank papers and faked orgasm
And ending
As their own hangmen

But She, She must be warned! It's a static position!

“A woman who gets lost,
Lost
In translation”
Will never be tested twice
Not in this scenario

The Heart Still Dwells in Your Eyes

By Elena S. Eyheremendy

The Heart still dwells in your eyes,
while night is falling
and, almost tenderly,
keeps bending my back.

Some kind tongues say
that we will soon be out of this dark corridor:
I am certain that then, once again,
only Love will be the Resurrected.

Although my grief,
that stubborn irreversible enemy,
still persists and in the dusk
casts a shadow over my vigil.

Perhaps, tomorrow, when the storm, ever stronger,
calms down, and the Heart still dwells in your Eyes,
the Sky will again draw
a fresh Blue line on my pillow.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The World Will Survive!

By S. Pathmanathan (Sopa)

With March 18 came
the new Commandment
“Stay away from each other
Maintain social distancing
At least three meters!”
The new injunction
Is enforced strictly
Continuous curfew
for months on end
Those who venture out
are flogged
their vehicles seized

A Muslim couple had adopted
A Hindu girl
Showered all their love an her
Conversion was never in their minds
The girl blossomed into a beautiful lass
The foster parents found
a handsome young man
Yes, a Hindu

A solemn marriage ensued
The Muslim father gave away
his foster daughter
to the Hindu groom

To me this is the silver lining
on the dark Corona cloud
So long as there are liberals
like the Muslim couple
in a world swayed
by fanatics
I shout from the rooftop:
“Not everything is lost
Don’t despair
The world will survive!”

Super Doc-Super Star

By Milagros Sefair

Where are the flying heroes
that were to save the world?
Where did they fly to when the sky got dark?
And suddenly other heroes appeared
Anonymous . . . without Superegos or Superconceit
Everywhere like angels, in flocks . . .
they came into action with the hands of a dove
and like Christ they gave their lives for others.

Will the children dress up in white smocks?
Like they did with so many false Super heroes.
Will they draw on their breasts the M for Medicine?
. . . There is an army of heroes, they are parading now
through today's pages. And they are the same
who raised their voices asking for their rights

Do you hear them now?!
Do you see them now? You see them!!!
They are a white army without cloaks
Only armed with a spotless smock
and their sleeplessness . . . Yes. Their sleeplessness!
Carrying the load of death
. . . And of life.

The Insomnia of Unreason

By George Kurian

Where can I sit in peace? The tumbrel rolls.
My mind is drawn to images that I
Have seen in films or felt in powerful words
That shaped my ideas of catastrophe.

Today the educated world has run
Past ignorance to panic and to fear
Because the enemy who has a name
Cannot be seen. His killing power is clear.

Announced as numbers in the Western press
And easily grasped by India's elite crowd
The noise of digits and the lengths of bars
That are so clear they fill the gaping void
Of our own doubts. They have the power to sculpt
The fears of those who bask in privilege –
The leverage of wealth, achievement's cult-
Their tutored training, without power or edge,
Of simple reasoning.

My simple friend who has not been to school,
He has no fears. There are no deaths inside
His village or among his relatives. He is no fool.
So why should he get carried on this tide
Of caricatured angst?

He sleeps quite well each night

The Corona Warriors

By Saroj Mahobe

Life was a jocund play for all,
Stable was peace and harmony,
Until a pandemic roared in, with
a demonic prance, unhurdled,
rocking with a crave of gluttony,
Its seeds sown in China,
till the weed webbed the globe,
with its thorny, killing clutches,
slowly stuffed, bit by bit,
till the corpses multiplied,
from hundreds to thousands and even more,
the globe tremored with pain and
the shrieks of departing souls.
The fear of death and desolation,
spared neither the rich nor the poor,
nay refrained the young nor the old.
It gluttoned men like a hunter-lion,
no place for coffins to bury, left.
The demonic dance of death,
shattered off every human soul.
The pandemic virus; arrogant, crazed
a hearty welcome, to step into homes,
tempted by warm hand-shakes
and arms stretched out for a tight hug.
It stayed till you panted to breathe,
Then strangled your breath
to a mourning, peaceful silence.
The only ways to get rid-off
and win over it, are few.
It needs our firm determination,
our consciousness and self-loyalty.
It says to wash hands again and again,
where the virus thrives most,
not to shake hands to welcome home,

Corona . . . Social Distancing

friends, guests, relatives whom we love,
not to be a part of the rustling crowd,
but be apart, to save our being, from
the unholy, invisible prey, that hunted
human lives, haunted human souls,
we need to cover our sneezes with a hanky,
lest the virus burst open into the air,
The doctors striving, the nurses spending,
sleepless nights, serving victims,
the police marching up and down,
each road and street, square and corner,
In rains, under the sun, soiling their uniforms,
day and night, parceling food-stuff,
to the empty bellies, protecting their lives,
from the brutal pandemic deaths,
People sprinting, like war-soldiers,
to serve humanity with love and gratitude,
showing their patriotic fervour.
The unity that reigns,
every Indian heart and soul,
The entire nation appears like a garland
of fragrant and colourful flowers,
woven in an unbreakable string of love,
patience, faith and brotherhood,
to fight against the invisible killer virus,
that hailed from a far-off land,
to curb us physically, to demoralize,
our faith and moral strength.
We, being proud to be an Indian,
give a hearty salute to every Indian,
who are serving, who are fighting, sacrificing . . .
and who will ultimately embrace victory against,
'THE PANDEMIC CORONA FIGHT'

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Triumphant

By Dr. Varanasi Ramabrahmam

Rivers get cleaned
And air gets purified
During lockdown

Families live together
Unnecessary spending
Is stopped; so is unnecessary travel
During lockdown

Economy of course
Nose dives!

Nations that care for
The health of their citizens
Announced lockdown early and are
Enforcing it religiously

Nations that care for
The health of their economy
Have and are delaying
The announcement and enforcement
Of lockdown;

Nation's culture, civilized history
Determine the priorities of
The executive;

Money; and human lives,
Their welfare, well-being
And health together; are weighed
And pitted against each other

Money won in some countries
Saving of citizens' lives won in some
Other countries;

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Man and money are
At an eternal clash
With each other;

Always it is concern
For human welfare
And well-being
That triumphs

GRATIS

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Rebirth

By Dr. Adyasha Das

This time round,
The spring in my hometown
Came with a colour all its own
The world shrouded with just one grey canopy,
No barriers of distance, language or race
The universal canopy of fear
An unexplained, undiagnosed corona-ridden fear

In this utter helplessness, I have lived your life
And you are reliving my apprehensions
From the empty piazzas of Italy
To deserted Chinese pagodas
The silent temples of India, deserted roads of New York
Intimately connected in this distancing from each other.

A look back at the moments of glory
Of a world happy and gay
A global village of connections and networking
Now, only the saga of grief, anxiety all around
The finality of death, in numbers abound
All equal in the queue for death

Pour the balm of medication on tired minds
The belief of an ardent prayer for this world home of ours
Give us the green of forests, the smiles of innocent faces
The wealth of health, a longing of the soul
For we have trespassed, endure we must
Instill in us undying faith

These moments will be history,
This present will be past
The invisible enemy will retract its path
This too shall pass.
This too shall pass.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Puppet Show

By Stephanie Elaine Brown

You run and speed flocking the shops buying all you can eat
From this shelf of greed decorated with lies
Dismissing all you have seen
History does repeat itself
Yet you fall in the trap every time

Stocking up all you want, yet you bought
nothing that you need
Just another pawn in their game of chess
They sit and laugh “watch the masses,
my slaves
My devoted asses”

Quarantine has you confined like that kid that was last seen
Sole wickedness on that child but you ran with arms opened
to be raped in body and mind
Yet you do not see it's the same masters
Who priced you for their selfish gain

No more whips and chains
Just biochemical gimmicks to fuck up your brain
That has been washed with cocaine, cigarettes and medical weed
Don't you see?
How they groomed you
Raised and produced you
Lost souls to doom
This virus maybe the killer but many of you have already been dead

Dead in your soul
Dead in your purpose
Dead to the tricks being played on you
Dead to your history

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Have you ever wondered who you truly are?
Did you ever think of buying books instead of all that food?
I see you my people focusing on your flesh
Yet your spirit is weak
Chaos and panic have you at their mercy
The coming of the Lord doesn't give you this fear
Answer this question: Who really controls you?

The Symphony

By Kamala Wijeratne

The roads are silenced
The endless lines of motor cars are stopped
The angry toots of trishaws are gone
And the lumbering of lorries stopped
The cacophony is no more

But the symphony has begun
Hidden in the green canopies
Seated unseen in green alcoves
Not as usual, row upon row
But as they pleased
In ones and twos and groups
They begin the symphony

The first movement is the drumming
By the Babblers,
Then the cellos softly played by Minivets
Overtone by the shrill harps of Honey Suckers,

Backstage is the rising baritone of the Coucal
And the base note of the Golden Oriole
The last movement is signaled by the Turtle Doves
Who sit neck to neck and coo

But there is yet the Hurdy-gurdy of the Parrots
A raucous chorus returning home
But the closure is harmonious
With the skirl of the bagpipes
Played by the clear toned Magpies
And evening eases into night
The world returns to peace

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Only Love Is the Savior

By Aditi Roy

Even in sickness, this world is allowed to look beautiful. And we, the human beings, the most precious social creatures are allowed to love it the way it is.

After all, this is the time to stock empathy and go fall back on the old-world charm, by staying apart to come together.

Writing letters to friends are no longer conventions,
Text messaging on social media is the new tradition.

Begin by writing by letters,
And remind them of the classrooms, conversations and days much better.

Sketch a scenery, sing your favorite song, write a poetry or knit something warm.

Being reflective is tough, but reflect with reason, align your thoughts to understand the deepest valuation.

Listen to the grandma tales, later regale some of yourself.

Watch your grandfather take stroll with his favorite neighbour and feel happy amongst the nature.

Help your cook and let your dad's account be full book.

During such rough hours, be tech-free, not emotions-free...

Love to feel loved!

All the Loneliness of This World

By Zanka Zana Boskovic Coven

Did we sleep for so long
Or we only dreamed
We thought we were the strongest
Inbittable, all knowing
But the morning broke
And we woke up in front of
Our deep ignorance
Invisible destroying power
That ruined all we had in just a moment
The world we knew and felt safe stopped

Schools without children playing
And factories without smoke
No path leads to Rome anymore
Silk road is overdone by weed
The Chinese Wall is not impenetrable anymore
The big dragon switched off its fire
The transoceanic won't bring cocoa
From countries far away
New York switched off the lights of Broadway
Santa Claus stopped to read letters
When will the in loves again
Walk on Montmatre hand in hand
And lock the lockers on the bridges over Sena
Gondolas are still in Venice

We sit hidden in our homes
Longing for the rays of Sun
Each one of us tastes his own loneliness
Looking for happiness of days gone by
No plans for tomorrow, tomorrow is full of fear
No one cuts lovely flowers of the meadows
But nature will regenerate itself without us

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Young animals now come to make visits
To the human race behind the bars
The hidden, masters of ignorance
We lost the contact with nature
We lost connection with Divine
We lost the sense of identity

Around us, there were thousands of invisible loneliness
And see, now we bring all of them on our backs

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Distanced for the Greater Good

By Anju Kishore

A meter's span marks man from man.
His presence shrouded in absence
slinks concealed from the unseen.
Wary hands sud
to shed a singular threat.
Indulgence, cautious behind closed doors
struts no more on social screens
peddling adulation among showboats.

Cacophony lies deserted,
counting its isolated fingers.
Foot-falls tread with calculated care
lest the nano-ogre is stirred
from his lair.
Society, distanced from itself
gulps new normals
to digest difficult lessons.

The silence whoops to rally the wild
that starts, splutters and springs to life.
Solitude throws open its arms
to all that lay subdued, smothered
in an artificial warp.
Nature sprouts, flies and flows
rests and restores
like never before in memory's notes.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Believe

By Lizzy Anthony, AKA Egbung Elizabeth Omake

In fear the living live
In faith of an after live the dead leave
Just like the unexpected applause for a mosquito it swiftly occurs

In silence eyes wander
As hearts keep wondering if there ever would be peace

No longer a fight for the poor
No need to ask for gold
No longer a fight for the rich
No need to boast of power

All states in a prayerful state
Expecting help not just from the mountain but even from a plain land

Together we believe
Believe of a better future
Featured by our hope
The world will soon hold its handrail

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Breached Dreams

By Sumita Dutta Shoam

Family, friends, foes
towed toe to toe
Burnt battlefields
bloat hospitals blow
Braves braving bitter
temperatures no more
Broken briars bruised
breached dreams
Of brashly unbuckling
brassieres
Tasting, sipping, risking,
living no more.

The City

By Sunil Sharma

This season of self-isolation
Larger part of social quarantine
Of the 1.3 billion Indians,
Unprecedented scale
Plague of epic proportions
Black Death was history,
Now, pestilence a reality
In the high-tech civilizations!
Covid-19,
The most hated word.
Cause of global concern.
The cities are mostly deserted
And birds and animals have reclaimed
The urban spaces.
You hear the nightingale
Parrots and mynas
The neighing of the cows
Clearly, on lazy days.
Surprising!
The din of the traffic is gone.
No fumes or exhausts
From the vehicles that clog
The streets otherwise,
The grids of traffic, a memory.

The quiet is soothing on the fraught nerves
Of the citizens,
Well, well, the restive city has abruptly
Turned into
The village that was abandoned
Years ago
By the migrants.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Conveyed by Rhymes

By Christopher Stewart

i can recall the day when the world fell
and i could only watch in disbelief
as people blamed each other for their grief
before hiding back each inside their shell

from there we edged ever closer to hell
dying nature, fires, foul climes above
divided souls all longing for some love
while minds dreaded for them would toll the bell

and now a plague warns us with its dark chimes
to see we're tied, us threads of the same rope
against which we all committed some crimes

forgiven by the gods too many times
in the daily struggle to summon hope
our fate rests on a faith conveyed by rhymes

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona-Free

By Mohammad Nurul Huda

Not a Corona-captive
I'm captive to me
Walled by the universe
I'm Corona-free

Humans from Venice, Kashi,
Jerusalem, Babylon, London,
New York, Dhaka, Bogota
From Wuhan's fish market
To Nairobi gate
Pose no more threat

Surely Corona is eggless
Since humans are fighters
Let all risks be eggless
Since front liners are fighters

Surely humans are endless

COVID-19: A Wake-Up Call

By Dr. Raja Rajeswari Seetha Raman

COVID-19 is a game changer for humanity
for years humans have been priding
having conquered everything from the moon
to the highest peaks but now they are down on their knees.

The birth of COVID-19 in Wuhan
pushed humans to the painful new reality, the new Normal
reshaped the world through unimaginable creations
robed their freedom, created boredom
and wretched their daily lives and pockets.

As vehicles are off the roads
and humans are captive in their own homes
a new scene flies before my eyes
Mother Nature stretches her arms
and spreads her riches over the earth.

Flocks of birds are chirping in the park
schools of fish are returning to the rivers
rows of green trees are standing as soldiers
rivers are healing and taking possession
the sun smiles and beams with true joy.

COVID-19 is a wake-up call
a costly lesson for man not to take pride
or Nature will put on a new uniform
at an uncertain hour.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona . . . Seeing the Curse . . . as the Cure . . .

By Valerie Ames Middlebrook

Be grateful
She would say
Eye still hear
Her precious words
cause tomorrow
is not
promised to you

...

Remember everything
what . . . Eye tell you . . . Child
you have to be grateful
for each and every day
that the Sweet Lord
blesses you with

...

As a child
Eye had no understanding
of the gifts of Her great wisdom
given so freely

As a teenager
Her words were always there
none to gentle
like hail pelting you
when you knew better

As a young adult
Eye felt Her more in my soul
than just a voice in my mind
Eye saw life more clearly
from Her perspective
than Eye did from my own
unfortunate experiences

Corona . . . Social Distancing

As eye settled
into middle age
Eye had forgotten Her advice
to be grateful for each day
disconnected from life and living
Eye resented being present... most times
Because nothing made any sense any more
there was no . . . more . . . love . . .
around these days

As eye got well past my middle age
but not quite into my old age . . . just yet
but still somewhat detached from time
Corona appeared
to remind me of just what
Eye had the audacity to forget

Be grateful for each day . . .
because tomorrow . . .
is not promised to you . . .
She said . . . in a familiar voice
. . .

As eye realized the truth
beyond time and space
of what Her words meant
Existence . . .
is a Conscious Awareness
that is not
Consciously Aware
of Itself . . . until
It is aware
of the responsibility
to be grateful
for each and every day
It is only when we become ungrateful
and detached from living
that we suffer

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Death . . . is but . . . a wise reminder
not to give up hope
on love
loving
and being
loved

. . .
Eye see life . . .
existing again . . .
Shining abundantly
with gratitude . . .
to be . . . alive . . .
consciously aware . . .
just like when . . .
Eye was a child . . .
once again . . .
Eye can see . . .
the curse . . .
as the cure . . .

A Lockdown Adventure

By Vidya Shankar

My birdie friends, the sparrows and the crows
The mynahs and the parrots, would often rave about
A mango tree they would frequent in the heart of the city
Not too far from where I dwelt
Many were the paeans they would sing
Of its luscious fertility to mouth-watering effect
And of its leafy broad branches, home to many
Leaving me yearning to travel at least just once.
But I am a monkey, the city and its people
Scare me. A night time jaunt I did try once
Only to flee back to my home, my heart in my mouth.
Much aggrieved, I forbade my birdie friends
To visit me, for, no mango tales did I wish to hear anymore.
Months passed when one morning, I was greeted
With the excited screeching of my birdie friends
The city is quiet now, and all its people shut as in a zoo
This is the time, they told me, to journey to the centre of the city
Where stood tall and waiting, my dream destination
And so, this afternoon, I set out on the adventure of my life
Moving about ever so freely till I came to 'the' tree.
My birdie friends were all there, and so were some squirrels
Oh, what fun I had with them, jumping from branch to branch
And feasting on the fruits, a deliciousness that tingled
My taste buds to heavenly delectation
And just as I was contemplating on making this tree my home
I saw human faces peeping out of barred places
I reminded myself this was only a holiday
Where I could only create memories not stay
So, bidding goodbye to the squirrels and my birdie friends
I went back to my own dwelling, my safe place, my dear home.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

CORONA

By Warda Zerguine

Suddenly came
Unwanted guest
Coming without visa
Without appointment
This is corona
It is a pandemic disease
Spreading as the virus
Shaking the hearts
People affected
Makes them shocked
And Confined
Corona is a silent war
makes fear and terror
In all the world
Corona wants people kneeling
In lockdown staying
And crying
But we must fight
For health and peace
we must rise
And leaving loneless
To return to our works
And writing poems.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Droplets

By De Vincent Miles

But the moon watches silently still
Every little thing the rain washes clean.

It cleanses away the hurting of the people
Stranded in strange cities turned away cruise ships,
Airports, hotels, side roads and cold foreign countries
Isolated in hospitals on lonely death beds
Community quarantined or locked down homes
Locked in sixty days martial law-like forces invoked
In a super-spreading pandemic across the globe.

Let the sweet summer rain fall in drops of hope
Pour healing droplets to the ends of the world
Still the moon silently watches the survivors pray
Zephuros' gentle winds shoot rainbows in heavens
Rain before seven, fine by eleven.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona(tion)

By Lakshani Willarachchi

As you seek your sweet night's repose,
the world we knew came to an unforeseen end.
Shake off the slumber from your eyes- end sweet repose,
and behold the battlements of a novel regime.
The messengers came from the far far East,
bearing the banners of the rising Queen.
And swiftly did her majesty take
the world in her grip, in a deadlock throttle.

The world's come to a solemn standstill,
brought to a halt by a force unseen.
Far from the maddening buzz in cities and souls,
Time itself seems to rest her zest.
And so, Yesterdays merge with tomorrows now
leaving today none but a margin much fissured.
Imprisoned in their solitary states of fear,
men wonder at whom to point a finger.

"Let the dying die; their days are over", They said.
"The herd will survive; trust us", They said.
"Blame the Chinese, their bats and snakes,
and never look beyond the Great Wall", They said.
So, the world watched on as the death tolls rose
-and rise and keep rising still in maddening rage
as the innocent pay the blood price of change,
to appease the hungry demagogues of greed.

And soon did cash litter the forlorn streets of Rome
strewn about like fallen leaves of a tired autumn.
And Bitcoins shone sly in their digital dome,
blessed by the devious digital Dons.
Old and Olden ways deemed redundant for the world
speedier farewells bid in haste,

Corona . . . Social Distancing

hailing the Queen, crowning the chaos
did we truly choose the lesser evil?
Nations mighty watch with hapless eyes
as empires they thought they built come crashing down.
The walls of an ancient physical world crack and crumble
as a digital world rises from the ashes.
Wells of wealth in the sandy desserts overflow
rendered worthless overnight.
Values of yesterday plummet down in sad defeat
as wave after wave of change sweeps.

Work finds its way to our homes,
as an invisible net contains us.
Pushed into solitary cells like numbered inmates,
while Corona's minions stroll our streets; free and armed.
And as the force unseen behind the scene
makes a minion of Corona, the Queen,
alcohol becomes the new holy water
and human contact the latest horror.

Many struck down by a virus unknown,
Humanity struggles for one last breath,
masking fear with a cheap white mask
and latching on to a fading hope.
An entire world turned some sad puppet show.
Awaiting a vaccine to save them: a miraculous cure
to be invented in one different world,
yet to be tested on another world.

And what prying eyes are these?
Eyes that scan us while go about-breathe-eat-laugh and cry.
The new *Hunger Games*, an age-old brand-new show
for the elite to watch from their country homes
Thus, crawled Surveillance under our skin while
watchful eyes trace all our moves.
Living our lives in a sorry panopticon,
Life becomes an open book that strangers read.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

But let us now ask what we feared to ask, come now,
Whose is this war hidden in plain sight?
Which dark labyrinth birthed the monstrous Queen; tell me,
Was it in the East or in the darkest heart of the West
or simply elsewhere?
Our reality has changed beyond repair,
Yet rise and see beyond the present despair.
Whose scheme was this entire charade, tell me,
In the absence of Gods, what hands pull the strings?

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Corona Virus Is a Killing, Devouring Beast

By Mohamed Bourhanem

He surprised the common man, the nun, the monk and the priest . . .

His unbiased character strikes out the community of defaulters and sinners alike.

To restore man's moral premises and brings out all ties of good luck.

Human sanctity and Mankind's barbarity twisted morality and prostituted the scarcity of what remains of human dignity.

The Corona Virus has spread out abruptly to sweep off social obscenities and remind Homo Sapiens of their various duties.

He neither spares foes nor betrays allies.

the aim is to insure an orthodox new lifestyle and curb any lose control.

Man is ungrateful to Allah 's numerous blessings.

His rebellious Nature made his sins proliferated in disdain . . .

The Corona Virus is a latent disease that is spreading viral around like a summer breeze.

It annihilates countries with a history full of immoral corruption.

The pandemic has come to destroy the old world with a dirty load of excessive lies.

The plague is a dragon and a furious beast, spitting fire over his disciples unscrupulously to mute their imprudent infidelity.

Their blind devotion to Satanic emotions alters their creed to nihilism and distortion.

COVID-19

By Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris

You see me as a curse
Because I make you wait for the hearse
As I'm lurking around you perniciously
You feel death creeping to you maliciously
I have disrupted your life
Become strong and rife
I've turned your world upside down
And made your heads spin around
My name makes you chill to the bones
And I've confined you to your homes
I've distanced you from each other
From your kids, father and mother
Because of me the tiny bug
You can no longer kiss and hug
You can no longer caress and cuddle
Neither shake hands nor huddle
I've made you feel devastated
By the psychological warfare I waged
Yet I'm also a blessing
Thanks to me the earth is healing
The world is reborn anew
The sky has recovered its clear blue
Look at the birds stretching their wings
Enjoying the heat of the sun's golden strings
Look at the fishes how now they cheer
The waters becoming crystal clear
See how the air is pure
What was illness, now is a cure
The wildlife is enjoying some peace
They are free to move at their ease
No more hunting and fishing
No more poaching and smuggling
O Man it's your turn to be chained

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Because of you the earth's wealth is drained
The natural resources are now having rest
You are no more the master but a guest
I've only halted your overconsumption
Your foolishness and self-destruction
Over all this I want you to ponder
Curse or blessing, I'm just a reminder

GRATIS

The Distance

By Varsha Das

The sky seems so far,
changing and disappearing.
But when the winter fog descends,
it bends down to hug me.

The sun is even farther,
hot and unreachable.
But when its rays caress me,
life surges within me.

I see the bright and shining Venus
in the western sky, so far,
But it makes me smile,
as if I'm meeting an old friend of mine.

All these benevolent elements,
touch my outer pores and inner cores.
Year after year after year,
from millions of miles afar.

Then why?
Why is human distancing so painful?
How can an invisible 'Crown' take our lives,
when the visible ones are so kind?
Something so terribly wrong somewhere.

Is it a newly born villain?
Attacked at the opportune time?
Or is it a boon in disguise?
Exposing our selfishness, greed and arrogance,
before we reach a point of no-return.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The holy books do warn,
“When the evil is rampant,
when compassion and benevolence disappear
from the hearts of human beings,
the Divine will descend on the earth
as the saviour.”

Is COVID-19, that Divine?
Perhaps descending in a different garb.
Just so the homo-sapiens become human!
Everything in life, good or bad,
is an opportunity to learn,
to look for the spark within,
for nectar to replace venom.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

COVID-19

By Antoinette 'Lovely Lyricist' Coleman

I'm sick of this ish,
Stuck in the house like I did something truly wrong
This seclusion came with a wicked twist
Can't go anywhere yet what's crazy is I'm grown
Old as hell, feeling like I'm in jail
Locked up yet not stocked up with the true essentials I desire
Feeling like my whole life is under fire

I'm sick of this ish,
Son called and asked me could he stop by
Hurt my heart so bad I wanted to cry
Lord, I know about trials and test
Truth is as of lately I been at my best
Doing my part, being of good heart
Yet this punishment got me feeling kinda perplexed

I'm sick of this ish,
Missing the simplest form of affection, touch
Can't even greet my family with a simple hug
Afraid to go out or even let people in
Because truth is you have no idea if it's the beginning of your end
If you noticed I haven't called this ish by its name
Simply because it's received entirely too much fame
We have to work to break it down
Help to end its life and bury it underground
In a casket where it will never be revived
And then we have to fight to keep ourselves alive
I'm sick of this ish!!!

COVID-19 you have been officially dismissed!

Corona . . . Social Distancing

PEACE the FUCK OUT COVID-19

By Keith Alan Hamilton

COVID-19 . . .
PEACE the FUCK OUT
I never liked Corona
anyhow
Heineken
was my preference
you make
an old man
wear a mask
that makes his glasses
fog up . . .
I wink at you
out of spite
your occurrence
I wrote about
in my book
Nature ~ IQ
Let's Survive, Not Die!
seven or so
years ago
and yet
We the People
of planet earth
defy you
you were not
smart enough
to know
We the People
will bond together
through thick and thin
to fight you
'cause *We the People*
of planet earth

Corona . . . Social Distancing

are the adaptive kind
you may
beat us down
but we will
flick you the bird
then stand back up
and survive

PEACE the FUCK OUT
COVID-19 . . .

GRATIS

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Distance

By A. Annapurna Sharma

Distance is a mere number,
Apathy between my index and thumb –
Rawness between my right and left arm –
Solitude between you and me.

My image was painted in brilliant colors
On prodigious canvases, all over the world.
Emerging in a beautiful blue,
Competing with dainty cornflower blue in my garden.
The orange-yellow slipperworts were sprightly,
Resonating with the glitter in my pupils

Rocking in a cane chair, miles away from me:
Beside a lone window,
Your trembling hands tuned the news.
You were proud of me –
My awards and achievements.
Alas! You could never stroke my haughty cheeks.
Your wrinkled hand ran across the street,
Imagining me in the graffiti on the wall.

An invisible microbe,
Arising out of a lab or a jungle,
Taught me the true meaning of –
Distance.

The distance I couldn't cover
All my life to reach you

Crammed in my studio,
Hung on an imaginary plane,
In an isolated bungalow.
I tried.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Tried joining letters into words
Words into phrases
Anastomosis was a distant dream
My fingers couldn't pen a verse
They fumbled
The ashen page belied my journey as a poet

I fondly reminisced
Those days of suckling warmth in your lap
Underneath the cherry blossom
Those days of no-flattered tones
No-limelight
No-deadlines

Now, I knew,
The standard measure of distance –
Love!

For you
With you
My mother – I feel closer than ever . . .

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Far Cry

By Suma K. Gopal

when the menace from the epidemic settles
and the malaise of being confined fades
when human bonds bloom
and mutual funds abound
when social friendliness is celebrated
and virtual connection becomes actual
would you exhume my soul
from dark years of austerity?

These Difficult Times

By Siti Ruqaiyah Hashim

In these difficult times
we heard stories
bodies could not be buried
in hometowns
but taken to uninhabited deserts
children could not sit down to hold hands of parents
still warm
died few minutes ago
could not bade farewell
and will live with nightmares whole lifetime.
In these difficult times
grandmas and grandpas
died in their bed in old folks homes
bodies kept in tennis stadiums
by the roadsides
in municipal halls
in countries always talking
about progress
cleanliness
health and happiness index .
In these difficult times
television stations relayed stories
hospitals not admitting seniors
and taking only younger patients
and an old lady of 90
refused ventilator
and gave it to a younger patient
because she had lived long enough she said.
In these difficult times
many doctors and hospital staffs were infected
by the virus
and I sent messages to all my friends
all over the world

Corona . . . Social Distancing

to look after themselves
and never forget to say prayers
before going to sleep.
In these difficult times
I and Edin could still have a laugh
because he said
in his country the death rate was low
because he said they are not rich
and his people doesn't fly here and there.
Ah! Actually, it's not so bad not being rich.
Then I told him
In my homeland it's also like that
because old parents live with their children
and always being taken care off
when they have a slight fever and cough
and our death rate
is not thousands
like in countries
where they talked about
high happiness index.
Kings, presidents and prime ministers
who are gods all these whiles are also infected
Ah! This is not for those 99% only!
This unseen virus wants to remind us to be human, I think.
Few days ago, Antonio Gutterres send his email to me to keep
writing about peace, no war and don't ignore this virus threat
to the refugee camps.
Yes, Sir!
Ms. Christian Laggard, found already answers to solve problems of
seniors who lived long because the health index of countries with
high happiness level is very high?
Divine intervention, I think!

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Festa della Liberazione 2020

By *Kalyna Temertey-Canta*

Along a road that leads to *la dogana*,
a border between one province and the next,
I drive to pick up my children,
documents signed in case of police patrol

The asphalt is nearly smooth,
landscape idyllic,
sunshine unfaltering,
through a primary blue

A passing driver wears
a surgical mask—
my stomach rumbles,
the engine urges, me to shift gears

to my right, green, white and red—
like a wing
a flag extends from a balcony
above the shuttered restaurant

a lone veteran looks out
on the distorted hills,
the exaggerated green

fingers tap on the iron rail—
could he be waiting for a resurgence
of poppies?
An outcry from quiet fields.

I Scream

By Dr. Sigma

I would scream to nowhere,
to the curved sky,
to the mountain,
to the ocean.
And in the culmination,
I scream at the unending grave yard.
Stillness around me,
doesn't do justice
to the fever of my mind.
I shall own the snippets of dreams,
and I wish to write the
stories of humanity
that fixed its eyes
into the treasures of earth.
And someday I walk
alone to
open my empty house
Just to scream again . . .
I keep my eyes fixed in
dead idols
I worshipped.
And I wait for my turn
to bid adieu.
And
I scream to the dead world.

Lockdown Surviving Poem

By Gino Leineweber

I was walking
Around the house
And was thinking
Thinking about –
What?

I do not know

In the process
When you think
You would not think
What you think

Later when you think
The thing is
You think
What you thought

Just like this

Thoughts not coming
To introduce themselves
You have to figure it out
Figure out –
What?

In the Days of the Pandemic

By Safia Hayat

Earth is getting dumb
The birds are sitting quiet
Mourning on the lifeless branches
On the body of the night
inverted cups are wailing
Wombs of women
Spreading rot to everywhere
From the corpses of unborn life
Castles of Dreams are falling apart
Oceans are Witnessing Death
walking freely
Having her mouth wide open

The old Lady screams out
From her window and Asks
"Why any religion doesn't try to stop her?
How can she roam everywhere, uncontrollably
Why doesn't any prayer suffocate her?
O --- Destroy it with some holy script"

Old foolish lady!
Cleans holy shrines
Only that character of movie gets hit
Who rehearsals his Character

Silence struck the window
Death continues its song

Translated from Urdu by Muhammad Azram

Corona . . . Social Distancing

In These Times . . .

By Jyoti Kanetkar

In these times of the Corona Virus / COVID-19,
Call it what you will, we, the fortunate,
Sit of a morning, sipping coffee or tea as the
Case may be, talking with passing pity,
Not compassion mind you, about the
Less fortunate, stuck upon some alien shore,
Land, city, domain; nary an escape in sight,
For reasons ranging from lust for money,
Degrees, duties, other such ego-enhancing
Activities, now meaningless in these times
Of crumbling familiarity with anything known,
As we occupy strange worlds heretofore found
Only in second-rate science fiction and
Our lives drawing to a confused, haze-ridden
Close, when even a piece of a hot-cross bun
Is manna from a fast-approaching haven.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Lockdown

By Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

She
is locked
With a man

Whose
intention is to
Break her arm
Blacken her eye
Toss her against the wall or
down the stairs

He
Makes her
Cry every moment

Until
Stars slumber
Under night's blanket

He
Trolls in
Grip of beers

She
Sleeps in
Slope of fears

He
Holds lock-down
Responsible for nightmares.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Life-Savers

By Jodel E. Agbayani

Your lives are gifts from God's Almighty,
Sheltered with love and wisdom so truly,
A life that is driven purposefully,
Yes, you are, our greatest army.

In times like this, your sacrifices are muchly appreciated,
Just simply because, you deserve to be applauded,
You always make sense in all ways and means,
Yes, you are, our greatest friends.

Every day, you always make us all safe,
In your hands, gratefully teach us to become brave,
In this chaotic scenario, please stay beside us,
Coz we really need you despite of our ass.

Hail! our front liners and mightiest life-savers of God,
You are truly amazing and never been logged,
Despite of this pandemic, always put your heads up high,
Our beloved life-savers in dedicated service may you always amplify.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

COVID-19

By Mario C. Lucero

Change your mindset if it does not fit what you wish
In times like this, be obedient avoid being selfish
Hope that someday life becomes normal
Achieve life balance for you not to fall.

Our country is in crisis, hence follow the rule
Social distancing measures, prevent rather than cure
Wash hands, disinfect, and be physically fit
Eat balanced diet because you are what you eat.

Vulnerability and health risks can't be avoided
Stay away from gathering and the overcrowded
One meter apart from people you meet
Or better stay at home, rest and take a good sleep.

Initiate productivity and become positive
Avoid the spread of fake news and become selective
Cooperate or just do not speak
Blaming and hurting others for feelings that are bleak.

Disease spreads in the world which we could probably avoid
By praying to God, take precaution for our protection
This time shall pass, if we cooperate
Take moments of silence, trust Him give love and appreciate.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

A New World Order

By Md. Khalilur Rahman

Human civilization is at the time of despair and uncertainty
This time we need love, compassion and fraternity
Masterminds of the conspiracy theories must be hated by all
Otherwise the civilization would be in a great tragic fall

Series of falsehood does control our fate
Let us break the layers let us hate
The beastly thoughts and beastly deeds
Let the world leaders be bound to pay heed

To humanity and come back to human self
Or those devilish souls be killed themselves
The human civilization should dream a novel future
With truth, happiness and peaceful features

Falsehood begets falsehood lies beget lies
Let's not nourish those let's be butterflies
Those fly freely, let's be singing birds
Fill the world with beautiful thoughts and colors

Clash of civilization must be brought to an end
So that your human fate is treated humanely, O' friends
Time to rethink and take a rebirth O' human souls
Come, think, contemplate and have a lofty stroll

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Miracle

By Shruti Goswami

Sometimes, the word 'miracle' seems like a distant dream
Like the childhood I left behind
This is something else, experienced like never before,
Something that's beyond endurance, inexplicable.
Never before did we fear something so small,
We always had images of large looming dinosaurs or gorillas,
Or strange looking aliens to devastate our lives,
When the devastation finally began, being helpless
In front of an invisible, microscopic enemy was the only thing we could think of.
While millions died, and equal numbers or more await their destiny,
Many more deaths stare us at our face, but for a different reason:
Poverty, a great leveler, comes hand in hand with the pandemic,
And we are unsure, locked up like we do to animals in a zoo,
Or the birds in a cage,
It's our turn to play their part, while nature reclaims what's rightfully hers,
And heals her wounds while we languish behind bars.
While the doors of all our gods close one by one,
Our resilience and will to live, will save us,
But not before teaching us, that development comes at a cost,
And someday, we all have to pay,
Someday, somewhere, that's never too far to say.

Social Distancing

By Monica Gray

As I long to feel my mom's embrace,
and see a smile on her aging face.
All I can do to send my love,
is a video chat and a virtual hug.
Though sometimes I'd ride by her home.
To conversate with our masks on.
6 feet apart is how we're projected.
So I won't get my mom infected.
My children are home schooled and can't visit friends.
No skating or bowling just game nights in.
This time is surreal. Can't grasp that we're in it.
While trying to adjust to this global pandemic.
So many are dying from COVID-19.
And I am opposed to get the vaccine.
Hoping and praying our liberty stands.
So we're not delivered into man's hands.
Though through these moments I have to say
I've embraced my God in a special way.
I'm extremely thankful for my health and strength.
And for each moment with family that's spent.

Mortal Crisis

By Lana "LJ" Joseph

We have a world tragedy going on;
more than two hundred thirty thousand
people are dead
Coronavirus aka COVID-19
has sickened more than three million people
in the past few months
lives have been ravaged

this mortal crisis
was created by humankind
humans do not control anything
this disease is not discriminatory
it continues to spread . . .

I live in California.
Nearly two thousand people are gone
COVID-19 claimed their lives
and fifty-two in my County of Alameda

This horrible pandemic
is causing Worldwide despair
More than a million people in my state
have been diagnosed with Corona
Emotionally and mentally
human beings are overwhelmed
Children are frightened!
They don't feel safe in our world.
What do we say to ease their fears?

This uncertain and unprecedented time
has caused much fear and anxiety.
People are scared; trying to hold on
every day . . .
I pray for those who have risk factors

Corona . . . Social Distancing

I too have concerns,
due to my compromised immune system.

Meanwhile, people are breaking safety rules.
No one is invincible!
We are still on Lockdown,
Quarantined for more than a month.
101 days and counting since this pandemic,
while the So-called leaders are failing our Nation,
controlled by greed.

Our new normal is six feet social,
physical and public distancing.
We are sheltering-in-place to save lives.
Our new procedures are working.
Many lives have been protected,
as we continue to fight Corona.
Fear is turning into hate.
Coronavirus discrimination is on the high rise . . .

Trump is an instigator of racist incidents.
He called COVID-19 pandemic a Chinese virus,
because this disease emerged in China.
His flagrant actions contributed to the xenophobia
and incidents toward the Asian community.

The truth is,
COVID-19 is affecting all races.

While Trump is pointing the finger at the Chinese,
He contradicts himself,
by encouraging states to reopen businesses.
The one percent are not workers
who still needs Personal Protective Equipment.
By ignoring this deadly infectious disease,
more humans will be sent to an early grave;
straight to the frontlines.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

These extremist leaders are risking nothing,
like cowards they stay behind the scenes.

They aren't protecting the people!
Researchers have stated that it's too soon;
all businesses should not reopen.

Yet,
it's all about money for the wealthy.
The rich are getting richer,
feeding on caucuses killed by the one percent.
Meanwhile,
human bodies are stock-piled . . .
strewn body bags in overcrowded mortuaries
and graveyards . . .

Loved ones sickened from COVID-19
cannot be around their families.
Many cannot say their good-byes.
My heart bleeds for them,
I feel their somber cries . . .

WE, THE PEOPLE,
can get through this pandemic together.
Only if Americans are United!

As a **HUMAN RACE,**
WE must all be United!

Confined Body

By Nataša Sardžoska

this body is not my body
other bodies live inside me
bodies that I call mine
because to me they belong
to me they recall
I do have a pact
with all the microorganisms
inhabiting this body
seeking out for me
burning from within
screaming loud
for they want to get
outside of me
but I will never
give them
a cease-fire

this body is not my body
this body is every day haunted
by army and odd guests
they take what they want
they leave what they need
this body is nailed by winds
and they leave as fire defeats
from the nostrils
and they abandon
this body
empty

this body is not my body
inside this body there are hitches
yet I hide this body there
I help this body so that it keeps silent

Corona . . . Social Distancing

while I seek inside the seesaw
the girl made of bones and nerves
yes: this body is not my body
it is made of storm of lava and larva
and swelter and scepter
and sceptic questions which punch me
from within my tongue is entangled
behind my teeth welded
convicted by the shooting wall
they blow away the wheat
and they leave just the sickle
inside my throat

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Nirvana

By S. Sundar Rajan

Constant breakthrough in technology,
Drove need for adaptability.
Changes did herald obsolescence,
Adrift, very soon, went common sense.
The spherical world also became flat,
Harnessing technology for growth.
A virus, unknown landed to say,
I am the Lord of all I survey,
Sending the world into a huddle,
As things became too hot to handle.
The virus soon set a scorching pace,
Sparing no one who came into its space,
Bringing the "mighty" world to its knees,
With infection rising manifold,
Mounting death, traumatic and uncalled,
And leaving those living, very scared.
Containment for a start was the key,
To make the world a bit virus free.
Social distancing once looked at with scorn,
Soon became the safe and trusted norm.
With all world over locked out in fright,
Permanent solution not in sight.
It spread fast, a disease pandemic,
With quarantining the patients, sick.
Oh! It is the dreaded Corona,
From which we seek Nirvana.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Not Distancing from Hope

By Preety Sengupta

Battles have been fought over time -
Stallions galloping, swords flaying,
Both sides face to face. Now the
enemy is unseen - Invisible mutant
That commands humans to hide
faces. Closeness is to be wiped out,
Nearness to be shunned, Distancing
is the edict.

But could Life itself help? - point to a friend
within? Certainly, Love and affection could
cover the distance - With a wave, a word, a
smile. And perchance, it is possible for a
cocoon To break out from drabness Into a
butterfly, carrying far Hope on its delicate
wings.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Ode to the Corona Virus

By Gurdev Chauhan

Yesterday
We had no time
To watch the day
Grow beautifully
Outside our window
No time to stop
And call it a day
No time to bring
The curtains down

Quarantined with us
Now time has
No journey to make
Of hours, days and months
None of its segments
Of mornings and evenings
No use for
watches, timetables
excursion and plans for future
No handshakes, no hugs
No kisses, no goodbyes,
No physical expressions of love
No books to bear
Their earlier looks
No world beyond
the printed word
No incline
For use of time
No haste, no accident
No road rage
Close to boredom
And incarceration
Life, a kind of cage
Corona virus has taken

Corona . . . Social Distancing

A toll of them all
Time now faces with us
A quarantine of eternity

But now because of
and despite Corona virus
We are more close in spirit,
More protective of nature
More social, more communicative,
United and strong as never before
More together to fight this virus
And many such more
Of Coronas of social discriminations
Of inequalities of all types and hues
Across borders and shores

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Only Night

By JuNe BuGG

Every day is also night now
Hearts pounding without health insurance
The eminence of war everywhere except the heart of The People
City collecting up like roach motels
Shells still pop off 4 county check sales
Women everywhere remove their veils
Nihilism nailed shut inside the skull of the capitalists brain
Niggas still rot away in prison cells
The same dance for the poor
We're licking up dust from windowpanes
Many eYe know remain stealy eyed
Mercury in veins
Unafraid
Such a shame
Media coverage's trifling, unholy covenant with governments
1st amendment them covet
z0mbies smothered in the details of their distraction
Where the devil lives
In the detail of the language distorted

For all the people who believe and watch and consume and follow
Awash with they're vaguely contrived assurances
Swallowing up their messages of fear
Them beat words into ploughshares so that everything iz unclear
The tummy tuck hologram reveals a glitch here
Infamous
Like floods and fire and earthquakes and legions
Now the knowledge of survival is surgical
The ghost of nowhere has returned to shake the dead awake
From greed and war and markets and seduction
From the politician and his guile
Cunning and slippery as an eel
Conniving and cold

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Masses of people kneel at their alter of STATIST abasement
Thinking thoughts manufactured for the machine
The reason perhaps your mother lied
Why nothing seems real
So your teacher lied
Sister lied
Preacher lied
The media full of nothing but lies forever lies
Even your brother before he died
Lied
Playing this game to compete
and compare
Separated and scared
A guise
For control
Where the natural act of truth's been banned
And the rules are cruel
There are no rules
Not for the rich
Them switch up stock b4 the pandemonium fully lives

So everyday is also night now

The twigh-light is on approach slow accompanied by death
Don't hold your breath though
If you listen you'll hear a drumbeat off somewhere in a vacant loft
Still yourself as volume increase
Civilizations crawling on its belly like a worm to serve the beast
Angels shiver like prostitutes under city bridges
Rich Xhristians forgive themselves for self- righteous living
Afraid to breathe!
Golden sardines swimming thru what remains of their minds
I believe in a faith of a different kind
Knowing in time everything everywhere will be NOTHING but night
The light in the darkness care provide
But for now . . .

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Every DAY is also night
So fuck it
For now . . .

I just want to get drunk and kidnap a bloated banker
Smack a televangelist and take his shit
But again I digress
. . . for now

I just ride my nephews bicycle down 29th Avenue in white sneaks at midnight laughing
at the stars
They understand
I'm always thinking
"What of the answers I have no questions for?"
Heart pounding
No health insurance
But my knowledge of survival is surgical.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Known Assassin – Corona

By Orbindu Ganga

Walls are keen to listen
To hear the whispers,
None to take a walk
Walls pleasing death,
Listening to breath
Yearning to feel,
The wind is blowing alone
With none to hear her,
Streets have lost the voices
Continuing for months,
Vehicles are afraid
To kiss the road,
Locked in their nest
Without a lock,
Many times, thoughts
Cribbed to hit the street.

An unknown virus silently
Pierced into many,
Not known to any
She entered many,
Cleaving them within
Without a sign of blood,
Without a word
She followed many,
Conscripted her tittle
Stayed in many,
Mutilated her victim
Waiting for many.

Life never saw an unknown
Making havoc all around,
Hidden in our nest
Protecting our dear ones,
Knowing the real form

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Life has stored for us,
We were lost with the time
Away from our dear ones,
Spending time made us realize
Life is never about money,
Life is a journey
To be with our family,
Giving them our time
To make them smile.

Away from our friends
Life has lost the luster,
Missing those wonderful
Moments away from them,
Being in the nest
We are hooked in the prison,
Quelling our urge to visit
Many lives have been saved,
Hoping to see them again
Thoughts have swayed away.

Ignoring nature
She showed us the way,
Being with her
Is the time to ahead,
Many lessons are learnt
To rectify our mistakes,
A shock from an unknown
Made many lost their lives,
The unknown was the assassin
Known to all,
Our avarice for more
Led our fellow citizens
To leave early from us,
The knot is unlocked
To see the assassin,
The world needs peace
Healing our nature
Healing ourselves.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Phew! It's Still Curfew

By Christeen Saparamadu

Sugar and yeast
Not for distillation
But paving for a feast
My baking fascination

Tuna for a hundred
Onions for an eighty
Butter and milk flooded
Yet it doesn't rise in a hasty

Get the golden egg wash
And paint on top and sides
Buns stuffed with potato squash
Onto the hot oven, here it rides

Not only did I bake
As my mum instructed
Life isn't a piece of cake
So I'd rather not have my time wasted

Some home workout for my glutes
And lengthy chats with my valentine
Catching up with my friends for a truce
Hope I spent it right; this quarantine

A Dialogue with God in the Days of the Pandemic

By Najma Mansoor

O My Lord --- The most Merciful
Lord of Action: "Be! And it is"
I am your powerless creation
Dwelling on your Earth
Looking forward to your command 'Be'
I want share my everything with you
Knowing that a prayer filled with
sadness, pain and sorrow
Makes angels tremble too
Satan laughs and says
I didn't say that Human Race
Will spread commotion on Earth

O --- The Most Merciful
Lord of Everything and Action
Listen
All the earthly creations
Feeling Ashamed
Lowering their eyes in quarantine
Buried in self-constructed tombs
On your planet for life
There is not much space left on Earth
Because of catastrophic spread of riotous Virus
All are quarantined in fear
Sitting quietly in their wrap-sheets

O --- The Most Merciful
Lord of Everything and Action
Yes, it is naked truth
Your vulnerable creations
wearing coffins of blood
Scattered on roads
Were being suppressed
By oppressors and totalitarianism

Corona . . . Social Distancing

We're watching them doing all
Sitting in our comfort zone
Dump and deaf, like silent spectators

And today their yelps
are spreading like Corona
all over the world
We're falling into prostration
Praying for mercy
So many prayers
That earth and heaven
can't bear the burden of those prayers

O My Lord --- Look
Now our devotion
Our dreams and loneliness
All are being quarantined by Corona

O my Lord --- The Most Merciful
Lord of Every Action and Thing
Release us from this solitary confinement
I am your lowly poet
Looking forward to one of your command: 'Be'

Translated from Urdu by Muhammad Azram

Death Rehearsals in the Days of the Pandemic

By Sidra Sahar Imran

Wearing isolation shoes
We're living in second-hand graves
After placing us in isolation machines
We're being taught the lessons
If you're fighting a war with death
Don't run away
after being hit by bullet in your back
Our chests are waving like flags
Death is showering with full intensity
In all cities
Even it is not a rainy season
Or monsoon

Suffocating in our live graves,
We're thinking
In the living mathematics of life
Why we only practice exercises of Minus?
Entire day, our eyes are busy
Painting images of funerals on wall
Even we won't take
Anyone's eyes with us
Neither smiles
Nor farewell kisses
"Alas! Someone dies like a curfew Death"
This question has not been asked
Before today

We, just by living with our own eyes
Engaging ourselves in self-conversation
That, when this connection will be disconnected
And we'll be shifted to plastic bags
From our second-hand graves

Translated from Urdu by Muhammad Azram

Children's World Today

By Vasuprada Kartic

A child's world
Is open to experience, to learn, to enjoy
To play, to reach out, to try to experiment,
And then to grow.
*A child now, does not know
Where to go.*

Hello, where do I play?
Do I play at home all the time?
And why do I have to play at *home* all the time?
Why don't I get to be with my dear friends?
Where are they? And what is happening?
Why are my parents looking so tired?
Why are my family members looking so worried?
Why are they saying "Oh no! Don't go out!"
This is what I hear usually, they tell me not to go running out.
But now I see adults, my parents, and others,
Everybody is stopped from going out
They say "No no no!"

And what are these strange boring clothes they show,
Why are they putting masks to cover their faces?
But there is no game? No party?
It scares me. It worries me.
I don't know what is happening!
I wake up from my sleep
Having bad dreams of people with masks,
With faces covered and walking towards me
And I'm scared, I don't know why.
When I want to watch TV,
There is no other thing that comes.
Mom! Dad! Grandparents!
Everybody is watching the same channel
And there are sirens and everything, I see
And serious faces next to drawings of prickly balls,

Corona . . . Social Distancing

And this worries me! And makes me sad.
There are so many things I am not allowed to do?
When will this go away!
When will this go away?
When will I go out to be myself?
When will I go out to do what I want to do?
I am stuck at home, trying to understand this.

Hi, I am an orphan, they tell me.
I am also a child, there are so many like me,
We are in a place called the orphanage.
And we have many visitors who come
Who bring us things and we have activities,
But now there is no one,
I feel so alone. Everyone is so alone.
But we are also used to it.
We have no visitors to see us.
What happened to them?
Why is nobody visiting us?
And I wonder and worry what is happening to them
Why have they left us?
Did we do something wrong?
Everyone is scared,
We try to take care of each other,
Holding each other, and hoping.

Hi, they call me a 'special' child,
I do not know what about me makes me special,
Now, I want to be myself as I used to be.
I would have someone help me dress,
To take me out, help me do my things
That they call daily activities and learning.
I am so special that I also go to a special school
But I am no longer able to go,
My family is with me at home only.
I want things to be the same as before.
Am I not special anymore?
I can't meet anyone new,
I'll try to find something interesting to do.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Hi, they call me 'privileged' because
I got used to doing so many exciting things,
I had many friends and places to go to,
My parents made me meet so many people
Now I am made to do chores at home.
I am at home. What is this? Why should I?
Why am I a part of this?
I don't like this. I'm angry. It's not just me!
My parents are upset all the time.
Everybody is so tired. So bored. So angry.
I want to go out. I want to do things!
Here I am in this world right now,
Just with my screen as my friend today,
And adventure as its promise.

Hi, they say I am vulnerable, and need support,
Sometimes people come to my school or locality,
And give me food, clothes and gifts and something else.
They say that they make me happy,
And take photos when I smile with them.
I have seen my parents work hard all the time.
And they are never home, nor are my brothers.
And they haven't any time to tell me
When the day have ended or beginning
There is always work, and I always help.
But suddenly we all fit together at home.
They are sad, but I am happy now.
We are worried about everything and the future
But they are at home with me,
I do not know what is changing outside
But I am happy because I am not alone anymore.
And no one else can tell me when I am happy.

What is disease that everybody is talking about
The whole world is fearful, angry, upset.
Now it is only about the worry, the anxiety.
So much is always happening in the new day,
And every day is a new day that we are entering.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Corona: Social Distancing

By K. V. Dominic

Coronavirus is a blessing in disguise
Except of those millions inflicted
majority became hale and healthy
Lockdown checked
flow of unhealthy artificial food
Scarcity of income
changed people's eating habit
People turned to simple diet
of grains, vegetables and fruits
that protected body
from attack of diseases
Five Star hospitals are being closed
Operation theatres are seldom used
Pharmaceutical corporates
which killed millions of people
are sinking in the ocean of loss
Medical labs are frequented less

Lockdown brought happiness and peace in houses
Children get love and care of father and mother
Husbands shower love on their wives
Wives care needs of their husbands
Old parents get proper attention and love
Pets and domestic animals are happier than before
There is no threat of thieves
since police patrol everywhere
Governments function well day and night
Beggars and homeless are sheltered in camps
Patients are treated well in hospitals
Man has become humane and compassionate
Stray dogs, animals and birds are loved and fed

Coronavirus has established
vulnerable nature of human beings
Virus enters human body
irrespective of gender, age,
race, religion or nation

Corona . . . Social Distancing

No discrimination to poor or rich
A billionaire or a beggar
proves helpless before its attack
Lifeless virus becomes live
entering into live cells and multiplies
Healthy body resists their attack
while weak bodies
succumb to their conquest

Oh coronavirus,
you could rein well
people's attitudes of extravaganza
Made them rational and frugal
Marriage ceremonies and feasts
for hundreds and thousands
limited now to a dozen or two
Burials and all other ceremonies
conducted with handful of attendants
Since churches, mosques
and temples are closed
millions are saved of festival expenses

Oh, human beings,
You used your scientific brain
and brought world
under one home and market
Your greed for wealth and luxury
linked all nations together
through trade and globalization
A home with little love
is sure to shatter
And coronavirus shattered
all your worldly dreams
Empires of all corporates
crumbled like US twin towers
Growth of a country
neglecting poor and majority
can't sustain long
and Nature retorts

Post-Mortem of Handshakes

By Aakash Sagar Chouhan

Microscopic illustration of porcupine spokes,
Alien viruses from trillion light years away unfolds;
Toddles from the womb of black holes;
Hires our 24 senses as infected tenancy soaks to coax,
A pandemic threat finds our planet as an ageless host.

Nostrils of esophagus are pass-ages on lease,
Post-mortem of “handshakes” are stored in mortuary to freeze;
Comatose static distances are antidotes of fecund breeze,
It uses hour’s eyes to encircle designated victims;
Atoms in atmosphere under macroscopic stethoscope just can’t see.

Now doors and windows are sectioned to be latched shut,
Containers of infected solar rays may n’er enter inverted huts;
Prescribe all Doctors not to cough even though eat puff of dust,
Neo carnival of masked eyes let not have arid tears to outburst;
Alas a strange colour-play of robes in black backbites black outta’ thirst,
Dialysis of dual dialects diagnose Deuteronomy of Darwinian duet to contaminate first.

The Wretched

By Anuradha Bhattacharyya

Every time
We have an occasion
To contain in
The most diverse
People
Through some uniform law
We confront
Those baulking
Those sulking
And shirking responsibility.
They stand exposed,
Naked in their
Vulnerability
Usually tucked into some
Bookish corridor
Otherwise.
Hordes of people
Emerge from the hovels
Shuffling their
Little bodies
Their small packages
And their stammering hearts
Plunging into
Ineloquent ill temper,
Inviting more and more
Misery
As if the little they had so far
Was also undeserved.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Killed by the Quarantine

By Piyankara Ganegoda & Lakshani Willarachchi

“This quarantine kills me”
said a Man

An eagle in the sky, didn't care

A wolf in the jungle, heard but had no idea about the Man's woes

The tiger in the zoo,
well, he was already killed by the quarantine.

Pandemic Uglies

By Teresa E. Gallion

Mother stands on top of the mountain
smiling and frowning. Even in the pandemic,
some of the children dance with arrogance,
ignorance and inconsiderateness.
Their karmic debt will eventually drown them.

The ugly element of human shows its face
with every crisis. The trolls, naysayers,
blamers, money grabbers, scammers,
all come out as the alternative virus.
They do much harm but cannot win.
There is a reserve team more powerful.

The army of humanity always comes too.
Though they may suffer much.
Nothing stops compassion's flood.
Still the question remains afloat.
Will the humans learn to appreciate a new day?
The planet belongs to no one and respect
for earth is required.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Positivity

By Setaluri Padmavathi

The dawn begins with a gloomy attitude
unlike the other days, these tough days;
The sun rises and the time flies as usual
like all the other days, without any failure

We never dreamt of having such saddened days
A kind of fear filled the hearts of human beings
People died of dreadful diseases and incidents,
but this contagious viral disease threatens all

We know not, the main cause and effect of corona
and the mystery behind the political minds of foes around
Unexpectedly, it spread imminently all over the world
and made men quarantined; buy masks and ventilators!

The government plays its role timely very well
Media, friends, and motivators do spread all tips;
Doctors, nurses and public servants assist so well
and ask us to follow the precautionary measures!

Lockdowns and curfews brought tough days, true
Silent roads wait for the noise of the crowd, genuine;
Let's together walk hand in hand, with a faith of victory
to fight corona at any cost, firmly every day and night!

Our economy, productivity, growth and hopes are low
Yet, the government amazingly gives us helping hand;
Let's understand the need of the hour, altogether
We're all one and combat it with great patriotism ever!

Corona is impartial to any religion, caste or community
Fear not, we're a mighty nation, with great confidence
Let's prove that we are the followers of unity in diversity
We shall overcome the current dreadful state, for futurity!

Quarantined in My Quarter of the World

By Edna Garcia

While in quarantine,
Enduring the excruciating effects of COVID-19,
The headaches, throat soreness, nausea, vomiting,
Diarrhea, and dysphoria,
I am deteriorating from desolation
Due to the isolation from those I love.
Lost in illness, my tired eyes turn to the media
For curative information on TV and social networking.
Besides seeing disheartening reports about freezer trailers
Filled with formerly flowering lives,
There are other reports on people not getting a chance
To tell friends and family members farewell,
Reports of a hellish system that failed the aged,
Reports of rapid infections,
Reports about dissatisfaction with social distancing,
And reports of political division.
By the time my mind processes all those reports,
I am grateful about seeing stories of bravery from doctors,
Nurses, first responders, service workers,
The heroism of neighbors nursing neighbors in need,

And above all, I am overjoyed over each opine

Showing hope for the blood in COVID-19 survivors.

Here, quarantined in my quarter of the world,

I offer them this ode

Dedicated to all who are doing something

To end our undoing.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Blue Lantern

By Dr. Queen Sarkar

Streets brooded up and hollowed out,
soaked in tragedies as the statistics sprout.

Multiple chains of transmission,
linger like a life-long subscription.

Dali's dreamscape "the camembert of time" returns.

Unalloyed expression of fear governs,
but the 'blue lantern of corps' still burns.

This chaos is temporal, the heart says,
furloughed at home everyone prays.

Families, friends, and the citizens of the world,
stay calm and let the seven chakras unfurl.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Senryu on Goodness

By Mallika Chari

hospitals
doctors prove
the oath of service

the earth
day and night rotation
of serving force

lockdown
hearts full of goodness
unlock the unknown's misery

afternoon
unaware of the crisis
tiny birds

dawn to dusk
the police roam
to move the day

Seven Serious Sins of the Senseless Species

By Dr. Tangirala Sree Latha

You are created by God, the Creator of this Universe
He gave you Earth, an apt dwelling place of diverse
He gifted you Air for divine music and sacred verse
He furnished Fire for a piously tasty life; not worse
He granted Water for living with peace; not inverse
He offered Sky to screen from the odd and adverse

You are glad at His love and affection as the Father
Enjoyed your homely bonds with the beautiful Earth
Lived the fresh breezes of life from the scented Air
Made a delicious living of the light and affable Fire
Reaped from the green fields enriched by the Water
Thanked Him for the shield from the high lofty Sky

Your selfishness totally outshined your kindness
Maneuvered and plotted to own the Earth as plots
Ambitious set-ups plundered the Air of freshness
Ruthless designs exploited the Fire for dire motifs
Polluted the chaste Water at all its twists and turns
Rushed into the serene Sky and abused its stillness

Prejudiced as the Ruler of Nature's five elements
Away from the links and commands of the Creator
Took for granted His poised tolerance and patience
Yelled and danced at your own rhyme and rhythm
Time for the Master to react and relieve the Planet
From the foolish clutches of these inhuman humans

The curses of creatures killed under land and water
The pain of fauna of all regions across the territory
The fear and fright of the flora of diversified forms
The dumb agony of all the species that went extinct
The hue and cry of the people that suffered research
Penalized you in the righteous court of the Almighty

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Frustrated Nature sent many hints to the cold humanity
The woes of the five elements that lost their originality
Disregard to God in realizing His benign benevolence
Punished you for all your blatant senseless serious sins
You are caged to let the Planet rejuvenate and refresh
Intolerable though, it enriched the quality of your Home.

GRATEFULS

She Speaks Hope to Me

By Caroline N. Gabis

I was telling my unborn child
My OB cancelled our check-up,
I miss my princess, we couldn't even go
For an ultrasound
For almost 45 days . . .
Since the enhance community quarantine started
I just feel her kicks, jitters and somersault
In my tummy . . .
Her heartbeat is fine
I heard those regular beats,
The distance between her and me
Is just close to my heart . . .
There's so much Hope and Love everyday
As she reminds me, the best days are coming.

Safety first in my mind,
Facing the contagion like a martial law
The invisible enemy is just around the corner,
No hugs, no kisses, no friendly shakes
At first, I thought it's so mean,
But there's no room of getting ill
Fervent prayers go to my family and friends
Risking to hot zones of COVID crown.

News updates seem to be scary
But, yes, this too, shall pass
We should ease the fears, live no tears
Heal as one, as we all stay home
May the humanity survive this pandemic
God have mercy on us!

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Another World

By Gopal Lahiri

The silent killer is always ready to migrate
To a new war zone, silence stills in quarantine.

let the green earth carries the grief,
whirring world in her calm,

sick, dying, afraid, gloomy faces
awash in dark memoirs,

they do not move, the stormy winds are
murmuring the menacing caresses of corona.

the wooden door awaits their return,
left-over handshakes choke many arteries.

the sense of loneliness lingers, here and everywhere
spring still blossoms, without human touch.

some unnamed islands record stories,
God's light struggles to reach us in isolation

night is threading the needle of unity between the stars
another world is possible, a new normal perhaps,

you can hear, it's breathing close.

Easing Our Quarantine Routine

By Pushmaotee Subrun

Various degrees of ennui experiencing?
Of grief sickening,
Anger exasperating,
Terrible inertia,
And haunting nostalgia?

Getting suzerainty over you, inviting negativities?
Why not think of fascinating creativities?
Bring in novelty for stress easing.
If you love art, start drawing,
Let your hidden talents appear in painting.

Take magnificent photographs of the neighbourhood,
Rejoicing in memories of your childhood
Of scenic, verdant views of mountains,
Or from front or back yard, simply plantains.
Or click on sunset or sunrise to alleviate your pains.

Observe Mother Nature's variegated life
Of busy bees, their endless strife,
The multicoloured butterflies,
The twittering birds' enchanting flies.
Bounteous beauty will lift you to the skies.

Admire your colourful flowers,
Coolness will on you come in showers,
Refreshed, do some weeding, prune the bowers,
Transplant, make a rockery if you wish,
Fashion it to your taste and make it flourish!

You are fascinated by elevating poetry?
Write then about your feelings devotedly,
Passionately, let it reach your soul wholly.
Pray fervently, gratefully, to our merciful Creator,
For food and shelter, other blessings as of yore.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Thank for love of family, friends, steel psychologically,
Face the lockdown patiently.
Grief, boredom and anger, to the winds will precipitate,
And nostalgia will dissipate.
Thus, positivity will all ills disintegrate.

GRATE

Corona . . . Social Distancing

On COVID-19

By Takatoshi Goto

First, we'd hold back tears and master selves
to get over the enemy beyond our vision

GRATIS

The Change

By Christine Von Lossberg

I am in today
It is always that way
I find things to do
Or just look at the blue
My heart is beating
That's all that I know
It beats for the world
To live out one more day
Reaching out through
Little window on my lap
I bring friends to me
With all the fun and laughs
But now it got serious
So many people died
So many cried
We all stayed inside and
Our hearts found new joys
We all felt the pain
Now we learned to be alone
To play with our loved ones
To try to get along
We have tomorrow if all goes right
We all have a smile under our masks
To share day and night
I loved seeing everyone's eyes all the colors they are
Smiling back at me, some sad, some tired,
Some angry, some peaceful, all mirrors to me,
We all are in it together
A shared reality
It took something like this
To bring a new wonderful game to be.
We can all change if we want to from the
Way that it was
Bring more peace to the world now

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Day After Doom's Day

By Avijit Roy

Soon the earth will turn into a woody land,
With boughs defying the lethal arms,
And waving the leafy banners in triumph.
No border line will stitch the green breast,
As we walk back before the days of unrest,
When Hiroshima had reasons to smile.
The turbulent sea now stands at our door,
To wash those age-old sinning souls.
A retaliation, the Eleventh plague we await,
That will equal the mankind in one stroke,
As slayers are now mercilessly preyed.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Horror of Corona . . .

By Akshaya Kumar Das

All human ego, pride & wealth,
Failing to protect human health,
Corona virus creating a pandemic situation,
Around the world havoc with tension.

Social distancing a clarion call for nations,
People have to stay in self-isolation,
For the sake of family's health conditions,
Stay at home in isolation obeying restrictions.

Masks as a guard for face
For the welfare of the society & human race,
To contain the daily death toll,
Protection for each individual.

To stop social infection,
Citizens need to follow the restriction,
Control human motion & emotion,
Stay at home is the only solution,
Only solution for all nations.

Frequently sanitize your hands & face,
To save the human race,
To stop the disease spread to a serious epidemic,
To put a stop situation to be pandemic,
Lockdowns & shutdowns playing calculus of magic.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Line

By Shubha Khandekar

I crossed that line, I know not when
The invisible line that veils the bottomless ravine
Spanning the gap between tumult and quiet
Between passion and emancipation.

My vision is clear
For, it is devoid now of fear
As I look up, unafraid, I see
The singing birds, the swinging tree
The crimson, yellow, magenta blossoms that ensnare
The winged toilers, the bounty of whose relentless labour
Shall burst through their hives and drip soon
Over the flaccid feet of my silenced brat.

Who took her from me? Virus? Hunger?
Or the line in between?
I know not because
I just crossed that line.

GRV

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Migrant Worker

By Nutan Sarawagi

Corona don't you dare me strike!
. . . Do we even care as WE strike out their life!

As they trudge in hopes nullified
feelings so deep
do we even feel their strife
With tears in their eyes
Hunger pangs in the long dark dreary night
in the tearing rain in a pain that never cries
dry eyed

wondering if this nightmare will ever end
as they walk endless miles eating up their life
To the shouts of 'distance yourself' against police lathi charges
Yet unfaltering taking valiant strides
Unhearing uncaring of their life
Do they even have a choice
to reach their villages in it to survive
Displaced from their jobs
with no money in their pockets
not knowing what they will do even when they arrive
To be greeted by their loved ones with pain in their eyes
If this is life god give me another life
To ask was it my life
why this pandemic pandemonium
'me' strikes
Did I do anything wrong
I only gave my life for YOUR life
Now in me you ride astride
Killing me even before
the corona eats me alive!

The Song of Sequestering

By Colombe Mimi Leland

I was reading this story,
Not a great one,
but there was a line
that struck me -
I'm in pause mode, waiting
for the next thing to happen.
Chilling at my place
Not really thinking or initiating,
just waiting
for things to happen that require me.
Groceries running out.
Bills.
People dying.
Whatever.
I'm just waiting.
Not anxiously waiting.
Just waiting.
Breathing in. Breathing out.
Waiting.
Those also serve who sit
and wait.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

The Year 2020

By Elizabeth Kurian Mona

The year two thousand twenty
Will be remembered in history
How humbling it was for humans
To be captured by Corona virus
A dangerous unseen enemy force
Keeping people captive indoors
Many nations proud and strong
Found themselves in the wrong
Cheap goods were made in China
Death too seems made in China
From there started the virus exports
The world received these imports
Little by little the contagion spread
Creating helplessness and dread
On human lives the Covid19 fed
Leaving them very sick or dead
All headlines the virus captured
Every news channel it devoured
All entertainments were stopped
Most establishments were closed
School children given forced holiday
They knew not how to spend the day
Social activity at a total stand still
Meeting up with friends became nil
The atmosphere was filled with panic
Dire consequences of the epidemic
The fate of the victims was very tragic
Medicine was unable to do any magic

Warnings galore and instructions
On important safety precautions
Wash hands with soap properly
Repeating this every two hour

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Do not venture out of the house
From people keep safe distance
Use a mask wherever necessary
For panic hoarding do not hurry
Keep alert with positive attitude
For good health have gratitude
Forgetting man made frontiers
Helping each other sans barriers
Praying to the Almighty life force
To trounce the viral death course
The year two thousand twenty
Will be remembered in history

Corona . . . Social Distancing

This Is My Gift

By Avril Meallem

I started as one single microbe,
now billions of me have spread around the globe!
From a cough, from a touch, I travel from one to the other.
So easy – no itinerary planning, no travel expenses,
your planes, ships, trains, buses,
hugs, kisses, shaking hands and coughs
are wonderful couriers for my pandemic.

Fear I have instilled in your hearts – you feel helpless.
In time, you will figure out a way to block my journey
but for now, my entrance onto your world stage
has changed your reality.

‘Social distancing’ – a phrase now infused into your lives;
stay at home, only go out for essential purposes,
keep at least two meters apart, wear a face mask,
extra precautions if elderly or in poor health,
grandchildren not to visit grandparents.
I know how traumatic it must be for you
not to visit the sick or attend funerals of loved ones.

Yet attached to the trauma are gifts to be welcomed.
Your earth is singing a song of gratitude to me –
cleaner air as planes grounded, fewer vehicles on the roads.
Crystal clear rivers and canals as factories shut down,
open spaces, beaches no longer disfigured with your plastic waste.

And for you my dear hosts, in your imposed isolation,
your lifestyle has slowed down – time to reflect
on how fragile and impermanent your life is,
how to find joy in the simples of things.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

In your separate family units, no longer rushing off to work or school, time is available to reap the joy of communicating as a family, sitting together at the table play, playing together.

I have come at a time of great human achievement. Virtual media is connecting people around the world, fostering a pandemic of loving kindness and awareness – this is my gift to you and I pray that you will emerge from this period into a new era with opened eyes, and live in harmony with nature and each other.

Time to Discern

By Hiranya Aditi Godavarthy

With this time kept on hold,
Waiting for the future to unfold,
I wonder what I'll have forgotten
By the time we go out and meet again.

Will I have forgotten what doesn't help,
The distancing tactics we use to distinguish
Our achievements, pain, and hierarchy?
Will I remember to greet everyone with joy
That will spring from my heart freely,
From knowing we were all in this together?

Will I have forgotten the self-doubt,
The questions and comparisons,
And unhelpful emotional quarantine?
And ready myself to see in the light,
And love each one as if I were there,
And knew you all these days?

The time I spent, like you, away,
Not unfruitful or un-achieving, just different.
Contemplating, I try to learn and unlearn
About life and the why of this all.
I wonder if this is all time to discern.

Will I see the truth behind the stories of
Groups that hold themselves as highest,
And those that genuinely care for the world?
Distinguishing between what an expert shares as experience,
And a recorded prompt to serve some design?
Between the voices that speak the loudest,
And truth that's often heard in silence?
Between those taking advantage while giving a helping hand,

Corona . . . Social Distancing

And the true altruism from the heart and goodwill?
Between wisdom earned from experience, pain, and skills pursued,
And empty words that demand respect and servitude?

Will I be able to discern between my heartfelt
Friendships, and agenda-based association?
Between the things I want for satisfaction,
And the things I've seen that should somehow represent joy?
Will I know what you mean when you smile,
And the meaning behind your emotions,
So I can be with you in your journey too?
Can I distinguish my gut feeling to explore the worthwhile,
From a desire to escape a perceived mundane?
Can I separate my guilt about any quiet moment of peace amidst chaos,
From the collective pain of humanity and this new ethos,
And can I develop gratitude and share with this connection instead?

Will I have spent enough time with myself
To recognize loneliness masquerading as introversion,
And separate it from the drive to spend time to self-replenish?
Can I distinguish between experiencing boredom,
And feelings of stagnancy and unfulfillment?
Between experiences that mark new life meaning,
And the fleeting experiences of life's varied challenges?
Recognizing feeling lonely in a crowd because I don't fit,
Or feeling alone because it is time to move on, and muster courage?
Can I discern criticism that acts as a springboard,
From that which pulls me down and breaks my spirit?
Between accruing exhaustion that can disconnect us,
And agonizing apathy, insensitivity, or indifference?
Can I open my heart, and ask you to open yours too,
And we can try to live each moment as it comes?
Forgiving the past, and blessing the future.

Corona – The Super Villain

By Dr. Usha Sridhar

Ordained to be invisible, a mere speck to discern
the Coronavirus, romps freely- like a nomad,
embracing gullible souls, raising a global storm.
It has a visceral plan up its protein spikes,
to trap its victims in its complex web of deceit.
It waltzes from one human to another in gay abandon -
striking unexpectedly, taking the victims unaware;
torching their lives, shoving them into dark dismal alleys,
leaving them gasping for breath; bewildered and in dread.
Wishing to survive the storm they grasp at every straw,
that could put an end to their grief, usher in tranquility.
Ignoring its threat initially was our undoing.
Of what use are the stockpile of weapons,
they cannot alleviate the present tension.
No threat, no advice, could make the virus disappear-
so that with our daily life it did not interfere.
Strides in science have immense power,
to usher in its doom, ameliorate our plight.

Serving time in isolation, human contact was remote.
Loneliness is stifling; talked animatedly to the walls
but from them not a response, I could draw.
I look expectantly at the door,
open; to let in my loved ones;
dark times are upon us, chances are dim.
I stare blankly at the desolate streets; with anger I seethe;
a stray dog lay, too weak to move; in view was no relief.
Flowers had forgotten to bloom, spread their fragrance
grown weeds, dried up lawn; a sight outrageous.
I sauntered across to make tea;
used salt instead of sugar, vision was failing.
What difference did it make, anyway?
Domestic help is a distant memory,
social distancing had become mandatory.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

My husband was in the hospital, fighting the virus
I ambled there; saw him from a distance, in silence.
How could I snuggle up close to him, hold his hand in mine?
Hugs and kisses, have become the weapons of disaster.
Oh, could I hear his booming voice one more time?
Sigh; that was impossible, he was on a ventilator.
The respirator could probably hear his feeble heart.
Hang on! There were many shores, we had yet to traverse.
I said my prayer and left quietly, feeling helpless.
Precious lives were getting lost, where was the cure?
Next day would bring a new dawn.

Awake! Arise!

Let's do away with the virus, together.

Venice, Yesterday and Always

By Marcelo Sánchez

An American tourist
had long dreamed of
visiting Italy, and in 2019,
right before Covid-19,
she made reservations
for herself and her two children,
that's why she started looking
day after day at the webcams
and noticed how
tourist attractions all over Italy
were emptying of people,
and she had no choice
(in early March?)
but to cancel her reservations.
As soon as I read this story
on CNN, I made it a routine
to look at the same webcams
which weren't getting any emptier
simply because
they already were quite empty.
Twice a day
I'd look at things like
Piazza della Signoria,
the esplanade before Milan's Duomo
and two alternate views of the Colosseum.
I did that for a couple of weeks
until at Frankfurt am Main's
City Library we were told
that they were closing up
and that we'd rather borrow
books and videos
for the next five weeks.
From that point on I had other

Corona . . . Social Distancing

priorities than webcams
(and I don't precisely mean
books and videos).

But I still remember
that webcam one evening,
the night was falling and I got
three youngsters from the Far East
who behaved as if they
said: Let's forget
for a moment how sad it is
to be stranded in a foreign country,
and let's enjoy that Venice
will be all ours tonight.
I could infer they were smiling
underneath their face masks
while they went on taking pictures
of themselves within my section
of San Marco square.

There will always be someone
who'll regard that evening's scene
as the seed of a renewed avalanche
of mass tourism.
There will always be someone
who'll say: What that evening shows
is that nothing will change
after the virus is gone,
everything will be like before
but worse, because we'll have
missed the whole point
and we'll fall prey
to our old habits.

We'd rather avoid
talking about the future
by poetic means.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

If the past is a good guidance,
events happened in Venice
that changed history.
Right here, to the left
of my visual field, around the corner
of the Campanile,
lies the Piazzetta where Marcel Proust
dreamed he had sensed
a past world turned completely
to the East. There stand
the two columns holding
the Lion of St Mark
and St Theodore crushing
a crocodile, sculptures
that look to the sea through which
they were brought from Byzantium,
sculptures of an unreal colour,
and which Proust saw with eyes
that weren't the same eyes
of the Lagoon's first fishermen
nor the eyes of those who lived
around here in Antiquity.
Proust saw everything bathed in a light
which someone at some point
revealed to us, and who could
do it because many of us wanted
to see Venice (and the Mediterranean)
in a new way. Of the painter
who happened to reveal this to us
we don't know for sure
if he mastered the medium of oil
or that of tempera, nor if he painted
on poplar or canvas,
although his name (in case we must
think of just one person)
might be Giovanni Bellini.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

For the reader of poetry,
the radical change that is now
foreseen for the post-COVID-19 world
could be likened to the clash
between a prosaic text
and a poem *adhering*
to a strict structure and pattern.
The latter reminds me
of a precise spot, right outside
Venice Port Authority,
where, resting from a long
and warm tourist day,
I shared a pound of nocciola
ice cream. Afterwards I'd write:
By the canal
the cherry-tree gives shadow
to me alone.

While we seek what one day
will bring, we still enjoy
what we've never lost.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Wake up

By Sylwia K. Malinowska

When you awaken the force in you.
When you realize that there is a great force in you, that beauty is you.
The strength is you.
Sensitivity is you.
Truth.
Force.
It's you.
When you feel you're all you've been looking for, you're full, the source of everything.

When you touch the corners of your existence.
When you dive into yourself and don't look away.
When you swim somewhere on the verge of non-existence.
To places that aren't there, but are inside you.
When fear takes over your being,
that you stop being in it, stop existing, understanding what it is to be.
When you wander in infinity.
When you cross all boundaries.
When you understand that there is no turning back.
When you give up.
Simply fall.
Cease to exist.
When you feel a real touch of yourself that hurts because being who you are hurts you.
Then you will really feel, touch, experience your beauty.
That spark.
Force.
Strength.
This unimaginable miracle.
Beauty.
Yes, that beauty.
Your existence.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

War Unfinished

By Siv (B. V. Siva Prasad)

A difficult war is this
A very big blow on the human f(r)ace
A battle fought from every house
Entire world is facing a testing time
It's not the famine nor even a wild fire
Just a 'virus' hoisting flags of death
Across all the breadth and width
Who is to blame?
All of us should bow in shame
For hitting the penultimate nails
On the coffin containing the 'Nature corpse'
Still we have time
To repent and make up for the committed crime
'Distance' is the weapon, 'Hygiene' is the Shield
To fight the daemon in the battle of every household
With the doctors' backing, cops controlling,
Nurses tending and the Municipality angels
Cleaning the villages and towns
Let's all fight against the tormenting terror
Until we ultimately conquer
Let's start worshipping the nature
By changing our life style now and forever!!!

Corona . . . Social Distancing

Locked in or out?

By Sujatha Warriar

Sluggish no more
with spills and silt,
the littered sins
of urban indulgence,
the river flows
with its old swagger.
Burdened no more
by soot and smoke,
the clouding guilt
of human avarice,
the wind blows
lighter on its wings.
Scattered no more
in frenzied flight
by screeching wheels
to the far beyond,
the sparrows trot
on the parking lot.
Invaded no more
by trespassing feet,
denuded still
of the flush of trees,
forests breathe
a sigh of relief.
Locked in,
(a touch away)
from the pandemic,
man stays safe
sterile and sanitized,
locked out
(far and away)
from the scheme of things.

COVIC-19 Sounding All the World

By Ayo Ayoola-Amale

We have heard them say
“it’s just a little bug, deranged.”
The unseen making everything, ravaged
so hearts don’t rest.
We have heard them say
stay estranged from others
How do I stay away from connective healing?
when the heat outside hurts as droplets from my nose drowns,
the cold inside burns dead in my dailiness.

We have heard them say
Stay safe
Wash your hands regularly with soap under running water
until you collapse into sleep.
How do I wash my stinging hands without water?

We have heard them say
Stay masked and keep your distance.
How do I stay away from being dead inside?
These empty spaces kill like the little bug.

We have heard them say
Stay at home.
How do I stay at home when I have no home?
I have never been home;
I have never been at home here
in my good sense.

Now souls crowding into iniquity
learn the art of living quietly
sounding all the world.

Poem on Days of Plague : Corona Song

By Maria do Sameiro Barroso

The birds sing in the locked-down city.
The sunny skies breathe;
their lungs are puré,
so is my purified song,
hovering in indoors orchids,
narcissus and black fairy tales
bringing up the living nightmare
of ancient cycles of disrupted worlds
of deadly outbreaks of pest.
How to look for amber apples,
burning incense, sacred smoke
or fragrant myrrh?
How to spot the full radiance
of light to free the world
of the new pestilence
in the dark and spiky crowned night?
Pandemics pull the crowns dawn,
render men fragile, humble, human.
Virus host the world peacefully,
when men are sage enough
to respect harmony, music
and heavenly boundaries.
Otherwise, viruses will host men
raggedly
equalling all in suffering,
bringing a new challenging order
when innocents die,
their corpses announcing
lilies of dawn
uncrowning
hideous spheres of night.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

All About Us

By Rubab Abdullah

With every passing year
Becoming wrinkled
So many memories
I can't gather,
Everything,
Remaining incomplete.

So many teardrops
I can't reckon.
You see me shrieking at every loss
I breathe your silence.

My heart often wilts in handling refusals,
All my exertions for your happiness,
Incessant stories.

Corona . . . Social Distancing

COVID-19 : Beginning of New Scary Age

By Muhammad Azram

Corona and Quarantine
Lockdowns and Social Distancing,
The new spread a tiny little deadly creature
Affecting Millions and Impacting billions
Mounting scary graphs of Fear and Death

A tiny little creation is not only eating
The most powerful creation of the life
But also eating finances and economies
And bulldozing dream castles
Of most powerful creation of Creator
That used feel proud of being most wise
and powerful creation on the face of earth

Still, No one knows about it impacts
On life, and survival of most powerful creation
But One thing is for sure
That a very tiny little creation
Which is half alive and half dead
made earth to breathe and feel relaxed again
And makes the most powerful creation realized
In the dictionary of life, there are no terms
Called absolute power and freedom
We are all dependent on natural flow of life

Post Corona world will be a new age
Where people will afraid of get close to each other
People will fear of welcoming new people
Where people presume, only distance will ensure safety
New social order will pave its way into life
New social theories for safe life tossed up
New fears will emerge, new life will begin
New economics and new defense orders
New scary and suffocating theories of life
That Life will be absolutely different than Today's Life

Corona . . . Social Distancing

a balancing act

By hülya n. yilmaz

she has been tip-toeing
through a magical garden
of her innocence and imagination,
oblivious to her surroundings

all around her, sorrow persisted tirelessly
only a few had the luxury to live in her bubble
everyone was facing a fatal struggle
she stayed put in her safe world

then came the word
that she had to grow up

she thus met life's reality
and began to dwell in agony
anguish turned into a steady companion
the entire globe was fighting for a breath

the vile hands of death suffocated the ordinary
those who reigned still luxuriated in good health and joy
their ploys poured down on the common folk as acid rain,
and boasted about their power to inject grief-laden miseries

countless souls were drowning in pain
while some people took delight in opulence,
their future intact – with not a single worry,
others faced a violent end, day after day

those heedless of the real danger of the times
complained, for they had to remain self-confined
sensible rulers were scarce across the globe
to act promptly in the face of threats to health

Corona . . . Social Distancing

facts about the dead and the dying
failed to have the human race unite
under their clueless leaders, masses opted to ignore
the necessity to keep the continental divide

as days grew old and nights signaled despair
medical staff everywhere
endangered their lives with no fear
even then when essential supplies were bare

for the survivors on Earth
to breathe anew for another day
emerged as an erratic gift from the grim reaper,
one that too many could not spare

Corona . . . Social Distancing

2020

By William S. Peters, Sr.

I can say it has not been
An uneventful year . . .
Thus far

America,
Now in its 4th misguided year
A term of non-endeartment,
a page-turner,
Chapter,
Of enduring,
And paying painfully
For its sins

And the entire world
Feels our ineptitude

Still there is no shortage
Of global suffering,
Of global disease,
Of global hunger . . . nor
Of global wars being waged
Within,
And without,
As we rail against ourselves,
Seeking to make proof
A myriad of false ideologies
Fueled by the greed
Of the few

And now,
Here we are,
Locked in as
We face another
Global Pandemic . . .
FEAR!!!!

. . .

But this one has

Corona . . . Social Distancing

A different name, COVID-19
And has been an ultra-success
By someone's standards . . .

But we,
The common people,
Are learning new ways
To assess our lives
And its values,
Modify them,
And deal with
The frustration
Gathered, accumulated
Over what we feel
We have lost

Social Distancing,
Has taken on
A new meaning,
Though the term is novel,
We, truthfully for the most part
Have been disengaged
From one and another
For perhaps longer
That I care to remember . . .
Even with the likes of 'Social Media'

Oh 2020,
I wonder
What other wonders of discovery
You have in store for us
For the balance of this year . . .

Another virus, a vaccine,
Something cataclysmic I bet,
Or maybe another lesson offered
That we may finally come
To understand
Our innate fragility,
And our smallness

Inner Child Press International

Inner Child Press International is a publishing company founded and operated by writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes-daunting challenges writers, new and seasoned, may face in the business of publishing and marketing their creative “Written Work”.

For more Information:

Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com
intouch@innerchildpress.com

Inner Child Press International



'building bridges of cultural understanding'

www.innerchildpress.com



When we examine these prolific current times and the assault of COVID-19 upon the global population, we realize there are numerous truths, perspectives and rationalizations we have come to embrace. These aspects of our reasoning are largely fueled by our institutions of social acceptance, our governments, our media, our various proponents of the health sector and opinions, many of which have become viral. With this being said, we felt it was of utmost importance to catalog and chronicle the diversity of views via the voice of the poets worldwide. To this date, none of us can testify that we are in possession of any certifiable truths – be it biological warfare, a laboratory accident, 5G poisoning, or others . . . by design or default. The rhetoric and subterfuge are quite profound and overtly abundant. We are now confronting our worse fears . . . the possibility of our collective mortality.

Unfortunately, due to such ‘necessary’ policies instituted by our governing bodies, we have been forced to adapt to a new way of living, called “Social Distancing”. With this directive comes a modification of habits and living standards of which we in the past had taken for granted in our interaction with each other; including heretofore mundane things, such as how we greet each other, shopping for staples for our homes, our whimsical needs and desires, etc. We are quickly learning a new way of conducting our social behaviours. The impact on our local and global economy has yet to be completely understood, as we are still feeling the effects and implications. Businesses and other workplaces are being closed, and we, the working public, are being laid off, dismissed, etc. With this situation emerge our own financial hardships to sustain our lifestyles, pay our rents and mortgages and other bills we are committed to for our sustenance and that of our families. The world, our world, has changed and is continuing to do so. The question which still remains is how we will reconcile these challenges that stand before us.

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher, Poet, Writer, Activist



Inner Child Press International
building bridges of cultural understanding



www.innerchildpress.com