

## **Behind closed windows and open curtains** **- Sumayyah Koli**

The world is silent, only blaring on screens  
The hustling and bustling have quietly vapoured away  
The streets are empty, and the homes are crowded  
Every hospital is crying, and every headline reads:  
“Covid-19”

A microscopic being has wracked havoc on earth  
Its deadliness and free-spiritedness have travelled far and wide, from  
Asia to the world.  
Man realises empty hands from its leaders as has been done before-  
only few remain pretty for the pedestal, others are a curse.

Corpses lay buried alone in mass graves, detached or together...one  
will never know  
Daunting graveyards fill our screens and empty funerals commence  
whilst the families grieve at home,  
and their goodbyes are lost forever in the unknown  
The old die and many young ones falter too  
Endangered remain every day, those who work to heal

The air is clearer everyday and kindness sprouts from deep within  
Heroes wear stethoscopes and hospitals become their homes  
And those who work on the ground sprinkle hope as they go.

for in our seeds of need, they always send us rain  
Even in our distance, we are not far apart  
And the sun will rise tomorrow...brighter than before.