

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.