

Poem about Covid-19

Desperation
I'm trapped
Not feeling free
Running out of the essentials to
survive.
Fearing what will happen if you step a
foot outside.
Questions over questions.
Will there be vaccinations?
So that one is able to see his friends again?
No trustworthy answers,
while sitting alone at home.
Home is where the heart is,
but now home is where staying alive is.
The only thread you can hold on to,
to get through this difficult time,
is to bear mind
the beautiful past being incredibly kind.
Home is where the heart is,
but my heart is far away from home now