

Date Submitted: 6/30/2020

Author: Nancy He, 12-18 years-old

COVID-19

Waking late on Monday morning,
Morning it might be? Evening probably.
Online school becomes merely routine,
Now I simply want a taste of the Hottish Poutine!
Losing track of day and night,
Every aspect of the words seems to be in blight.
Why?
We are fighting an invisible army,
Whose bare presence triggers the whole world stormy.
Death number keeps increasing,
As the curve never appears to be flattening.
"Black Lives Matter" and "I Can't Breathe",
Crowd Obeys social distance,
Yet their inside never seethe.
Since,
Difference and discontent incite us to divide,
Yet our sympathy and courage urge us to unite.
We have witnessed the History,
To our grandkids the before-bed story.
We will tell them about the health workers,
Battling with death and precluding obstacles,
Forming a formidable stroke in the chronicle.
Plus,
We will also tell them nature's lesson,
That set all our achievements and actions into question.
Countries collaborate to put a period to wildlife trafficking,
And exert harsh measurement on carbon-emitting.
Meanwhile,

Home concerts spouting across the world,
Discrimination with the protests burned,
While the graduates a diploma on the internet earned.
Life can be depressing, yet I choose to delight,
The potential future for humans is bright.
We bond and celebrate through the dark days,
For the lost friends and loved ones we pray.
Winter is gone, spring defrosts,
HOPE is not lost.
Still Morning, on my bed, I yearn.
A Brand New Day.

- Nancy He