

Life in times of Covid 19

The evening spreads into silence
like this dreaded virus
and our silence mirrors this lockdown
Unlock those barriers
Unlock the poor, the ravaged
who have ventured to go back
walking hundreds of miles
their tears are smudged
their voices mute
We haven't thought what they ate
where they slept
How they walked, how they wept
and all they did was something we can't
even as we lick our wounds in this
cocoon, locked up to discuss
A community spread
The evening becomes reticent
moves into night
And with every dawn
fresh deaths are listed
we shake in fear, morning afternoon
Evening
Only night gives respite, but shadows
walk across dreams.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

Found poem, based on a TV programme

They live there
Just there under my nose
The streets I call home
Their home
They pick from the garbage
Where I dump things
My home
Their home
But with Covid 19
Things have changed
They have disappeared
Into unseen homes.

Ananya Guha is from India.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~