

The Thief Called Corona

I looked into her eyes,
Crinkling at the corners whenever she tried to smile,
The wrinkles looking like the roads on the map of her fading life,
And I told her,
Do not be afraid,
But no matter how hard she tried to mask her fear with a forced laugh,
It always ended up as with her hand on her chest,
Coughing into her oxygen mask,
Her eyes closed from the pain,
And as I rested my hands on the window,
Stood outside her hospital room,
And I thought to myself,
What can I do,
Expect just stand here and wave,
Making myself think that it will all be alright,
Not even being able to mouth the words 'I love you',
Because of this godforsaken mask,
Mom, how will I ever forgive myself,
If this virus takes you from before my eyes,
Not even able to touch you,
To take your shaking hand in mine,
And as my eyes fill with tears,
She smiles, shakes her head: 'Don't cry'
So I smile back and think to myself,
Corona, why would you do this,
Why would you ruin my life?

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~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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