Pandemic

Alice Okunowo

another night

to cry again

to wallow in the pain

to sob in the darkness

is this is the season of weeping?

anxiety at a high

because outside the confines of my humble abode

is a world full of uncertainty and fright

to see another sunrise is a gift and a blessing from above

but the sunset misery comes and now nightfall comes

and you are simply drained from being made a prisoner in your own home

for we shall see the end of this pandemic

to cry again no more