

THE GOOD AND VERY BAD OF COVID-19

Yesterday we felt some worry,
But still the coffee,
The Fitness Center,
The Dining rooms open to serve,
Friends to talk with at the bulletin Board.

Today we know differently
Only two doors to enter Beaumont
Then a questionnaire
“Where have you been?”
And your temperature taken.
No amenities but pick up dinner.

Today we are truly “inmates”
No trips , talks, activities ,
To socialize within 6 feet is taboo

Do the animals in the Philadelphia zoo feel this way?
Caged in and fed by handlers,
Forced to walk up high on wire walkways.

Today we know better.
Hands are to wash, and wash,
Hugs are for real,
Fist kisses, elbows miss.

Tomorrow we hunker down,
Stay behind Purell doors,
SOCIAL DISTANCING
Is our duty,
Not to save me , but you.

WE flatten the curve
Waylay the bomb,
I am likely to get it,
But better in months than days.

Let it seep in slowly,
So white-coat snipers
Can pick each one off,
Before they bury us
In mucus and drown our lungs.

Funny thing though, , yesterday,
I felt lonely—
disposable hugs, empty grins
I saw you up close,
But couldn't feel close to you.

Alone on my couch,
I watch the news ,
See the world as us.
I am in Iran or Italy
The Persian and Italian plight is mine.

All in the boat ,
from the social regime
of SOCIAL DISTANCE,
we approach the other
perhaps ever closer.

BETTE KECK PETERSON, March 2020