

Corona Time

Lockdown had a sound.
The queasiness of quietude.
A perfect pitch.
Other times,
Haunting and wretched in the face of uncertainty.
And the abject awareness of wailing and gnashing of teeth,
Beyond once borderless borders.
All for a vaccine-less virus, that defies absolute truths
Beyond its very existence.
The phases amazes.
The sounds have changed.
All are busy and bright.
Faux.
The land is riveted by crises squared.
Absolute untruths.
I wear my mask.
I wear my mas.
I wear my mask.
I wear my mas.
This is no one's time