Pandemic

Self-isolation is:

Being boxed in by purple walls,

 Books stacked in precarious places,

 Incomplete puzzles lying in wait.

Inconsistent sleep schedules,

 Pajamas as the new work attire,

 M&Ms at breakfast.

Craving consistency,

 Routine,

 Yet breaks in the monotony.

The world outside at a stand-still,

 With empty downtown streets,

 And playgrounds covered in police tape.

The beginnings of spring taunting you,

 Plants that breathe life,

 Craving the freedom of walking outside.

A small sliver of fear slowly building up,

 Anxieties that won’t quiet down,

A sense of helplessness when watching the news.

Self-isolation is:

Finding solace in the laughter,

 The movie nights with family,

 And couch cuddles with two puppies.

Facetiming those you love,

 Impromptu midnight dance parties,

 Making playlists for good friends.

Taking it one day at a time,

 Working towards a bigger purpose,

 Searching for the good.

Looking forward to a future

where this is merely an event

that I teach from a history book.