

Under Pandemic Skies

Consensus is not enough for the sun to shine on our lives, how it was that we should all survive.

Though we mourn for what's gone by, under pandemic skies.

It's not forever.

People vying for their needs when scarcity is lest.

Distance leading while competing, breathe with bated breath, bring back home your death.

Freedom force majeure, tiring of these same four walls, entry via programmed doors, the public in furor.

Deaths increasing, markets bleeding, tally up the score.

Vaccination no solution, so rally for a cause.

Will life become off pause?

Where it all began, who can be in denial?

How it came to be, conspiracies run wild.

It's no virtue.

Countries closed, business necrosed, while shutdowns are imposed.

Corporations falter, with a bailout not proposed.

Time for all to stay home.

Separation.

Oil shocks, investment stocks decline, the rules of economics redefined.

Environmental standards undermined, people at the margins are maligned.

Poverty exposed, threatened species are disposed.

Manifest disease with dubious cure all's indispose.

So many hospitals unbestowed, patients dying in their homes.

People weakened by incessant viral overload.

Wondering what life will bring when all is said and done.

Never to return to how things in the past were run.

Reckoning our future, while our history's at stake.

Learning to live, as each new variant mutates.

Precedents unknown, back to watching episodes of nothing new to show.

Somebody has to know.