

The Sense of Normality

July and August were pure bliss.
Sun shining, eyes sparkling and,
smiles hiding behind a mask

Restaurants opening, people shopping,
children laugh as grass stains graze
their pants.

You smell the fresh air outside,
you look upon the blue skies,
and your ears filled with joyful screams.
Normality had finally returned.

September comes, and the leaves begin to change.
As I stood there waiting for a friend,
unbeknownst to us, that would be the final
reunion just before another unwanted hiatus.

The water was clear that day
you see, and the crisp air rattling
through the leaves.

The hidden conversations sitting on a rock,
one of the best walks I've had in months.
who knew that would be my final hug
before we part.

Closed down, lockdown, please stop
this before I drown. People are
no longer around, and the laughter died down.
That glimmer of hope everyone felt,
began to shatter everyone's hearts.

We will find a way they say,
constantly every single day.
I sit there and sigh, while I watch the
numbers climb, wonder when I,
will feel a sense of normality ever again.