

## Pandemic Poems

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### Virtually Disconnected

Disconnected, yet virtually connected  
Distance magically blurred by technology  
Yet, could these very gadgets of our now  
Compensate for a human touch often ignored?

Disconnected, yet virtually connected  
Voices of experts on social media sound my scare  
Though meant to calm my nerves breed my fears  
Magnifying the darkened hours of my waking

Disconnected, yet virtually connected  
Expert voices fill my mind with anxiety  
As heavy loneliness settles in my heart  
Forced to endure the burdens of separation

Disconnected, yet virtually connected  
I hear the cries of loved ones isolated in illness  
Compelled to endure their suffering “alone”  
Rubber wrapped hands touch to soothe their pain

Disconnected, yet virtually connected  
Masked men and women, our avengers,  
Sacrifice their all for our living against COVID-19  
Reneging on their very mortality to give us hope

Disconnected, yet virtually connected  
Our avenging angels can't make for a kiss  
Not the warmth of human touch, skin-to-skin  
Yet, remain our ray of hope in these turbulent times.

## My Brother's Death

My brother died unexpectedly yesterday  
 It wasn't from COVID-19 he had slipped gently into the night  
 But the illicit *Changaa* brew was his undoing  
 From which he had indulged himself into a stupor

It wasn't COVID-19 from which he had slipped gently into the night  
 He staggered home in the night drunk as his knees buckled under him  
 Having indulged himself stupidly into a stupor before he left for home  
 Collapsing right at his doorstep as he slipped gently into the night

He staggered home in the night drunk as his knees buckled under him  
 Then dark menacing clouds unexpectedly opened in a heavy downpour  
 And baptized he who'd collapsed a door, slipping gently into the night  
 Through the twilight of dawn and soaking him wet like a possum

The dark menacing clouds unexpectedly opened in a downpour  
 As his mind, recoiled upon itself, he slipped gently into the night  
 Through the twilight of dawn, he was soaked wet like a possum  
 From which his wick expired becoming one with our ancestral spirits

His mind, recoiling upon itself, he slipped gently into the night  
 As the wick of his lamp flickered off and a mournful cry revved the air  
 That dawn my brother expired becoming one with our ancestral spirits  
 Then armed men stormed his home and demanded his immediate disposal

The wick of his lamp flickered off as a mournful cry revved the air  
 Truly, it was the illicit *Changaa* which was his undoing, not COVID-19  
 Yet the law forced his dishonorable burial within 24 hours  
 My brother died unexpectedly yesterday and buried without fanfare!

### **The Indefatigable Immigrants**

Tight-fisted, they heckled border closure to bar our entry. We  
deemed a drain on American economy and rapists. The  
hecklers weren't loud enough to bar Corona's entry. He  
torpedoed in like a tomahawk on Tora Bora peaks. He  
broke loose amongst us and sealed our borders. We  
rejects now cradle the hecklers' hands. We  
human face left to feel their panic. We  
clean and make their patients' beds. We  
rubber-gloved, wipe rivers of their tears. We  
hold the mantle of hope like Lady Liberty. We  
take their tired and sick in our bosom. We  
feed humanity stacking store shelves. We  
human made of the same stalk. We  
bleed and die. We  
Humanity!

### The COVID-19 Storm

I sought hope in the endless COVID-19 storm  
 but it didn't make it easy for me or humanity  
 its January docking as slow as life in breath  
 increased pace like the slow eddying sea  
 tossing and turning lives topsy-turvy  
 like useless cargo swept in a swirling sea squall  
 but thought, in my naiveté, I'd escape its lashes  
 and too blind to see the frailty of my humanity  
 people like me, germaphobes, couldn't be its victims  
 lockstep: hand-washed, masked and kept distance  
 scientists cautiously augured: "these steps will *save* you!"  
 and I, admittedly, clung to this promised precaution  
 cringing each time, I imagined a skin-to-skin touch  
 essence of life and opted for hermit living as norm,  
 frightened this viral virus that knows no boundaries  
 would, in a flash, extinguish me like it had thousands  
 unheeding blood curved marks a door to bar its entry  
 and firmly planted its merciless feet in many a home  
 like a sitting duck and foot in grave, I saw my security  
 shattered, musing over its tentacles that ran as deep as sea  
 yet now, in this hermit-like living, I have realized  
 like all humanity, I couldn't escape its biting sting,  
 which if it doesn't kill me, unemployment will  
 as wearisome hours of my hollowed life eating away at me  
 like a worm to fruit earmarking the depression of my heart  
 having, like a boulder, registered its eventual permanence  
 though my sorrowful mind remains as restless as the wind  
 I wonder if I will ever dock in the sun's blissful shine again  
 but for my vitality, must avoid houses of praise and malls  
 dripping with its unseen aerosols lying in wait to strike  
 for this virus doesn't masquerade as pal, but humanity's foe  
 for I hope this grim reaper menace will, too, meet its match