

## EMPTY PARKING LOTS

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*Inspired by Lenore Bletcher*

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Silence surrounds me as I walk the floor  
Meals are delivered right up to my door  
Outside is Spring - somewhere bloom forget-me-nots  
Look out my window on empty parking lots.

Neighbors are sitting inside their 4 walls  
I don't get to see them in spite of their calls  
Did we plan a songfest on Tuesday? I forgot...  
So I sit here staring at empty parking lots.

Right across my street is Saks Fifth Avenue  
Where I'd admire the clothes as if I could buy them too  
And the museum is locked up tight  
All of its treasures are out of sight.

A piano is sitting - out in the hall  
I'd like to go play it, we'd all have a ball  
But we can't go out - no matter what  
Just sitting here staring at empty parking lots

Not long ago, I'd see face after face  
Family and friends couldn't find a parking space  
Now if they visit they're told they cannot  
Seems like a waste of a parking lot.

I try to listen to my radio  
Turn on the TV and watch my favorite shows  
I dream of a Seder - we'll sing and laugh a lot  
And no longer see all those empty parking lots

Till then Hope is all I've got.