

One Dozen Pandemic Haiku

Waking up nightly
a form of anxiety
three or four a.m.

Dawn break so early
uncrowded grocery store
shopping half asleep

Errands are complex
plan the visits carefully
limit time indoors

Shortages of things
never knowing what is next
empty shelves glare back

Dreamed again last night
I was maskless while in class
like not wearing pants

Unemployment stress
this convoluted system
so much paperwork

Not one single day
during this whole pandemic
just watching TV

Communicating
with friends I miss so dearly
can't do in-person

Tapping tap tapping
on a keyboard or a screen
it's just not the same

February feels
like a thousand years ago
May was yesterday

It speeds, then it shrinks
numbers on the clock dissolve
time disintegrates

Are we yet having
super happy fabulous
pandemic fun time?