

As days are closing in,
And so too is the virus,
I'm waiting for it to leave
As it's begun to tire us.

I waiting to break out,
To calm these troubled times,
I'm waiting for the government
To say everything is fine.

I'm thirsty for conversation,
And I'm thirsty for a kiss.
Living all alone,
It's this I really miss.

Christmas is getting near,
Yet all I feel is fear.

I fear for my family, the virus is severe.
It forced my grandparents' home,
Where they wait quite alone.

So sat in my bedroom,
My laptop on my knee,
I turn to social media,
And I look at all the free
Virtual choirs
I could join.

We can't wait for the next tweet,
The next Instagram posts.
I use it too.
Screen time addiction
This is not fiction.

Social media doesn't wait,
It doesn't stop.

Is this the norm,
Where kids are torn,
Between chatting online,
Saying there're fine,
When in reality,
They are fatalities,
Who succumb to the
Isolation of waiting.

Falling inwards
Into the screen.
Teary eyed,
But tears must wait.