

2020, a year most prolific.  
What else could it be?  
Has the world gone ballistic?

Death tolls rise,  
*"It's grim and it's bleak!"*,  
Listening to politics and my TV speak.

*"Go home! You fool!"*  
In one foot square space,  
Live, work, attend school.

Lose, or gain, your independence to a screen.  
Dry or teary eyes.  
At the end of each day we try to wipe all clean.

Yes, I've yearned,  
For someone to hug.  
Yes, I've learned,  
Sometimes we've got to unplug.  
There is no normal.  
A philosophy to hold true,  
For no matter what the distance  
I always love you.

Yes, masks are uncomfortable,  
Fog our glasses 'til we can't see.  
Wash our hands so much,  
We hope they don't bleed.

But I appreciate the smell and feel of smooth foam hand soap.  
And in all the pain and isolation,  
learned to cope.  
Strength is not in being strong  
It's knowing we can, and will; go on.

We sing from balconies,  
Honk car horns to show support.  
You call me,  
And through our thoughts we sort.  
*"The puppies are home!"*  
And now so are we.  
So let's find solace,  
And reflect on a year most prolific-2020.