

Desolate

Panic. The only feeling on the streets.
No footsteps. No laughs.
Nothing, but panic.
A hierarchy of power, trying to survive,
While the poor succumb to harder times.
Gluttony appears to be the winner,
no shame to be had, no love spared.
Everything hangs, but breaks
as quickly as a spider's web.
All lost in a haze, in mass confusion,
in strange behaviour.
Be kind we say, help others we say.
What is genuine.
Prayers are said for strength,
to follow the rules.

Hope prevails.
This is 2020.

Nicola Williams
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