

A poem I wrote during quarantine. (4/10/2020)

The Hill

By: Samantha Portele (1982178)

we all sat there in silence because we all knew,
we all knew this would be the last time for a long time.
things seemed to be getting worse,
more social distancing,
more isolation orders,
yet all we wanted to do was to sit up on the hill.
it was quiet, it was dark,
no words were spoken for in our hearts we knew this would be the last time we could do this
freely,
this pandemic has stripped away every last ounce of normalcy in an already saddened world.
the very essence of living is something that we must wait to be allowed to do.
it is horrible and demeaning and it makes you wonder,
what is really going on?

...

Something about that night felt melancholic,
Maybe it was the words that went unspoken,
The sway of the grass as it danced underneath the moonlight,
Or maybe it was the gentle breeze passing through,
almost as if it were a peace offering from the moon,
Letting us know it was right here with us,
In hopes of calming our delirious minds.

...

none of this feels real,
we all just want normalcy back,
“Do your part!”
“Stop the spread!”
when will the truth come to light?
so many questions going softly into the night,
yet all we could do was sit and wonder,
nothing left to do but to succumb under,
oh, how I would give anything to be on the hill again.