

MIND TO MIND

Creative writing that explores the abstract side of our profession and our lives

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Quarantine

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White whispers in ethereal corridors,
As busy bewildered oracles
Wearing wrinkled coats
Come and go.

Hidden behind closed doors,
Gloved touch and shielded gaze,
Eyes won't know which mask to wear
Underneath the mask.

Days became weeks became months
Become hours become minutes,
In the midst of lungs craving for air,
While souls crave for something else entirely.

We search for Olympus,
Yet are bound to rock.
We have dishes to wash,
Bills to pay, hair to cut,
People to care.
We cry, try to sleep
And drink coffee in the dawn.
Sometimes, we forget.
Sometimes, we smile.

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But in an umbra of isolation,
The invisible poison is keen to remind.
We fear for us, our tribes, our countries.

We wait and work and love and hope.
We are uncertain, but strong,
And some pray
That modern Prometheus
remains unchained.