

Kenopsia
By Jenny Vu

Everywhere there is kenopsia,
The tingle down your spine
When a usually busy place is
Empty,

It used to be in hallways after school
Or the dead hours of an airport,
But the feeling would fade when the sun rose up,
And students came through the doors,
And people began to board,

Churches on Easter day
Or parks in the spring,
Full of families and friends,
All reduced to empty parking lots
And isolated walkers,

Where traffic jams
Made people late,
Empty roads go on for miles on end,
And grocery stores are a gamble,
And hospitals are in season,

The elderly can't be visited,
Protecting them by a distance,
Sanitizing everything beforehand,
Never without a mask,

Six feet apart is necessary,
But selfish morons
Don't seem to understand that
They go to rallies in fight for their
"Freedom", when soon enough,
They'll be trapped in a hospital bed.

Some chose for these social barriers
To become spiked walls of prejudice
Against Asians and the cautious
But death doesn't discriminate,

In order to get back to dancing,
Celebrations has been postponed
While scholars work behind screens,
And hope to graduate with their classmates

Quarantine is a joke to the healthy
Until it becomes mandatory to the sick,
In times where we need to come together
We need to spread apart,

This kenopsia lasts like a warm winter,
Lacking of laughter and trips,
Instead we stay in lockdown,
Leaving the ghosts of bustling society

To wait until we can return.