

CLEAR CUT

BY CHAYA GUPTA

When you're locked in one space with your enemy,
You find the time,
To find time,
And try become friends with your mind.

But we're confined to this house,
Where the walls are screens,
And they don't talk, they scream,
About failures and schemes and policies,
Immoral priorities,
Clear cut inequality.

I think...
This pandemic started years ago.