

## PANDEMIC PORTRAITS

On the edge of Dante's hell, | What was once important?

After that, it is no longer serious.

Freedom and breathing, returned to having the value of life,

Moreover, the true meaning of love and loving yourself.

In addition, not even the conscience of science | You can placate, or resolve,

What is that about money, can I always buy? I choose not.

The benefit of the invisible | It is no longer laughable | Moreover, it changed the direction of humanity. | In addition, many have lost immunity.

After the planetary chaos | Many turn to God | Others remain atheists.

And the survivors gave (very sadly) | So many sorrowful goodbyes | To loved ones.

Neighbors' danced around | The same fireplace to keep safe | The elders and children,

The simple and the weak, the sole fragility of being in despair. Isolated.

They tried to support the lonely unsaid and the pain as an awful liquid painting to portray.

As ancient people from the woods, they danced to the gods of the mountains and rivers.

Moreover, there were no gods, to comfort them | There were no more drums to play.

Public health worked non-stop. | Without much solving.

In addition, deaths piled up on street corners | From every city on the planet.

As our neighborhood, our streets, our ceilings. Next door. Next window. Who's next?

Isolation made everyone look | Internal worlds. | Moreover, to glimpse the eternal sky.

And after so much pain, | Unpleasant portraits.

Even so, so many worked out their sleeves to save smiles

They found the way to help and volunteer with going to grocery shops, to pets' cares,

And so on, the next door could mean more than just a piece of wood.

The loss of the value system (world's collapse) | Took a deep breath.

Recorded what in the pandemic was silent. | After so much disgrace.

What could bring life into the eyes again?

Hope and faith gave the air | Of your grace.

People opened the hearts to look into the eyes.

People were back in the streets in the square.

The hugs could embrace the infinite joy of a warm presence.

Being together is an eternal circle of celebrating the stars we all carry inside us.

It is all about a constellation of lives, people, smiles, | Treasures, pleasures kindly  
rejoining forces, | To unite communities.

United (Uno) One kind of hugs. | Humanity has rekindled, | Therefore learned.

More so ever, the world was reborn. (We keep waiting next phase, so.)

What's up, more. What's next door?

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