

**The Month of March 2020**  
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In the middle of March 2020  
We mourned the loss of jobs and money.  
As businesses closed and frustrations grew  
We heard a virus was coming through.

And we were told to stay in, stay home  
It was safer to be isolated, alone.  
Stay with the people who live in your house  
Keep a distance from others-  
Do not go out.

We mourned the loss of schools that closed-  
The inconvenience that it posed  
To learn at home as parents tried  
To teach their kids 'til suppertime.

We mourned the loss of our routines  
With husbands home, wives ill-at-ease  
Too many voices arguing  
You *can* have too much, of a good thing.

We mourned the loss of baseball games  
Would arenas ever be the same?  
With courtside seats no longer stuffed  
We rolled our eyes and just looked up.

We mourned the loss of our favorite bands  
Rock concerts canceled while our hands  
Held tickets purchased months ago  
We whined because we couldn't go.

How annoying, how inconvenient,  
Maybe people couldn't see it-  
That there was reason why  
We were told to stay inside-  
Not because all fun is bad  
Not so we could all get mad  
Not to please authority  
But so we'd take it seriously.

But we mourned the loss  
Of each prom and dance,  
High school girls with their big chance  
To attract their favorite boy  
And buy a dress- were now annoyed.

How could this be?! These situations  
Aggravating our frustrations,  
Inconveniences they are  
Oh, these days are just *too* hard.  
*Too* much canceled, *too* much gone  
The plans that we relied upon  
To give us structure, form our days  
Have been crossed-off, postponed-away.

Ticked off at these impositions,  
Every day a new restriction  
Calling them a power-mission  
Folks kept trying not to listen  
To the voices on TV  
Calling them authority  
Keeping people from their friends  
Pacing for a hurried end  
Through the sulking and complaining  
That the rules could use some taming,  
“This whole thing’s ridiculous!  
We’re fed up with the fun we missed!”

These sacrifices, social droughts  
Going days and weeks without  
High fives, we asked, “Is it over yet?  
How bad can these guidelines get?!”

But little did we realize those  
Restrictions honing in too close  
Meant nothing as the passing days  
Showed us what was on its way  
And fell on top of us at once-  
It wasn’t just a social stunt.

By the time the end of March had come  
We mourned the loss of our loved ones.

The End.