

## **Quelque Chose /C'est la Vie**

I put my Pen to Paper  
To what Avail?  
  
So other-worldly  
This new Vicious Virus Infecting  
The entire Lot of Us:  
What have We done  
That the Gods  
Have Inflicted  
Millions so far  
With this Killer of Killers  
Killing Good and Bad Folks  
Who Inhabit  
Our Glorious Globe:  
Billions are Fearing  
Our Ending is Happening  
That the Future is Never  
And the Present Unreal:  
Only the Past  
Remains as We lived it:  
  
I wonder  
Which Gods  
Will Remember  
Our miracle of Being!

## **Dial Zero**

Talking, Talking, Talking,  
No longer Face To Face  
With Those we love  
Or those with whom  
We must Communicate:  
Currently it's all by Telephone  
Like me old fashioned  
Unlike my Family & most Friends  
Who Internet and Skype  
Seeing each other  
While Hearing each other  
Across the Globe  
Now smitten  
With the deadly Covid-19 enemy.  
  
But even Skyping  
Doesn't Take the Place  
Of Hugging, Kissing, Loving face To face,  
The pattern of old days gone by  
As the news & views of These Times,  
Belittles our Humanity.

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