

2020

If loneliness had a scent
It would be harsh smoke and sweet roses.
The sound of laughter from afar and
The sight of cars driving away.
A community of people who don't know
Each other's names.

Trees lining the streets, as far apart as we would be
Even without a virus to keep us that way.
Nothing more than a
 "Hey,
 How are you!"
Without a question mark at the end,
A divided society with society to blame.

If loneliness had a taste
It would be the meals we eat by ourselves
When we don't have a virus to blame.
And if you could hold loneliness in your hand
It would be the thorns of the rose
Scarring you with shame
For the times you've said
 "Hey,
 How are you!"
To a nameless face,
Without a question mark at the end.