

Covid Reflection

This poem represents the transformation of the novel Covid-19 coronavirus from an epidemic focused in Wuhan, China to a pandemic that now has made the United States of America, specifically New York City the epicenter. Retrospectively, looking back at the progression I feel that our first line healthcare workers, more importantly the over 50,000 individuals and their families that we have let die, our country has failed. Being one of the most advanced, wealthy and educated countries in the world, our death toll is more than double the country with the second most deaths due to covid-19.

Physicians being laid off for speaking about lack of PPE, nurses being fired for bringing their own protective gear, many healthcare workers being furloughed. Small businesses closed, unable to receive "bail-out" funding while larger corporations receive hundreds of millions of dollars. Children sleeping hungry, parents unable to buy food for their family. In this time, my heart aches. It aches, for the American person. Where has our humanity gone? Why is this ok? Why has this become the new normal?

Protestors gather, can we blame them? What will a mother do when her child is going to sleep hungry? What will a father do when he sees corporations receiving hundreds of millions of dollars? The basic instinct of a human is to find sustenance, when a parent sees their child suffer from hunger, his/her health is no longer of importance and they go out to fight for their right to survival. Thus, precipitating a vicious cycle. My heart aches. Perhaps, had our President valued the lives of the common man, perhaps had we all truly kept our humanity intact, perhaps today New York wouldn't have needed to sleep.

Despite the lack of certainty, despite the feeling of perpetual doom, I feel certain that humanity will be restored. I believe that humanity will prevail and we will rise from this pandemic stronger than before. I still believe in humanity.