

Hope in the Time of Corona:
A Group Poem

*Written by the Write to Heal Group,
April 3, 2020*

Hope is the thing with feathers
soaring above trees,
an unbearable lightness of being.

I saw a robin in a tree, grateful
it returned after winter,
a comfort in this time

of corona. I saw
the mallards in a tree.
I didn't know they flew

into trees. We're noticing
things we never did before.
They say many dinosaurs

had feathers. The animals
in the zoo wonder
where all the people

have gone. Pets
are grateful
for their families at home.

(My dog raced with abandon
out the door to the wild
blue yonder.)

I'm taking pictures
as spring unfolds. I wake
in the mornings,

the long day ahead.
Our consciousness
Is narrowing. Yet

hope is finding
something positive
in this pandemic.

How will it end?

How is it that threats
of misery and loss
bring some into life?

--Rosemary S. McGee, Robin Shimel, Joan Cerny, Linda Day, Nancy Gerber