

Missing Something

By Sarah Means

As we lay in wait
And watch the days pass by
There are people at beaches
Tanning and frowning.
Rangers being pushed into lakes
And people on the streets
Filled with hate.
While I am merely sitting here
Waiting for the end to arrive
Wondering if I can go back to
My summer job early this year.
I'm talking to people every day
Through a golden screen
And yet I grow further and further
Away from normalcy.
This new normal is quite odd.
My escape is gone
"As of now we will not close."
Oh how we were wrong.
How things fell so quickly
Dates kept getting pushed back.
This thing that seemed so odd is
Now somehow normal to me.
The prospect of walking along a crowded
Hall, dodging people to get to my next class
Is an alien concept to me.
Why is it when bad things happen...
They seem to all swoop in at once
Thing after thing after thing.
I miss sitting in class and sitting
Doodling on the margins
While people talk and chatter, while
Teachers drone on, I'm listening.
I really was.