

A New Day

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Year 9

“My poem was inspired by the Contagion Cabaret. It was heavily influenced by the many negatives and emotions to previous plagues as well as my own experience in living in a virus infested world. However, it was more focused on a passage of *The Last Man* by Mary Shelley, 1826. This is because many of the thoughts were very similar as to what we are all going through now and I wanted to show the comparison between the opinions of previous plagues as well as our own. As said in the passage ‘diseases haunt our frail humanity’ and gives us ‘sickening doubt and false’ - this was in comparison to us hoping for a vaccine in the beginning and wearing masks in order to keep ourselves as well as others safe. Specifically, I wanted to highlight the want and need of hope as we should ‘live for each other and happiness’. Overall, I wanted to allude through my poem to the readers, that even though our current situation may seem harsh and callous, we should have hope and look forward to better days as they will come; we just need to believe in it.”

Another day lingers at this dreaded time,

Not even the sturdiest hearts can sublime.

Another second,

Another millisecond,

Yet this foe does not go away,

Nor its malicious tentacles that seem to entangle us.

So blunt and dull we forget to fuss.

So pitiful we must seem,

We even forgot how to dream.

We look outside and hope to see better days,

Yet we are imprisoned not only in our homes; in a formidable haze.

The sky has lost its jocund hue

And is replaced by a depressing grey, thanks to a certain flu.

I wonder what we did wrong,

For surely the day can't be this long.

So great this mistake must be

For even the children have lost their glee.

Time doesn't pity,

This disease sure is witty.

Another day,

Another second,

This lockdown seems to be a taunting display.

Well, that's what we all reckon.

But wait,

Surely this must end.

You never know at the end of the line there could be a friend,

Ha! Checkmate

This malevolent disease cannot win,

For surely tomorrow is a new day.

And a new day means a chance of hope and a definite win!

By Zohal Mahmoodi