

Staring out the window
reminded of what I've lost
no shining sun or even snow
just a bit of frost

"what will happen next?"
I say to myself in fear
fires, floods, viruses
will it be better next year?

I stare a little bit longer
What can I possibly do
they tell us it'll go away
But what if that's not true

Feeling lost and alone
staying at home is tough
sure alone time is okay
but I've really had enough

I'm driving myself crazy
I want to run and be free
I cry as I miss the outside
the hills and mighty trees

How do I keep doing this
What if I'm never free
What if the bad luck is forever
all the places I'll never see

Help me please help
I'm trapped in my own thoughts
please let this horror show end
the pain isn't short

A few months left of the year
I try to stay calm
"only a few months left
no need to be alarmed"

I hope it all ends soon
all I can do is pray
I'll try to be strong
I'll try and find a way

One stroke of bad luck
but it'll be over, soon you'll see
this is just the story

of 2020

Thank you for reading! <3