

An Ode to 2021

By Mary De Wolf

Like the world I was living in hell.
My home was my own prison cell.
A forecast so gloomy
each day the same to me.
This sad story I feel I must tell.

This pandemic has locked us all down.
I faced every day with a frown.
Four seasons have passed,
it's a year I've been masked.
Oh Lord let me go back downtown.

I've been sitting alone on my couch, see.
And that is why I am so grouchy.
2020 was a zero,
what we need is a hero.
Could his name be Anthony Fauci?

Things are looking up for the nation.
The Covid train is leaving the station.
The sun is much brighter,
my step is much lighter.
Today I got my vaccination.