

Dark Cloud

Dark cloud

Ascending upward towards the mountain

To be alone with the creator

Hoping that dark cloud, COVID-19 will pass me by

And the rest of the world for that matter

Ravaging its way like a tornado

I decided to take a break from the climb

Found a bench to rest my wretched soul

In the middle of nature with no one around finally

Trees lined up in perfect harmony

Suddenly, a huge deer passes me by

A minute later another one shows up

They both turned their heads and winked at me

In acknowledgement

Two little fawns join in grazing in the shrubs

With no care in the world

The bench I am sitting on read:

'The earth laughs in flowers-which feeds the soul'

Peace came over me

I felt contentment at dusk

I forgot my misery and COVID-19 for a time

That dark cloud shall pass

But the deer helps a lot.

Farid Bitar

-Palestinian poet 3.28.2020