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Chaos, Fear, Conspiracy and Uncertainty

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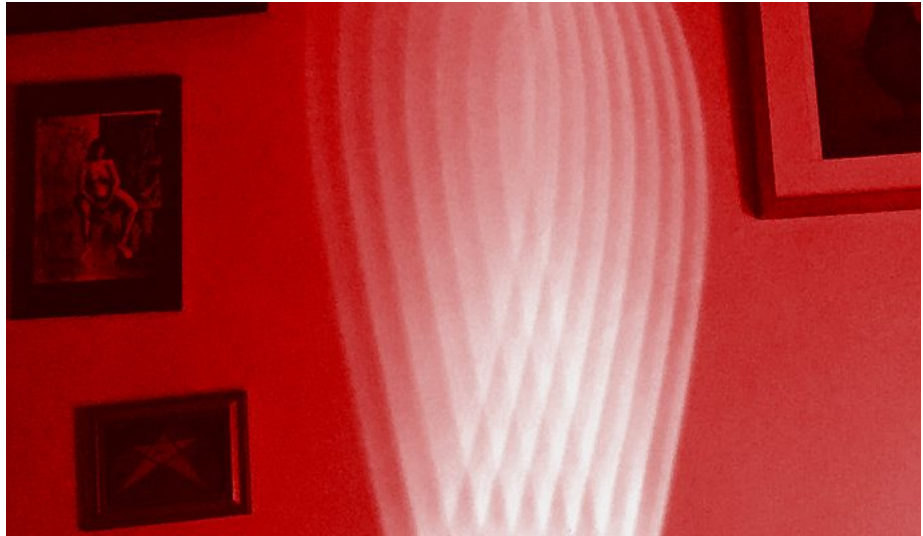
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Chaos, fear, conspiracy and uncertainty
The overwhelming chill of the unknown
The fear of being attacked by the unknown
The evidence overtook common sense
The speculation, secrets, suspicions
were more evidential than the evidence
Impossible to reason with reason as there is no reason
People held at ransom
Imprisoned by safety
and forced to keep safe
face to face overtaken by social media
The unconscious more real than the unconscious
Dreams more tangible than life experience
Air became sparse
Life became scarce
Healthy and unhealthy left
Gasping for breath forgetting they ever breathed
The air infused with toxins
and fear of death
and dying alone

Graveyards enriching its territory with untimely residents
Worrisome as family reunion became a war zone
Battling forgotten issues
Exhumed by the present climate
A remake of settled squabbles due to idleness
Intolerance, fist, preying on and being preyed on
Love becomes questionable as families struggle to contain
One another due to fear of contamination
The hostility, the guile, the wickedness
Of the pandemic cut across all
Race, culture, age, gender, class, statue, rank
And left none untouched
Some wishing they could buy the terror
and transfer it to the vulnerable and poor
Pride eloping and ego fleeing as the elites
And the wealthy are forced to gasp for last breath
Night became day and day night
Time crawling and moving slower than the heart beat
Everyone is fearful
Everyone is tearful
Everyone is confused
Shattered by the nightmare of who
and what is next
This is World war
provoked by the unknown
casualties taken unaware
not opportune to run for safety
or build bomb shelters
It seems inevitable
There is no choice
Here I am battling the psycho terror autism
As it tries to wreck my peace and takeover my space
My son could not comprehend the chaos
To him it is normal and fascinating
Watching people pace up and down
Looking terrified and bemused
Washing hands is the best part
Since he is obsessed with running the tap
There is not much difference except
Movement is limited and more people are at home
Watching people wearing mask is like a circus
He is fascinated by it
He sees it as a costume, mere dress up
The social distance he loves
As he hates people invading his space

The wait is the problem
It builds his anxiety and trigger
Counting every grain of sound and getting
Burnt out and fully spent
Meanwhile my daughter
Got fully acquainted with the kitchen
A place only mum goes
Rolling out one dish after the other
Taking out tape to ensure no inches are added in her waist line
Playing dress up and getting ready to go nowhere
Frustrating but a lesson to learn
Away from friends and indoors with family
This is stifling as her brother's screaming takes a toll on me
Being in the house was too much to ask of him
Engaging my daughter with conversation was boring to her
My focus is on the present pandemic
She just wants to sweep it under the carpet
She wants to pretend it is an imagination
She entertains herself as much as she can
At least she always has a smile
Especially when she speaks to her friends
I am no longer interested in social media
Which, could have interested her
I am entrapped by motherhood
Trying to contain and curtail their emotions
This erupts all over the place
Thrown uncannily at my face
Without reservations or concern
I am glad for my spirituality and that is my inner strength
It keeps me hopeful and helpful
So I got hooked in it
I got disinterested in the media
It became disruptive, thought provoking and annoying
As it shatters my hope when I am in the process of eloping with it
I stopped listening
I stopped watching
I just started listening to the rhythm of my heartbeat
And, the sequence of my pupil dilation
It is horrifying but yet thrilling
Sending goose pimples down my spine
I could hear the pin drop in the universe
Hoping to reverse the deeds
The silence and pain no one can comprehend
I cuddle up to the unseen, inner companion and comforter

Knowing he will grant me audience
Even If everything fails
And nothing stands
As I get sandwiched into an unending lullaby
The rhythm rhymes with my inner turmoil
The trauma awakening my unconscious fear
and sending my conscious confidence
to an unending search for answers.

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