

A pandemic has many victims.
The CDC lists mild to extreme symptoms,
But “desolation, anxiety, and anger” are not amidst them.
The fear that has arisen
The grief it has given.
No one is unscathed by this over-ripe period of loss and isolation.

In this hectic pandemic, people that look like me have been frequently attacked.
Finally, after a year of shrugging everything off, I have to react.

It was here all along, but only now could I see the real virus of hate.
From this social disease, mental illness issues grow.
It was only now that I felt the symptoms that manifest in loss of sleep and loss of hairs.
In higher stress levels, change in appetite, and random bouts of tears.

The brokenness that we feel
Will it ever heal?
Wounds will repair, time will pass...
Yet trauma always seem to last.

So many would benefit from therapy, and the ability to talk with a friend.
Yet there is stigma. “Things are okay,” we all pretend.
All my life, my culture has taught to keep emotions hidden,
But this stereotype of passivity must be rewritten.

Now we are nearing a second Covid-June.
Will I be able to walk outside worry-free one day soon?
Is this what it was like to be Muslim after 9/11?
Is this what African Americans face every single second?

Though there are many things you and I do not fully understand,
We can learn from one another when we fight this battle (washed) hand in (washed) hand.