

Coronavirus Spring

What I want to say to the tulips
that emerged, again, in March:
I am so grateful to count on you.

There is nothing else to gird me
anymore. This beauty almost
makes me weep.

*Do you see how different
the world is now?*

And they tell me: *no,*
as we know it, the world is still the same.
The rains arrived this morning.

*The nightingale keeps working so hard
to sing. The starling wails.*

If sickness comes
I want to be like the wise tulips,
store energy in my heart bulb

and come back after a hard winter,
dressed in bright turbans
of orange and yellow and red.

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