

Pandemic Poems

The coronavirus has caused profound changes in our daily lives. The creative spirit of the haiku community, however, has not been stifled. The following haiku, senryu and sequences are evidence of the unquenchable insight, wit and compassion of haiku poets as they deal with the current crisis.

social distancing
a café full of singles
immersed in their phones
David J Kelly

panic buying
the beggar
in his usual spot
Rob Scott

waning moon
all of us now
shut-ins
Matthew Caretti

cabin fever—
reading again
the week-old news
Michael Dylan Welch

social distancing
a friend leaves
food at my door
C.J. Prince

quarantine stories
the last time
they hugged
William O'Sullivan

lockdown
I remember
my ant farm
Yu Chang

running to the window
for a single wild goose—
self-quarantine
Jennifer Burd

one republican one democrat the same virus
Bruce H. Feingold

passing the microphone
doctors spread news
of COVID-19
R. P. Carter

pandemic lockdown
now I shave
every other day
John S Green

coronavirus
I quarantine
my fears

Roger Watson

social distancing
alone in the park
with everyone else

Michele Root-Bernstein

social distancing
we exchange
masked smiles

Rashmi VeSa

in lockdown
early wine time
with robin song

Marilyn Appl Walker

quarantine...
I open a window
to spring peepers

Christopher Patchel

hand washing...
the length
of a "Hail Mary"

Deborah P Kolodji

pandemic spring
brushing against each other
our whispered prayers
Holli Rainwater

postponed season
from row fifty, seat three
the sound of cooing
Mike Stinson

quarantine
he scores a basket
before an imaginary crowd
David Grayson

social distancing
my daily stroll
through the cemetery next door
Olivier Schopfer

quarantine
do the birds wonder
where we are?
Tim Murphy

lockdown morning
the coffee blossoms
buzzing with bees
Christina Chin

Going Viral

coronavirus—
a few things crossed off
my to-do list

*washing from my hands
what I can't see*

dialing in
to the company meeting
in my bathrobe

*pandemic manners
more space
between us*

a walk in the park...
my mask made in China

*oatmeal nearly boiling over
a new report increases
the numbers*

*Gary Hotham
Michael Dylan Welch*

love in the time of the corona virus

the gap
between the two of us
corona virus

air hugs
missing your touch

in her arms
sprigs of forsythia
and nitrile gloves

holding the photo
when all of us were together

solitary walk
wearing a new style
hand made masks

even so,
the lilac scent

Elizabeth Black

bird I've never seen

a bird
I've never seen before
corona

bluet field...
each touching each
touching each

home
from the spring woods
wash-don't-wash hands

no lock
on the cabin door
lock-down

vincent tripi

