

All Humans Still Dream by Aiko Lozar

Although this summer,
there were no carnival cookie crumbs,
the bumblebees still buzz,
the bumblebees still bumble.
The children still laugh,
the children still tumble.

We grow and we age and we heal and we cry,
we live and we live and we live and we die.
We stare at our screens and wish for a sign,
yet, through it all:
We hope for better times.
We sip tea between our fingertips,
we part our too-parched lips
as we lean in and lean in and lean in and kiss.

See,
although we are different,
we're on the same team.
Different colors, creeds,
genders, cuisines,
yet at the end of the day,
despite COVID-19,
 all humans still smile,
 all humans still dream.

We wear our masks, no need to be asked.
We stand apart and we wave.
We didn't ask for this game,
but we will play and play and play
until our happy ending has been claimed.

Humans are bliss.
Yes, humans make mistakes,
but humans can be fixed.
As we come to grips
with it,
we'll continue

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writing scripts,
calling friends just for kicks,
and making grocery trips.

And because of humans' will,
humans will
survive this painful eclipse.

Word Count: 200