

Try shutting up and listen (Covid in memoriam) – Sonia Allori

The wind whispers through the trees
On a world brought to its knees

Try shutting up & listen
Listen

A sea of faces in the Zoom room

Quiet thoughts and voices drowned
In a cacophony of louder sound

Dancer – Original poem by Emmy Hennings (Revised - Sonia Allori)

To you it's as if I were already
Marked out, waiting on the death list for my time
It keeps me safe from many sins.
How slowly life drains out of me.
My steps are often fearful,
My heart has an ill beat
And gets weaker with every day.
An angel of death stands in the middle of my room.
Yet I dance till I gasp for air.
Soon I'll lie in the grave
And no one will cuddle up to me.
Ah, to kiss is what I want until I die.