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