

Quaran-time, *a Ghazal*

By Nina

I know you miss me, and I miss you, too.
So I guess that makes us two.

We're birds of a feather who flock together,
But only at a distance of meters: two.

I'll send you hearts and letters in the mail;
Sappy love notes that end with 'love,' and start with 'to.'

I never thought I'd say it, but I guess it's true,
I actually miss school, and seeing friends, too.

How much longer will this go on?
I know we all are wondering this, too.

Sitting at home by the computer,
Finally, enough time for me to--

Actually do projects that I want to do?
But for some reason I don't want to.

I've been wandering down the empty streets of my mind
Just keep moving forward. One step—two.