

## Foot Soldiers of the Pandemic

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This war started as thunder  
A slow rumble over the horizon  
Punctuated by distant flashes of light

Then it came  
A slow, creeping, unstoppable haze  
More a figment of fantasy than reality  
Moving ever closer

We stood in our trenches  
Watching  
Eyes Wide  
Unknowing, Afraid  
More for those at home than for ourselves

We scrounged what protection we could  
Never enough  
Always promised more  
The first of many promises broken

And then we were in it  
Fighting an enemy unseen  
Surrounding us, enveloping us  
Seeping into every crevice of life

Letters came from home  
Full of praise and heroic words  
But help remained elusive  
Real sacrifice seemed too much for most,  
anathema to some

Courage gave way to fatigue  
Fear was ground down to anger  
Then rage  
Then resignation  
Then guilt

The war ebbed and flowed  
Then flowed faster  
It flows still

A war that did not have to be  
Does not have to be  
Yet remains

And what of us  
The foot soldiers  
We remain  
Changed  
But still willing