**New Normal**

It is Tuesday.

I hear whispers amongst the furniture,

About my attachment to my bed.

I pull my blanket over my shoulders,

like the swift swing of a protective eyelid.

My shoes celebrated my funeral today.

To them, it was

the only explanation

for my neglect.

It is Tuesday again.

The numbers rise with my chest,

I wonder about their families...

about the hugs they never got to give,

the kisses they never received.

Refreshing my phone,

new numbers appear.

New result: more hugs lost.

It’s yet another Tuesday today.

But I am different.

My clothes tell my mouth that

She's dressed like a prude.

I use my foot to open doors now,

and remind myself to sanitize more.

“The new normal”, they say

but I disagree. It’s a means to an end

and the end is on it’s way.

Today I received a hug.

It was warm, like the sun

and I felt the cool, blue breeze as,

our intertwined fingers swung.

I laugh, and it echoes around the room.

My voice no longer muffled,

by a powder blue warrior.

Today we are different, stronger.

Today, it is Wednesday.

Written by,

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