

Pan-  
    ic  
    demic  
    demonium  
    dora's box broken  
open on the world  
like an egg hit real nice,  
got anxiety on the rise, a plague  
of what-  
    if?  
    now?  
    next?  
    the-fuck's-with-the-toilet-paper?

People. It's a virus.  
It's a war:  
We've got science; it's got  
neither predictability nor form,  
just pure thirst for 7.8 billion  
warm bodies and the silence  
of a ghostly assassin, crossing  
borders like a viral hashtag;  
crashing Wall Street  
like bureaucratic incompetence.  
Feeling confident? Stay home anyway,  
if you can, and practice this sentence:

I will stay calm  
and carry on washing  
my hands, buying  
only what I need,  
and silencing racism.

Now's the time to let the professionals speak,  
to take action toward stasis. Feeling restless?  
Now's the time for art  
to spread wider than Corona,  
to lift the masses  
like social distancing raises all of our chances  
of survival. Welcome to the fight:  
Isolate.  
Create.  
Share.  
Reciprocate those likes  
and please, let's keep each other safe.