

“No Place like Home”

*Inspired by “Social Distancing” by Juan Felipe Herrera*

Panic.

I’m cemented.

Never feeling fully stocked.

Running out of the essentials to survive.

Fearing what will happen if you step foot outside.

The unknown of when you will be able to see your friends.

Home is where the heart is, but now home is where staying alive is.

The only thing that make you smile is thinking of the past.

Your college town you love so much is now unattainable.

The walls of your room are shrinking smaller and smaller.

You somehow miss the absolutely awful dining hall food.

The journey to and from the kitchen seems like a lifetime.

Your friends across the country are light-years away now.

The only thing keeping you going is being able to go back.

Home is where the heart is, but my heart is far away from home now.