

Poem: Covid-19 and Environment.

Once upon a dusty land,
between cars, people and stretches of sand.
There once was a virus that got into a town,
Cities and villages it all took down.
First to die were the elderly,
The virus took more people silently.
Scientists began making an antidote,
But whatever they made, failed once more.
The disease spread rapidly by touch,
sanitizers were in demand so much.
Toilet paper and pulses all were stocked up,
people washed their hands in basins and tubs.
Everyone was advised to stay inside,
malls closing came as a big surprise.
People got scared and PM came to speak,
he said to clap in balconies for we're not weak.
Applause came loud for doctors and policemen,
Who worked hard to send the virus back to its den.
But it took a few more lives,
so the lockdown, a month more survived.
People cooked and called their loved ones,
they slept late and had some fun.
But the miracles of miracles was the air,
it was pure and lovely like a maiden fair.
The river was cleaner than most months,
all this happened without any fund.
The animals were happy and the birds chirped,
the crows felt free and the cats purred.
The tree swayed happily for there was no smoke,
there was no human who made Earth choke.
The virus is not yet dead,
But the people are still fed.
The lockdown may still resume,
but the flowers happily bloom.
There might be despair,
but the environment is finally put on repair.
Today is hard,
And tomorrow will too,
But the day will come soon,
When the Earth won't be a ruin.

Name: Prachi Gupta

Class: XI

Section: C