

The Same Boat

New years, new beginnings, new journeys,
Are experienced throughout the world,
2020 is a ship that will carry us through uncharted waters,
We wonder what the year will hold, will we pull through?
Questions run through my head, and apprehension, impatience,
Pull away boat, pull away,
2020 is before us,
I accept its challenge.

Excitement bubbles and fizzes inside me,
I look ahead, into the bright blue future,
And see an approaching cloud,
The cloud is a brooding storm, a dark omen of what's coming,
It rumbles with thunder as loud as a shotgun,
And flashes with lightning as blinding as the sun,
The boat presses on,
Carried by the unstoppable force of time.

The storm is upon us, the fear inside us,
We stay together for comfort,
But we are separated to be safe,
Some descend into an impenetrable cocoon,
Of which they may never emerge,
We are in this together but alone,
The same boat, but different rooms,
Will the sky ever clear?

As I look outside, there are rays of sunshine,
Trying to fight their way through the black that is the storm,
Trying to give us happiness through fear,
Laughter, through worry,
And the hope the sun brings is absorbed by us all,
But the clouds push back the protestor,
And our own light lies within,
It is all we've got.

The journey of 2020 is coming to an end,
And no one knows if this storm will follow,
But the boat has not sunk yet.
Push worry, sadness, fear aside, for now,
See the light in the dark,
The storm will end eventually, if we keep going,
We are in the same boat, just different rooms.
And if we succumb to the worry, sadness, and fear, remember:

Normality was once reality,
Normality will be reality again, if we keep going,
We are in the same boat, just different rooms.