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"Flung Into Another Dimension"

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Flung into Another Dimension

Sirens
Flashing lights clearing the way
80, 90, 100, 110
I wish we had known by then
Impact.
All I can see is light.
My boyfriend keeps screaming “we’re alright.”
We crawled from an upside-down car
into a world that was bizarre.
Police, a thief, and unsuspecting me.
Broken, banged up, bruised, and sore.
Happy we were alive and that there wasn’t more...
For weeks I heard the distant scream
of a woman in my dream.
That woman was me.
Ripped from reality and shoved
into a world of chaos.
Out of the hospital
and into lockdown.
Sanitize your hands.
Wear a mask.
Please do something,
people are dying fast.
6 feet apart, no less.
Lack of toilet paper getting press.
Plexiglass, plastic sheets, and latex gloves.
Anti-maskers acting like thugs.
An existence limited by injuries
and state mandated quarantines.
Lost my job,
no social life,
living riddled with anxiety and strife.
Wondering when things will get back to “normal.”
Is wishing for another president so horrible?
Is wanting people to feel safe from sickness
and persecution so deplorable?
Was there ever a time with decency and respect?
I (am) rolled up in a world I did not expect.