

Blank Journal Poem

You sit alone and with courage,

Grab a pen to mark the first page in your untouched journal.

As soon as the pen touches the page, the ink runs out.

The only way you can finish, is to simply grab a new pen.

With new pen in hand, you reopen your journal and

flip back to the beginning,

But as soon as the pen touches the page your words run out.

-Prim Z.

*Initially, for this Covid-19 documentation, my plan was to create journal entries because in the course of my life so far I have written in many different kinds of journals for different points in my life. In this season however, I have had trouble communicating my feelings and thoughts. There was low inspiration when it came to writing, but a higher inspiration for artistic expression. This opened the door for me to paint, create poems and play music.

First Impressions Poems

When we first met, I noticed your eyes were mysterious and filled with desire.

It stirred my curiosity, leaving me to silently perspire.

When you spoke, your selective words caught my attention and kept me second guessing.

When all the world's inhabitants are considered, an individual like you lives life untethered.

You have your own rules, and there was no room for exceptions.

I was not the exception.

After you disappeared, I knew you had got what you wanted

But I had to learn that henceforth, life goes on because you left a mark on me.

- Prim Z.

Alive in Spirit

**My heart beats for you
You lived long enough for me
It was not in vain**

-Prim Z.

*Many people have died because of Covid-related illnesses and will not get to see what the future holds. This poem laments that fact and all that can be done is to look for cure and support each other as a nation during this time so we can overcome this pandemic as we have done so for other ones before us.

God's Creation

**Rich colors you paint.
Everything you make is good.
Indescribable.**

-Prim Z.

*I found myself stressed many times trying to deal with taxing online school, work, and home life. I wrote this poem because it brought me back to a time of peace when I was a young girl and my mother would put on Chris Tomlin's song "Indescribable" and I wanted to go back to that time when things were more simple and reflect how that in my faith I know that even in the storm God is in control.

Runaway Girl

She thought she could do it alone, so she went away.
She had no destination.
Away from home the night looks darker.
But the moon shined brighter and lit her way.
The ground she walks on seems shakier.
But each step led her to a nearby gas station.
She meets a stranger who says, "hello" to her.
Afraid and hoping to trust him, she says "hi" back.
He sees the pain in her eyes and tells her has not been alone.
Someone had been watching over her.
She asks "who?" the man says "up there" and points above.
She looks up and then back down to the man.
The man was gone.
She looks around and thinks he might have gone inside.
She walks back home and thinks that she can do it alone but
realizes that being with her family is the best thing for her right
now.

-Prim Z.