

Nine Months of 2020

By Tiffany Vakilian

2020 started with rain nonstop
The two-year-old driveway bottomed out
Arguing with the previous contractor
feels like complaining

Pregnancy reigned from my bed
I avoided all things red
Makena shots til little man's birth
feels like complaining

Coronavirus came via China
Wanting to share, the world stood in a line-up
Too many people to count started dying yet it
feels like complaining

For safety, we couldn't go anywhere
Masks and job loss EVERY where
LA almost had clean air, still it
feels like complaining

Knees on Black necks and bullets flew
Protests and politics, who's lying to you
Say their names, why don't you do because it
feels like complaining

Fires started in California
Southern hurricanes eating the ground up
Did you almost miss the earthquake, because that
feels like complaining

Oh yeah, it's an election year
Here comes mud and bipartisan fear
Voting might not even matter, dear and it
feels like complaining

Don't get me started on social media
Look up "brainwashed" in the encyclopedia
Gross darkness is what people are posting, which
feels like complaining

Kobe, and Boseman, and Ginsberg
the year ain't even over
Hold death with ice in cold water, or it
feels like complaining

What book of Revelation are we in
What year of the tribulation?
Wonder if missing the second coming
feels like complaining

With a Masters in Transformative Language Arts, Tiffany Vakilan is not only a voracious reader and exceptional performer but a professional writer and editor. Tiffany is currently President of the San Diego Book Awards Association, as well as a member of ASCAP, The National Forensics League, and the Kingdom Writers Association. She's the quintessential Renaissance Gal. This poem was sent to SDIS in September 2020.

Reprinted from *COVID-19: getting through with wit and grit*, published by the San Diego Independent Scholars. 2020 (<https://sdscholars.org>) © Tiffany Vakilian