

HAIKU IN THE TIME OF THE CORONAVIRUS

University at Buffalo
Spring 2020



Blue bleach-spotted scrubs
One waste-filled mask worn all day
Why weren't we ready?

—Natalie Carroll

Outstanding Haiku Award



i am always scared but today i am terrified

i heard their lungs drown
stones in this waveless ocean
i feel that weight across the atlantic
in my apartment on fifteenth st
i haven't left in fourteen days
a tsunami one hand touch away

the weather inside never changes
see the world outside
a moving picture through a window frame

i have to wonder
where the old days went
and if they will find themselves in the future

i am so angry
i almost can't breathe
six feet apart now an ocean apart
don't go to the gym anymore
i have never felt so disconnected
a time for the lonely
to find refuge in solidarity

and i wonder how long
or for what reason
or why

and where it began
and where it will end
and what has come of this life
I once lived
what will come of those lives we will inevitably lose?

—Grace Michienzi

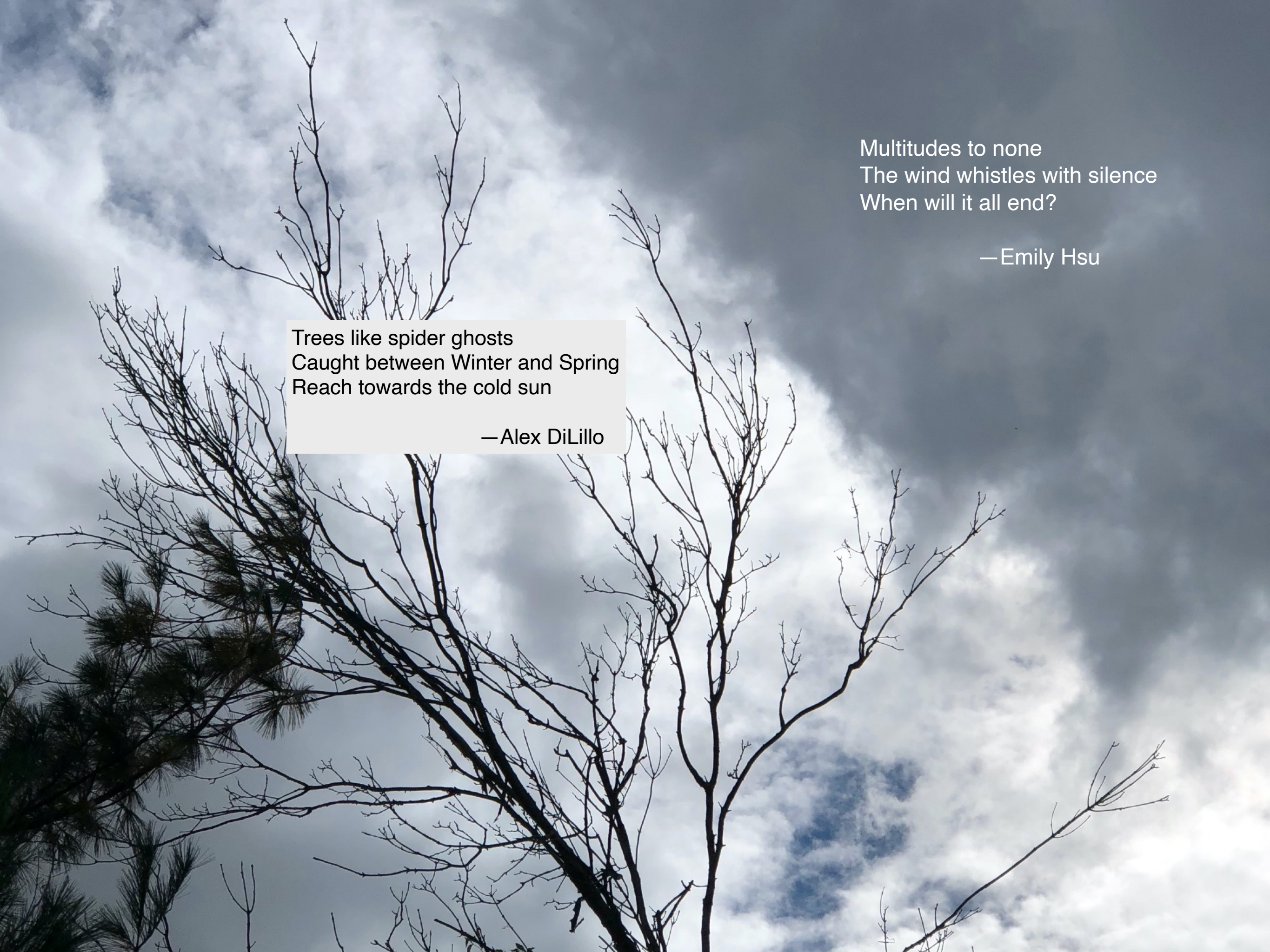


Outstanding Free Verse Award



Outside my window
Trees remain unchanged although
Nothing feels the same.

—Jennifer Hogan



Multitudes to none
The wind whistles with silence
When will it all end?

—Emily Hsu

Trees like spider ghosts
Caught between Winter and Spring
Reach towards the cold sun

—Alex DiLillo

Sometimes I believe a shared goal of the world is to make it harder for women to **BREATHE.**

There is the pay gap,
motherhood penalty,
and things as simple
as women still having to pay for sanitary needs when that is a necessity
for being in their body. Condoms
on the other hand
are readily and easily supplied, and can be found free at an abundance of places.

When women scream,
they are told how to control the volumes their voices reach.
When women get angry,
they are told how to feel about their violation.
Refusal to comply results in labels, namely b****.
When women dress up,
party once a week,
drink a lot,
stay at home,
don't drink,
wear a hoodie, go
grocery shopping,
wear nothing,
get gas, go to work, enter sex work, become a nun, attend school,
go to the doctor, jog in the morning, they risk being assaulted and harassed.

There's limited outrage for the violation of women because of its normalization.

—Simera Ladson


Outstanding Prose Award



How lonely am I
to share a sense of anger
With a speechless bird

—Corin Carpenter

Honorable Mention Haiku



A big blue ocean
Surrounded by my close friends
I wake and they're gone

—Jasmine Greggs

Sun shines upon us
Our minds seeking out refuge
While dark thoughts intrude

-Eugenia Telleria

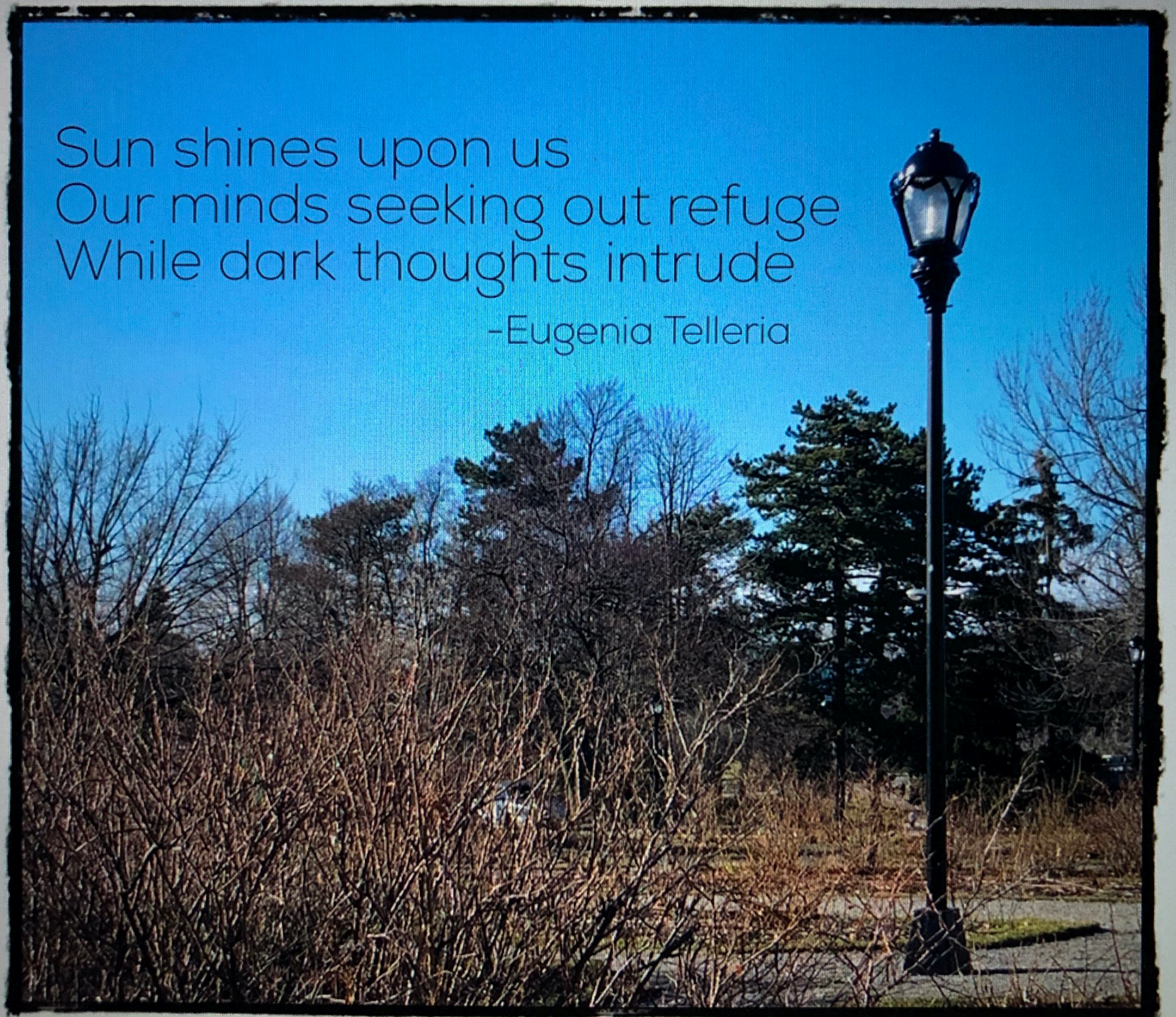
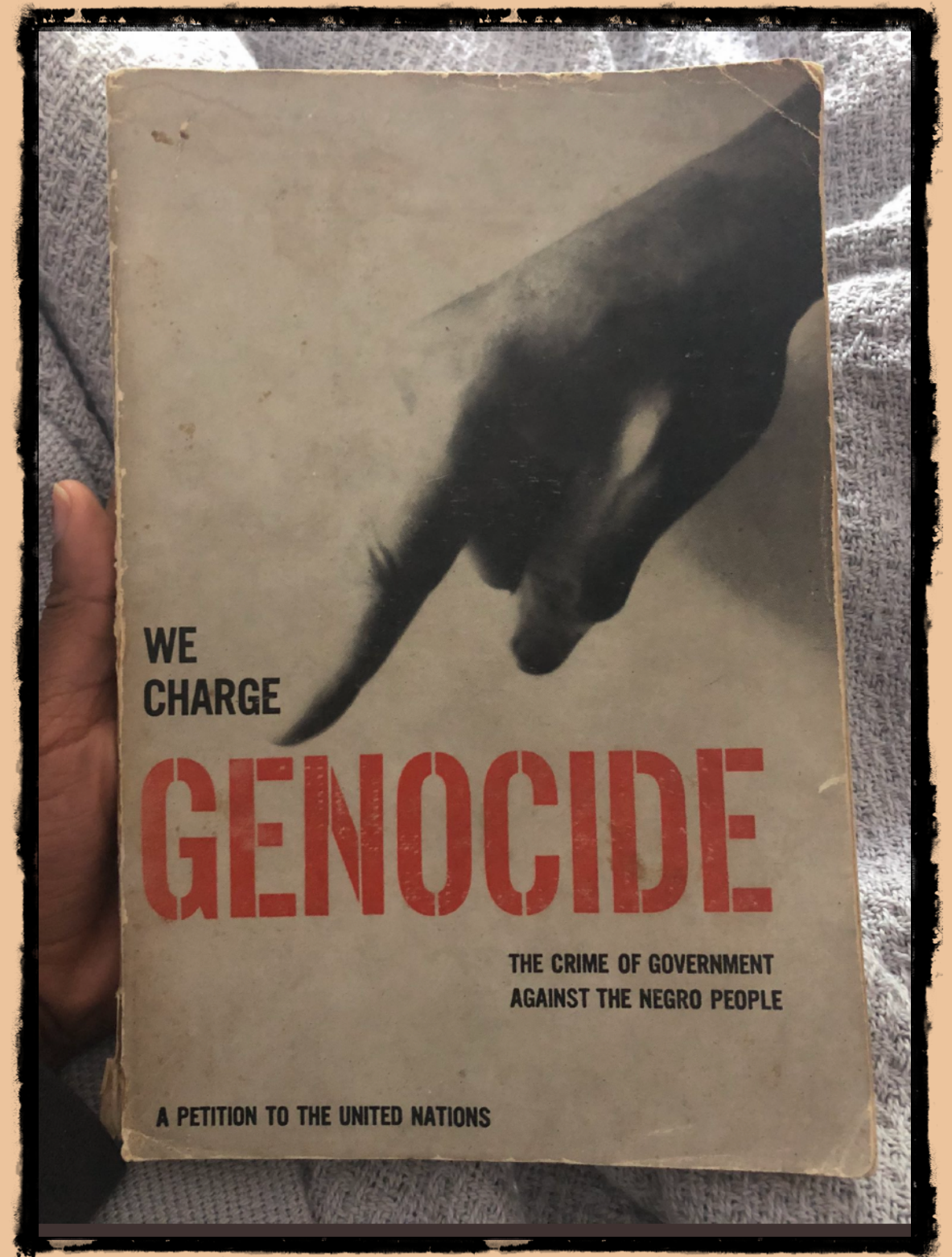
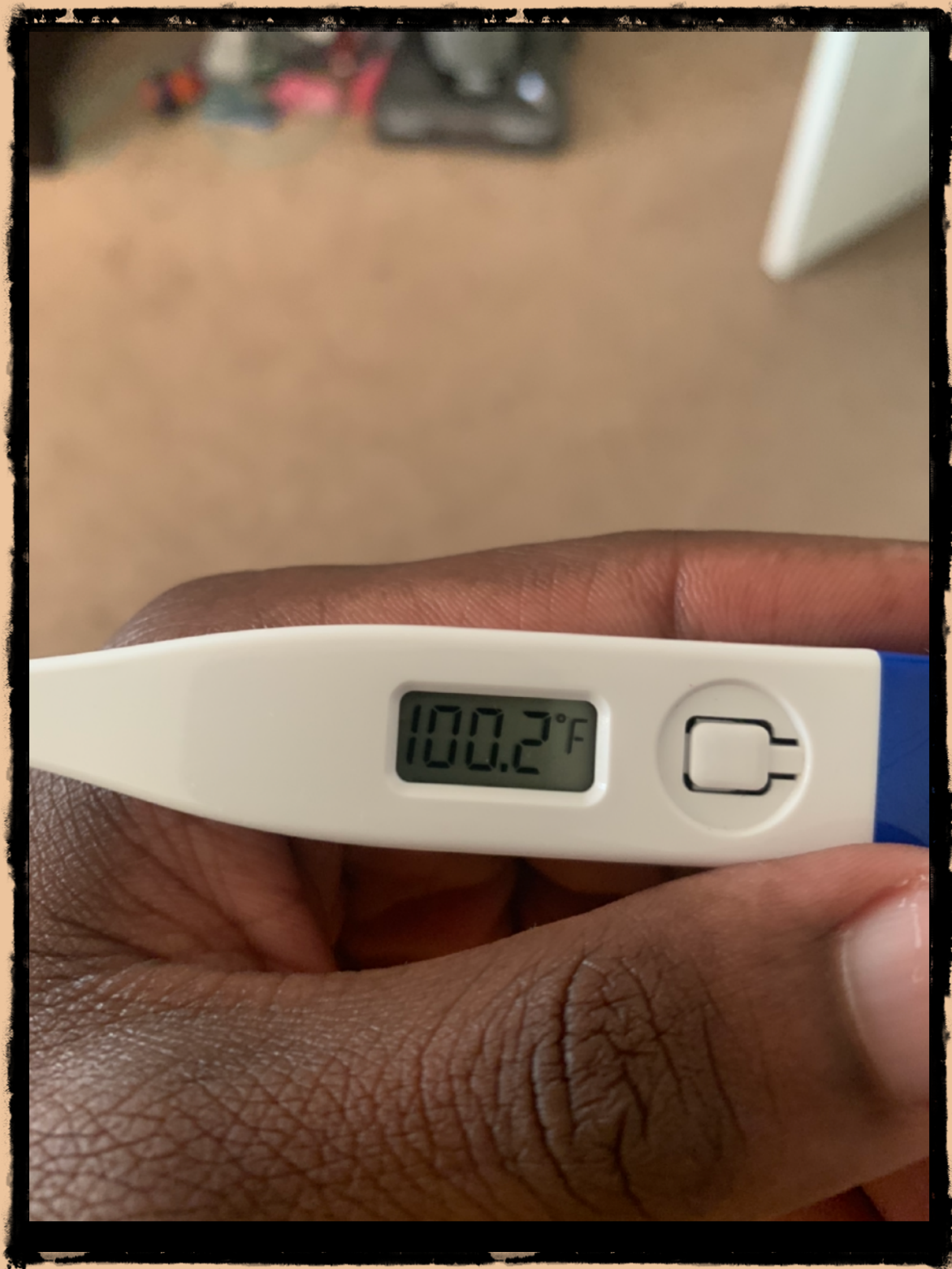
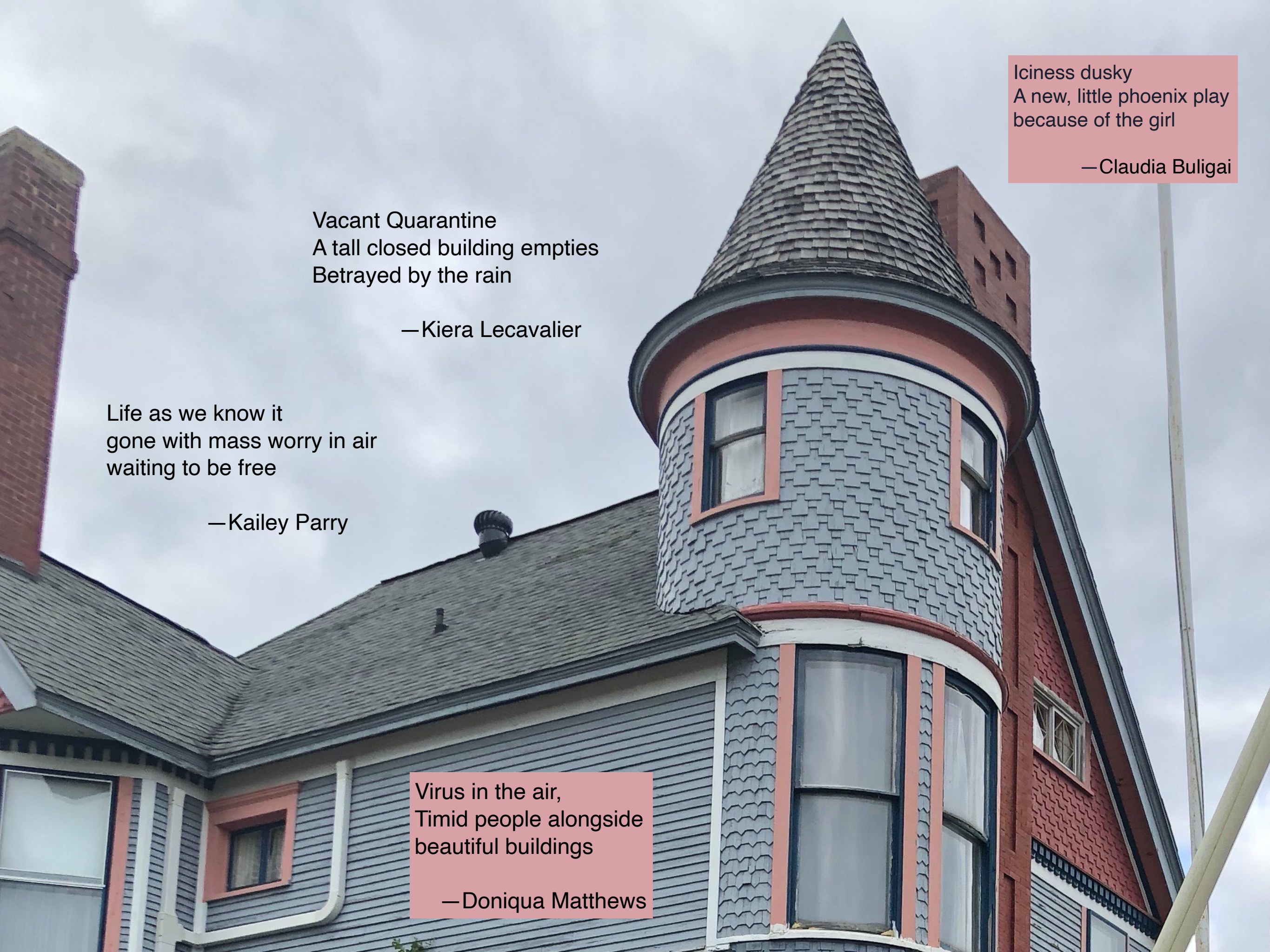


Photo by Eugenia Telleria



Outstanding Visual Images by Kyliel Thompson



Inciness dusky
A new, little phoenix play
because of the girl

—Claudia Buligai

Vacant Quarantine
A tall closed building empties
Betrayed by the rain

—Kiera Lecavalier

Life as we know it
gone with mass worry in air
waiting to be free

—Kailey Parry

Virus in the air,
Timid people alongside
beautiful buildings

—Doniqua Matthews

In hard times like these
Listen, and stay home
Keep social distance

—Amber Taylor

Stay Inside They Say
Fear, Pain, Death
It is Merciless

—Divine Muhawenimana


Lost within my mind
Trying to avoid this disease
Don't last, quarantine.

—Simera Ladson

In hard times like these
We must be mindful of all
Listen, find refuge

—Abbey Lynn






My life uprooted
A heavy storm cloud of dark
When will this end?

—Emma Stanton



“Intertwined”

—Lex Cacciatore



Rain is very loud
When the rest of the world stops
Scared to even breathe


—Geordi Alphonse

Hashtag stay home
rainy days to come
when will this end

—Amber Taylor


It is days like these,
that I miss you the most
falling rain and haze

—Haven Ford



Clouds understand me
as they lay sadly above
and let out a tear

—Corin Carpenter



Abrupt trip back home.
Emptiness makes fear arise.
Falling heavy doubts.

—Lolina Schietekat

four walled quarantine,
birds chirping in full green trees,
warm days pass us by.

—Gabriella Sniatecki

The days escape me,
Not being able to breathe
I don't know my strength
.


—Simera Ladson

We need to feel love
Not through the touch of a hand
But from hearts and minds

—Annie Smith

To end this despair
There's one step you cannot spare
Stay in the house, swear.

—Simera Ladson



Stay isolated,
Better days are soon coming
Wear your gloves and masks

In such times of crisis,
We must remember our faith,
Let go and let God.

—Shane Bennett

Listen, find refuge
Listen to your officials
Listen to His calls

—Shane Bennett

You Came in Silently
No Sound of Whisper
You Put the World On Pause

—Divine Muhawenimana

Doors shut from outside,
Woke up the society.
On the hunt for peace.

—Gisela Archibol



I am inside though
The outside looks inviting
The virus is there.

—Dayna Holding

— this life i now live
can begin and end with you
so stay inside--please.

—Grace Michienzi



Crisis has risen
Times like these bring dead silence
Humans keep distance

—Aubin Cotter

For an extrovert
isolation is brutal
we desire more

—Haven Ford

I sit and wonder
How long this will last for us
This restless dull rest.

—Eleanor Rummell

Cracked brittle bones, lost,
Silently breaking away
From this hollow home

—Simera Ladson

Stuck within these walls
Hope vanishes day by day
Only fear remains

— Annie Smith

The days seem to blend
Quarantine will never end
But hope lends a hand


—Kari Buescher

From the dim window
I stand and stare, wondering
when life will resume

—Haven Ford

Sleeping way too much
Getting stuck in lonely thoughts
No motivation

—Andrea Elbaneh

A photograph of a forest stream. The water is clear, reflecting the sky and surrounding trees. Several large, moss-covered rocks are visible in the foreground and middle ground. Two bright yellow leaves are floating on the water's surface. The background shows a dense forest of evergreen trees.

There's a lifeless fish
Floating away from its home
Toward a world in panic

—Lily Bayley

Leaves trapped in water
Me, unbound by frigid air
Nature gives balance

—Brittney Beetcher

try to remember
it comes and goes in waves
just temporary

—Lex Cacciatore

Poem in the Time of the Coronavirus

The coping mechanisms were simple at first
and mostly food related
Multiple nights of takeout thai
6 hours of Netflix in a row
Yes, I am still here
Yes, I am still watching.

As days dragged on and could have been
A Monday, Thursday, Saturday -
I stopped checking.
And it was always raining
As if the clouds somehow knew we were meant to stay indoors
Sometime in April I forgot how to sleep
And on the couch, by the window, wrapped in a blanket twice my
size
I would just cry
for hours, for days (aren't they the same?)
And it wasn't pretty
Not at all
It was the type of crying they don't show in movies
All snot and gasps
Head in hands
An inconsolable grief that demanded to be felt

I could never pin down one specific point of pain.
It was everywhere
All encompassing, Infantilizing
And suddenly I am a child again
feeble and dependent
Waiting for my dad to come in and wake me up
Tell me this has all just been a horrible, horrible dream.

But every morning I wake up
And I haven't seen my family in months
And it's still always raining somehow
And I'm afraid that this won't be over before I forget
what my dad's hug feels like

We wear masks in the supermarket
And we are all terrified of one another
And we are expected to be productive
When the world is falling apart

There are bodies in cargo trucks
And there are laws that protect corporations
at the expense of workers
And I wonder
While the rich cry for their profits
For stocks, for shareholders
The corrupt government officials who failed us
Cry for their reelection campaigns
Refuse to pass laws deemed too progressive
Valuing their job and lifestyle
Over the needs of their constituents

We are sacrificed for greed
The deaths become statistics
We
The everyday people
Share in collective trauma
And the pain demands to be felt

This will pass in time
And there is so much to be grateful for, I know
And the pain, while temporary
Demands to be felt.

This will pass in time
And there is so much to be grateful for, I know
And the pain, while temporary
Demands to be felt.

—Alex Iadanza




Some die in winter
Under the soil
The spring will come

—Lee Li




The warm sun shining,
warm wind blowing through my hair
spring finally here.

—Andrea Elbaneh

A photograph of several purple and white flowers, likely wildflowers, growing in a rocky, forested area. The flowers have six petals, with the outer ones being a vibrant purple and the inner ones being white with purple streaks. They are surrounded by dark, charred wood and pine needles, suggesting a forest floor after a fire. A large, grey rock is visible in the upper right corner. The overall scene is one of nature's resilience and beauty in a post-fire landscape.

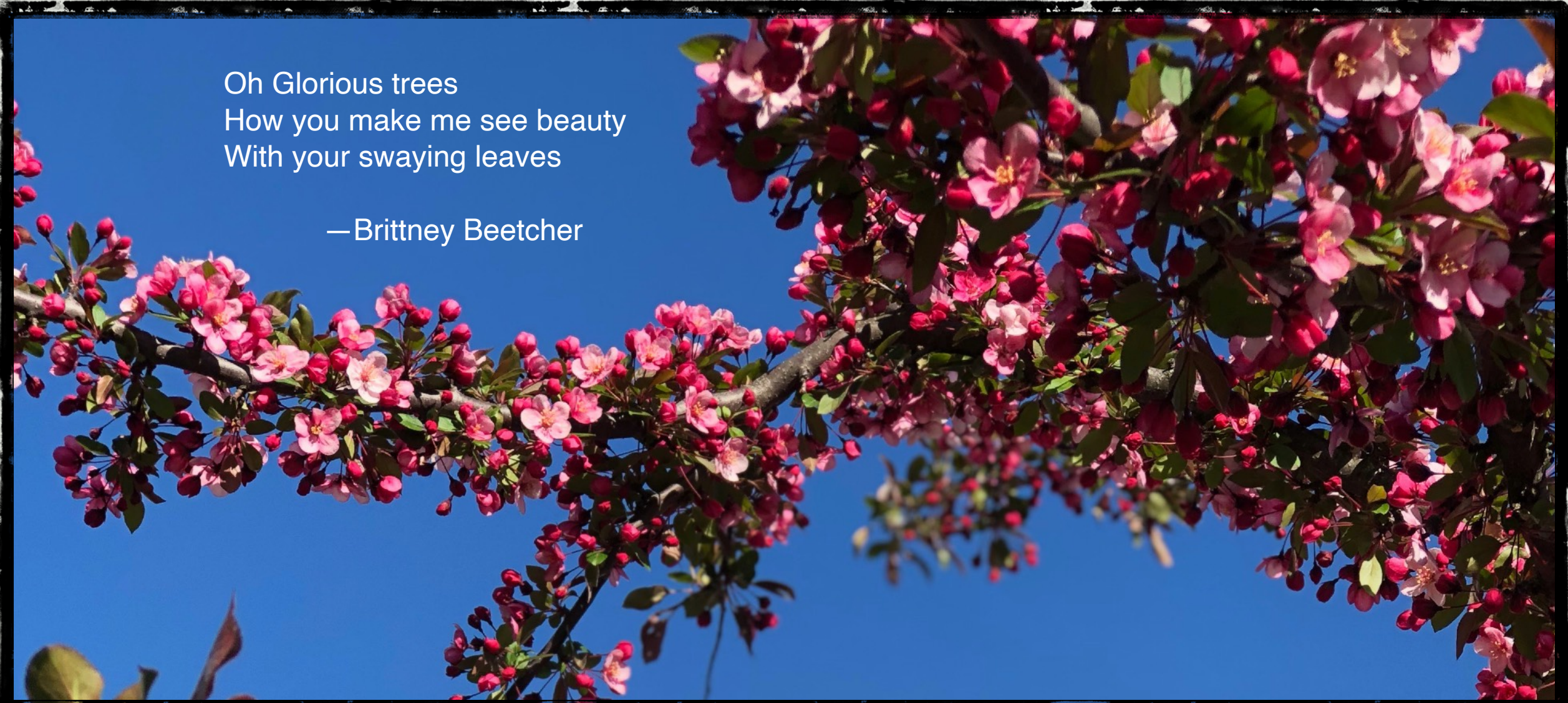
Oh mother nature
Only now we hear your cries
In sorrow we sit.

—Jennifer Hogan

A close-up photograph of three small, six-petaled purple flowers with bright yellow centers. The flowers are growing from a dark, textured ground covered with pine needles and small twigs. The petals have a subtle gradient from light purple at the base to a deeper purple at the tips. The background is a dense layer of dark brown mulch and dry, brown pine needles, creating a natural, forest-floor setting.

A tiny flower
Pretty and oblivious
What a life to live

—Jasmine Greggs

A photograph of a flowering tree branch, likely a crabapple, with numerous pink blossoms and green leaves. The branch extends from the left side of the frame towards the right, set against a clear, bright blue sky. The image is framed by a dark, irregular border.

Oh Glorious trees
How you make me see beauty
With your swaying leaves


—Brittney Beetcher

The sun, sky, and clouds
Still shining through this darkness
Nature will persist.

—Jennifer Hogan

The tree's leaves rustle,
Untouched by the panic of man.
Nature is thriving.

—Geordi Alphonse



Every step outside,
Feeling the sun on my skin,
Brings life back to me

—Geordi Alphonse



A boy running wild,
world crashing down around him,
all he sees is bugs.

—Madeline Wahl



Animals roam free,
People run and hide in fear,
A virus is here.

—Amanda Lees



Photo by Zane Grinde

Ellicott creek trail
Birds are soaring around me
A bench for resting

—Olivia Coyle



A cloth-covered face
But often smiles bring comfort
Patients feel alone

— Natalie Carroll

A long winter ends
With once hopeful joy subdued
beset with fresh grief.

—Alex Iadanza



The Haiku Project

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