

Poems About COVID-19 for Children

by Kalli Dakos

I hope these poems will become a forum for discussions with students about their fears and concerns about COVID-19, and hopefully serve as a catalyst for children's writings.

We are living in a historical time, and future generations will want to know how students faced these challenges. By writing their own poems, journals, stories, and memories, children will give a voice to these experiences for all time.

As with my other poems, my goal is to help children feel they are not alone with their feelings. Sometimes a simple poem can give the words for unexpressed emotions, and help to build resiliency and strength to face the challenges of life.

Together We Run This Race

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Earth Family

We are the
EARTH FAMILY,
spinning in outer space,

the sun our light,
the stars our guide,

TOGETHER
we run this race.

World

The entire world
is working
on a problem
to save
the entire world.

Wrong

Something so BIG --
a PANDEMIC,
comes from something so small --
a virus.

If people ever told you,
small was not strong,

THEY WERE WRONG!

When a Virus Attacks

We need everyone on earth
to be hero-great --

nurses,
doctors,
scientists,
politicians,
grocery store workers,
truck drivers --

and those who stay home
and wait.

Wash Away the Bully

There's an invisible bully
we can't even see.

But he's a wimp!

You can wash him away
with soap and water
and twenty seconds
of wiping.

Whoever heard
of a bully
who can't handle
soap and water?

I Miss School

I miss Gerald poking me with his pencil.
 I miss the cafeteria that is so noisy
 it's like pots and pans
 clashing in my ears.
 I miss the stuffy bus rides that I hate.
 I miss soccer and baseball and hockey.
 I miss getting new books from the library.
 I miss my free breakfast and my free lunch,
 especially when I'm hungry.
 I miss running in the gym,
 and climbing the bars at recess.
 I miss sitting at my desk.
 I miss working at my desk.
 I miss Sally
 who tells everyone I love her,
 when I don't.

I never thought I would say this,
 but,

I MISS SCHOOL!

If I Was in a Picture Book

If I was in a picture book,
 I would never whine.
 I'd be like a SUPERKID
 through this deadly time.

I would tell that virus,
 "Do not come near me!"
 I'll wash my hands.
 I'll disinfect.
 I'll save my family."

If I was in a picture book,
 I would find the way,
 to be brave,
 to be strong,
 to be hero-of-the-day.

The Virus Killed My Grandpa

I love my Grandpa.

He was already sick,
when the virus killed him.

But I have learned
there is one thing
that the most dangerous virus
in the world
cannot kill.

LOVE!

I will love my
Grandpa,
forever
forever
forever

and no virus
can ever
take this away.

The World is Sick

The world is sick
and I'm afraid
that I might get sick too.

I'm blowing bubbles,
happy bubbles,
just to see me through.

Not Prepared

The virus said,
“They were not
prepared for me.

Guns,
bombs,
missiles,
fight the things that
they can see.

But they don't work
on an enemy
like me.”

You Have the Courage

The sun,
the moon,
and the stars,
of our vast galaxy,

look down
on a heartbroken planet,
fighting a deadly virus,
and send
a message
from the great cosmos.

“Be brave.
Be strong.
Be true.

We know you have
the strength of the universe
and the spirit of the stars,

to see this through.”

I'm Going to Begin

I don't have a computer,
 a tablet,
 a video game,
 a phone,
 a pencil,
 or paper.

I do have a pen
 that works,
 and an old notebook
 with twenty-two blank pages.

I've decided
 that right in the middle
 of this deadly virus,
 while I'm at home,

I'm going to begin my career

. . . *as a comic book artist!*

Are You Afraid?

"Are you afraid
 that you'll get sick too?"
 I ask my mother,
 who is a nurse.

"I am afraid,"
 she replies,
 "But I *must* do the work,
 I am trained to do."

I'd Like to Be a Scientist

I'd like to be scientist
 in a long white coat,
 working in a lab,
 working on a treatment,
 working on a cure,
 working on a vaccine,

working on questions
 about the invisible,
 until the answers
 become visible.

Alone All Day

My dad works in a factory.
 He brought the virus
 home one night.

Now, he lives downstairs.

Last week my mother
 had a high fever,
 and a sore throat,
 and she has the virus too.

Now, she lives upstairs.

I'm all alone
 in the middle of my house.

I feel like an orphan.

Virus, I'm the Boss of You

You're NOT the boss of me.
 I'm the boss of you.
 A bit of soap and water,
 and it's the end of you!

The Dream

We are all going to sleep --
 a teddy bear,
 a fluffly pillow,
 a doll,
 and me.

We'll dream of a land
 where children

hug grandparents,
 take the bus to school,
 meet with friends,
 play baseball and soccer,
 and even go to birthday parties.

I've been to that land before,
 and I know I'll get there again,
 but right now,
 I can only visit it . . .

in my dreams.

Our Mother, the Teacher

Don't be rude to the teacher,
 who doesn't know what to do.
 Math, grammar, music, art --
 she doesn't have a clue!

Don't be rude to the teacher.
 As a lawyer, she's the best,
 but when it comes to teaching kids,
 she cannot take the stress.

Don't be rude to the teacher.
 She cannot teach, it's clear.

Let's do our best

and really hope,

we're back in school next year!

Feeling Free from the Virus

The buds are blooming,
the birds are singing,
the squirrels run in my tree.

The frogs are croaking,
the ants are crawling,
I just ran away from a bee.

I am a-whirling,
I am a-twirling,
in a yard where I can run free.

Laughing at ME, A Dangerous Virus

They should be all terrified
of a virus they can't see,
but they're telling funny stories,
and they're all about me.

How can they laugh at danger?
I could kill them one-by-one one.
But they make up songs and tales,
like they're having lots of fun.

There's something about laughter,
that let's them steal the day --
the more they laugh,
the more I cry,
and want to go away

It's Raining Tears

The clouds are gray and heavy,
for they see the children's tears.

“We know you are very sad,
to be at home this year.

It might be a long time
until this virus ends,
and you are missing school,
and playing with your friends.

The sky is getting dark
and we are stormy too.
We'll be sending raindrops
to cry along with you.”

We Talked

My dad and I
put together
a puzzle today.

We talked
while we found pieces
for a pond
with frogs and fish
and lots of mud.

He told me about the time
he was sent
to the principal's office
for having a frog
in his desk,
and I told him about the time
I had a detention
for hitting Gerald
when he called me
the shortest shrimp
in third grade.

We talked,
and talked,
and talked,
and finished the puzzle,

and it was the best day ever!

The Pandemic Left me Alone

My mother works all day,
and I'm stuck at home.
One virus called Corona,
has let me all alone.

But I have books to read,
and lots of games to play.
I'm taking something bad,
and making it
OKAY!

The Rich Man Spoke to the Virus

The rich man spoke to the virus,
"I'll give you a million dollars
if you won't come near my family."

The virus laughed.
"In your world
there are many things
you can buy with money.

But not me.

Kings and queens
and movie stars
and hockey players,
and millionaires like you
cannot use money
to tell me
what to do.

No one can buy me,
and anyone can have me,

because I am

free."

Don't Tell Me to Be Brave

Don't tell me to be brave.
 Don't tell me to be strong.
 I'm sick of the virus
 that's been here far too long.

Today I plan to whine,
 and wimp and fret and cry,
 Corona,
 Oh Corona,
 GET OUT OF HERE!
 GOODBYE!

Find another world.
 Find another home.
 Take your nasty germs,
 and leave the Earth alone.

Don't tell me to be brave.
 Don't tell me to be strong.
 I need a day to cry,

all day

loong!

Homework or Schoolwork?

Is the work we do at home,
 homework,
 or schoolwork?

Do you have to be in school
 to do schoolwork,
 and at home to do homework?

If so,
 why can't we leave the schoolwork
 at school
 and just do the homework?

My Mother's in the Car Again

My mother's in the car again,
not going anywhere.
She needs a break.
She needs a rest.
She's hiding from us there.

Her feet are on the windshield.
Her head is slumped down low.
Can't see her face.
Can't see her hair.
She's really left the show.

I'm in charge while she is gone,
for Daddy vanished too,
One brother, Rob,
One sister, Pat,
and I'm wondering what to do.

We'll clean the messy playroom
and take popcorn off the floor.
We'll make our lunch.
We'll pour a drink,
and finish up some chores.

My mother's in the car again.
My father's gone somewhere.
The virus came
and left me here,

in charge of child care.

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Twinkle Twinkle
Little Star,
give us hope from afar,
that we can handle
all we must,
and still go on
with faith and trust.

Twinkle Twinkle
Little Star,
I can be brave
in this hour.
I'll do my best
to help and care,
no matter how,
no matter where.

Twinkle Twinkle
Little Star,
shine on us
from where you are,
and together
we will all shout,
"Our light is strong
and won't go out."
