Looking out the window

 Looking out the window I see an empty neighbourhood, no one looking, or replying to my lonely wave,

 The usual roaring traffic vanishes into an eerie hum, a car dashing down the high road, the only sign of life.

 The boredom hits me like a bullet, the peculiar feeling of not leaving my house pounces on me like a lion striking for the kill.

 Looking out the window the face mask itches like thousands of tiny ants crawling along my cheek,

 Losing breath becomes harder, it sounds like I completed a marathon,

 The silence scares me, it's never been so quiet before, it feels like i'm trapped inside a cage with no escape.

 Looking out the window I see my reflection, begging for this invisible killer to leave my friends, my family - well, everyone, alone,

 Although I miss seeing my friends, the bond still stays, hearing their voices makes me laugh, playing online everyday,

 But still, isolation, please go away.

 Milo D