

When this is over,
may we never again take for granted
a handshake with a stranger
conversations with neighbors
a crowded theater
Friday night out
the taste of Communion
a routine checkup
the school rush each morning
coffee with a friend
the stadium roaring
each deep breath
a boring Tuesday
life itself.

When this ends,
may we find that we have become
more like the people we wanted to be,
we were called to be,
we hoped to be.
And may we stay that way – better for each other because of the worst.

- *Laura Kelly Fanucci*
<https://laurakellyfanucci.com/>