

## The Solitary Carrier

Behold her, single in the room,  
Yon solitary High-fever lass!  
Weeping and moaning by herself;  
DON'T stop here, gently pass!  
Alone she coughs with a new strain,  
And sings with respiratory pain;  
Don't listen! for the room profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No pathogen did ever flaunt  
More dire effects to weary bands  
Of travellers in unsanitized haunt  
Who forgot to wash their hands;  
A voice so sore never was heard  
Any time from quarantine ward,  
Breaking the silence is her sneeze  
Among the deadliest disease.

Will no one tell what she's suffering? --  
Her life, like plaintive numbers flow.  
Do unhappy social distancing,  
Else to battle your life will go.  
On her bed does she humbly lay,  
No familiar face to see today.  
Her natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has come from the quarantine.

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden coughed

As if her cough could have no ending;

I saw her coughing at her bed

And with dizziness bending; --

I listened, maskless and still;

As I mounted the hospital,

Her virus in my lungs I bore,

Long after she carried no more.

-- Ullas, PhD Student, CSA Department.