

A Love Story

By Brod Bagert

I wash my hands, I cover my cough,
no problem to shelter in place,
but I find it extremely hard to restrain
my fingers from touching my face.

I rub my eye, I scratch my nose,
I caress the tip of my chin.
Like Romeo and Juliet,
the tragedy's bound to begin.

I feel like a clown in the circus,
a public health disgrace,
but what's a kid supposed to do?
My HANDS are in LOVE with my FACE!

