

## Being a Student (in Covid Times)

How quickly life changes  
There is no old routine  
As my mother arranges  
My laptop in quarantine  
Me confined in a goldfish sized room  
Only interactions are now on zoom

I miss the school in morning  
Like I have lost an old friend  
I now sit contemplating  
When would the solitude end  
No school, isn't as great as it seems to be  
I miss the times, when everyone was free

But all these are weak strings  
And can't stop my freedom  
I shall soon fly with open wings  
As humans are never beaten  
We need to be strong and everyone shall unite  
God willing we shall soon win this fight

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