

# A Collection of Pandemic Poems

By

Alina Happy Hansen

Copyright © 2021 Alina Happy Hansen

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or used in any manner without the prior written permission of the copyright owner, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

To request permissions, contact the author at [alinahappyhansenwriter@gmail.com](mailto:alinahappyhansenwriter@gmail.com).

First Edition September 2021.

Edited by Alina Happy Hansen

Author Photograph by Alina Happy Hansen (September 2020)

Cover Photograph by Alina Happy Hansen (May 2020)

Back Cover Photograph by Alina Happy Hansen (June 2020)

E-Book design by Alina Happy Hansen

[www.alinahappyhansenwriter.com](http://www.alinahappyhansenwriter.com)

This Collection is Dedicated to

Raija (Grandmother)

Ettina (Mother)

Heather

Ana

Becky

Jess

Brynn

Sarah

Libby

Kendal

Gabe

Rachel

Hanna

Melissa

Rich

Bruce

Olivia

Bobbie Jo

## CONTENTS

Author's Note .....	1
About the Author .....	17

## POEMS

Springtime .....	2
Hey Man .....	3
Dance with You .....	4
Summer Days .....	5
Look, Listen .....	6
Ode to Brews .....	7
Song for Today .....	8
Just Ride .....	9
Happy Days .....	10
The Music Goes On .....	11
Fishing .....	12
Adventures .....	13
Stranger to Friend .....	14
Creator .....	15
In Remembrance .....	16

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

In March 2020, I was laid off due to the COVID-19 Pandemic, which spread across the globe, killing thousands, wreaking havoc on lives, economies, and countries. Grappling with the tumultuous times and staying home, it would be months until I found employment that provided me with the ability to survive and flourish.

While I was unemployed, I decided to create and write individual poems for money as I searched for remote work. For weeks, friends and family requested poems they exchanged for any amount of compensation they wanted to give. Every little bit of support helped me take care of my household and get back on my feet.

Now, a year and a half later, my life looks drastically different from when I was a restaurant worker in Salt Lake City. Today, I live in San Francisco and work remotely. The world is still battling COVID-19, hundreds of thousands have died, and many more have had their lives completely altered due to the socio-economic impact of the virus.

I am deeply grateful to have my health and a remote job. I believe that because of the support of my friends and family, I was able to change my life. This collection of "Pandemic Poems" is dedicated to them. Thank you all for your support and love. I couldn't have survived without you.

Two poems have been left out of this collection because copies were never made. One poem was written for my Grandmother, Raija Hansen, and the second was for my Mother, Ettina Eakin. Thank you both for your love and your continuous support of my writing endeavors. I love you.

*The last names of friends have been omitted for privacy.*

## Springtime

rough mountains stand tall  
snow tipped, brave—  
protecting those below.

The sky clears, cotton clouds slide  
across the blue  
a fresh wind, a flower  
bends.

## Hey Man

### I. "Yo Man, Wassup"

There is an unbroken agreement  
Between the best of friends  
Regardless of how far apart or  
How long it's been, we both know  
Once a bro, Always a bro. Yo man,  
Wassup.

### II. "You Know Me Better Than I do"

Those days were the best—  
My best friend,  
Worth more than \$, than gold,  
More than the clothes on my back.  
My friend,  
Who knows when I'm bullshitting  
Who knows when I'm full of shit  
Who knows when something's wrong  
Without a word.  
My friend knows what love is.  
Blood but not blood.  
My friend, my bro.  
Better than blood, but you already know.

### III. "Don't worry Cap."—Stark

Circles twisting, interwoven  
Unwoven, interchange, cycles  
Closing for a new world is  
Coming. Don't be afraid my friend—  
Just keep going.

## Dance with You

Sunshine dancing rays  
twisting, twirling

Warmth reflecting

-inner glow

Move, let your body beam

Shattering light

illuminate the room,

IGNITE, the fire dormant

In my heart.



## Summer Days

Golden fields whisper,  
a hushed smile  
smell of crushed grass, dirt—  
kicked up by hoof  
gazing upwards, clear skies,  
horses in the distance.

## Look, Listen

calm and clear,  
eyes drink in the beauty  
of a curled leaf ready  
to unfurl. A budding  
flower about to spring.  
the sound of birds  
chirping in the distance.

## Ode to Brews

An ordinary, extraordinary  
concoction. Magical creation is  
brewing-

    Something deliciously divine,  
    divinely loved,  
this fine ale provides joy,  
relaxation, inebriation  
into other realms

    An ordinary  
    extraordinary  
    concoction.

## Song for Today

...and the rhythm keeps  
going, the beat pulse  
running- a call out  
to the darkness- I'm  
not afraid- receding of  
the fears that were  
growing.

STOMP YOUR FEET  
KICK BASS DRUM PEDAL  
PULL THE STRINGS  
AND SING LOUD-  
WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT  
FUCK YEAH,  
WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT.

## Just Ride

as the road appears, a new horizon emerges-  
somewhere light lifts and birds talk  
in language we can understand.

A rumbling road,  
a grip of tires on asphalt, tearing it up-  
A smile on a vixen-rider on the hog,  
She is free and light,  
traveling into a new horizon  
Shivering with possibility.

## Happy Days

LAUGHTER in the streets,  
hearts beat electricity,  
sunshine beaming bright,  
BEERS in hand, with friends-  
good times-  
PAST DAYS fade but memories  
shine on, pushing onward into  
tomorrow, ready for more  
HAPPY DAYS.

## The Music Goes On

glittering lights cascade, kaleidoscope dreams  
coming to life, rhythmic beats pulsing, beat, beat,  
beating- floor-stomping, swaying, spinning.  
let the inhibitors take over, drink up. A collision of  
pulses, bodies, dancing into the night. The music goes on.

## Fishing

Fish scales stuck to the skin on my hands,  
the heavy weight of a rod. My hound by my side;  
friend, partner, pal. Sound of a river, a quiet hush of  
wind through the brush. The sun sets heavy in the sky above us-  
on this fine crisp autumn day. Nature swells, breathes in,  
out- a sanctuary of calm. A good catch, a good day.



## Adventures

Adventures,

running into, whirling, twisting,

dancing

dreams becoming something more-

Actions, steps forward turning

into unforgettable

memories,

laughs,

friendships,

adventures.

## Stranger to Friend

a smile, words roll and weave  
together. A joke upturns like a  
gem in a pool of cool water. laughs,  
a small moment, uniting, lightening,  
the heart, strengthening soul and self.  
A connection- from stranger to friend.  
Kindness and a casual conversation.

Creator

Creator

of dreams, reality

maker. Intricate

designs

crafted with

love and unalterable

dedication. A

beauty to your

kindness and

your desire to

treasure.

My friend,

The creator

of

creations.

## In Remembrance\*

I miss you,  
every day, I wish you  
could see the birds fly, feel the year go by.  
I wish you  
Could be here—to see me, to know  
That each day I count that you are not  
with me,  
but that every day I had you in my life  
inspires me  
to make every day I have special.  
I miss you.

\*this poem has been lightly edited for grammar and spelling

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Alina Happy Hansen is a Poet, Writer, and Blogger based in San Francisco, California. In 2018, she received a B.A. in English with a Minor in Writing and Rhetoric Studies from The University of Utah. Her poetry has been published in Eclectica Magazine, The Canticle, and the Rumi Poetry Club. Find out more about Alina at [www.alinahappyhansenwriter.com](http://www.alinahappyhansenwriter.com).



AHappyHansen



alinahappyhansenwriter



alinahappyhansen