

# 'Nothing Gold Can Stay'

A nightmare

The feeling of unrealism

Maybe it's just that, a dream.

It first came in the form of rumors

Followed by news and headlines,

Ads, requests, mandates.

Surprise gave way to fright,

The infected became deceased.

We had to get away from each other

Let go of the kisses, the hugs, the energy,

the laughs, the sun, the company.

Sectioned families and withdrawals from friends,

Unpredictable but devastating.

We, the victims of an invisible enemy

That everyone talks about and no one has seen

We, the active warriors against something that kills pitilessly.

Appreciation after lack

Valuing after missing

We will walk this path with eagerness,

And fight this battle resiliently.

And when we defeat him,

When we win,

We will find beauty in the routine,

In the everyday

It will become a distant nightmare,

a blurred memory.

**Maria Roca Ramon - Year 9**