

## **Aunt Betty**

Looking through the window pane

I notice the roads are silent once again.

There are no footsteps where people normally tread

Just silent whispers from the many dead.

Locked in gilded cages, through with fear

As we lose those to us that are so dear.

I look towards the corner at the empty chair

Remembering that Auntie Betty once sat there.

With trepidation, I slowly open the door

And hesitate as I step out once more.

I walk past the nursing home where Aunt Betty used to stay

It would seem that half the residents had gone away

Dark empty rooms with curtains tightly closed

The remaining residents and staff indisposed.

The silent killer had been allowed to walk inside,

His putrid breath causing a deathly tide.

A little too late the door was actually locked,

Not soon enough for the silent killer to be blocked.

I watched as the black bags carried the many dead away.

I watched Auntie Betty's friends finally leave with dismay.

With a deep feeling of dread and remorse

I continued with my one hour exercise course.

My exercise over I finally reach my abode

Inside, once again I follow the regime of the hygiene code.

I look for something to eat only to find the fridge and larder bare  
I'm not that hungry so I don't really care.  
I go to bed, close my eyes and try to sleep  
My eyes still open, I decide that would keep.

I sit in the corner in Auntie Betties chair  
Recalling the daily news with despair.  
Day by day things seemed to be getting worse  
It seems that we will have to learn to live with this deadly curse.

I remembered when Auntie Betty and I had our last chat  
She was happy in the nursing home and that was that.  
Little did we know of the carnage that was to follow  
When the silent killer began to make our lives so hollow.

Salty droplets of water run down my face  
As I continued to think of the hopelessness of the case.  
I look at the coat still hanging on the door,  
My thought return to Aunt Betties suffering once more

As the silent killer ravaged her body she was unprepared  
All alone in her last moments, she must have been very scared.  
No family or friends allowed with her to say goodbye  
All alone the poor old lady was left to die.

A brief respite for all of us in the summer sun  
A decent send off for Aunt Betty was done.  
Of the freedom many people made the most  
Before returning to safety from their deadly host.

With the second phase of the killings on the way

How many more will die in twenty , twenty, its hard to say?

As the silent killer begins his deathly walk amongst us all

At least Aunty Betty and her friends are free from his deathly call.

489 words

