

## One hundred days of solitude

As Alice predicted – school's out for the summer  
Will home education just make our kids dumber?

Nightingale wards spring up; government measures  
Named after Flo, one of our National Treasures

In exhibition halls, concert goes frequent  
Now turned theatre - critical-care, ventilated tents

In medical gowns with obscured faces  
Nurses and doctors dispense wisdom and graces

Both said to be leveller's - pandemic and Blitz  
But bus drivers and shelf-stackers take most of the hits

A welfare issue with public health ramifications  
A public health issue with social welfare ramifications

No contrails, no pollution, birdsong heard true  
No traffic, no bog roll, NHS handclaps ring through

To keep us sane in these times, to not turn demented  
We've faith, stiff upper lip and something fermented

Tried for hours to get a delivery order  
No slots, no food, efforts dashed by hoarders

We Boardgame and read, in this time of social shielding

The kids running riot, my ears are bleeding

Just like the Queen, our leaders talk of hope and ease

As pink blossoms sway on an evil breeze

Hot cross buns sparkle in spring sunshine

Daffodils trumpet a warmer clime

Celebrating life, overcoming the darkness

All cultures light candles, to brighten the harshness

No Easter, no Passion

No Mass, no contagion

A spade stands alone in a neighbour's allotment

Grave portent of our time allotted

Most of us heed government orders

But there still are idiots that flout social borders

Flatten the bell curve – that's all our desire

Stay at home - save the NHS – don't fan the fire