

Who Knew.

Who knew there'd be a time where touch would be banned,
A pat on the back, a brush of the hand.

Where love would be measured at eight feet apart,
A distance enough to break any heart.

Overnight our freedom was taken.
Resigned to our homes, in strict isolation.

Where loneliness weighs heavy in the walls,
And the hum of the radio brought news of viral wars.

The irony of a war that united the globe,
Was a virus so powerful, it killed people in droves.

Who knew there'd be a time where remedial tasks,
Required people to be armed with gloves and homemade masks.

Where a trip to the shop was filled with worry,
As people eyed you with suspicion and told you to hurry.

The shelves were pillaged, robbed and empty,
Taken by the few who left nothing for the many.

I woke up in a world I did not know,
Finding myself with no one to see and nowhere to go.

While people stayed inside, their lives momentarily stopped,
The world kept on turning, healing from our pollutive rot.

Spring came in it's bounty and lay thick in the air.
A reminder, that the earth doesn't need us there.

The birds sang louder, the wild garlic smelled stronger and the bluebells stood tall.

Those of us lucky enough to be close to nature, appreciating it all the more.

The days pass sometimes fast, sometimes slow.
Waiting for a plan to get us out, but the truth is no one knows.

We wait and wait and wait.