

A different kind of autumn

Today I walked beneath the trees
Enjoyed Te Whiti stream
Brown leaves fell down upon the ground
The grass a richer green

The other day I saved a fly
I picked it up; it flew
I'd normally have squashed it flat
As all good housewives do

These things which seem so meaningless
Help me keep track of days
They're like a 'peg' to hang thoughts on
Important in strange ways

You see we're all in Lock-down Four
'Stay home and help save lives"
The children and the neighbourhood
Our husbands and our wives

We've learned a new vocabulary
Like virus, bubble, zoom
At 6pm we watch the News
There's hush around the room.

You've cleaned the oven, cupboard tops
You've washed and scrubbed the floor
The garden's weed less, grass well trimmed
And baking by the score

How long we will remain this way
I really cannot tell
Economies will take a hit
Few products there to sell

But

My face is fresh, my hair is wild
I've lost some weight; that's good
I'm eating fruit, I'm sleeping well
I'm walking, as I should.

Perhaps we'll all appreciate
The lives we lived before
Maybe it's for our benefit
Locked down in Level Four?

By Beryl Glanville