

A PIONEERING ZOOM

I've done it with fam'ly and with a friend

How do I start it and how do I end?

This time it's poetry, done as a Zoom.

Called a meeting? I'm alone in the room.

Oh there I am on screen – look like a ghost

But the tablet it says I am the host.

Oh, here they all come and don't they look cute!

“Bottom left corner – just click on unmute.”

A poem that's short, it mustn't be long.

All this technology, what can go wrong?

Ask Jackie Weaver, her meeting went splat

And that poor man who appeared as a cat.

If our council can do it, why can't we?

Let's give it a go, just suck it and see.