

## **Freefall in Lockdown.**

So here we are, Retirees both,  
Just missed the Baby Boomers,  
Jogging along life's merry way,  
Until we hear the rumours...

A dreadful scourge is on its way,  
Boris says to close all doors,  
Must stay inside and wait it out,  
All British life on pause.

A fatal illness hits our Earth,  
To add to human strife.  
What's to be done? What *can* we do?  
Stay home, wash hands, save life.

So I look at him and he at me,  
It seems we're stuck together,  
Well, here we are, let's make a plan,  
Boris says it's not forever.

Just think of all those books we have,  
A feast our souls to feed,  
Peruse our personal library,  
Indulge our literary greed.

Let's keep those grey cells at their prime,  
With quizzes and Sudoku,

Crosswords, scrabble, wordsearches,  
What *does* rhyme with...Sudoku?!

What's in this box?...and this one here?  
Hey, photographs galore!  
You don't mind if I spread them out  
Across the bedroom floor?

Just step round them, it won't take long.  
Wow, look at all these pics!  
I'll just go check this cupboard too...  
More boxes...only six!

Now let's reveal the kitchen stock  
Ingredients to bake...  
There's eggs and flour and fruit and spice  
Voila! An apple cake!

So Jamie O says check supplies  
Sardines and custard powder...?  
Now all we need's a recipe  
Go Google... 'fishy... chowder?!'

What's this? A tin of kidney beans  
From 1993...  
Oh, I give up, let's just be Brits  
And have a cup o' tea!

Catastrophe! It's Boris now  
He's in Intensive Care  
Oh, the relief a few days on  
To hear he's out of there.

My piano waits, so banish dust  
It's Beethoven today.  
And 'O de joy' – a miracle!  
To find I still can play!

Tchaikovsky's here on vinyl now  
This '1812' enraptures!  
Till I get up the umpteenth time,  
Coax stylus over scratches!

Our fashion sense has bit the dust  
Stretched T-shirts - any ole' gear.  
But today, no joggers, pull on jeans,  
Hear, 'You look nice there, Dear...'

But sometimes let's just sit like sheep,  
Observe the natural world  
Watch celandines, forget-me-nots,  
See sticky buds unfurled.

Okay, we've sat about enough  
Let's walk - (they've closed the pool),  
So stride it out, but don't forget

'Only a fool breaks the two metre rule.'

The sun is out, the garden calls  
Lament the Garden Centres  
Sadly void, I mourn for them,  
I miss our garden mentors.

But here's some seeds, these packets all  
With date, March '98  
Should I scatter them across the ground?  
D'you think they'll germinate?

So let's get on, intentions high,  
Commit blood, sweat and toil,  
With muscle power and spade in hand  
*You* double dig this soil!

With sandpaper, he's off again  
To renovate that chair  
Puffed out chest, completes the task...  
Do I let on there's a pair...?

It's the little things that hurt the most  
Three Grand-daughters are missing  
Their laughter, romps and little jokes  
And all their hugs and kissing.

We miss them every single day,

Don't really know who's needier,  
I never thought I'd say it though,  
Thank Heav'n for virtual media.

To search the screen and see that smile  
As each comes into view  
Our love for every one of them  
Envelopes us anew.

We're grateful to so many folk –  
Our postman, milkman too  
The village servers in the shop  
We thank each one of you.

We don't forget the precious lost  
Deep in each heart to keep.  
No casual complacency-  
With the NHS we weep.

And we don't forget what matters now  
We're all in this together  
It's family all the way for us  
We're here for them whatever.

It's nearly 5, the daily brief,  
New plans, updates, decisions  
We thank Boris, Rishi, Dom and Matt  
For *your* 2020 visions.

Well, it's been a month and we're still well,

But I'll give you this for free.

In spite of poems and tapestry

I'm even boring me!

I phoned my Mum about this rhyme

'Go give the press a ring!

They're struggling getting stuff to print,

They might publish *anything*!