

Corona Confinement

She stretches to her scanty shelf of books,
the photo-album's just within her reach.
It captures her with memory's cruel hooks
that force her forward to a rending breach
of barriers holding back a flooding rage,
that calms to grief, self-blame, then fresh surmise
entwined with wisps of love. She turns the page
and there he is; those smiling, candid eyes
bely what lies within. The door- bell rings.
Remembering today is next door's turn,
observing six feet gap, her neighbour brings
the shopping packed with kindness and concern.
She locks the photo-album, quells a tear,
unwraps a cared-for future with no fear.

Diana Swann