

Locked Down

Locked down, locked in
Loneliness our besetting sin.
Seeing the family only on the phone,
Part of a group, but actually alone.
BUT
A walk in the forest – allowable exercise
On a fine day – sunshine, blue skies!
Spring has arrived – trees are in leaf
Pink, white blossom – delightful relief!
Butterflies, in radiant hues, flutter round
Previously unnoticed, bird songs abound.
Nature shows abundance – quite unpartnered
Beauty more obvious, now less disturbed.
Traffic pollution, reduced by the lockdown
Giving a far greater peace in each town.
How long will the restriction last?
And what will our life be like when it's past?

By Barbara Fletcher