

Ode to the Pandemic

Locked up inside,
Going out of my mind,
And waiting for gossip or news.
My hair is a mess,
I don't look my best,
And I'm getting through far too much booze.

The situation is clear,
It's just as I fear,
This pandemic is out of control.
And the strange thing is,
I miss my grand kids,
Who normally I want to bury in a hole!

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By Joan Brookes