

# 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!

**By Joan Brookes**