

What is happening to all of us here?

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Filled with anxiety and moments of fear

With illness unknown and germs running free

We quaver with questions and no answers we see.

We talk to each other two metres apart

And look all around with a quivering heart.

Spring flowers are growing and colour abounds

And birds and small creatures are heard by their sounds

We cannot stand and look at nature

Or forage in the ground for creatures

We look through doors with limited view

To see how far we can reach to you

But positive thoughts we must obey

And answer the questions why we must stay

To work out in our minds that the rules are there

To give us time to stand and stare!

By Jean (Gael) Nash