

# Limerick

An ode to a virus I'm trying to write  
Is it round, is it square, is it black, is it white?  
Although I can't see it, it governs my day,  
How much I go out, the way I must pay  
for the items I buy.  
No cash, only cards, stand clear of the queue.  
Wear gloves and a mask - you can wave at a few.  
I frantically Hoover or slump in a chair,  
watching rubbish on telly or fixing my hair.  
An ode to a virus - not easy to write  
So, I'll just wash my hands and bid you Goodnight!

**Patricia Wolf**