

## COVID WAVES

To awaken to the same mantra every morning,  
The first thought, that first split second of consciousness,  
Covid 19, Covid 19, Covid 19,  
The sinking of heart and happiness.  
The effort of pulling in the strings of positivity,  
My family are fine,  
My friends are fine,  
I am fine.

Finding a routine that can last an endless fourteen hours, feels  
like forty, of sunshine in a two-bedroomed flat:

A book      Some stretching      A film  
Some cleaning      A shower      A book  
TV      Some cooking      An online chat      A film  
Some housework      A film      A book

The relief of the solitary walk, outside, criss-crossing like cat's  
cradle to avoid other solitary walkers, holding your breath.

The joy of birdsong and sunlight through the curtains.

Sad supermarket queues, silently eerie, people masked and  
gloved waiting, patiently.

Nobody thought this would happen.

When will it end?

Will it end?

Waves of fear.

The fear of switching on the radio at the end of the day,

Death Data.

But this is no concentration camp – we have food

But this is no war zone – we have peace

I am lucky – I have not watched a beloved being put into an ambulance and .....

We have people working, working, working,

We have

**N**urses and Doctors

**H**eroically

**S**aving us

This is enough,

Thank you.