

**Covid-19 April 2020**

I walk the deserted street  
The robins trill, the sky is blue  
And the dust swirls at my feet.  
Emptied of people, this town  
Contains it's alarm.  
Afraid to mix, to go out,  
To cause someone, some harm.  
The fear seeps out from silent homes  
Is the evil lurking nearby?  
It's hideous sickness to bring.  
We wait and endure  
These lock-down days,  
And miss, the glorious, scented Spring.

From Jean Little.