

"Living through the coronavirus pandemic"

The Hamlet slowly changed its name to Town,
For Saffron Walden, day by day, was growing.
Ten sixty-six, and Hastings, came around, 1066
And Saffron Walden's market was well known. 1140
Magna Charter said what it meant to say. 1215
Religion stalked around, sunshine or rain.
The market square saw death one fateful day, 1555
Tied to a stake, beseeching, but in vain.

The Stuarts and Tudors came, and Good Queen Bess. 1603
Oliver Cromwell also had his day. 1658
But changes unforeseen came nonetheless,
The history books still had a lot to say.
Two world wars and memory lifts its head,
The Black Out to pretend we weren't here, 1941
Lights out, school homework finished off in bed.
The bombs that fell would fall no doubt, no fear.

Corona virus then upon the scene, 2020
A challenge to the way we've always known.
The social creatures that we'd always been,
Are told to hold on tight and Don't Go Out!
No shaking hands, no kissing when we meet,
The wheels of commerce grinded to a halt,
Neighbours, friends and helpers come to greet,
And shops deliver mostly what we want.

If people in the hamlet could look down,
Perhaps two thousands years or maybe more,
Perhaps they'd cheer, and clap, their little town.
As we will clap, when we are the folk of yore.

B. Davidson