

The Corona Ghost on Platform Nine

There's a ghost down here, on platform nine,
Just waiting on the Central Line
To catch a train that never runs,
Breathing through his damaged lungs.

But he would wait by the platform bars,
By the empty streets, once filled with cars.
And the metal tracks stand cool and still
As the million dreams they now would kill.

But a dream won't put this man to rest,
Not like the crackling in his chest.
His popcorn packets litter no more,
Face masks replace them on the floor.

Love isn't like the thing he knew,
You have to part to make it through.
Lonely without some living love,
He's lost, on the platform, like a glove.

People stand apart six feet,
No longer stopping in the street.
No one comes, though this ghost may call,
Still isolated through it all.

Once a week applause rings out,
He claps but knows not why they shout.
While the world now hides, some heroes fight,
As though they're ghosts, all dressed in white.

These heroes fight to save his child,
A life still pulsing, his illness mild.
The screens that taught him skills online,
Now monitor his vital signs.

But now the ghost man waits no more,
For ghost trains running at ten past four,
Corona won't sell tickets for two,
He leaves alone, to wait for you...