



Badshot Lea and Hale  
Lockdown Poetry



## 1. LOCK DOWN

The kids have gone bonkers  
A feral band of boys.  
Our house is turned upside down  
By a tsunami of toys

I've trodden on Lego  
More times than not  
And everything is a toy now  
Even the things that are not.

Our duvets have portals,  
Our chairs are all dens.  
A camp fire has been started  
With my glasses - the lens.

I showed them week 1  
Not thinking it would work,  
And when I can't find my glasses  
I now go berserk.  
My mind sees the fire,  
Our furniture in stacks,  
but when I find them of course,  
They're just nailing the snacks.

The snacks that were meant  
To last the entire week.  
So I've taken to playing  
A snack hide and seek.  
But the trick is, I just hide them,  
They don't know my game.  
And with my husband's precious chocolate  
I do exactly the same!

Because everyone freaks out  
If their favourite thing's gone  
(It's the small missing things  
That make lock down seem long,  
Even though the big things remind us  
There's something terribly wrong.)

Beer seems to help  
And wine's pretty good too.  
I battle hard not to start at lunch  
(I know you do too!)

But it's not been easy.

There are times when the mirror  
Has been held way too close.  
I limp around in my mind  
Feeling lost and morose.

It's so utterly overwhelming  
More than one can understand.  
My brain is fit for bursting  
It's just not what we'd planned.

As we toasted good health  
At the start of the year.  
None of us could predict  
The coming anguish and fear.

Then WOOMF, the tsunami  
Of Lego and snacks,  
Pooh sticks and homework,  
and hot wheels tracks.  
And furloughs. And rainbows.  
Grief, loss, applause.  
Hearts breaking. Some baking,  
As the world goes on pause.

Yet when I'm not spinning out  
Consumed by angst, fear and worry.  
When I slow my breath down  
Quell the wild mental flurry.  
I want to thank the universe  
I've loved this time so very much.  
I hadn't realised till now,  
How out of touch,  
I'd been to the bird song,  
The seasons, the stars.  
Out of touch with close friends  
You know who you are.

And the very best thing?  
I see my boys ALL the time.  
And yes it's not plain sailing  
(and gets easier with wine).

But without sounding glib  
This pause has rewired my life.  
Put a microscope on me  
As a mother. As a wife.

And my god how I love them.  
How privileged are we?  
To spend time with our babies,  
To watch them, to see  
How they experience the world  
How they think it should be.

A world filled with adventures  
And make-believe play.  
A world where a kiss  
Takes the worst pain away.

A world of dens  
Climbing trees and chase.  
Our four walls contain the universe  
The garden's outer-space.

We wonder if butterflies talk  
And where winter robins go  
And if the lolly pop tree  
In the veggie patch will grow.

So yes the world's gone bonkers,  
I'm drinking too much wine,  
But thank you universe  
For giving us this time.

Anna-Louise Clegg

## 2. POETRY

I stand at my window and look,  
Sit back in my chair, read my book,  
I hear someone walking outside,  
I stand at my window and look.

They look back at me, share a wave,  
Oh they don't know how they've just made my day,  
I stand at my window and look,  
Sit back in my chair, read my book.

Popsy Bryant

### 3. LOCKDOWN POETRY

O'er the world broods a virus, unseen by our eyes,  
'Stay at home, protect the NHS and save lives'.

Home is sanctuary,  
Freedom from responsibility,  
Escape from overload  
And demands untold.

But at what cost  
To those who have lost  
their nearest and dearest  
to Covid 19?

The chilling statistics of those who have died,  
Not just here, but worldwide,  
Tell of the despair and exhaustion of staff  
Striving to heal, or to comfort, until their last breath  
The thousands of patients coming near to their death.

What use is the clapping - unless it's to show  
Solidarity with those who risk all, and go  
Into the hospitals and Care Homes to tend  
The Covid patients who on them depend?

The virus lurks with dangers untold.  
The whole of life is put on hold.

Farnham like a ghost town lies  
Under the warm spring's clear blue skies,  
And pubs and gyms and shops are shuttered,  
And business lives are being shattered.

The Archbishop has ordered the churches to close.  
Alan calls a virtual meeting for those  
Musicians who play and sing at Sunday services  
To see if there are worship alternatives.

From our homes we try performing together.  
Bob says: 'I think  
We are out of synch,  
So we'll record all the parts  
And put them together on Acapella'.  
That's cool. That's clever.

YouTube music making  
Is hugely satisfying,  
But not so much as harmonising  
In the churches when they're open,  
Or singing in Margaret's summer garden  
When she invited six of us  
To bring our chairs, two metres apart,  
And sing to the birds, and warm the heart  
After the lockdown had kept us apart.

But loneliness comes with our isolation.  
"Come round to my place' is strictly forbidden.  
The side effects creep up by stealth  
And prey upon our mental health.

"Keep two metres apart'. We try to connect, but all in vain.  
Avoiding each other is the name of the game.  
Out in the street we step off the kerb  
To give each other the widest berth.

Still, we keep an eye out for our neighbours,  
And help, if we can, with any labours.

We've seen a surge in altruism,  
Not to mention heroism.  
'Am I my brother's keeper'? I see  
Many more answering affirmatively,  
Sacrificing themselves to a great degree.

Although we may be out of reach  
I've noticed a gentler kind of speech  
Across the phone lines, across the Zoom,  
A caring empathetic tone,  
Kind and genuine enquiries:  
'Can I help you, and ease your worries?  
With expressive eyes above the masks  
The helpers smile, and take on tasks  
Like shopping and gardening, whatever is asked.

This mindset I'm sure will last.  
We are changed; the die is cast.

Frances Whewell

## 4. LOCKDOWN NO. 3 (POST-CHRISTMAS BLUES)

The door snapped shut  
A hard, sharp crack  
A smack of steel  
The lock clicked  
Light flickered  
Went out

A slap in the face  
Returning you  
To a place  
You should not  
have left

You tasted freedom  
Wine,  
A meal  
Friendship, laughter  
It was too much

And after  
You were sent  
To finish your time  
Locked down  
for the crime  
Of wisdom after the event

Stella Wiseman

## 5. A CHANGE OF SEASON

Yesterday  
From my small room  
I glimpsed the sky  
The sun setting in swathes of orange, pink and red,  
Donning garments for an evening of dance  
Reaching for a necklace of stars  
And smiling at the earth  
And there was music, in the voices of the birds  
Still singing in trees that were considering budding  
And a stirring of something  
A murmur  
Of life unfurling again.

Stella Wiseman

## 6.

Oh how I loathe this dreadful beast -  
that drifted in from the East.  
Never more that normal day -  
now we live a different way

Incarcerated in our homes  
Police spying on us with their drones -  
half faces seen everywhere -  
all to stop this germ warfare

BORIS JOHNSON! - brush your hair  
Chris Whitty - your head is bare.  
Daily briefings - next slide please -  
before they promise their next cruel tease

Unprecedented we hear them say  
Never heard of before today.  
Come forth the jabs to set us free -  
and is there Marmite still for tea?

Alister Scott

## 7. LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR AS YOURSELF

Love Your Neighbour as Yourself,  
through screen or window, darkly.  
Muffled, crackled, frozen. 'Help!'  
'Can you hear me?' Hardly.

Love Your Neighbour as Yourself,  
through greying hair and slowing hours.  
Dull repetition, same old heft,  
grace of God in breeze or showers.

Love Your Neighbour as Yourself,  
but what means as and how fares Self?  
We are God's hands but when My Self,  
when love poured out soon threatens Self?

Love Your Neighbour as Yourself,  
when sacrifice is hellish hard.  
Exhaustion beckons, 'Pain! Now quell!'  
and chaos reigns in your backyard.

Love Your Neighbour as Yourself,  
wash the bodies, dig the graves.  
Tender care the greatest wealth,  
tears of love for all they gave.

Love Your Neighbour as Yourself,  
desist from posting online hate.  
Don't bully, scam or hurt by stealth,  
or suicide might be their fate.

Love Your Neighbour as Yourself,  
when home-penned folk cry out in pain.  
When tempers flare, without behest,  
'When will we see our friends again?'

Love Yourself as Neighbour, Blessed,  
when out of work graph rises steep.  
Everyone needs better, best,  
for damaged mental health wounds, deep.

Love Yourself as Neighbour, Blessed,  
vaccines roll out to the people.  
Schools return and wedding guests,  
bells will ring from tower or steeple.

Love Yourself as Neighbour, Blessed,  
pubs reopen, shops restock.  
Meet with friends and family, 'Yes!!',  
hugs, kisses, treats, as doors unlock.

Love Yourself as Neighbour, Blessed,  
when loved ones' deaths have maimed you.  
Remember humour, chuckling chest,  
tearful teas and talk refold you.

Love Yourself as Neighbour, Blessed,  
Please keep the distance, wear the mask.  
Do take the vaccine, take the test,  
washing hands not much to ask.

Love Yourself as Neighbour, Blessed,  
make time to think and time to rest.  
Properly to think 'No stress!'  
how love of Self confers the best.

Love Yourself as Neighbour, Blessed,  
clamouring calls you can resist.  
Your self-care struggle now confessed,  
put Your needs first in To Do list.

Wendy Edwards

## 8. LOCKDOWN LOVE

Another Lockdown and I live alone  
But lucky for me I love my home.  
In the children's room their beds are ready ,  
Waiting.... toys, books and a lonely teddy.

Echoes of Love.

I long to spend time with my family  
And I wonder just how long that will be?  
But thanks to WhatsApp I'm never alone.....  
Live chats with my grandchildren on the phone.

"Love you Nana!"

We must be grateful for meetings on Zoom,  
Seeing hazy faces in different rooms,  
Knowing love and friendship are always there  
While you sit at home in your comfy chair.

Friends' Love.

I watch all the nature films on the tele  
Though nothing beats actually putting on wellies!  
Then striding out and it's not very long  
Before, on high a joyous robin's song!

A song of Love?

Squelching across a muddy field, noises  
Turn out to be children's happy voices,  
Splashing with joy through a stream of water  
While Mum stands by with concern for her daughters!

## Mother Love.

Seeing distanced, masked strangers on the street,  
People I normally wouldn't meet;  
A charming chestnut haired boy of six  
With his mother, doing litter picks!

## Community Love.

Captain Tom said "It'll be better tomorrow"  
But how many more tomorrows of sorrow?  
One day the world will emerge again  
But I don't think it will ever be quite the same .

But there'll always be Love .....  
and eventually Hugs!!

Pauline Lalor

## 9. PRACTICALITIES

Milk, brown bread - add to basket  
Wine - add to basket  
Pray for the suffering  
Cheese - add to basket  
Pray for those who have passed  
Check out

3am and I can't sleep  
Log on, book Waitrose delivery  
So many dead, so many ill,  
Pray for the those bereaved  
Check out

Hurrah, there is light  
Enter Amazon password  
Vaccines on the way  
Vanilla syrup, rum - add to basket  
Must keep safe  
Check out

Sainsbury's mackerel - add to basket  
Pray for the P.M.  
Deodorant, loo rolls - add to basket  
Roll out going really well  
Check out

Try butchers, chicken breasts - add to basket  
Rolled shoulder of lamb - add to basket  
We are so very lucky  
Thanks to God we have survived  
Two pounds of mince  
Check out.

Sue Ratcliff

## 10. HOW I CRAVE

How I crave...

Another human in the office,  
Meeting people face-to-face.  
News other than the virus,  
And pages and pages of space.

How I crave...

The return of fetes and fayres,  
Festivals, carnivals, gigs and shows.  
Happy faces to put in the paper,  
And less endless news of woes.

How I crave...

A coffee or beer with contacts,  
When writing a paper was fun.  
A newsroom full of jokes and banter,  
A tea round for more than just one.

Daniel Gee

## 11. THE IDENTICAL BOAT

'We're all in the same boat' they say,  
Most people in the UK have been ordered to stay and work from home  
if they can, once again,  
With theatres, concert halls and businesses shut,  
Anger, stress, fear, boredom and frustration has gripped our nation,  
The world is looking forward to a vaccine,  
Once more, life will return to normal,  
And we will be able to meet friends, family, also those we haven't been  
able to see!

Nigarish Nasir

## 12. IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

Looking out the window, a world only seen in movies  
Makes us laugh and cry as we observe the scenes.  
As some sigh out in grief  
others are sighing in relief

In a place cut off from everyone  
A place to reflect, a place to have some fun.  
A place for doctors, nurses, paramedics too  
We are grateful we are slowly making it through.

As thoughts of uncertainty spiral in our heads,  
We find new hobbies that we used to dread.  
Trying to become the best we can  
Since lockdown has been changing our plans.

Let's take this time to find ourselves  
Try read a book from those dusty shelves  
We should take this as an important sign,  
That it's never too late. We will be fine.

Fizzah Sohail

## 13. LOCKDOWN

The Bright sun shining,  
While the large trees sway,  
Over the days of the sun's still brightening,  
People's lives in every way,

Working from home,  
everyone together,  
Oh there goes the phone,  
This work takes forever,

Riding on my bike,  
In the scorching sun,  
This is such a hike,  
Let's just run!

Minhaal

## 14. HOW HAVE I BEEN?

How have I been?

Well that's a good question.

Doing ok, resting up well

Even though knitting and writing are my new obsessions.

How many times have we all been asked the same thing?

What have you been doing? Is the family well?

How are the kids? How's online school?

Those might ring a bell.

Being scared, being weary

Those are common feelings now,

But we must learn to be beside each other

Even when all is not well.

Have hope, be strong.

That's all we can do for now,

Listen and be aware,

How and why are things going wrong.

This will all be over,

And we pray that its soon.

In the meantime take advice,

And trust those around you.

Eisha Sohail

## 15. TWO LOCKDOWNS A LIFETIME APART

The Second World War began when I was just four  
The Coventry Blitz was like a firestorm from hell  
Later that week I burst into tears when I saw  
My toy shop Owen Owen was a burnt out shell

Rationing, conscription and lights blackened at night  
This was a long lockdown lasting almost six years  
Countless houses and buildings laid waste was our plight  
Near half a million deaths left many in tears

Seventy-five years later in twenty-twenty  
Few people can claim they saw what was now coming  
A virus takes hold to disrupt years of plenty  
As it spreads round the world the I-phones are humming

This invisible virus now needed a plan  
The instinct in shock is to gather together  
But to widespread dismay a new lockdown began  
Keep two metres apart at all times wherever

With deaths quickly rising and restrictions imposed  
Stay at home, avoid friends and even relations  
All but food shops were shuttered and schools were all closed  
Wedding parties were banned and all celebrations

I worry my age group holds the country in thrall  
We are lucky to have lived so long to this age  
It is we who must be careful and should now call  
For the economy to be let out of its cage

Being twice locked down it is all but in tatters  
The outlook for young people is truly blighted  
Surely for their sakes alone all that now matters  
Is that their futures be quickly reignited

John Littlewood

## 16. MY HOUSE

I love my tiny little house,  
Just now it's quiet as a mouse,  
Once was filled with lots of laughter.  
Along came the virus,  
Oh what a disaster.  
I roam from room to room,  
My mind's so full of gloom.  
No friends in for a cup of tea,  
No more outings by the sea,  
I wonder what God's planned for me,  
I'm waiting patiently to see.

Aly Buckle

## 17. WINE - DINING DOWN

Living under lockdown can be fraught  
And teaching tetchy kids can leave one taut  
This morning though I'm feeling rather fine  
The tonic could have been that breakfast wine

The children are an energetic bunch  
Confined inside they tend to bite and punch  
I like to stop behaviour of this kind  
But wine at lunch time leaves me less inclined

At best of times the bath routine and bed  
Are daily tasks that I approach with dread  
By contrast I am floating on cloud nine  
That bottle with my tea was quite sublime

Mark Graham

## 18. VIDEO CONFERENCING

The invitation has arrived  
There are numbers on the screen  
I think the long one's for the meeting  
What does the other mean?

I can see another person  
Or at least their mouth and nose  
A second ones popped up in view  
Good gracious what a pose

The faces are both speaking now  
But it says my microphone  
Has yet to be connected  
One face has turned to stone

At last I see and hear them all  
A cacophony of greeting  
We're off, hang on what does that say?  
The host has left the meeting

Mark Graham

## 19. LISTENING FOR GOD

In crisis one might turn to God  
But when all's said and done  
If you decide to take this route  
You must decide which one

I plumped for Christianity  
Not through consulting texts  
But hearing incorrectly that  
It guaranteed good sects

Mark Graham

## 20. THOUGHTS ON CORONAVIRUS

We're living in isolation  
And going round the bend  
The 2 meters apart rule is becoming quite a trend  
But a visit from family could make this feeling mend

She mumbles through her mask  
And it can be such a task  
We cannot see her smile  
Oh, it is such a trial

We're hoping it's back to 'normal'  
In a little while  
With visits from family and friends  
Which will make us all smile

Stay safe everyone  
And follow the guidance  
When this is all over  
We'll sing and we'll dance

Residents – Farnham Mill

## 21. LOCKDOWN EASTER 2020

It's just a Pause  
Not an End  
Nor a Beginning  
Rather an Advent  
An expectation of Something New to Come.

Creation breathes freely  
Unhindered by polluted air  
Or ravaged by consuming humans.

We find Time again;  
Choices on what to do, who to contact.  
Friends to cheer up or commiserate with,  
Neighbours to befriend with a 2-metre wave.

Banging Thursday saucepans relieves frustrations  
And applauds our keyworkers,  
Lives placed on the frontline.

Jesus is our Frontline Keyworker,  
Had no PPE, no mask or sanitiser,  
No political directives yet heavenly objectives.  
An urge to go forward, self-isolate on the Cross,  
To relinquish mankind from their bonds and chains  
To set them free.

Is He doing it again,  
This Easter?

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## 22. THE NIGHT BUS

On the hour and on the half it still appears,  
running empty along empty streets,  
stopping at every stop.  
No-one gets on, no-one alights.

Lethargic, mechanical, it lumbers  
up School Hill, past locked cemetery  
gates at St. Peter's Church -  
even the dead are in isolation,

past windows full of crayoned rainbows,  
shopfronts *closed until further notice*;  
past a doorstep where someone  
has left a jar of homemade jam.

On it goes, sighing on hydraulic brakes,  
through The Borough where a vixen,  
who has claimed the street for her own,  
challenges it with a small, dark stare.

Dead on time, it crawls into Town Place,  
stops by the Lion and Lamb. Tomorrow  
it will do the rounds again. There may be  
clouds, the possibility the sky will change.

Hilary Hares

## 23. SUM OF THE PARTS

This is the silent hour when self comes into its own  
It feels like relief, at first  
Heat presses against the window like a hand  
The voices of birds lift above the tree-line  
Roads expose grey bellies to a fresh-faced sky  
Goats are seen on front lawns  
Days, then weeks, lie down on the library steps and sleep like lions  
We're starved of human touch. Cake becomes hope  
The magi bring new words that everyone speaks, no-one understands  
Our faces stare back at us from Zoom like strangers  
We TikTok, quiz, discover a pomegranate has 613 seeds  
Near the end the numbers, suddenly free, tumble about like acrobats  
Then it all comes back  
We strain our ears above the din, listen for the uptick

Hilary Hares

## 24. DO WE REALLY LISTEN?

We awake in the night and hear the hooting owls, foxes screech, the occasional dog bark, rumbling thunder and the rain pattering on the roof.

BUT do we listen?

As the sun rises, we hear the birds tweeting, squirrels quarrelling, trees rustling in the wind.

BUT do we listen?

We start our day; we hear the running water of a shower, the spluttering of car engines, the drone of traffic, and the emergency services on call.

BUT do we listen?

In our outside world we hear the bees buzzing, the delicate wings of the butterfly flapping and the woodpeckers pecking in the distance.

BUT do we listen?

We read letters, E-mail and books

BUT do we listen?

We have conversations with friends, neighbours and acquaintances; we hear the chatter of joy. We hear sadness, hear other people's life stories and hear the difficulties faced by those around us.

BUT do we listen?

We pray together and we pray alone hoping the world will become a better place for everyone.

BUT do we really listen?

Lord we ask that you allow us to hear your word and the world around us.

In Jesus name we ask that you help us to really listen.

Amen

Michelle Chapman

## 25. THE LOCKDOWN BLUES

The lockdown blues are here again,  
just like the year before;  
lockdown rules have been written again-  
something you cannot ignore.  
You have to stay at home again,  
you cannot visit friends.  
This rule, it cannot be broken,  
until the pandemic ends.

You have to wear a mask again;  
so that infection cannot be spread.  
Regularly wash your hands again;  
or you could end up dead.  
The two-metre rule must be adhered to,  
whilst out and about;  
you must follow all of the guidelines;  
of that there is no doubt.

When this nightmare is over,  
and we emerge from man-made cocoons;  
let us embrace each other again,  
sharing love, instead of gloom.  
Let us all remember,  
all those who have succumbed,  
to this uncaring pandemic –  
both the old and the young.

The world will sing and dance again;  
just like in times before.  
The air will be filled with laughter;  
the type you can't ignore.  
Our masks will be discarded -  
upon this very day;  
the lockdown blues will be, but a memory;  
so, let us not delay.

Patience is what is needed,  
throughout the months and days;  
show kindness and understanding –  
to others we meet along the way.  
So, this rhyme is finished,  
I bid you all a fond farewell;  
until we can meet again,  
sharing love, peace and good health.

Deborah Nobbs

## 26. SUNSHINE AHEAD

In our cosy wee flat we're still warm and alive,  
Though the temperature outside is a raw minus five,  
And the winter ahead looks depressingly bleak  
As infections keep rising for week after week.  
Now the wards are all full and the morgue's also filling  
And thousands go to bliss (assuming God's willing).  
But we've had our two jabs, so we'll be here awhile,  
Shuffling giddily along the bonus extra mile?  
And so through to next summer, a change to amaze,  
With hugs and smiles and fine summer days?

Jim Northcott

## 27. LOCKDOWN POEM

It's lockdown again,  
Sometimes it's really hard to smile,  
For exercise I run a mile. Really isn't my style!  
My clothes are getting tight.  
Must put that right.  
Jigsaw puzzles, crosswords, books.  
Oh how boring,  
I end up snoring.  
Zoom time in my room,  
but that ends far too soon.  
Mobile phones to communicate together,  
Hope that goes on forever.  
Vaccination, what a sensation.  
No more going to the railway station.  
Working from home  
makes my mind roam.  
So at the eve of the day let's kneel and pray, say thank you Lord for  
another day.

Aly Buckle

## 28. LOCKDOWN POEM 2

When times are tough never give up.  
Never lose hope,  
always have faith it allows you to cope.  
Trying times will pass as they always do.  
Just have patience, your dreams will come true.  
So put on a smile, you'll live through your pain,  
know it will pass and your strength you will gain.

Aly Buckle

## 29. CHRISTMAS 2020

Another Christmas comes around  
But very different we have found,  
No friends and family to be near  
With glasses full of Christmas Cheer.

No happy sound of Children playing  
But we'll listen to what the Queen is saying.  
We will of course enjoy our day  
Spent with each other, as is our way.

We're fortunate that we're still here  
And to Covid rules we will adhere.  
A Virus jab is on its way  
And we look forward to the day  
When families can meet again  
And normal life will once more reign.

But as for now we must agree  
That safety is priority.  
And we look forward to next year  
When Friends and Family can be near.

Ann Blishen

## 30. POETRY IN COVID

Do we really think this is a task  
Do it, just put on your mask  
Can't you see and hear people are dying  
If it were yours you'd soon be crying

2 meters apart they say  
I'd rather not go out all day  
Essential, and necessary, make it a must,  
Is everyone doing right?  
in all we trust.

Come you people unite  
Let's never give up on this fight  
Stay home, save lives and live long  
In England we know how to be strong

Keep safe do your best, one and all  
We must not let any more fall  
Too many have passed, too many crying  
Let's stop this now, we want NO MORE DYING

I must admit I am scared  
There's more passed today, I just heard,  
Please oh please, don't let it catch me,  
Too many lovely people in my family.

Popsy Bryant

31.

It's really out there, for sure,  
I'm not going out, shut the door,  
People around and on T V are crying,  
Too many are ill, too many are dying.

Stay at home, save lives, that's a yes,  
Do we all understand what to do,  
Save lives and protect N H S  
I am and I will, are you?

Popsy Bryant

## 32.

It's times like these we need a friend  
It's times like these to share  
It's times like these you need to know  
There's someone that does care.

We might not be able to be together  
But pick up the phone to talk  
There's lonely people out there  
Who can't get out to walk

If you know of a lonely person  
Knock and stand away  
Say hi I've come to say hello  
I'll call back another day.

Popsy Bryant

33.

Same old picture when I draw back the curtain,  
Can't wait for the spring to come,  
Can't wait to get out, for this all to be done,  
To walk in the park, get the car for a ride,  
But for now, we must stay inside.

Popsy Bryant

## 34. NEW DAWNS

Each day has something new to show  
Sometimes a high, sometimes a low,  
The dawn breaks fresh, with hope for all  
Wake up, come out, walk tall.

The colours of the day unfold  
Blue, green, grey and gold  
Touching leaves and stones and flowers,  
Shades and hues on garden bowers,

The daylight hours will soon be past  
They speed away ..... so fast  
Like life - to waste a moment is a shame  
Seek not for someone else to blame.

To dwell too long and seek too hard  
Don't hesitate, pick up another card,  
This moment is for here and now  
Push away those darker thoughts, don't bow  
To sadness, worries, grief and tears  
Banish these with all your fears.

Elisabeth C. Fearn

## 35. THE PLAY OF LIFE

Life is likened to a play,  
We act it out day-by-day,  
All putting on a different face  
All entering at our rightful place.

Acting out each separate part,  
We can, we know the world outsmart,  
Conning others all is well,  
Trying not to think and dwell  
On sadness, worry, grief and fear;  
Just waiting till all is quite clear.

Sometimes, it's hard to face the world,  
Tight in a ball our bodies curl'd;  
Seeking quiet, peace and time  
To think things out and then to climb.....  
Back into life, back on the stage,  
Dressing for your part, finding the page.

The audience is waiting now  
You must come forward take a bow,  
Life beckons, the theatre too;  
Understanding, feeling just like you.

Elisabeth c. Fearn.

## 36. EACH DAY

Today, we pray that all is well  
Tomorrow, no-one can tell;  
There are no signs to show,  
Which way to choose, which way to go.

Your mind is fresh and clear,  
Hold on to what is dear,  
Believe in truth, have faith and love;  
And peace, just like the calming dove  
Will keep you safe and warm,  
Apart from strife and harm.

Each day to try and make the best  
Of every moment, and to rest  
Sure and happy in your mind;  
Replete at each and every eventide.

Elisabeth C. Fearn

## 37. ANOTHER LIFE

Death holds no fear for me,  
For I know I shall surely see  
Many faces old and new;  
Who to this world have bid adieu.

It will not be a sorry time,  
But just another hill to climb;  
And when the day draws to a close  
It will be the end of earthly woes.

Another life, more rich than this awaits,  
And when we open up the gates  
There will be someone waiting there,  
To greet, and hold, and take good care.

Elisabeth C. Fearn

## 38.      SPRING AGAIN

The garden wakes from winter sleep,  
From the dark and heavy earth,  
Pure and white the snowdrops peep:  
Heralding spring's rebirth.

Spring flowers brighten up the days;  
A myriad of hues,  
Welcoming sun's warming rays,  
From butter yellow to inky blues.

Stop and look thro' new eyes  
At all the joys in store,  
See the brightness of the skies;  
Be thankful for the spring once more.

Elisabeth C. Fearn

## 39. OPENING ANOTHER DOOR

The time passes on  
And I know you are gone;  
Away from my sight  
And lost to the light.

It's hard to believe  
I'll never be free  
From this ache in my heart  
As we are apart.

I'll think of you often,  
And pray the pain will soften,  
I'll turn again and live  
And think what I can give.

You would not want me wasting life,  
In painful tears and bitter strife,  
So I shall turn once more  
And open up another door.

There will be no more sadness here,  
But only love and gladness, dear.

Elisabeth C. Fearn

## 40.      FACES

Only with the years of time  
Can we translate each facial sign;  
Gladness shining thro' the eyes,  
Lips portray deceit and lies,

Sadness shows on every face,  
Through the lines which set in place  
The tears of sorrow etched in white;  
They portray a joyless sight.

But in each and every life  
Comes grieving, cutting life a knife,  
To bear this the best we can  
And make a new and better plan.

Going forward to each day,  
Making promises to pray;  
That from your face will show,  
There is only one way to go.

Forward, upward, on and on,  
For today will soon be gone  
Tomorrow too fast to see  
From your face show joy, laughter, ecstasy.

For earthly life is quick and short  
So do not be seen and caught  
With sadness in your face and heart  
Smile again and make a brave new start.

Elisabeth C. Fearn

## 41. ANOTHER DAWN

Sometimes, I look at life and think,  
It takes time to stop and drink,  
Of all the senses pure and clear,  
To wake each day with no fear,  
Of what is planned and what will be  
Of what the future holds we cannot see  
There will be strife and sadness too,  
Times of wonder, just pushing through,  
Each hour, each day until we find  
Another dawn, bright, fresh and kind.  
Then look at life, with new eyes,  
No time for tears and bitter sighs,  
But forward thankful for things so dear,  
Look up and see the skies - they're blue!

The way is open, true and clear, Lend a helping hand along the way  
Wake each and every day, Knowing you can start anew,

Elisabeth C. Fearn

## 42. THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC

Whoever thought that this could happen  
A virus that could put the World in mayhem  
People seriously ill and dying  
The NHS are finding it trying

They must step up and carry on  
Their days are busy and very long  
Our hearts go out to them with praise  
For all their hard work in these terrible days

We've had lockdown and shielding too  
Staying indoors with nothing to do  
Shops closed down and restaurants too  
People off work with no income due

I wish that I could meet my friends  
And go off out for a meal with them  
Off to a dance and show or two  
That is all I want to do

Our family call round and sit outside  
Do our shopping and make us pies  
Without them I don't know what we'd do  
We are so very grateful to you

We miss our grandchildren very much  
And wish that we could give them a hug  
It seems so long since they were here  
It would be so nice to have them near

Our family takes our dog for a run  
Up the park to give him some fun  
I think he wonders what's going on  
As he waits patiently for them to come

We've had our jabs and hope they work  
So, we can get back to normal life of sorts  
Oh! When Oh! When will this pandemic end  
I really am at my wits end!

Carol Forward

## 43.

## COVID LOCKDOWN

We live at a curious time  
When friends may not meet  
Nor church bells chime  
Or neighbours greet.

We are told all will die, unless  
We accept this require  
But I must confess  
It is something I cannot admire.

For the Sun shines still  
(On occasional days!)  
And the rainfalls will  
Bring food for the ways

Our gardens grow  
And produce the cheer  
That we must know  
To prosper here.

Ken Miles

## 44. ISOLATION BLUES

Rupert  
took a deep  
nose dive  
into the very  
dizziest depths  
of a black porcelain  
multi fired  
beautifully glazed  
Tony Laverick  
bowl  
bathing  
in the soft  
gentle light  
of its gilded  
silvered stripes  
and squares,  
illuminated.

Was it  
a vain attempt  
at suicide

Was it  
instead  
or rather

a desperate  
desire  
an ardent wish

for sweet  
delicious  
oblivion.

Liz Muhaney

Children

45.

Lockdown such a bore  
Makes me want to cry some more  
Can't go out can't see my friends  
Will this ever come to an end

Gotta get my mask, wash my face  
Gotta get my mask, wash my face

Can't go to school gotta get on a zoom  
Wanna meet up with my mates  
Can't coz it's national lockdown

Gotta get my mask, wash my face  
Gotta get my mask, wash my face

Wadood (13)

## 46. CORONAVIRUS CATASTROPHE!

Coronavirus, people say the deadly virus is on its way  
It won't leave and it won't go  
It's midnight black, and has an emerald glow  
Making us fear for all our loved ones

I wish I could fly over rainbows again, pet the unicorn and then do it  
again  
Coronavirus is a fighter, but we are ultra-fighters  
We are strong as sturdy as steel  
We love, and laugh, play and much more  
I promise we will be together as long as we keep others in our heart  
forever.

Neela S. Bose (9)

Shops closing down  
All around town  
What do I hear?  
It's a lockdown!

We have to be strong  
When we pong  
Because the loo roll has gone.

The sad look on children's faces  
When they can't go to their favourite places  
Playgrounds stand bare  
As nobody is there.

We have to be strong  
When family members are gone  
And when our work is full on!

Holidays are on hold  
No more parties till we are old  
Clubs have stopped  
And playdates had to be dropped

We have to be strong  
When the shop queues are long  
And the eggs have all gone!

Schools closed for most  
And there was delays with the post  
Always having cooked meals from Mum  
As you cannot go out to restaurants for fun!  
We have to be strong

We will get through it together

One more thing just remember to **BE YOU!!!**

Hattie Williams (9)

## 48. A LOCKDOWN POEM

Schools have closed  
Working from home  
Missing family and friends  
Will this ever end?  
Doing lots of calls  
Kitchens into schools  
Whether it's computer or phone  
Everything happened at home  
Clapping for heroes  
Rainbows on the windows  
Watching the news  
Feeling confused  
People staying in  
Why is that a thing?  
Having lots of bubbles  
Missing lots of cuddles  
Staying with your house hold  
If it's hot or cold  
Lots of things have stopped  
Many bubbles have popped  
But we're staying safe at home  
And are never really alone.

Matilda Bowden (9)

## 49.

2019 was a good year  
But I guess this was fate  
I had so much fun and I thought I could again  
But it was too late

The year had made up its stupid mind  
There was nothing I could do  
I didn't know - didn't know what it meant  
But it meant it would be blue...

My predictions  
Weren't gonna be like this  
My predictions  
I thought were gonna be bliss  
My predictions  
I thought I wouldn't miss  
The world for the year

But I was wrong  
The year was long  
And I couldn't take it anymore  
But I was wrong  
The year was long  
So I shut every door

I was knocked down  
But I got back up  
I was in lockdown  
And it wasn't my cup  
Of tea  
I needed to be free

Upside down I turned my frown  
I had to believe I was in lockdown  
So I decided to rise to the top  
I tried so hard to never stop

I wasn't afraid  
I wasn't alone  
But I felt a lot like I was on my own  
Even though it wasn't true

But then the look  
In your eyes  
Told me everything was gonna be alright  
Because of you...you...

You were with me side by side  
And I knew I couldn't hide  
But I couldn't decide  
If I'd...  
Be okay if I ran away

I was knocked down  
But I got back up  
I was in lockdown  
And it wasn't my cup  
Of tea  
I needed to be free

Upside down I turned my frown  
I had to believe I was in lockdown  
So I decided to rise to the top  
I tried so hard to never stop

No more seeing friends at play  
No more school for everyday  
Rubbish Covid 19 ruined my life  
I've gone through too much pain and strife

People dying  
Everyone's crying  
I am lying  
On the floor  
I can't take much more  
Of this

But we know that together  
We can get through this forever  
No matter how long it takes  
If people do their part it makes  
Us invincible

I was knocked down  
But I got back up  
I was in lockdown  
And it wasn't my cup  
Of tea  
I needed to be free

Upside down I turned my frown  
I had to believe I was in lockdown  
So I decided to rise to the top  
I tried so hard to never stop

So many events  
That we will remember  
Everything may be tense  
But it will be better in December

When the year is coming to an end  
When we can fix and mend  
Our hearts

I was knocked down  
But I got back up  
I was in lockdown  
And it wasn't my cup  
Of tea  
I needed to be free

Upside down I turned my frown  
I had to believe I was in lockdown  
So I decided to rise to the top  
I tried so hard to never stop

Megan Pepper (11)

## 50. LOCKDOWN

Lockdown so boring.

Can't go outside because it's windy and Lockdown.

Lockdown really want to go to school but can't.

Lockdown really wish it would go away.

Lockdown will this ever go away.

Lockdown oh please God take this virus away.

Imran (9)

## 51. CORONAVIRUS

Coronavirus has wrecked all of our lives  
Oh how I wish I could punch it  
Rage takes over me and I cannot control it  
On the inside I have pain  
Now is the time we fight  
Anger is the only feeling I can feel  
Vans with deliveries come by, wishing us luck  
I had covid and I don't want it to come back  
Run, for covid is here  
Understand me please I can't take this pain anymore  
Stand with me, we will defeat it together

Elsie Howard (8)

## 52. LOCKDOWN

Watching Boris stand on the tele,  
As the adults sit and stare,  
In his black and white suit,  
And odd, messy hair.

Announcing we're in lockdown,  
Not a big surprise,  
Considering all the people,  
Who have tragically lost their lives.

Three weeks on and in the morning,  
We started to exercise,  
Doing PE with Joe Wicks,  
Getting our stress to minimise.

We work from home and I start my French,  
And have to deal with noise,  
Feeling jealous while watching my brother,  
Who starts to play with his toys.

My sister sketching opposite me,  
Drawing a picture of a plane,  
And a goat, a cat and a horse,  
And a lion with a mane.

Then my dad is in the lounge,  
Having calls with his boss on Teams,  
Looking on lots of sites,  
And typing all day it seems.

My Mum helps us with our work,  
And guides us when we're stuck,  
And when we go out on walks,  
She lets us jump in muck.

But the thing I miss in lockdown,  
Is my relatives and friends,  
Not being able to play football,  
Wondering if this will ever end.

It may feel really lonely  
But it's not been all that bad,  
As I go on the Xbox with mum,  
And play football with my dad.

So, don't feel upset,  
As vaccines are on the way,  
To cure all the sick people,  
And to help us out we pray.

Lincoln Woods (11)

## 53. LOCKDOWN

**L**ockdown is long but we all keep on, doing our best to make  
it gone.

**O**n our own we go to the shops; we stand in line to get our mops.

**C**leaning our hands has become a sport, though some people do it  
others do naught.

**K**ind we all try to be, to strangers, friends and family.

**D**aily we all try our best, to get rid of this pest.

**O**ur houses have become our forts, no-one in or out without good  
cause.

**W**alking the dogs is an expedition, Tallulah is always on a mission.

**N**ow the vaccines are coming, we've finally got covid running.

Gethyn Jones (10 ½)

54.

I feel really happy in  
My cozy little home, spending time  
With my loving family.  
I feel pretty sad that I can't  
Play with my friends, go swimming to softplay or  
Ballet.  
Thank you NHS for  
Saving peoples lives, we  
Appreciate all that you do.  
I'm looking forward to when  
Things are normal again so we  
Can all do the things we want to!

Gethyn Jones (10 ½)

## 55. MY LOCKDOWN POEM

First of all,  
They cancelled Christmas.  
Our grandparents cried  
And said they missed us.

And then it was football,  
The only thing I looked forward to.  
But then it was cancelled,  
What else could I do?

Anyway,  
Let's sit here and pray,  
That 2021  
Will be OK.

Oli Lewis (11)

## 56. HAPPY MOMENTS

**L**aughing with my family

**O**utdoors playing

**C**ooking and baking cakes

**K**icking my football

**D**ownpour of rain

**O**n my hoverboard dancing

**W**orking on my home schooling

**N**ever seeing my friends

Sofia (7)



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