

TT 13 Day 27 ('poetic' catch-up)

"I'm tempted to dismiss this as simple 'doggerel' but then I read it and thought it deserved a little more respect even though it pays lip service to rhyming, iambic pentameters and language. I wondered if he was emoting in favour of evoking, using rather too many clichés, and his use of metering leaves a lot to be desired.

Then I realised that even if he was aware of such rules, he would break them anyway. After all, he is no Masefield, Byron or Shakespeare; he is not even a Pam Ayres but simply an old bloke trying something new and finding pleasure in it. I'll try not to criticise too much from my dog basket (a loose reference to the important point he makes in verse 11, the longer one about key workers)".

All I would say about the Coronavirus Verses is that I wish he would learn about the 'Sonnet'; fourteen lines total, but he's not like that! I mean, 18 verses? What?

The Coronavirus Verses

Here we are now almost in the 4th week
Of this lock-down thing, a situation
unique;
Never in our lifetime, whether short or
long
Have we encountered a virus quite so
strong.

There's been 'flu and plague, all very
frightening
But this Covid 19 has all our senses
heightening;
It's quite indiscriminating don't you see
Attacking Boris, and Prince Charles, and
then people like me.

The advice is sensible, clear, simple and
good,
Straightforward and obvious, easily
understood –
Stay home, save lives, stop the spread
'No more Flora, buy butter instead'.

That's just stupid; stop mucking about,
This is serious so no joking, be in no doubt
If you are vulnerable get it into your head
If you succumb to it, you could end up
quite simply dead.

But if you are sensible and behave as
advised,
Taking only risks calculated you won't be
surprised;
Only go out for food, health reasons or
work,
But be careful; don't mingle, just don't be
a berk.

If you have to go out keep 2 metres apart;
It's called 'social distancing' and it's quite
an art.

Queues are generally marked out with
lines to assist,
At supermarkets and shops for those who
persist
In sticking together, a sort of herd
mentality,
Which can only lead in the end to
mortality.

Shopping is safer early, or later in pm
People are abed or at tea and you'll miss
'em;
Better still, stay at home and ask someone
other
Than father or mother or sister or brother.

Anyone will do but not if they're
vulnerable;

Who'll kindly go to Waitrose or Morrisons,
how admirable?
They'll take your list and collect every
item,
Helping again and again, ad infinitum.

This is the upside of this ghastly crisis –
People's kindness and help never stops to
surprise us;
They do it willingly - generous favours
The literal meaning of legions of good
neighbours.

Others like the postman and newspaper
deliverer,
The bin men and recyclers and each
similar practitioner,
Not to mention our doctors and nurses
and carers,
Policemen and firemen and other uniform
wearers.

On Thursdays at 8 we go outside and clap
To applaud all key workers, a moment of
recap;
What they do as a job getting into harm's
way,
To look after the rest of us, day after day.
We have to be careful when we criticise;
We are seeing the flaws through different
eyes.
It's easy to pick out things not so fair,
Ignorance from the comfort, and safe in
armchair.

We get impatient with the doomsayers,
the constant whingers,
The glass half empty, the bad news
transmitters.
The realist is fine; we must know the
danger
But who forgets the baby and finds fleas
in the manger?

We'll get through this safely if we
continue to take care
Of ourselves and others and remember
that prayer –
In the end God will save us when 999
simply fails;
The Lord has a plan which always prevails.

He's watching over us and whatever
happens,
His care and love do not come in rations;
When the end comes, whether it be early
or late,
He'll be there to welcome us at St Peter's
fine Gate.

This is the wonder of our sincerest belief,
There is something else after this earthly
life brief;
Are we not privileged to feel so secure,
We have somewhere to go when this life's
no more?

But for now, when the news is dire and
disappointing,
We're alive and well and full of rejoicing;
Conditions may be tiresome and difficult
to bear,
But there's always a kindness, and good
news to share.

And if in the end it goes seemingly wrong,
Let us not linger, the pain to prolong.
We can leave this world having done less
harm than good,
And lived our lives as Christians should.

To sum that up in this period of crisis:
Do our best; no more can be asked of us.
At the end of each day think of good
things we have done,
Keep calm, keep caring and keep carrying
on.