

A-Z of Life in Lockdown

Aisles in Asda abandoned of their artillery
Because bustling bakers buy ingredients briskly.
Clapping in communities for NHS crews;
Disney+ dictates, on the daily, what I do.
Endlessly exercising in an empty enclosure
whilst Fundamental front-liners fight off exposure.
Grandparents are guarded against the ghastly germs,
but our Homemade haircuts leave a horrific perm.
Interminably inquiring into the internet
for Joe Wicks, Just Eat, but not Jet2 just yet,
as Key workers keep kneading, knocking and knuckling down.
Lockdown lingers, and a lull lands over town.
Captain Moore marches mightily, raising masses of money;
Newspapers note narratives of the needy and unlucky.
Only components of shops go on to remain:
Pubs have disappeared... and Primark: the pain!
Quarantine quietens, quashes and makes the Queen queasy,
but Regal rainbows make dreary rides easy.
Sanitiser's sparse; shoppers lack self-control:
They've taken the tea bags, and thieved toilet roll!
Us unhappy, unhopeful, unused, upset;
the Virus vivisects, avoiding regret.
Whilst we work and worry and wonder at home,
eXtremists exile as xenophobes.
Though this Year yields not yet, stay home and don't move.
Keep your Zen, zest and zeal,

2020 will improve.