

Trapped Inside

She slides into her chair, then has a bite to eat,
Her eyes wonder to the photos, a longing stare, like a lost sheep...
Those times so far away and yet still there as she struggles into the blanket,
A source of heat,
Her body stiffens, her back arches, and her claws extend with flair,
Her pianist's fingers, now weary and limp,
Grip the rests while she takes an agonizing breath,
'Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear', she pants, lifting her feet....

A mask, a woman: The 'help' she unwillingly seeks.
She takes her tablets from the box,
And cream is applied by the stranger who changes her socks,
Bruises creep up her thighs from the many knocks,
She reaches to feel her brown locks,
But her hair is short and lank,
Her face is taugt and thin,
Then the realization begins to sink in...

A tear runs down her cheek, now the weeping begins,
The endless sobs and desire to be with her kin,
Oh, how her mind whirls with confusion
At the many intrusions -

But wait- the 'news' switches on,
An image of Boris Johnson.
The Government measures, the lockdown shall lift,
'This will not be forever,
Freedom will come and the fight shall be won.'

-Rebecca Phillips, prospective Year 12 Student.

