

A Week in Lock down

*I want to share the highlights of my weekly quarantine....
Monday starts with anticipation and cries of 'Has he been?'
But I am not talking about stockings or descending chimney pots,
I am looking for eggs and glass bottles with shiny coloured tops.
My milkman is run ragged, he is literally on his knees,
Everyone wants extra and not all of them say please!*

*Tuesday is exciting my 'Hello Fresh' comes today.
They even text my drivers name when he is on his way.
I cannot get the blooming thing open; it is all wrapped up so tight,
But following government instructions, I think I have got it right!
It comes with step-by-step instructions and all the things you need,
Luckily, you do not need to be a master chef, even novices can succeed.*

*Wednesday brings our fruit and veg, from our local Grocery store.
A box is filled with lots of stuff and dropped outside our door.
Supermarkets may be running short of pasta, bread, and meats,
But we have a local Butcher and Bakery full of treats.
It takes me back to childhood when we used the local shops,
It makes me wonder why we needed so many supermarket stops.*

*Thursday is always bin day; some things are still the same.
Apart from garden waste, which sadly will remain.
This is causing us a problem as you can plainly see,
Having all this extra time, I have pruned off half a tree!
But times are very difficult, bin men are doing their best,
Just find a space behind the shed where we can hide the rest.*

*But wait now do not despair! 8 O'clock brings another treat,
Grab anything that makes a noise and dash into the street.
A social interaction that is legally allowed,
Do it from a distance, never in a crowd!
Pans, bells and hands are ready, passing cars beep and flash,
Take whatever you can find and give it an enthusiastic bash!
But in this a modern warfare, no khaki, beret, knife or gun,
An army of blue, dressed in scrubs with masks put firmly on.*

*Friday is a proper treat; we need to thank Andrew!
Free musicals for one and all 'Any dream will do.'
This week is 'Jesus Christ Superstar' I saw it as a teen,
It fits in perfectly with this weekend's Easter theme.
My husband's rather hopeful that next week will be Phantom,
His reasons plainly clear.....he is in love with Sarah Brightman.*

*Saturday has arrived at last! but wait let us stop and think,
We cannot go for coffee or nip out for a drink,
Put on your glad rags, paint your face and brush your hair,
Skype, WhatsApp or Facetime, your mates are still out there.
Talk to your family, be silly make them smile,
Forget about lock down and pause for just a while.*

*Then there is Sunday, maybe I could cook a roast,
If supplies will not allow it,
just have beans on toast.
Get out my old games console, dust off the dated games,
Who cares if it is sunny, who cares if it rains?
Abandon reality, in a virtual world that's virus free,
A big bowl of snacks precariously balanced on my knee!*

C.M. Riley