

Hi, my name is Lynne Kinder, I am 57 and have lived in York all my life, working nights for the last 19 years at Tesco, Clifton Moor. In November 2019 I was diagnosed with incurable but treatable bowel cancer and started palliative chemo in January 2020. I wrote this poem just before the start of lockdown when everyone was panic buying food and, bizarrely, toilet paper!



Panic on the shop floor.

Trolleys clanging, wheels a squeaking,  
Monotones of people speaking.  
They laugh as though it's not absurd  
To join the supermarket herd,  
To fill those trolleys frantically.

Trolley pushing, teeth a gnashing,  
Round the supermarket dashing,  
Grabbing, snatching, pushing shoving,  
People fight to keep on moving  
Round enthusiastically.

One bag of pasta on the shelf,  
A jewel of enormous wealth,  
A woman gives a man a clout,  
'I saw it first' - a fight breaks out,  
His nose is bleeding drastically.

There's not a toilet roll in store,  
What's everyone preparing for?  
Corona virus is the pits  
But no one's going to get the shits!  
I'm saying this sarcastically.

These selfish people all the same,  
Like lemmings in a video game.  
I want to stand and loudly shout,  
'Don't take so much, it won't run out  
Think about the elderly!  
Think about the needy!  
Don't be so fucking greedy!'