

Poems in The Time of Corona



Kathy Tytler

Love in the time of Corona
(following official advice)

It's a testing time for affairs of the heart,
For those with new lovers, or living apart.
Do you meet outside, obeying the 2 metre rule?
And go for a walk, keeping your cool,
Or do you take the plunge into a shared household,
Moving in with your lover, will you be that bold?

Or stupid?
Just because Cupid's arrow has hit.
It doesn't mean that mischief maker gives a shit
About differing views of hygiene or sharing the chores.
Or whether you will find each other to be crashing bores?
Will you get on each others' nerves and row,
Wishing you'd kept to separate households now?

But the need for intimacy may be strong,
And although it may not be morally wrong,
In the current climate it's not allowed,
Not even holding hands in the street, showing off proud.
Will you have a secret meeting behind the bikeshed,
 or round by the Co-op bins,
For a kiss and a cuddle – and maybe other things!
 Until the 'social distancing' police arrive and discover your sin.

Will it be worth the £60 fine
Or should you save yourself for another time?

Berkshire Bard 28 March 2020

Rainbows and Unicorns **(for all NHS Workers and Care Workers)**

We, The Government, really appreciate what you do.
We join with the people applauding you.
We never forget to say how wonderful you are,
A big cheer for those who care; Hip Hip Hurrah!
We know that we could never do it without you,
So we work you so hard you don't have time for the loo.

When you put in a claim for higher pay,
We can't afford it, is what we'll say.
But we think you are angels – and angels don't need money,
Don't you live on manna from heaven, and milk and honey?
You see, money doesn't grow on trees
And neither do ventilators or PPE

We will paint you Rainbows,
And Pies in the Sky
And expect you to be always there for us,
We don't want to die

We will send you a herd of Unicorns
You can't accuse us of being mean
And when you ask for more pay,
It will be there – but only in your dreams.

Kathy Tytler 3 April 2020

These Are The Hands

(inspired by Michael Rosen's poem)

These are the hands that plough the fields
 plant the seed
 pick the crop
 pack it up
 and drive the trucks
 that deliver your food.

These are the hands that stack the shelves
 work the checkout
 so we can feed ourselves.

These are the hands that drive the vans
 deliver your post
 and your parcels too.

These are the hands that drive the bus
 guide the trains
 so others can work
 and care for us.

These are the hands that empty your bins
 take away those things
 you've thrown out
 dispose them out of your sight
 or send for recycling

These are the hands that keep you warm
 and keep the lights on
 keep your water running
 and deal with your waste
 keeping us safe.

These hands and more
are our essential workers
carrying on
doing those tasks
that we can't do without.

Value them all
Thank them all

and please wash your hands.

Kathy Tytler 4 April 2020

Ain't Misbehavin'

(inspired by Fats Waller – but without the fancy piano playing)

*No one to talk with
All by myself
No one to walk with
But I'm happy on the shelf
Ain't misbehavin'
Keeping my social distance from you.*

*I'm through with hugging
And kissing too
Won't even shake hands
If I ever meet with you
Ain't misbehavin'
Keeping my social distance from you.*

*Like Jack Horner
We're in a corner
Don't go nowhere
And we won't share
This Covid 19 Bug
Oh Oh Oh!*

*Can't go to Running Club
Or to the gym
Can't drink down the pub
Will I still be keeping slim?
Ain't misbehavin'
Keeping my social distance from you.*

*I get up early
Rise with the lark
I run alone
Up to my local park
Ain't misbehavin'
Keeping my social distance from you.*

Kathy Tytler 6 April 2020

Faith *(for Rising Sun Poets)*

I know

that the sun will rise
although it may not always shine
that the earth will turn
that fire will burn
that water will flow
hard times come and go
all things must pass

The moon watches night
with her icy stare
Not always seen
but always there

There is faith in a man
to bring peace, to save us
And one that found truth
on the road to Damascus

On that road today
all is at war
Watching shepherds would see
angels no more
Barrel bombs rain
but is there still faith?

I believe there is more good than evil in the world
but in the words of someone
much wiser than me;
It only takes the good to do nothing
for evil to succeed.

I have faith in humanity
I have faith in you... and you... and you
and me
In we
In our future
In our global community

How many Bluebell springs?

On an Easter weekend run,
Enjoying a bit of springtime sun
In Chiltern woods and up Chiltern Hills
I asked 'What do you like best about spring?'
'Primroses, Blossom, Bluebells'
Most said Bluebells – except for Gil
'Blossom' he said, 'I'm a blossom man, me.'
Like Houseman and his Cherry Trees;

*Loveliest of trees the cherry now
Is hung with blooms across the bough ...*

Then the wind begins to blow
And cold wet blossom falls
Not petals but snow
The hail assails us in the wind
Small white stones of ice and spite
'Ah April can be the cruellest month'
*as we run through the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.'*

Time was when I walked through bluebell woods,
As a child with my mum and dad.
The beauty covers the woodland floor,
But pick these flowers and their beauty is over.

.

The fragile sadness of bluebells in bloom,
A carpet of beauty, but over too soon,
Summer growing nettles and brambles
Waiting to take over the woodland floor,
Stinging and scratching in their rampant cover.

But today I walk to the wood with mum
To Sulham to celebrate the bluebells again,
Each year our pace a little slower
And stops for rest a little more often,
But still walking here on this spring day,
And mum says,
'How many more bluebell springs will I be able to walk this
way'

Kathy Tytler May 2019

This year I will be eighty-eight,
Confined to home by the Covid virus scare,
Disappointed, but the bluebells must wait,
Next year they will still be there.

Shirley Tytler April 2020

I AM

I am a runner
Even when I slow down to walking pace
I am a runner
Even when I limp in last in the race
I am a runner

I remind myself
When I'd rather stay in bed than get up and train
When I've got to go running
Out in the rain
Again

And I sometimes wish
That I was having breakfast and Sunday papers
On a bleak cross country morning
Or supping beers, between the cheers
Supporting the Reading Half Marathon

I am a runner
I tell myself
On the start line of a race
Surrounded by runners fitter and faster than me

I am a runner
and I wonder
do Usain and Mo
ever have to tell themselves so
or wish that they could turn over and go
back to sleep
and miss training?

I am a runner
And sometimes it is wonderful!

*Kathy Tytler 10 August 2017
for My Word workshop*

***Corona Pop (a skipping rhyme for our time in the style of Ring a
Ring o' Roses)***

Chorus

*Corona, Corona, Corona Pop
Cough Cough Cough until you Drop.*

*Down your street, The Corona Man,
Driving in his big yellow van.*

Chorus

*Lemonade, Limeade, Cherryade too,
Drink it up it's good for you.*

Chorus

*Ice Cream Soda, Dandelion Punch,
Tell me the name of your honey bunch*

(Spell out the name before you hand over to the next person)

Kathy Tytler 25 March 2020

