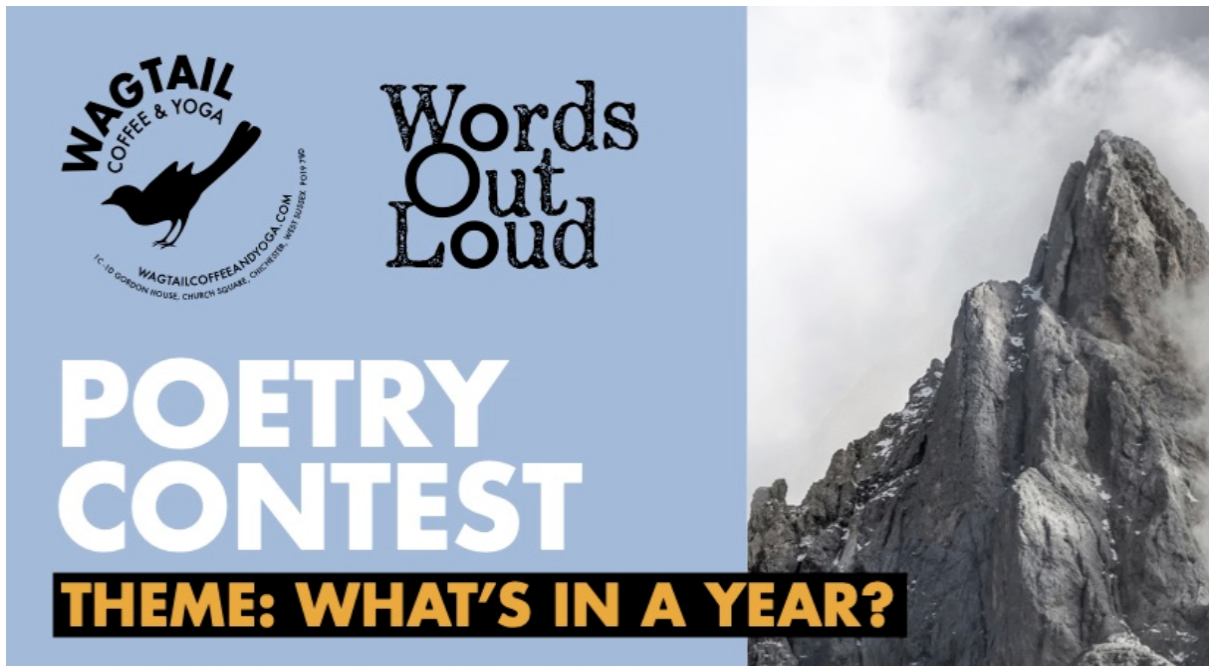


WHAT'S IN A YEAR



POETRY CONTEST SUBMISSIONS

March 2022

www.wagtailcoffeeandyoga.com

www.wordsoutloud.org.uk



Entry No. 1

For pierced ears only: Vanity in the Time of CoronaVirus

There must be some semblance of decorum

Sheltering in place is no reason to get slovenly.

And so, I shall don a pair of earrings each day during this pause in time

While waiting patiently for the green light

Being able to choose is power in a current world of powerlessness

Perhaps the gold chevrons with the tiny ball on top and the sharp point at the tip.

He handed them to me one evening, a gift in exchange for that small indiscretion, his eyes twinkling with hopes of make-up sex, a look that made him less than desirable

Ah, the hoops, a continuous circle of gold with laser cutting to make them shine.

Not today

Too much history.

Purchased from the home shopping channel lying on the couch. One could argue buyer's remorse...

Here's a pretty pair. They hang like chandeliers, each aurora borealis glimmers its own personality

My "happy" earrings

Students liked to make them jingle and jangle during lessons

But they're no longer a part of my story.

Yes! The silver encrusted with marcasite and amethyst. Maybe. Each with a tiny gold lotus flower hidden in the center. All mindfulness and Zen. Maybe not.

Much too much purpose.

Too many voids left to fill- finding perfect in the sounds of silence

Ears cannot be unadorned during a pandemic

It's too plebian and today calls for bourgeois sensibilities

Choose the diamonds. They attract strength, courage, fortitude.

The great necessities of 2020.

Entry No. 2

PLAYING POKER AGAINST THE CALENDAR

Deal the deck of days,
those done and those to come.

I am the dealer
and the deal goes down
right here upon this table.

Last year's cards
and all the years before
dropped on the track,
back to the first card laid,
the Ace of Hearts,
my mother's heart.

In this casino you may stick,
stand-pat, bluff, cheat
and win and always lose.

You must stake everything
though the deck is stacked.

Cut and shuffle the hand that's left.

The Ace of Spades is still to fall
and show when I must fold.

Entry No. 3

How to Survive a Zombie Attack

(You will need Pasta, Tomatoes, Soap, Hand gel
and most importantly TOILET ROLL)

Stage one (pasta)

Chuck dried pasta on the ground

(Fusilli is best.

It's spikier than the rest.)

You will know zombies are around

As they crunch it underfoot

And you will be ready to put

The next step into action

Stage two (tomatoes)

Use tinned tomatoes as a distraction

Or tomato puree – (blood red

Is very attractive to the undead)

Stage three (soap)

Then throw bars of soap

At the zombie's feet and hope

They will slip and fall

Stage Four (toilet roll)

Ideally here we would have had rope

But it's not something Asda sells

Hence use your mountain of toilet rolls

To tie up your zombie as he gropes

Around aimlessly (as zombies do)

Stage 5 (hand gel) you are almost through.

To remove that zombie smell

use hand gel

Finally

Never shake hands with the undead

Gently kick their ankles

Or elbow bump them instead

Entry No. 4

Mormo Maura

there is nothing left
of all I was
now disintegrating, a murky soup
in frozen darkness

cocooned
and entombed in brittle russet casing

time *slows* stasis petrifies –

then

foggy and indistinct, inexorable, *inevitable*

a spark of hope
determination. I break cover, drenched
with tears
blood plumps limp
dust-brown wings and, drawn by moonlight

fly into the night

Entry No. 5

Junction 7 on the A3(M)

This man stands directly above the central reservation. On the A3(M). At Junction 7.
Staring precisely South.

He hasn't a clue where he is.

He doesn't know who he is.

I am inches away. I know all his life yet am powerless to rescue him.

He doesn't know himself so how does he relate to others.

He cannot fathom his past so how does he form a future.

Everyone tells him he must have a 5-year life plan. All he can see is the tarmac 5 metres below.

Where is his energy to live?

I want to leave but must stay with him

for now.

Entry No. 6

Platinum Jubilee!

She waved goodbye to her father, but little did she know
That was the last time she saw of him, as it was his time to go.
Luckily her beloved husband was there to share her pain
And was there to keep her going for most of her long reign.

70 years have passed along since that sad day
Her grace, her tact and beauty is still the same today.
Her faith in God has been a great example to everyone on earth
She has toured the world, endearing all with her dignity and mirth.

Through trials and tribulation to her beloved nation
She's given service all the while
But her determination and commitment has helped her meet each trial.
Her family have given her happiness, but recently so much pain,
But to the outside world her calmness stays the same.

She has many wonderful memories to help her on her way
And we hope that Her Jubilee will be an amazing day.
To show how much her people love her, a time for celebration
After recent restriction and sadness, uniting the whole nation.

Entry No. 7

What's in a year

Twelve full moons, most of them missed,
clouds always find me at my fullest.
Twelve firsts of the month, and I wonder,
why do we start with the boldest jump?

Out of default, I breathe, hiccup, shipwreck,
acquire scars, subtle like stars in a distant night's sky.
Laughter comes and goes, leaves precious faultlines on my face.
I learn to love chasms, crevices, the black holes in my heart,
this resilient, crabbit muscle with the memory of elephants.

I live in many calendars now, my soul resonates
in these echo chambers of dates.
Year three after mum. Year of healing.
Am I allowed to feel grief as well as relief that cancer died with her?
Year two of a pandemic, my hopes small masked avengers. I cope. Don't ask.
Year one after my proud independent dad broke,
then got shipped and slipped into a care home to sit, sit, sit,
stare at walls, waiting to eat, drink, repeat. Year of anger.
He's still here, though. We chat every day. Year of gratitude.
Year fifty two in my bold arthritic body.
Kaputt. Unforgiving. Needy. Temperamental. Home.
Year twenty two, in this adopted country, my second life. Will I get another?

A perfectly normal year of seismic shifts and continental drifts.
Year of losing what I couldn't hold on to.
Year of finding my new, slower rhythm of I can and I will.
Year of searching for a much stronger voice to whisper my truth.

365 times I go to bed, ready to shed skins.
365 times I wake up, still the same, or so I think, in limbo,
wondering where all that change, adventure and courage escaped to.

Then I remember that we dream. Always.

What's in a year? Another chapter of my story, to be continued. Now and here.

Entry No. 8

2021:

Poison ivy wrapped around my reflection
enveloping every part of my anatomy
desperately trying to dull my complexion
screaming mother save me from this calamity
but hope was unattainable for the depraved
instead it would watch you dismember your limbs
and the rotting vines that kept you enslaved
rearranged your bones with thread, skin and pins ,
redesigning with an absurd desire of control
constantly changing with no satisfaction
the vines began to swim within the depths of my soul
turning my mind into a deadly contraption,
throughout out last year i never felt alive
remaining silent as it courses through my veins
but this is simply how we learnt to survive
sat with our insanity entangled up in chains .

Entry No. 9

IN OTHER NEWS, 2021

I

JENNY AND GRAHAM BOUGHT A ROBOT HOOVER.

Her treat, to cope with two tawny haired dogs.
I haven't seen her for weeks, but we laughed
this morning on the phone for half an hour.

Jenny leaves the hoover running when
she goes out. I wondered how it dealt with
the legs of their grand piano; the nooks and
the crannies of their lathe and plaster house?

“It can get itself out of most corners!”

All day I've smiled at the thought of them;
forty years married, drinking sloe gin on the
tapestry sofa. Watching the robot work.

II

KATHRYN IS MAKING CROCHET SQUARES
in a harbour room by Cardigan Bay.

They will likely be uneven, she last
crocheted in 1976; three
triangular shawls for college friends
to go with maxi dresses. Her needle

picking and twisting wools of fish colours,
grey flecked like the dolphins we'd watch for. Rows
building like laminations of the sea-merged sky.

III

TIME ZONE LAGGED NEWS FROM PORTLAND, OREGON,
Callie and Koji have gotten engaged.

He carried the ring box round in a bum-bag
for weeks, waiting for the moment, since
their Mount Hood hiking was Covid-delayed.

“We'd just shared a pork chop for dinner in
the back yard “ he tells us “the light was right”.
Her Irish hair haloed, a copper haze.

Entry No. 10

Mirror

I look at you
and see a year has passed
you stay the same, gilt framed
with pretty butterflies and flowers
surrounding clear, unscathed glass.

You reflect
a year of troubles,
wrinkled worries, joy
little triumphs, anxiety,
all my fears cast back

upon a year passed
in sameness, monotony
fringed with frustration
low-level risks managed daily
to touch or not to touch
to mingle or stay at home
to hug or hold back
travel legs remain unstretched
yearning for long haul miles
pale skin craves foreign sun
whilst spirits wish for sunshine,
hot white sand trickling
between tanned toes

I assess a new wrinkle
a slacker chin,
another grey hair.
A year has passed
You stay the same
But show me clearly
I have not.

Entry No. 11

WHAT'S IN A YEAR?

Well, there's a chance daily of bright new tomorrows,
To sail through the dark months of tough stuff,
With space to emerge and transform in the sunshine
Forget yesterdays that might have been rather rough.

It contains glimpses of fun and some bluebirds,
Windows of hope after buckets of rain,
As we circle throughout all the seasons,
We find special dates to remember again.

But a single year doesn't just chart our progress,
It's a real record of how far we have come.
What's in a year? Well, it's a big subject to cover,

But...

I'm hoping for... not too cloudy with a potential of sun!

Entry No. 12

Tribute

I'm paying tribute to the people that died
To the pandemic cries
To the left over lives

I'm paying tribute to the vital carers
To the life repairers
To the stretcher bearers

I'm paying tribute to the virtual tutor
To the internet computer
To the laughable muter

I'm paying tribute to the Police Force
To the brave horse
To the peace restored

I'm paying tribute to the mums at the table
To the baker of bagels
To the arms that cradle

I'm paying tribute to the dad who invests
To the time and the jest
To the football obsessed

I'm paying tribute to the Covid detectors
To the immune investors
To the vaccine injectors

Entry No. 13

What's In A Year.

What's in a year? What did you say?
Lots of events and things happening day after day.
For instance a bug, a thing they can't stop.
People fall ill, and into bed they drop !

Now we're told in the days that have past,
If we keep our distance and wear masks, it won't last.
Well we did this and more, had jabs to protect.
But still we fall ill, and so what the heck?

Now we have no restrictions from he who we must obey.
We have to keep going on our merry way.
If we accept that this bug is not gone..
We will be able to enjoy some life, and get on .

Now looking to the future, yes I mean next year.
Hoping we all get through this and are still happy here.
Planning new events, and things to past the time.
Keeping the bug at bay, and praying the weather's fine.

Seeing all the family, growing ever fast.
Giving lots of cuddles, and enjoying life at last.
Going to the shop without the need to worry.
Knowing that it's safe to speak with friends, not having to hurry.

So fingers crossed, legs and toes as well.
That the next year is better than the last year of hell.
Wishing for a peaceful world, and kindness everywhere.
Being able to show all those we love that we really care.

Entry No. 14

What's in a Year?

Mother was the first to go
Taken way too soon
Forever individual
Entwined to her own tune
I never knew my Mother
She was hidden from my view
I wish I knew my Mother
When she wasn't black and blue
For once she had a voice
And sang the loudest song
But ... Father put the fire out
The many of many wrongs
Father you were next to go
A penitent was served
You writhed around in agony
Some say it was deserved
You took your secrets to the grave
Faithful to the end
I hope that you're at peace now
And can truthfully transcend
Transcend this life that held you back
And had you in its grip
The pages now all empty
For you to write the script
The script of new beginnings
The script of things to be
Father ... please just let it go
And watch your soul fly free

Entry No. 15

Better Ways

A journey around the star can change many things
The long shadows cast look haunting
When there's an unease that still clings
Sovereignty of self was challenged causing quarrels
You will conform or be shunned
So, shun me, I'll not betray myself or my morals
The discord of all this still rings out of tune
I think of all those who suffered
While we stayed wrapped in cocoons
I witness pain that's so all-consuming and vast
It's brushed under the rug
While this has been given the world in contrast
I'll not bend to a will that turns its back on the tribe
It's been happening for years
But this year's been more than I can abide
It's my loved ones who suffer so deep and so cruel
Abandoned as always
For something that feels so insubstantial
So, as we now journey again around the star in the sky
We'll keep to those shadows
While you still turn a blind eye
But awaiting the time when we emerge in the rays
To show you our scars
And to learn better ways

Entry No. 16

Sonnet: Lockdown lessons?

Hyacinths having shown us peeking heads
We know there'll soon be fragrance in our air.
Outdoors the snowdrops nod in flowerbeds,
Others will follow soon from earthen lair.
We have survived another winter's cold
Another year of paying Lockdowns' cost,
The price was isolating from our old
Ones, dear family; fun, friends and kin were lost.
I ask if we are glad that we've survived?
And recognise what others did for us?
Yet many have resumed their masks of pride,
Forgetting willing hands that made no fuss,
Entitlement shapes their inanity,
Are they immune to shared humanity?

Entry No. 17

What's in a Year

Twelve months

Fifty two weeks

Three hundred & sixty five days

Eight thousand seven hundred & sixty hours

Five hundred & twenty five thousand, six hundred minutes

Thirty one million, five hundred & thirty six thousand seconds

That's a lot of breathing

A lot of sighings

A lot of love being shared

A lot of crying

A lot of hair & nail growth

Plus a lot of shedding

Who knows where it all may be heading

But it all seems to pass in the blink of an eye

And moves a lot faster than snail or sloth

Time passes us by, we cannot slow it

We cannot stop it

Even if we place a request then submit

This revolving, evolving thing called time

Entry No. 18

Friends go together like tea and cake

I see your long brown hair and tallish figure
Coming towards me on the towpath.
Daffodils are out - bright yellow suns.

We greet – standing like reflections,
Holding out arms like scarecrows,
And put on masks – your one red with sequins.

We stop to sit on the bench
With emptiness between us.
And watch the ducks ignore the lockdown rules.

I give you a birthday card.
On it, I have drawn your favourite cake:
Carrot – with salted caramel topping.

One day - the locked doors of the café will open.
With large cakes sitting and waiting to be chosen.
There will be teapots, plates,
The clatter of cutlery, the clink of cups,
And music, laughter - and conversation.

One day we will again share a table.
You make my Saturdays a bright precious jewel,
Shining like a beacon
In a chain of weekday sameness.

Entry No. 19

Untitled

Backwards, forwards
Left, right
On and on he paces
No relief
No respite
Ceaseless in motion
His body
His mind
Trapped in a maelstrom
Release
Escape
Now inconsequential
Sacrifice for life
Abrupt clarity
He lets go

Entry No. 20

What's in a Year: Part One

I don't know much about flowers.

I live in a basement flat for a start, it's pretty dark and I might not always see the light on the leaves of the trees in the breeze as the seasons change.

See I've never had my own garden that I've had to take care of and so I guess there's a lot I'm not really aware of when it comes to the beauty and magic of nature.

My little boy points to pretty petals on a stem and he asks me:
"mummy, what's one of them?"

And time and time again my answer is pretty lame as I say:
"that flower's a blue one, fully in bloom, that one is lighter and that one is brighter and that one I guess it's... maroon?"

I'll give it a go but the truth is I don't really know because you see,
I don't know much about flowers.

But there are a few that I do know about; a few that I notice as I'm out and about.

A few that silently speak to me, with whispers on the wind they seek to be
a guide as I navigate the ride through another year.

We begin in the heart of the winter: the nights are long and the days are short,
it's cold and it's dark... but I see a spark in the eye of Mother Nature

a streak of tenacity in the midst of adversity;

the terrain may be hard and solid and cold but I see bold shoots rising to the surface and beyond.

Before their time they start to climb and the harshness of winter won't stop them in pursuit of life, and
nourishment, and light

they will fight for their right to be here against all the odds in January and even December
they send out their message:

"Remember...

there is still an abundance of life that grows unseen below the surface,

waiting for their moment, waiting for their day, whilst we the pioneers, the snowdrops, lead the way,

a quiet comfort to those who chose to hear, as we silently signal the start and the end of another year."

Entry No. 21

The Great Imposter

Now and then, I see Time as the imposter;
The idea of a future as something to hold
An explorer's map stretching out into the distance
A storybook of my experience of life

The reality is in the instant of breathing
A moment, unmeasurable, yet the only truth
Like trying to count the waves on the ocean;
Each one is real, but sprayed on the breeze

There is no beginning and no end to a moment

Whereas my mind is twittering like sparrows in springtime
Cascading in clouds like confetti in wind
More dreadful than that, are the murderous crows
Their cawing incessant, unbearable blows
As harbingers of the terror of war, of despots, diseases and bile

How can we survive in the shadow of demons?
Become hard as marble? Resist what is so?
When I turn my face to the gale and feel everything
That's how I know I'm alive

I woke up this morning, the dream was familiar
As real as the one that I left in my sleep
I saw what it was and I dropped my resistance
Accepting it all as the play of my life

Passing no judgement, no feeling superior
Abiding and watching and seeking to learn
The action I take is to pray for a good life
For all, and I trust I will do what is right

No longer will I fight the dreams lived by others
This is the way that I choose to be me

Entry No. 22

Untitled

Stepping out into the free air

Wind stinging cheeks

Tears stinging eyes

Freedom from smiles and soothing and welcoming

whilst glancing at germs

Tears trickling

Alone with thoughts

But look! The spring tree

Life budding

Blossom Blooming

Mellow pink

Luscious beauty thriving

Hope over tears

Secret sanctuary

A loveliness of repose

Peace

She would recover

Smiles would be true

Welcoming, joyous

Entry No. 23

LOCKDOWN AND HELL LET LOOSE

We reticently boarded a driverless train to masked unknowness some time ago
We've been fearful of this infectious journey with travellers disguising fears of surprise
We've chugged inelegantly forward passing familiar sights, never touching them
We are all mindfully distorted by a new reality, new rules, new conditions and fearful
of uncertainty
Journey windows on the world mist up unexpectedly as eyes moisten
Mumbled announcements confuse and instigate fear and heartbreak
Can we trust everything we hear, see, read or even think ever again?
Dark thoughts jerk through black holes bringing messages from eery places and float like
Spiders' webs in our naïve minds. O Truth where are you hiding?
Messages from foreign places tear rips in our souls as infection takes control, friends and relatives
pass on as we hurtle on distorted rails past sidings of societal destruction
Quietness and easy breathing sighs and swells in polluted cities, towns and villages.
Hush! We understand more than ever how precious our World is, how it needs our help to survive
More songbirds sing now, more insects flourish, Natures' animals roam amongst her plants which
wave beauty to sky-held dreams
Grasses sway to music of the breeze as our train silently passes through our precious world.
Covid has taught us to maintain our spaces, and to respect our World and its Space
February lets us turn into a frightening corner Suddenly!
Life's journey hurtles forward at speed to deep worrying rumbling sounds of far- off guns and bombs
Walls, windows shatter so easily Society's structures.
Cremation dusts cover all our fragile aspirations, infection thoughts disintegrate and spread anxiety
Suddenly!
We are all in the firing line yet remain powerless with a czar-struck leader
Our train overloads, distorts the tracks of wellbeing with the rocks, sobs and tears of eastern
disharmony
Bundled possessions on the backs of stoic races enter our journey and alight where "safe"
We are all in a firing line, remaining powerless with a czar-struck leader blowing up the tracks of our
Future
Losing everything is never an option.
Take a strong leaf from a page of Ukrainian history and plant the green bud of resilience and
determination and plant it in the soil of our World.

Entry No. 24

A Year, A Year, A Year!

And what a year it's been.
This is not the new normal
I had hoped for.

Just when we had discovered
How much we need people.
Need our families
Need community and humanity

Just when we realised
How much we value smiles,
Compassion and kindness
And showing kindness to others
And to strangers.

As if fighting a pandemic was not enough
Putin has stomped into the Ukraine!
His military boots, tanks and weaponry
Causing murder, mayhem, destruction and
Terror.

Millions of men, women and children
Are fleeing
On trains
On buses
In cars
On carts
On foot
Not everyone escapes

Please let it end. Bring on the soft slippers, warm blankets, hot food,
Clean water, safe spaces, compassion and peace.

Entry No. 25

The Sad Farewell

Did you feel the gentle breeze as it brushed your beautiful face?
Did you feel the teardrop as it wet your sleeping face?
Did you feel his sad despair as he held you in his arms?
Rocked you gently in disbelief as your soul slipped quietly away.

For the Skylark sings you a sad song my love
The colourful Rainbow shines for you my love,
in the soft morning haze, a brief moment in time,
as the horrific storm races on, departing West
The Waves lap a sorrowful refrain for you,
Lapping out beats on the shoreline pebbles, to the drum of time,
Waving you on your way.

For you are leaving this Earth my love,
Leaving your man, whose heart, beat as one with you
His sad sobs now filling the evening air,
The Geese, carried as one by the murderous storm, cry out as one,
spreading their numbers in a V for victory
But this Storm cannot touch you now.
For doesn't it know?! In Truth your soul is life itself and that is the Power!

And at the end of the day, in the magical twilight, as the beautiful moon rises
It softly shines, a symbol, praising your life and rejoicing in your memory - now gone.
The man sits by the fire, by the sandy shoreline,
hypnotized by the soft flickering flames,
as tears roll down his sorrowful face, and then, awakening,
he calls out a sad farewell to his beautiful love:
"Farewell my love, my precious joy, my life.
Farewell!"

And then arising he takes aim at the Horrible Storm
and shoots it all to HELL!

Entry No. 26

Toilet Rolls

My mask on the bus as I'm riding into town
Not many commuters
Most are working from home
In the supermarkets
People are queuing to get in
Bulk buying toilet roll like it's going out of fashion
And there's empty seats at your Christmas table
And it will only be you and your family together
Who raise a glass of Whisky, to see in the New Year
Then Big Ben strikes twelve and a new year begins
Each evening I watch the evening news
To see what the government has to say
But no great changes, more cases more deaths
The health service, the Economy, education all under stress
But what's in a year?
Well in the majority of places lockdowns have been lifted and
You can mix with a greater number of people and in some places
The wearing of masks are discretionary
So as I rest on bed to write this poem, I feel compelled to mention,
Before I end, the fiasco caused by Boris Johnson's and his cabinet
About the alleged parties they attended during lockdown
One rule for one and one for another
And then I wonder to myself, when Big ben chimes in 2023,
Will covid be a distant thing

Entry No. 27

The Year Ahead

“There are bad times just around the corner.”
I’ll take Noël Coward’s advice and sail away
on the wings of the morning
with my own true love.

I’ll heave on the twin halyards;
the great tan sail on its varnished spars
will rise slowly above the white coach roof
to be silhouetted against a deep blue sky.

“Made!”

I’ll call to the person on the helm.

We’ll turn down wind.

The old boat gathers speed,

The noise of water against the hull quickens,
chuckling sounds become sloshing and slapping
as all three of us greet the open sea,
leaving the smell of mud and seaweed behind.

Now there is a salty tang in the air, spray stings my face.

“Westward Ho!”

The cold East Wind

will carry us down channel to the Isles of Scilly.

We’ll stop each night in ancient ports.

There is no hurry: lovers have all the time in the world.

In Weymouth we’ll eat fish and chips in the cockpit.

At dawn we’ll weigh anchor,

Sunrise sparkles in your eyes.

In Falmouth we’ll join sailors singing sea chanties.

At last: the Isles of Scilly:

we’ll anchor off Hangman’s Island.

The sun sets in crimson glory behind a bank of clouds.

Beyond the clouds: New York, New York!

Entry No. 28

A year ago today

A year ago today
My phone has kindly reminded me
I was trying to like myself
But failing spectacularly

A year ago today
The scars on my hands were fading
And when I wasn't outside
My face was still masked by filters; hiding

A year ago today
I learned to play guitar
And when the strings cut into my fingers
It felt all too familiar

A year ago today
Sat at my desk for hours on end
I watched the earth spin from my window
I watched my life move on without me
I watched time fading and now, suddenly:

A year has passed
So much has changed
Thrown back into the world

Finally, it's 'Normal' again
But 'Normal' is so absurd

Now war is looming; perilous threats
The world holds its collective breath.

A year ago today,
This thought didn't cross my mind
But now such great uncertainty
Taints painted golden skies

One year on from today, will there be a tomorrow?

Entry No. 29

East to West

Sunrise, sunset, east and west.

High tide, low tide, spring and neaps
diurnal, a genius loci -
snow white.

Red sun, white moon
night black, day light
winter cold, summer warm,
crow black.

Alphabet storms, warnings of gales -
fertile and abundant,
in the year of the rat,
rainbow tears.

Blue sky, yellow fields,
Danube and Dnieper,
flow unification of
cold hands, warm hearts.

But like migrating geese
in wavering lines -
people take flight,
east to west.

Entry No. 30

And The Lark Shall Rise Again

The dark days of winter were longer this year,
For the bright leaves of autumn had fallen faster.
And we stood together and faced the cold and fear,
Listening to the echoes of lost laughter.
The distances between us grew wider day by day,
As our lives turned inward and stood still.
But the earth beneath our feet in which the seeds of life lay,
Lost neither hope, nor strength, nor will.
For until the world stops turning with the moon around the sun,
The seasons will renew year on year.
And this will be the beat,
Until the battle is finally won.
And then the lark upon the wing we shall hear.

Entry No. 31

What in a year?

The first day of last year, was my first day out of isolation
I chose to see that as a good omen, a fresh start
Weeks later my dad almost died, not of the expected, appendicitis
I got the call whilst working a night shift, I didn't think I'd ever come home to him again
And when he was home, I was hiding away, looking after people who did have covid
This year, he's running the half marathon
This year, my Nan started to make so much sense
She lost both her parents at 24, six months apart, my age
I would be broken too
Later that year she was diagnosed with dementia
Society gives her a free pass now for her chaotic ways
This year she smiles, even if she can't remember why
I got to celebrate my Godsons 1st birthday in the summer
But it didn't quite make up for missing his birth
I finally got to spend time with the love of my life
We met just before all of this
Built our relationship on Facebook because I couldn't be with him in person
He too was in hospital, the year before last
If only my loved ones could stop imploding their organs
This year, we hope to move in together
He gave me my first key that wasn't for my own home
It's my most treasured souvenir of finding light in the darkness
Last year, the end at least, I did nothing but work to make up for the hours I'd missed
The extra debt covid crushed me with that I need not have had there been help for people like me
This year, I've found my words again
Last year, I tried something new, an old dream to pass the time
Escaping professionally into a world of games where I might have some control
It didn't quite work out, but it will, when I try again, when I'm ready and the world allows
Last year was a rollercoaster, this year, I hope to be a quiet boat ride on a lake

Entry No 32

What's in a year?

What's in a year
A day, a name
How can we measure it
For loss or gain
The tide will always turn
The moon will wax and wane
Yet we are changed
Changed utterly
Can never be the same
We may see it differently
With 20/20 vision
The irony of social distancing
The blur of hidden faces
A strange equality
With time elastic as a fairy tale
Without an ending
We took to Zoom
A new reality
We worked from home
Made bread and babies
Walked the dog
And noticed nature
Wild epiphany!
Long days turning into longer nights
The seasons came and went
But where did WE go
When only going nowhere was allowed
Maybe we saved some money
But we were spent
Drained by a great unknowing
So here we are at the end of the day
Waiting for the next cliché
Words in a revolving door
Could turn EVOLVE into LOVE